Poison Arrow

Barry has convinced himself that he is destined to go bad, like The Reverse Flash and Zoom. He asks Oliver to put a stop to him if that ever happens.
*Oliver Queen is having precisely none of that noise.*

However, Oliver's idea of how to deal with someone panicking about becoming evil may well differ greatly from someone less sexed up and aggressive...
Preface:

LOVE GOOD HOT READS?
Hi there friends!

Just before you get started there is lots of good fun story introducing stuff below if you like! 😊

What If…

I usually have this long story about the “What If” 😊 moment that made me write a fic, and it is usually funny (I think); however, in this case, I have no such tale, I literally saw these two together on a crossover episode.
And I was all like...

I didn’t really know anything about who they were or their shows, it was just something I stumbled on through Netflix, (you know back when Netflix was cool without all the excessive region locking BS) and I started watching the Flash, and I loved the show from season 1 episode 1.

I didn’t really understand Arrow at first because it felt like the show wasn’t sure what it wanted to be, it was definitely Arrow/Oliver’s interactions with Flash/Barry that made me decide to take a second look at the show Arrow and its characters.

So I tried watching Arrow again, and I was like ???

It was then that I realised Barry sees Oliver in a way others don’t, he sees him as a hero, where others are like ‘‘I’m pretty sure you’re misspelling killer vigilante there Barry!’’

I was like oh, so the hotness of Oliver getting all up in cute adorbs Barry’s grill is not indicative of the show Arrow.
-They don’t do cute, okay message received, let’s try again:

His name be Oliver Queen, he doth wear the mantle of Robin of Loxley. Bravely doth he venture into the night... to straight up execute fools!

I’m not opposed to that per se, some bad guys need shanking, rather than letting them run around killing innocent people just trying to mind their own business. So I’m not judging, I just didn’t get the darker nature of the show at first because I thought isn’t he supposed to be a classic square-jawed clean-cut superhero, -then why the hell is always killing people?

I was interested based on that question and intended to ignore all the flashback scenes. A mistake I realised, because the show has been trying to let you know through them that what, -SPOILER ALERT!- Prometheus was trying to make Oliver see about himself was true. I mean Prometheus was nuts and his evil was pretty damn strong, but he was right on the money about Mr Queen.
He kills people and he likes it.

**Truth bombs.**

Lucky for him there are literally legions of bad guys who need and quite frankly deserve an arrow to the knee, chest, back and wherever else, so there is a use for him. He just can’t pretend it hurts him and chips away at his soul to do it like he has been- because that chat is some Grade A bull pants!

They added Legends and Supergirl to the itinerary of super entertaining shows and I started watching those as well, so, yes, thank you DC, you have successfully made me cheat on Marvel - I hope you’re happy with yourselves you gods-damned homewreckers!

So what new Ships did I add to My Armada? Glad you asked! 😆😆😆

**Jimmy Olsen/Winn Schott**

I am on it, believe me! I think Winn would be a little tipsy one night, kinda slutty-cute and kiss Jimmy, *who would totally do something about it... I’m just saying*
Or maybe the adrenaline after a close call spills over to some -my man in the van, as James calls Winn- type action... yup, that’s some good headcanon right there!

Ray Palmer/Cisco Ramon

I can’t seem to think of more than a few chaste kisses because they are just too cute, and I have
never posted a damn thing that didn’t deserve every shade of red in the Explicit tag!
Ray Palmer/Mick Rory

Yassss! I think Ray would be moping around some day in some kind of typical Ray tizwaz about something and Rory would hammer him straight, literally, just you know, with his own personal god given hammer... I’m just saying...

-Also, I wish I was on it, -but sadly I find Ray Palmer to be as cute and adorbs as a six-foot former superman can be... and apparently that’s a lot. I can’t just let Mick Rory do unspeakable things to him in my mind palace -I mean headcanon... No, I can’t possibly, I won’t, I just won’t! 😊 ...

😊😊
Snart literally could not have taken Barry less seriously at first! - And legit said:

“Your Mom know you’re out past your bedtime?”

-And yes, double standard, because I wrote Barry/Oliver and the first time they met Oliver said to Barry:

“Do your parents know that you are here?”
And to Felicity:

"FYI, they will card him at the Bar"

But then it got all long stares and **HOT** between them.

The real problem is Cold is so, well **Cold**, I worry if an all-out smut-fest between him and sweet
innocent adorable Barry might be sooooo bad it actually doesn’t feel so bad it’s good! It just might be bad...

I’m still thinking about it!

Barry Allen/Cisco Ramon

I ship the heck out of it to be honest, but I can’t write it so far because of the aforementioned uber cuteness and chaste kisses situation, I mean would you look at those punims!
I just can’t do it!

I just don’t see either one of them Boss topping the ever-loving hell out of the other, and that’s kinda cutting me off at the knees people, I mean give me something to work with here!!!

Harrison -Eobard Thawne-Wells/Barry Allen

I’m pretty sure Thawne/Wells molested Barry on more than one occasion when he was helpless... They made that pretty clear with him circling Barry’s bed when Barry was all passed out and topless, -He was giving some disturbing speech about having him helpless and what he could do to him, - he was being predatory and creepy as heck, to be honest, enough to make you want to yell -’Hey! Rapey! What you’re doing right there, that’s a no! Maintain your distance, 10 feet away at all times, you creepy weirdo!’
I’m also pretty sure I shouldn’t write about or encourage any of that! I’m in enough trouble with the self-appointed dubcon police for my Sam/Dean Smith and Wesson stuff as it is thank you!

...There is, of course, the little matter of Thawne-Wells having Barry handcuffed in the time room and the resultant dirty head-cannon this inspires!

-You see, Thawne-Wells couldn’t risk killing Barry in case Barry wasn’t bluffing when he said there was a secret letter that would be delivered outing Thawne-Wells as evil if he didn’t return. So, yeah he couldn’t kill him but he could pretty much do anything else he wanted to him, which the scene made glaringly obvious!

Thawne-Wells had all the power because choosing not to kill him, didn’t mean choosing to help him. He could have just ignored him until he went back to his own time and it wouldn’t have affected him or his plans. Meaning to get the information he so desperately needed Barry would
have to make a deal with Thawne-Wells ....

-And did I mention the thing where Barry was totally at Thawne-Well’s mercy! -Come on he was speedster-restraint handcuffed, in a secret room, where no one could hear him or even knew he was there!

-I’m pretty sure dubcon ensued, as in the very definition of the most dubious of consent.
Then there was Barry’s reaction when he went back to his future time and put the light-up USB looking thing Thawne-Wells gave him into the future hologram thing in the time room. He thought it didn’t work at first and slammed his fist down in a display of slightly uncharacteristic hot rage yelling about it not working after everything he just went through -and I was like -? ahoy-hoy, and what might that mean? Could he, perchance, be referring to being thoroughly molested by Thawne-Wells as part of a reluctant dubiest-of-con type deal to get the speed force equation he needed to stop Zoom? -Because (as Archer says) - “I have something for this!”

And the thing I had was some seriously “inaprops” (as Pam from Archer says) filthy, dirty, headcanon

-And lo though full of shame I may be and sure that I should not, mayhap, still, I hath little choice but to pen such a grievous tale as a warning to others like:

_Yo, idiot_, don’t go frickin messing with time on purpose, get chased by a time wraith, and then suck so hard at impersonating your own damn self you get knocked out by, then locked in a soundproof future cupboard with, your evil rapey former mentor!!!

I’m just glad that for once I’ve discovered something more than one other person on the planet likes! -Whoo-hoo Oliver/Barry is actually a main ship! So not how it usually goes for me!

I mean **Shadowhunters**: Everyone loves Malec, including me, _but my brain only wants to write_
-and Jimon.
Jane the damn Virgin: Everyone wants Jane/Michael or Jane/Raphael, while I am completely partial to Raphael/Michael. -And excuse me but obviously the show shipped the hell out of them as well given the talk about their “date we weren’t allowed to call a date” and all the lingering slow-motion shirtless Raphael with Michael on their not-date scenes! <
Oh, and by saying I’m partial to Raphael/Michael I mean I wanted Raphael to have at Michael! I’m talking full on, corner Micheal in secret corner of the police station while he was god, yes, in uniform and have at him with full savagery!... Obviously I am going to have to write this at some point!

Sigh... I will just have to resign myself to the fact I am going to write obscure pairings that are less ships and more sad little tugboats that hardly anybody wants to look at yet alone sail in ... but it is hot, so I do what I must! -Yes, that includes Damon/Marcel who I as far as I know never even met in Vampire Diaries or The Originals!

My point is I have more to post! A lot more, and issues with the size of my shipping Armada, obviously... Not that mad about it though 😊😊
Anyhoo, when it comes to Barry/Oliver and this story, the straight up truth is when you see a couple of beautiful-

-and cute human beings
-that photograph *this* well together, I mean *smouldering* off the lens well...

-Let’s just say, my fangirl heart can’t be tamed! It is wild and free! I would ship them even if the characters were mortal enemies!
As it is they have become very good friends and *that is just gravy!*
Then, of course, there’s the thing where they’re all...

-LIKE YOU’RE THE OCEAN-

YOU SHOULD’VE SEEN THE WAY HE WAS LOOKING AT YOU

-And, what, I ask you is a poor fangirl to do?

-I’m just asking.-
It’s all...

-And I’m all...
However, after a while, I began to realise that there was actually some gasp, shock, canon substance to the depiction of Barry and Oliver’s relationship, -especially in the crossover episodes where Team Arrow and Team Flash (aka Team Baby and Team Adults) fought Vandel -the boss man- Savage and again when they teamed up to fight those poorly animated Alien douchebags who had the cool name ’dominators’ but that was about it.

In the crossover episodes, Barry and Oliver were able to save their teams because when push came to shove Oliver trusted Barry more than anyone else, and Barry felt the same, telling Oliver that he travelled through time and Savage was going to kill them all to death and they needed a better plan.

In the Arrow, Flash, Supergirl, Legends crossover episodes, Arrow didn’t give a damn who was upset with Barry for changing time and affecting their lives, he wanted him as the team leader, even though it was clear he was a better choice from a military standpoint and knew exactly what to do. Oliver even flat out said he wasn’t going anywhere without him and he believed in him. Frankly, fangirls have swooned and expired over less!

I knew then that I had to write something that did justice to the major squee fest that was that scene and their relationship in general.

I hope I have succeeded and I hope you like it!

curiobi

@~.~@

I would like to say: The following tags were deemed invalid, ☺ boo!
For your delectation, and of course, my utter defiance I have placed them here: 😊

*Flash is in what we Brits call a bit of a tizzy but fear not Arrow will set him straight... well not straight per se - but you get the idea,

*Felicity possibly ships this harder than you or I ever could and that dear friends is saying something,

*Suit fetish... -possibly. It is hard to get Oliver to admit to any kinky bastard stuff even if he is guilty af tbh,

*Caitlin possibly thinks Oliver Queen is the rich boy equivalent of the office bike meaning everybody has a ride and does not approve,

*Personally I believe Barry is adorable - Oliver may possibly agree with this - he may also prefer to take an arrow to the knee than admit it,

*Attention those that know my other works may go into shock to know that my customary graphic words are not used -I wanted to know if I could actually do it - No I will not make it a habit - It damn near killed me and chapters took 100 years longer to write - It is still hot as urm... heck if I do say so myself - But I will never try this urm... heck again!,

*For hecks sake just read it... I nearly died writing it super hot with no real profanity -yes it actually hurt not to use the phrase hard c**k, especially when dealing with the likes of Oliver -hard body- Queen.

*My doctor says I will recover in 2 to 3 short years with regular profane laden chapters posted ... Considering the rate at which I upload I may never recover.

😊😊😊

curiobi

@~.~@
'I’m just so tired Oliver. Barry rubbed his forehead warily, as he sat forward in the chair, ‘I mean, I know I have to bounce back and keep going, because the alternative is to give up and leave the people I love unprotected and I can’t, I won’t do that, -but what if the people I love need protecting from me? Just think about how many enemies have come from the future and from alternate worlds hating me, I must have done something to deserve it other than foiling their plans. -I mean the Reverse Flash, Fake-Wells, Eobard Thawne, whatever you want to call him, he hated me so much he killed my mom and left my dad alive so he would be blamed and left to rot in prison and killed the real Wells to set off the damn particle accelerator and make sure I’d become the Flash, so he could engineer my fate, make me dance like a puppet’.

‘. Everything he did to me, to my family, and yet when Thawne confessed to my mom’s murder so my father would be released, I thought he’d finally let his hatred towards me for things I haven’t even done yet go. I actually believed he was trying to make up for what he did, -I was such a fool. Thawne told me he killed my mom to make me suffer when fate kept preventing him from killing me. I should have known that he would do the same thing again. Thawne studied everything about me in the future because he was obsessed with me, with being better than me. He must have known all along that Zoom killed my dad. That was why he confessed, he wanted to make sure I’d be at my happiest because what I’d dreamed of for so long had finally happened, my dad was finally free, and not just free, his name had finally been cleared and his reputation restored. After trying to get justice for my dad for so long I had so much hope that finally everything was going to be alright, and Zoom crushed it all in an instant, just like Thawne knew he would. -What did I do in the future to make Thawne hate me that much? It had to be something terrible, right? Something more than he’s saying?’

He stared down at the distraught speedster sat in his living room chair as he stood at the far end of his apartment leaning against the wall with his arms crossed, still in his suit and tie as Barry had raced into his apartment unexpectedly moments after he came home from working late at the Mayor’s office. ‘Barry, Thawne was caught up in hating the you from a timeline that probably doesn’t even exist anymore, not in the exact same way he left it. And in the end, he got caught between hating the future you and caring about the present you, insisting that you and Cisco were like sons to him despite everything he did including almost killing you both. Look, Thawne might have been a genius but you can’t convince me that man was sane. -And do you really want to get started on Zoom? He was a serial killer Barry, A sociopath’.

‘Yes but-

-’No. Listen to me Barry. The thing Reverse Flash and Zoom have in common isn’t you doing something to them, it’s them trying to use your speed to cure problems they created for themselves! -You need to stop confusing intellect with common sense or even sanity. Thawne messed with time trying to kill the 11-year-old you, stranding himself in this time in the process, -but instead of accepting that as a consequence of his actions, he killed the real Wells, stole his identity and literally tore this world apart selfishly trying to get back to his own time. -And zoom, he was a speed junkie who fatally poisoned himself using experimental drugs to get faster. Stop giving them so much credit. They were both parasites and murderers, nothing more’.
Maybe, but it wasn’t just me who was affected, Zoom kidnapped and abused Caitlin, and I couldn’t save her. She suffered so much and it’s all my fault. She would never have met Zoom if it wasn’t for me, and I should have protected her Oliver, after Wells, I should have known something was off with Jay Garrick. I should have known he was hiding something. ‘When I found out Jay was really Zoom, I was filled with hatred. I was so angry, I wanted to kill him, and if he’d been there at that moment that’s what I would have done, - I would have put my hand through his chest and crushed his heart’.

‘Zoom and Thawne both manipulated me so easily... and lately I’ve been wondering what if I was so blind to them because I’m destined to become like them? You have to see it Oliver, the similarities, I’ve manipulated the speed force, just like they did, created time remnants and aberrations, just like they did. Maybe this is how it starts, maybe it just gets worse… I’m not saying I’m planning to go dark or anything... I’m... I’m trying to say there has to be a contingency, just in case something goes wrong. You’re one of the best military tacticians I know Oliver, and you’ve taken me down before. If it comes to it, you’re the best person to take me out and that’s what I’m asking you to do’.

‘Let me get this straight, you ran all the way over here to ask me to kill you?’

‘I came to ask you to stop me if it comes to it’.

‘By killing you?’

‘If that’s the only way, then yes. You’re the only one I can ask to do this Oliver. My team are my family, they love me as much as I love them and they’ll keep trying to save me if I go dark, but you’re-

-just the stone-cold killer you need in a crisis, right?’

-‘No! I don’t see you that way Oliver, I just know you can see the bigger picture, you can do what needs to be done when others can’t or won’t’.

‘So you ran all the way to Star City to make suicide plans? If that’s what you want Barry Amanda Walla made a squad for that. I know Lila has them stashed away somewhere at ARGUS. If you ask her nicely I’m sure she’ll be alright with putting a kill switch in the back of your head just in case you go rogue.

Of course, that probably means ARGUS will control you with whatever they put in your head and force you to do shady things for the US government rather than actually killing you, -but that’s okay, so long as you don’t have to fight for your humanity like the rest of us right? So long as you can just give up and let someone else make all the tough calls that chip away at the soul, right? - But if you think for a second that convincing me to kill you, or any other cop out plan you can come up with will help you escape your personal demons, you’re wrong. Trust me Barry I have been there, you either fight the monster or the monster becomes you, and you do not want that believe me. -So fight it Barry, whatever this is you’re going through, fight it, never give up, never stop trying to do the right thing, it is who you are, and you need to remember that’.

Barry sat with his head bowed in his hands, his voice low as he murmured, ‘look, I’m sorry Oliver … I swear I wasn’t planning on coming here to ask you this, I needed to get away so I ran, and the next thing I knew I was in Star City’. 
‘And what, just decided to set up a future suicide while you’re here?’

‘It’s not Suicide Oliver. I’m just... I’m trying to do the right thing, to make sure there’s a plan in place. -that’s why it has to be you. You’re the only one I’ve ever fought who’s taken me down so many times despite not having any powers. I don’t know if it’s because I keep underestimating you or you’re just that good, probably both. -I just know that if it came to it, you could find a way to stop me from hurting the people I love-

‘That’s enough’ he growled, marching over to Barry and yanking him to his feet, ‘have you lost your mind? Do you even understand what you’re asking of me?’

‘I do understand, that’s why-

-I SAID ENOUGH’ he barked. ‘I will not do that to you, not ever do you understand me? So if you want a sentry for your little Hara-kiri mission, go find someone else’.

‘Oliver please, you have to help me, -look you know how to defeat me if I go bad, you’ve done it before’.

‘Barry, you didn’t just wake up that morning and decide to ‘go bad’, you were being controlled!’

‘And what if that happens again?!’

‘Then we’ll stop you again, like we did before, all of us as a Team, but not by killing you’.

‘Oliver, you know about the message from the future, I told you not to trust me! -That could be a different version of me, but what if all the messing with time and making time remnants and aberrations means it’s this version of me? What if I’m the one that goes bad? What if that future is already playing out?! You have to promise me you won’t let me hurt the people I care about, you have to stop me before that happens, please’.

‘I said no’ he growled his expression darkening, ‘Stop asking me that, do you hear me?!’

‘Please, you have to you’re the only one who can, you have to-

-He slammed his lips against Barry’s angrily, demanding total obedience because he’d had all he could take.
He’d tried to reason with him, to make him see sense, but Barry kept bringing it back around to killing him.

*He didn’t know, he didn’t understand why he would never do that to him.*

Barry’s shocked mouth moved beneath his, full of objections and he deepened his domination of his mouth, tightening his hold on him uncaring of the fact Barry could use his speed to escape at any moment. They came up for air as he stared down at Barry, their eyes locking as Barry looked up at him, his expressive eyes a riot of mixed emotions as he pulled Barry harder against his body, lowering his head to kiss him again hard and fierce as Barry clung to him kissing him back.

-He’d had good intentions, he’d meant to comfort him the right way, to help him to snap out of his despair by saying all the right things like he’d been trying to do, then maybe hug him, because Barry was so demonstrative that hugs never failed to cheer him up. -But the way Barry felt in his arms was *destroying* his good intentions.

... Hang on, wait, could they really do more than this? Barry was overwhelmed right now, stress was catching up with him and he was talking crazy. -And even if he wasn’t, Barry was inexperienced, *did he even really know what he’d be consenting to if this went any further?*

He didn’t think Barry had even been taken by a man before, it was like he could *smell* innocence on him, *and it made him want to take him, mark him as his own, and claim him.*

Maybe it really was his “pure-blooded conqueror DNA” as Felicity called it, after tests she and Caitlin were running on his blood for metahuman genes revealed he was somehow 100 percent Scandinavian, and his lineage could be traced directly to an ancient clan of notoriously battle hungry warriors. Whatever, the fact was something in him definitely saw Barry as unconquered territory that was *his* to take, *his* to *pillage.* Barry made him feel like he was back on the island, subject only to the call of the wild, and Barry was *his prey.* His to hunt capture claim and *devour,* and *God he wanted to feast on him* as he grabbed a fistful of Barry’s soft dark hair, pulling Barry’s head back and hungrily biting his way down his long neck as Barry made sobbing sounds in the back of his throat.

... If he was honest, he’d known it would end up this way between him and Barry from the start.

It didn’t matter that Barry irritated the hell out of him at first.
It was about instinct. The warrior instinct in him that knew it would come down to combat to the death with Ra’s Al Ghul and Damien Darhk, and no matter how many steps along the way or what happened in between it was only ever going to end that way.

Every time he looked at Barry those same instincts, that were hard-wired, beaten and burned, and honed into his battle-scarred body, told him he was looking at something that was his to conquer and claim and protect, and it was only ever going to end with him taking what was his.

It was why he’d avoided spending too much time around Barry.

He’d wanted to stave off what his instinct told him was inevitable. He’d wanted to protect Barry’s innocence, his hopelessly naive worldview. To keep the light sparkling in his eyes, to let him live a better life in Central City, where he could spend his days protecting his city as an inspiration, -a hero, who locked up the bad guys Barry and his friends gave ridiculous names rather than hunting them down and killing them.

They lived in completely different worlds, and he wanted Barry to have some semblance of a normal or at least happy life, so with the exception of absolute emergencies, he’d stayed away. -But it had become increasingly difficult not to claim him.
-Until it got impossibly difficult to leave and stay away each time they teamed up, but he’d done it because it was the right thing to do.

He’d tried. Didn’t that count for anything? He had really tried to put Barry’s needs first above his own despite giving in to his instinct now and taking what he so badly wanted.

They were standing so close Barry had yo know how hard he was getting for him, and he wanted to be sure Barry was ready to go further, so he took Barry’s hand and put it on him over his suit pants. Barry’s eyes widened as if the size surprised him as he got fully hard while covering Barry’s hand with his own and making Barry rub him. Barry hesitated for a moment and then started touching him of his own accord, his long fingers stroking him with a delicate touch that was part measuring him and part unintentionally teasing him to death as he gripped Barry’s upper arms claiming his mouth harder, his tongue demanding dominance as his large hands were sliding down Barry’s arms and roaming over his body, down his back, and under his rear. Barry’s ass felt small, firm, muscular and amazingly good in his large hands as he picked him up, kissing him while carrying him to the bedroom and laying him down on his bed.

Barry stared up at him from his bed. The place he had wanted him for so long, and he stared down at Barry for a moment, the darkness in the warm bedroom, softly illuminated by the hazy night cloud covered rays of ivory-silver moonlight pouring in through the floor to ceiling window on the right side of the room.

Barry lay still. He could escape if he wanted to and he but he didn’t try even as he started stripping him off his teeny bopper clothing of hoodie, T-shirt, jeans and converse sneakers.

He’d never actually seen Barry topless yet alone practically naked before and he paused, drinking in the site appreciatively. Even when him Barry and Diggle had sparred together in the past, Barry, unlike him and dig had always elected to keep a T-shirt or even a sweat shirt on. Why he couldn’t understand as he looked at him because Barry was beautiful. All well-defined lean muscle and flawless skin. Barry let him look his fill, let him touch him running his hands down his amazingly soft skin to his hips, inching the red boxers down over Barry’s hips and off because he clearly wanted what came next. He wanted to be devoured, it was in his distraught shimmering eyes and total lack of resistance as he bit into Barry’s neck savagely hard revelling in his distressed cry. Barry wanted to feel something other than despair even if that feeling was pain. He could relate, he knew what it was like to need to push yourself harshly physically to get through something that was plaguing you mentally, and he was going to give Barry what he needed. Barry could heal from savage bite marks, he didn’t need gentle, he needed it like this, rough and hard.

-And he was going to claim him in every way there was.

The contrast between his tanned larger body and Barry’s paler and slighter frame was striking as he lay over Barry still in his suit, taking Barry’s mouth again in a rough domineering kiss, stripping off his suit jacket, tossing it aside and loosening his tie while hungrily kissing down Barry’s throat and chest, all the way down to his swollen red-flushed dick. He didn’t know if Barry would appreciate being told it looked pretty, or graceful in size and shape or whatever, so he stuck with what was important, it looked appetising.

Barry went to pieces the moment he put his hungry demanding mouth on him, crying out as if he was shocked, his hands instantly on his head to push him away, he barely had time to growl low in his throat demanding submission before Barry was coming, telling him that he had A: been trying to warn him he was about to come and B: had clearly never had this done to him before.

He was surprised. Sighting another Alpha males challenge was instinctual, and given the intense
way he’d often seen Thawne-Wells looking at Barry, he thought he’d at least taken this from him even if he’d restrained himself from taking his virginity, -but Barry’s innocent overwhelmed reactions said this was the first time he’d been taken to the edge this way.

Barry was panting, his arms flung above his head in surrender as he moved up Barry’s body until he was staring down at him as he gripped Barry’s chin making Barry open his eyes and look at him as he deliberately swallowed him down licking his lips slowly, *a hunter enjoying the taste of his prey.*

Barry’s innocent eyes widened in shock even as he understood the message, -he didn’t need or want to be spared, *he enjoyed the way he tasted.*

He gave Barry a moment to recover as he was removing his tie and shirt and tossing them both aside. He ran his hand over the side of Barry’s pretty face, unable to resist tilting up Barry’s chin and running his thumb over his soft lips, -pushing the tip into his warm wet mouth. Barry sucked without hesitation and it got to him, making him even harder for Barry as unbuckled his belt and unzipped himself one himself one handed pushing his thumb further into his mouth and running the pad against his soft tongue, kissing Barry’s jaw as his hands travelled down his body surprised and impressed to find Barry was already hard again.

Barry bucked up against him as he gripped and stroked him and he pushed him back down flat on the bed, aggressively kissing and biting his way down his body, hungry for more of his sweet taste and loud abandoned cries.

*Hopefully he’d last longer this time.*

He kept a tight fist around Barry, sucking him hard while using his tongue to massage him in his mouth, as Barry’s his hands flew to his shoulders holding on tight to him, as he was crying out desperate and loud, -‘Oliver, I’m going to, oh god you’re gonna make me come again!’ -his body twisting and jerking as he exploded in his mouth, and even though Barry didn’t last any longer this time either, he at least wasn’t trying to push him away and deny him a single drop of what was his to take, instead Barry’s hands were fisting his hair so fiercely hard it almost hurt *and he loved it,* just as he loved the sound of Barry’s loud cries filling the room as he was voraciously sucking his delicious climax out of him and taking all he had to give.

Barry was shaking and jolting hard with aftershocks as he gave him another moment to recover while stripping himself completely. Barry stared up at him panting hard, his face flushed, his eyes wide as they travelled to where Barry had him rock hard.

He climbed onto the bed and straddled Barry’s face, taking himself in hand and rubbing his tip over his soft lips, his own breathing quickening sharply as he slowly pushed his hard length into his warm mouth.

*God, that felt good.*

Barry accepted his intrusion into his mouth, sucking on him gently, *too gently,* -but this was clearly the first time he’d done this, so he reigned in his instinct to dominate and take his mouth hard and fast, instead moving slowly, letting him get used to the feel of him sliding in and out of his warm wet mouth as he grew heavier and harder, all the while trying not to push too deep and choke him, his own breathing growing harsh and laboured at the exquisite feeling of sliding against his sweet inexperienced tongue, and Barry’s sounds of whimpering surrender, the way he was closing his mouth around him and sucking him harder, all of it *was driving him crazy,* and suddenly Barry was vibrating his tongue as he thrust against it, learning quickly despite his inexperience, and he couldn’t stop himself from placing his hands either side of Barry’s head and thrusting faster into
his mouth, couldn’t hold back his near animalistic growling as he watched himself dominating his mouth.

He couldn’t take much more! -Barry was driving him close to the edge, but he probably wasn’t ready to try swallowing, so he had to stop.

He pulled out of Barry’s mouth slowly watching himself sliding out of his wet mouth past his glistening swollen lips, tracing his fingers over them as he half lay over him, dipping his head, kissing him hard, tasting himself in his warm mouth while pushing Barry’s legs apart and running his hand down his body, impressed and relieved to find him hard again despite coming twice already. **Speedster downtime was impressive.** He stroked Barry roughly, tugging hard, lavishing his chest and nipples with attention, licking and biting his way down his body, making Barry cry out as he cupped him, squeezing hard enough to make him jolt, his testicles quickly drawing up again, tightening with seed.

He went down on Barry again, this time licking and sucking his testicles into his mouth as Barry yelled out a cross between a strangled scream and a desperate whimper in a way he now recognised meant Barry was about to come to come any second, and he tightened his grip hard on the base of Barry’s hard length unwilling going to allow him to explode **because he wanted to be inside him the next time he came.** He reluctantly took his mouth off Barry and reached into his bedside drawer to get the lube, but Barry suddenly pushed at his shoulders and he wondered if Barry wanted him to stop altogether as he literally vanished, but he reappeared almost as quickly, and he realised he’d just gone to wash up.

Barry looked nervous, correction he looked **terrified,** punctuated by the fact he was standing beside the bed covering himself with his hands rather than lying on it flushed and hard and panting the way he had been moments before. He took Barry’s hand, surprised to find he was shaking, -no, **vibrating** he realised on closer inspection, -in anticipation or terror he couldn’t tell but judging by how scared he looked he’d say the latter. He gave him one last chance to back out, when he didn’t he yanked him forward rolling him underneath him kissing him hard and intense. He pulled back and held Barry’s gaze **because he wanted Barry to look at him as he worked him open.**

He dispensed some of the sweetly scented lube, warming it in his palms and gently stroked his index finger over the Barry’s tight ring of muscle, up and down and circular, gently teasing Barry open until he pushed a finger into him,p making Barry flinch and cry out as he worked his large finger into him, expertly finding the right spot inside Barry quickly until he had Barry jolting and crying out in a different, better way. Had him writhing as he worked him up to two fingers, skillfully twisting them inside him until he’d opened him up as much as his inexperienced body would allow.

He used more lube, rubbing it over his own hard length and lining himself up. He pushed, locking eyes with Barry as he slowly pushed forward, breaching him as Barry tensed up sobbing ‘Oh god Oliver, ah, it hurts, ah’ Barry’s hand shot out to his chest to stop him and he paused as Barry was crying out no, stop stop, it’s too big! you can’t fit!’

‘**God you’re tight Barry**’ he murmured kissing and biting down on Barry’s ear his hands sliding down to each side of Barry’s ass, spreading him open as wide as he could with his palms without hurting him, pushing forward in one long hard thrust, because Barry was clinging to him wrapping his arms and legs around him, holding him close, urging him on. Barry wanted him to stop, but he **needed** him to go on, it hurt, **but he needed it** as he finally slid all the way home as deep inside Barry as he could get.

He stilled for a moment, waiting for Barry to get used to the way he felt inside him, stretching him,
filling him. Barry’s whimpering sobbing sounds grew louder, clashing with his own dominant growls of pleasure as he moved slowly, staying deep inside Barry, finding the right spot inside him and thrusting up against it.

*Being inside Barry felt incredible.*

He was no stranger to sex, he’d taken many lovers, some he cared about, some he even loved, but this was different, the most intense physical, emotional, and sexual connection he’d *ever* felt as he kissed Barry, slowing down so he was barely moving inside him, staying pressed up against the right spot so Barry was gasping for breath in between kisses, his back arching as Barry seemed to finally adjust to the feeling of having him inside him, movin his hips up and down in rhythm with him, his hands sliding to his waist then lower, gripping his ass and urging him forward, letting him know he was finally ready to take more. *-And he gave it to him, pulling almost all the way out and ramming back into him hard* making Barry scream, for him, one ear-splitting cry after another as he was taking him roughly, his hard body slamming up against Barry’s, his full weight behind every thrust as he watched Barry’s overwhelmed expression, his wet lips open on a gasping O, his eyes slamming shut, his face reddening, his brows furrowed, his expression almost one of pain as he reached the precipice *hard*—helplessly calling out his name, *and God that did things to him*

He grabbed Barry’s hands pinning them above his head, slamming into him the right way so he was hitting the right spot inside him as Barry grew harder trapped between their sliding stomachs.

Barry could bring himself over the edge in a few lightning-fast strokes *but he wanted to make him come without touching himself.*

Barry was gasping, his breath breaking on a loud sob as if he couldn’t take it, as if it was too much as he took him *harder,* ruthlessly *hurling him over the edge* as Barry was sobbing out, ‘Oh god—oh god, I’m gonna, I’m… you’re making me… -oh god Oliver, I’m gonna come!’

He stilled then, fighting off his own impending climax, staying rammed deep inside Barry so he could *feel* him coming, clenching and releasing him deep inside, his whole body shaking, his seed spurting between their stomachs.

*It pushed him over the edge ferociously hard,* his own body tensing up, his climax slamming into him as he started pounding into Barry.

Coming inside Barry took him to a place so intense it swamped him, overwhelmed him, took him over, he didn’t understand. It had *never* been like this before, he couldn’t control his body anymore he was slamming into Barry harder and faster, and he could hear himself saying things, whispering dark and low against Barry’s soft lips but he didn’t know the words, they were in an ancient language that flowed forth from his mouth unbidden, *what was happening?*

*He could feel it,* and suddenly knew it was the power, the magic he’d consumed and wielded to defeat Damien Darhk, *-that it was fluid, could go either way depending on the bearer, and right now he wasn’t thinking of protecting as he had been then, he was thinking of *owning.* He wasn’t thinking of saving, he was thinking of *capturing.* He wasn’t thinking of giving, he was thinking of *taking,* and somehow the power he’d mistakenly thought used up and gone was exploding through him with a force he couldn’t control, all he knew was his body was *craving* for Barry, rough and out of control as he was holding him down, the bed thundering against the wall with the ferocity of his ramming into him.

Barry was making sounds of pain he dimly realised over the roaring of his own blood in his ears, his palms were pressed against his sweat-slick chest, fingers splayed pressing up urgently as he was...
hammering into him taking him brutally hard. Barry was fast but he didn’t have super strength, he couldn’t stop him without using his speed, he was trusting him to stop, rather than using his powers to make him- and it was that trust, which made him fight for control.

_He never wanted Barry to stop trusting him._

His body was hot and dripping with sweat as he slowed down, rocking into him slowly, finally regaining control of the magic, feeling the pulsing throb of it ebbing away in his veins as he groaned collapsing over Barry.

_It was a while before speech became an option._

‘I’m sorry’ he finally managed ‘it’s this thing I did with magic a while back. I thought it was gone, but it just came out of nowhere -are you alright?’

‘I’m fine, I didn’t mean to back out on you, um, it’s just you were being really rough, I mean way more than before, and it kinda hurt, and I mean I can take it I guess, but your eyes were glowing and you were saying some pretty weird stuff about wanting to keep me or something. You weren’t really making any sense and most of it wasn’t in a language I understand, -so I figure all that was the magic talking?’

_He didn’t know._ ‘Magic can do strange things, but I was able to control it when I realised what was happening, I just wasn’t expecting it’. He eased out of Barry as gently as he could. ‘I’m sorry I hurt you’.

‘It’s okay’.

‘No, it’s not’.

‘Look, I’m fine, nothing damaged, I’m tougher than I look and I heal fast remember? -Not that I need to heal, you really didn’t hurt me, like seriously or anything, -and it’s not your fault. You’re right, Magic can do weird things. Joe says he never met a sorcerer type power that didn’t have some kind of weird grab-ass agenda, and-

-‘Barry. I am really sorry I hurt you, but can we please not talk about your dad right now’.

Barry smiled at him sheepishly, and his heart did that weird thing it sometimes did when Barry was being insufferably adorable.

‘Sorry, I kinda killed the mood didn’t I, -hey’ Barry touched his face gently, his soulful eyes gazing up at him searchingly ‘… are you okay Oliver?’

_He couldn’t believe Barry was worried about him right now._

‘Are you?’

‘I told you I’m fine. I um, think I needed that’.

‘I think we both needed that’.

He leaned down and kissed Barry hard because he wasn’t even close to done with him, he wanted more... but he wasn’t sure Barry could take it despite what he said about not being hurt. -So he concentrated on something he wanted to teach him instead because the gentle way Barry kissed said he’d only ever kissed girls without powers and was suitably cautious with their soft lips and fragile bodies. _He clearly didn’t know how to kiss a battle-hardened warrior who wanted him_
fiercely. He wasn’t like the fragile little love interests Barry was used to.

In fact, according to what Felicity told him about the results of tests she and Caitlin had recently run on his and a host of others DNA, he was technically not an ordinary human. He ranked alongside individuals who were able to do incredible things no amount of training would allow ordinary people to accomplish because they had abnormally high IQs like Felicity, or enhanced physical abilities like him. -Gifts that saw them routinely surviving impossible odds and physical damage that would be fatal for ordinary people. In his case, on top of having elevated strength, agility, and healing, he could hit targets most people couldn’t even see, and wield magic notorious for corrupting and killing the host without either happening. Apparently he, Felicity, and others like them were actually borderline metahumans, who missed the lowest end of the military’s hastily devised metahuman spectrum by a single mark, leaving them still classified as human. Just.

-But classifications could be changed. And considering what just happened with the magic, he was suddenly all too aware that people like him were actually fortunate there were shark men and weather wizards around so they went unnoticed. If ‘athletically gifted’ or ‘intellectual genius’ was suddenly reclassified as ‘low ranking meta’—well, human history gave all to many examples of what happened next, and it was never good for those deemed abnormal.

-Any way you looked at it he was pretty far away from normal. Normal people didn’t lead a group of vigilantes, or a league of assassins for that matter, or be part of bringing people back from the dead, -or have damn magic coursing through their veins! ...

He decided to distract himself from thinking about this new magical problem in his life, by giving his all to the pleasant task of teaching Barry how to kiss him deep and hard.

He would never say it but Barry’s cute attempts to copy him were adorable.

Despite his intentions to leave it at just kissing, because he still wasn’t sure Barry could go another round, his arms were tightening around Barry, his breathing quickening, his body heating up. He couldn’t help it, teaching Barry how to kiss him the right way was making him hard.

‘Oh, you’re um, ready again?’ Barry sounded nervous.

‘It’s all right’ he murmured in between hard dominate kisses, ‘I’ll stop if you want me to’.

Barry put both hands on his face and looked at him in a way that sent his body temperature soaring as Barry pulled him down for another kiss whispering, ‘You don’t have to stop’ against his mouth.

Good

He busied himself with going down on Barry, which was rapidly becoming a fetish, -but once again he barely got to touch him before Barry was coming hard, his body arching up as he cried out, his hands fisting in his hair again in the way he was already hooked on, just as he was hooked on the way Barry collapsed back on the bed flushed, spent, his for the taking.

He nudged Barry’s legs apart lining himself up slowly, rubbing himself over where Barry was hot and still so tight he was fighting for every inch as he pushed into him until he was as deep inside him as he could get.

Barry’s hands were flexing into fists at his side and he was grimacing while making little muted sounds of pain, so he stayed still inside him, placing rough hungry kisses along his neck until Barry’s hands came to his hips, finally urging him forward.

Their gazes locked as he started moving slowly inside him, the connection between them
palpable, a tangible physical thing he could actually feel. It was more than just staking a claim or taking what was his, he’d done plenty of both in his life, this felt different... special, intimate as he rested their foreheads together, their breath mingling moist and warm and God Barry felt so good, so good, -he wanted, needed to have more of him, harder, deeper. adjusting his position so he could get better access, encircling each of Barry’s ankles in his strong hands and holding Barry’s legs wide apart as he was speeding up his thrusting into him, pounding him aggressively hard and loving how Barry was sobbing and crying out his name, low and wrecked, high pitched and frantic, quicker faster, just his name, his name, his name, and suddenly Barry was exploding for him, coming apart underneath him as he was pulling Barry’s legs around his waist while rising to his knees and picking Barry up effortlessly, his hands gripping Barry’s ass as he was ramming up into him coming violently hard, searingly HOT magic flooding wildly into his veins as he was desperately fighting against it, banishing the tide so it couldn’t take over, but the magic was still combusting in his veins sending incendiary sparks of pure FIRE through his body as he was coming even harder, holding Barry tightly against his body, his louder and louder growls clashing against Barry’s cries as Barry was screaming ‘Oliver, oh god, oh my god Oliver, god please’ as he held Barry in his arms ramming into him aggressively as Barry screamed out his name collapsing against him.
He lay Barry down collapsing over him exhausted, wrecked, -his body tingling, the intense feeling of magic burning and searing through his veins.

His climax had been so violently intense his vision had whited out, he could still barely see, barely breathe, his heart pounding in his chest as he held Barry tightly underneath him, suddenly worried he’d been too rough, but even as the thought hit, the urge to take him again surged through his body, -god the magic in him was like a mystical potency drugs, he could just keep going.

He kissed Barry’s mouth hungrily, their hot wet bodies sliding against each other as his lips travelled down the side of his face neck and collarbone to his chest, biting and tonguing his nipples, making Barry jolt and gasp, shaking and shuddering underneath him as he thoroughly claimed him with his mouth, kissing his way down his stomach while running his hands over his lean defined abdominal muscles, his large hands seeming coarse and battle-scarred against Barry’s soft pale skin as he turned him over roughly, pulling his hips up sharply.

‘Again’ Barry sobbed.

He didn’t know if it was a question, statement, or request. ‘Only If you want me’ he growled.

Barry moved back toward him in response and he seized at his consent as if it were a tangible thing he could hungrily sink his teeth into, the way he was sinking his teeth into his shoulder as he mounted him.

‘Are you ready?’ he growled demandingly in his ear, pulling Barry’s head back and taking his mouth in a hot dominate kiss before he could answer, his hand sliding around the front of his body to grip him, stroking him roughly.

Barry gasped out his name, his head falling back against his shoulder, his sweat-dampened hair jet black and soft rubbing against him, the moonlight flittering into the darkened room illuminating his pale skin, making him appear to glow as he stroked him. It was like he was defiling an Angel was his sudden thought, and he fully expected to feel guilty for giving into his desires and taking him despite everything he’d done to preserve his innocence and protect him, -but he didn’t feel guilty. Instead, he was ravenous for him, -and not for the first time he was forced to acknowledge there was something almost dark underlying his desire for Barry, a hunter-conqueror thing driving his instinct to capture him, feast off his sweet innocent taste, and devour him.

‘You should see how beautiful you look right now’ he growled in Barry’s ear knowing he just didn’t get his own appeal. He never had. He didn’t understand what the long line of his neck, beautiful soulful eyes, sweet lips, and strong yet pliant body could do to a man who wanted him.

Thawne-Wells had got Barry’s appeal.
As had Real-Wells.

-And Jay-Zoom.
-And an annoying host of others he’d caught eyeing Barry wondering what it would be like to bend that strength to their will and take him.
The dominant side that needed to **conquer** was something Barry just seemed to bring out, certainly with him, **and right now, that need was driving him crazy.**

He took himself in hand, rubbing his broad tip over the pristine ring of muscle that didn’t look even a tiny bit tender as he would expect after his first time, and he suddenly realised what Barry’s ability to heel at super speed from anything minor meant for Barry’s sex life. -It meant he would **always** look like this, always look **untouched**, no matter how much he or any man **had** him.

The sudden spike of jealousy that stabbed into him at the thought of another man taking Barry like this was so severe it caused him **actual** physical pain for a moment, his hands inadvertently gripping harder on Barry’s hips, hard enough to leave marks as Barry moaned and sobbed tilting his hips up a little more as if he thought he was disciplining him. -He ruthlessly stamped down the dark thrill of latent excitement **that** idea caused and focused on the sudden blinding jealousy coursing through him, **because it was dangerously strong.**

He didn’t want anyone else to have him **ever** he realised, -but deep down he must have known that all along, **how the hell had he deluded himself into thinking this could be a one-night thing?** -He’d been an idiot. He should have realised how savagely possessive his feelings were sooner, -that he couldn’t **stand** the thought of anyone else seeing him like this.

-He would have to come to terms with that later, -right now he had other concerns, **like the fact he needed to be inside Barry now.** ‘I want you’ he snarled in Barry’s ear, riding up against him slow and hard, his breathing harsh and intense, ‘I can’t take it easy this time, can you take it? Do you want to?’ He pulled him into another hard kiss his blood heating to boiling point as Barry was sobbing ‘yes’ against his mouth destroying what little control he had left as he pushed him down onto all fours his hands gripping his pale rear, spreading him open so he could watch as he penetrated him, watch his broad head pushing past the tight virginal ring of muscle, stretching him as Barry struggled to take him.

Barry was sobbing out his name as he slowly drove all the way inside him, but he couldn’t give him more than a second to adjust, his control had burnt away in a wild inferno of need and he was gripping Barry’s hips, holding him still while slamming into him, taking him hard and fast.

The harsh sounds of flesh slamming against flesh, Barry’s sobbing and his own deep growling made a brutal primal soundtrack as if he was being too rough with him, **as if he was hurting him,** -but he didn’t want that, he wanted to make him feel good.

Barry moved back against him, and he couldn’t help growling harshly as Barry started moving his
hips in time with his thrusting into him, learning as fast as he always did and it got so intense they were both crying out, the sensations wreaking them until Barry was shaking and trembling, collapsing forward suddenly, his cheek on the mattress as if his arms couldn’t support him any more, the angle tilting his hips up further giving him complete access, complete dominance. -And he took it, ramming into Barry faster and harder while fighting the overwhelming urge to come, touching him every place he could, stroking his hands over Barry’s over-sensitised body while leaning over his back and placing hungry kisses along his neck and jaw.

Barry was crying out, his mouth open wide, the side of his face pressed against the mattress as he just took it from him, - and it was driving him crazy. -All of it. How well Barry was taking him, how much he seemed to need him to give it to him like this, rough and hard, -and god, Barry felt so good, SO DAMN GOOD and suddenly the sharp burn of roiling HOT magic was spiking his veins, racing through his body, and he wasn’t going to be able to fight the need to come much longer no matter what he did including trying to stop because it was too late, he couldn’t stop even if he wanted to, his body had taken over, slamming into Barry over and over as Barry’s sobs grew louder, his face flushing red, his whole body getting hotter and wet with perspiration as he tightened his grip on Barry’s hips taking him savagely hard.

‘So hot’ Barry was sobbing, ‘you’re so hot’, and he doubted Barry meant his looks because the magic was boiling wild and out of control in his veins making his skin hot to the touch. ‘Oh god Oliver oh god I can’t take it, I can’t, it’s too much, please, it’s too much!’ His whole body was on fire, searing hot spikes of pleasure searing into him, he was going to come! -but he fought it off desperately because Barry wasn’t there yet. ‘I’ve got you, he managed to growl out. You can take it, -I want you to come Barry, I want you to touch yourself for me’.

It didn’t help his desperate fight for control that he’d fantasised about ordering Barry to touch himself often. He knew he would do it as fast as he did everything else and he fantasised about teaching him how to do it slowly, imagined how his innocent eyes would widen as he discovered how to pleasure himself at his commands, his instructions, -until he was making himself come, flushed and gasping and spilling over his own fist, -then he would taste him, holding him down and hungrily licking him clean while he was panting, spent and helpless, that part of the fantasy usually finished him.

‘Not like that, touch yourself slowly’ he commanded roughly, as he covered Barry’s slim fingers which were racing over his hard length speedster fast just like he’d always imagined. He clamped down hard with his much larger hand and Barry let him take control but he couldn’t hold back much longer! He felt like he was being burned alive from the inside out, and god, he was so damn hard for Barry it actually hurt. -Every vein in his body, including where he was inside Barry was burning with raw FIRE -his thrusts becoming discordant, frantic as he was pounding into Barry, masturbating him hard while Barry was screaming out his name and erupting over his fist, his voice strangled in the back of his throat as was shaking and crying out, ‘oh god oh god’, and he made him come harder, using his skills ruthlessly and mercilessly, wringing every drop from Barry until he was jolting against him strung out, over sensitised, shuddering and begging ‘Please Oliver, I can’t take anymore, I want you to come now, please, come, COME!’

He pulled Barry up hard, clamping his hand down over his mouth, his chest pressed up against Barry’s back as he held him still, forcing him to be quiet because he had to stop saying that! Barry begging him to come was driving him beyond the limits of his restraint. His blood was pounding in his ears, roaring at him to take, to claim and before he knew it he was biting down hard into the back of Barry’s neck, his strong arms closing around him as Barry’s head fell back against his shoulder and he took the mouth rough and hard the way he was taking his body. ‘You wanted it’ he
growled roughly in his ear, ‘you wanted me to come for you. I can’t hold back anymore, **tell me you can take it, tell me you want it**’ he demanded, pushing Barry forward onto his stomach and laying over his back, his arm sliding around under his throat pulling his head back, his other hand at his hip holding him down as if he was resisting even though he was pliant and spent underneath him sobbing, ‘Please come, please come’, making him even crazier as he was ramming into him, his climax bursting from him in savagely explosive torrents, the magic in his veins a raging conflagration as he fought hard to restrain it, but it was useless. Holding back for so long took its toll and the magic **detonated** in a wild blast of **RED HOT** energy he couldn’t control as he straddled him and just **pounded** him through the mattress while Barry **screamed** out his name over and over, **obliterating** what little sanity he had left.
‘B-ar-ry’ he panted having to gasp for air between each syllable, ‘are you alright?’ ... Wait, was that sunlight flittering into the room? hadn’t it been moonlight a while ago?...

_Had they been having sex all night?_

His fingers were wet with Barry’s seed where he must have been making him come... he didn’t remember making him come again, which meant _he’d lost count_ as he licked Barry from his fingers. _-god he loved the way he tasted._

Barry was on his back watching him, -wait, hadn’t he been face down? He was rammed deep inside him, throbbing and tingling as if he’d just come, he didn’t remember turning him over and starting again, which meant _he’d lost count of how many times either of them had come._

‘Do you really love doing that, tasting me I mean?’

‘Yes’. he growled simply while licking his fingers clean.

‘Wow that’s... woo... can’t decide if it’s hot or dirty, or like dirty-hot, _iz thatsa thing?’_

Yes. It was definitely a thing. -Wait, was Barry _slurring his words?_ -His eyes were unfocused, he seemed... dazed, _out of it_, as he started up at him with his sparkling eyes even brighter than usual.

‘Barry, are you sure you’re alright?’

‘Yup, I’m gooood’. Barry stretched like a cat, I am sooooo good, you have no idea, are you good? I’m guuuuuddd’.

_Something was wrong..._

Barry looked and sounded... _drunk._

‘Barry _look at me_’, he ordered trailing the finger from the hand not currently licked clean of Barry’s seed across his line of vision. An odd thing to do when he was still inside him, but something was clearly wrong. _He couldn't follow a simple sobriety test._

‘Barry-

-‘Im, I’m fine, in facts, mmm better than fine, that was... feels sooo really _good_’.

He stared down at Barry taking in his too-flushed face and bleary expression. ‘Barry. I’m not sure how, but I think you’re... _drunk_... _off me_, -well off the magic in me anyway’.

‘Yeah I am!’ Barry giggled.

_It didn’t help that it was adorable._  ‘Frigging magic’ he growled through clenched teeth, easing out of Barry and staring down at him concerned.

‘Maybeer the magic is doing like weird things with the speed force, -ya know in ma speedster body, chemistries, thing whatever ... not complaining! Cuz ya know what I don’t know if I ever
told you this but I can’t get buzzed, like at all’.

‘You’ve told me’.

‘Nooooo can’t do it, ma metabolism breaks everything too fast down, can’t get buzzed, did I ever tell you that?’

‘Yes, you’ve told me that’. This wasn’t good. He moved off Barry and ran his hand across his own forehead wiping off the sweat while staring at Barry equal parts bewildered, frustrated, and concerned because why the hell had the magic done this to Barry? It wasn’t like they were both drunk, he was stone cold sober, -and if he couldn’t sober Barry up or his body didn’t somehow heal him, he was going to have to call someone for help because there was no way The Flash could be running around drunk at super speed.

Caitlyn Snow was the obvious person to call, but Team Baby, or Team Flash as they liked to be called, was a single-headed organism. You told one, you told all, -which meant Joe West, here, armed, and shooting him for screwing and intoxicating his precious son quicker than he could say Wally don’t speed your dad here. Only bring Caitlin.

He was debating what to do and trying to figure out how serious Barry’s condition might be when Barry sat up grinning at him then trailing his fingers down his chest, which made him shudder inadvertently, his body still tingling from coming so many times.

‘You’, Barry drawled smiling, his eyes sparkling as he drew hazy patterns on his chest with his finger. ‘You got me buzzed! -I’m buzzed, I am like soooo buzzed, but not like drunk like, whoa! -Is this what weed is like? I think I’m high and drunk, -dude! You fixed me!!!’

Barry pulled him forward, his face earnest, his tone grave as he looked around the room as if checking for the sudden appearance of onlookers. ‘Oliver’ he whispered, ‘we can’t tell anyone! Joe will be really mad, -I mean I never did drugs like ever, but this has to be way better’, Barry’s flushed face reddened further his mouth breaking into a sudden wide grin, ‘dude I just realised it’s like not even illegal! -cus you’re not a drug, I mean you are a drug or you have one in you or whatever, but when you put it in me... that sounds kinda weird’... Barry looked worried for a moment, then his mouth broke into an even wider grin -’but it’s like totally legal, it has to be, and now I can get buzzed so I don’t have to be so stressed all the time. I am sooo relaxed now’ Barry collapsed back on the bed and grinned at him, ‘just when I think you can’t get any more cool Oliver, dude you’re like seriously the best big brother ever’.

Brother! That had better be the buzz talking! They had been having sex all night, Barry couldn’t seriously see him as a... -but he did he realised bitterly as Barry punched him lightly on the arm in a buddy like -Go Team Us- gesture.

He supposed he should be grateful Barry wasn’t trying to high-five him.

He sighed and looked down at Barry who was laying back humming a happy tune, his whole body looking as if it was glowing faintly, -correction, he was glowing, what the hell was going on?

… Even stranger, he suddenly knew Barry was essentially alright. The magic was resonating between them and he knew it’s intent. It wasn’t harming him. It had just... made him drunk for whatever reason, -if there even was a reason he could understand. If he’d learned one thing about Magic it was that it didn’t exist to serve humans, Magic was a force of nature, and just like nature, it was often wild and unpredictable.

Barry stretched again and sprawled out, one arm flung over his head and one flung over his eyes.
He didn’t seem to realise he was still naked, or that he looked *edible*.

All the grabbing his arms and pulling him close all wide-eyed and earnest while trying to figure out if getting high though mystical sex body chemistry was illegal, and the drops of his seed still glistening on his finely muscled stomach, had him restraining the urge to just *eat him*, taste him, devour him, turn having sex all night into having sex all day.

He clenched his jaw, snatching his hand back from where it was going to delve into the sweet mess smeared on his stomach and taste him. *Barry couldn’t consent like this.* Not to mention that under the influence of this magical intoxication Barry looked all of sixteen, *at a generous estimation.* -If he touched him right now when he wanted him this much, -as in jaw clenched, mouth watering to taste him, hard for him, seething with lust want -, he might not be able to leave it there. -Given the things he’d done in his life he had to be pushing his luck as it was, if he touched Barry right now while he was completely out of it, he could just imagine any lives he’d saved versus lives he’d taken debate about where his soul would end up would become a foregone conclusion. *-He would definitely be going straight to hell.*

He covered Barry with the sheet instead of touching him and backed off, forcing his disturbing thoughts away from devouring his weakened prey spread before him, his for the tasting, his for the claiming and forced himself to focus on the disturbing issue of Barry calling him *big brother*, -because as much he’d like to think that was the magical high talking, he was pretty sure that was wishful thinking on his part.

According to Felicity, it was no secret that Barry required what she annoyingly called in a receny conversation-

“*a certain amount of fluffing from older men*”.

Unfortunately, *she hadn’t stopped there.*

“That means you are *in there* Oliver! -what?”

-She’d asked noting his expression which he’d been sure mirrored his thoughts, *because at that point he’d wanted to crawl under the desk and just die* if it was the only way to get her to stop talking. Sadly, even telling her as much hadn’t deterred her. *Quite the opposite* as she launched into a full-fledged Felicity Smoke 900-word-a-minute tirade.

“Oh come on, at least you don’t want to exploit him, like Fake Wells, Real-Wells and Jay-Zoom did, Jay-Zoom, Jay-Z, ha, I just got that, but seriously, all indicators show that Barry has some serious daddy, or more accurately daddy-kink issues. *-Don’t tell me you’re not the slightly older upstanding Vigilante-Mayor to help him with that!“

-“You know, I’ve known he wanted to date you since the first time he met you and saved your life.
And it wasn’t just him. *I saw the way you looked at Barry.* -An arrow wasn’t the only thing you were thinking of putting in him!

-I’m just saying, you wanted him and he wanted you. I even told him so to his beaming, adorable face when he was all a quiver about how you were a ‘‘billionaire by day, and a hero at night’’, and I said *sounds like you want to date him,* which he obviously does!”

-“So my point is *why aren’t you dating him?!* The thirst, as Cisco says, is real! Which means one or both of you has to be an idiot and my money’s on you because you at least have figured out how you feel *you’re just not doing anything thing about it!*”

-“And I swear Oliver, if you tell me the reason you’re not dating him is some Shakespearean nonsense about protecting his virtue, like all”-

-“Lo, tis true that I secretly lust for him from afar and wenst-ever we forge a fellowship quest from a-near. I must, dark soul that I am, be always away from him to protecteth his innocence.

“If it’s something that stupid then I am going to do the only sensible thing I can do to fix the situation. Meaning, - *I will steal your frigging car,* drive it 600 miles to Central City, rig an 80s style Boombox under Barry’s window, put a cardboard cut-out of you in the front seat, and make him think you’re cheesy 80s serenading him!”

-“Although in these more socially conscious times that’s thought of more as stalking. But you know what, I’m sure he’s watched enough 80s movies to take the gesture in the romantic spirit it is intended!”

-“What I’m saying is *romance* Oliver, have you tried any *actual romance*?”

-“Also I know just the song! Tears for Fears, Head Over Heels”.

-“I’m just saying if you’re gonna Boombox serenade him while standing under his window yelling his name *you should do it right!*”
She’d waved her phone at him threateningly and he’d sighed at the inevitable, knowing she was going to hit play regardless of him objecting.

-Which she had, managing to sway to the music as the video played and the song flooded the room, while intermittently glaring at him as if trying to mentally seer the command “use this song” into his mind.

There had been literally nothing he could say to her as she gave up glaring and shimmied around his desk, not even get the hell out of my office, -because not for the first time Felicity Smoak had rendered him speechless.

...But after what Barry had just said to him he was forced to concede that Felicity might have a point. Although it would be a cold day in hell before he told her that!

He looked down at Barry who was part humming part singing some inane pop song about shaking off hate or something, and thought about what Felicity had horrified him with at his office... It was true, he supposed, Barry did have a host of older men in his life that he saw as mentors, what with Joe, Henry Allen, and an ever-expanding brace of Harrison Wells-es.

Since he was younger than Barry’s host of other mentors, Barry didn’t hero worship him the way he did them. If anything he treated him like a bossy older brother he looked up too, without being blind to his flaws like he’d been with fake-Wells.

That was what he’d always thought... But the day he’d gone to Central city to deal with the assassin Boomerang-
Joe West had demanded they have words, telling him:

“My son’s face lit up like it was Christmas when you swooped down from the sky and saved him, and frankly that scares the hell out of me”.
“Look I’m an old cop and I’m gonna tell it to you straight. You’re not a hero you’re a vigilante that’s killed at least 29 people that we know of -And I do not want Barry thinking that’s something to look up to”.

Joe had gone on to accuse him of exploiting Barry’s “obvious hero worshipping” and insisted it wouldn’t end well and he’d be damned if he’d just sit back and watch his kid get into trouble running around with a known killer. Fake-Wells, had also been there but he hadn’t said a word electing rather to glare at him from what they now knew was his speedster-charger modified wheelchair while faking paralysis. He’d thought Wells was plain creepy and weirdly obsessed with Barry, and Joe was being as crazy as only a parent could be when they thought their precious child had fallen in with a bad crowd, which, insultingly, although not necessarily inaccurately, was how Joe had and still did see Team Arrow.

Barry was always telling him Joe was a wise man. Clearly, he should have listened, because Joe had been on to Thawne-Wells all along and had been key in uncovering his subterfuge. -And if Barry had been, or was still big brother style Hero worshipping him as Joe had said, then clearly, he’d missed it completely. He’d thought Barry saw him as someone he could turn to in a crisis. -And even if Barry had clung to him and called out his name last night while he let him take and even ravage him it had only happened because he’d needed it. Now he wasn’t in despair anymore, he wasn’t broken anymore. Just like he’d said he knew he’d have to, he’d bounced back. He was glad for that of course, but any hopes that Barry might see him a different way now were quickly fading.

It had been as intense as the sun between them, but now despite what had happened Barry not only didn’t see him as a lover, he didn’t even see him as a potential love interest. Felicity was irritationally right as usual, his “Child Bride” as she often annoyingly referred to Barry didn’t get it, and unless he spelt it out for him he probably never would.

-But how could he, wouldn’t that be dragging him into something he clearly wasn’t ready for? -Complicated sexual situations and even more complicated potential relationships were difficult things to navigate for adults with years of sexual experience, he should know, and Barry had very little experience with lovers and only one attempt at a real grown-up girlfriend, that had ended in
her leaving him.

*Barry didn’t get it at all.* - He didn’t have enough experience to realise no friend, not even one with benefits, took you the way he had all night long *unless they were desperately hungry for you.*

‘Awww it’s wearing off’ Barry pouted. *It didn’t help that it was adorable.* ‘I mean I’m still feeling it but... Oh, well at least it lasted longer than that time Caitlyn made me 500 percent proof vodka’.

*She what?*

‘It only lasted like less than a minute, but I appreciated her trying’.

The last thing he would have ever thought of the reserved, respectable, *Ms Snow as was a moonshine maker.*

‘Gotta um say that was pretty unexpected, not the buzz I mean and thanks for that, so yes the buzz I mean, but I’m talking about the um, and well um wow, ... are you always so… intense, or... was that the magic thing? ... The times right at the end when you, um… when you *finished*, it kinda felt like your body was on fire...’

‘The fire thing was the magic. The rest was all me’.

‘Wow, um I mean, okay, explains how you got Laurel and her sister to fall in bed with you -I mean you really know what you’re doing -*oh my god I’m sorry!*’

‘I miss her Barry, every day, but it’s okay to mention her name, Laurel’s not a ghost to me, she’s with me every day’.

Barry turned to look at him and he found himself trapped in those eyes, expressive in a way he could never be, Barry’s emotions were always written all over his face.

‘I’m sorry about what I did, coming here and asking you to... I was... I was...’

‘At the end of your rope, believe me, I’ve been there. We all have moments where we feel we can’t take anymore Barry’.

‘But I bet most people don’t usually beg their friends to... *god that’s embarrassing*’

‘Listen to me Barry, you have *nothing* to be ashamed of’.

‘I guess I just don’t want you thinking your friend is in the habit of begging guys to kill him and then letting them, um... well, um... just because he’s having a bad day’.

‘It was way more than that Bear’.

‘Wait did you just call me Bear?’.

‘I did. Deal with it’.

‘Only Felicity calls me that, everyone else is saying Bar, -anyway, Um, Oliver I’ve been kinda meaning to ask you something, except I was never gonna ask, but now I’m like what the hey!’

‘...Okay’.

‘Did you and Roy ever...’
‘Ever what?’

‘You know what we, um… that whole, um thing we just did. … UH-oh’ Barry grimaced, ‘I know that look, it’s the -Oliver’s heads about to explode shark smile’.

‘The what?’

‘You know, it’s like when a shark looks like it’s smiling at you but it really isn’t cus the smile never reaches its eyes and you know it’s going to kill you the first chance it gets’.

‘That’s because most of the time you are driving me crazy and I am about to kill you Barry. But I’m going to let this go because you’re clearly still a little out of it, or you wouldn’t be asking me inane questions about Roy’.

‘Soooo… you didn’t sleep with him?’.

‘What the!’ -his eyes slid shut as he sighed, ‘what do you think Barry?’

‘Weeeell, I dunno for sure, but I’m kinda thinking yes. You seem really experienced at it, with guys I mean and… um, he kinda seemed like he liked you so yeah maybe you di-

-‘He was my little sister’s boyfriend you idiot! Of course I didn’t!’

‘Oh, yeah,’ I kinda forgot about Thea and Roy’ Barry cringed, ‘just forget I asked!’

‘Believe me I wish I could! -Look, Barry, Roy was under my protection, and he was a member of my team, not to mention he was pretty messed up for a while there and needed my help not my’, -he took a deep breath praying for patience-. ‘I get that my dick is apparently equivalent to several shots of strong alcohol and some serious pharmaceuticals to you, but trust me, that’s never happened before, although clearly, the end result is the same, it just generally adds more complication to a situation not less. Not to mention if I’d used it to take advantage of Roy when he came to me for help, I would have been just another man using him’.

‘Okay, I’m still quite a little buzzed, and again, thanks for that, -but are you really talking about
your dick in the 3rd person like it’s a sentient entity in its own right? -because actually, _that would explain a lot_.

‘Barry’ he ground out behind clenched teeth.

‘I’m sorry! Look um not important. I was just curious you know, -Really, you _really didn’t_? I could have sworn... -Not even like a kiss or a-

-‘Barry!’

‘No-No, you’re right. Whatever you say Oliver. I know you cared about Roy and looked out for him. I just thought there was more’.

‘Well there wasn’t’. _Why was Barry asking all these damn questions about Roy?_ Maybe all his flittering through time meant he’d witnessed something, but he probably would have noticed a scarlet speedster whooshing past in a blast of lightening the time Roy came to him begging him to end him after he was infected with Mirikuru. He had refused just like with Barry, -_then Roy had kissed him out of nowhere_. He didn’t know why and he hadn’t asked, he had just turned him down emphatically.

_He should have had the same restraint with Barry_. -But as much as he cared about Roy, _Barry was_...

‘Why are you so concerned with my relationship with Roy all of a sudden? I wasn’t under the impression you really knew him?’

‘I mean I don’t, not really, I was just curious’. He didn’t really know Roy, that was true, but they did have a talk once, and it had _not_ gone well...

_“I’m glad you helped us with the bombs and everything, but I see the way you’re sniffing around Oliver all wide-eyed looking for help, aren’t you lousy with mentor types already? Stay away, he doesn’t need a kid like you getting in his way _Flash_”._
Curiosity got the better of him again and the question was out of his mouth before he had a chance to rein it in.

‘But would you have, slept with him I mean, if he was... like all right?’

‘What the hell? No! Now where is all this coming from? He rubbed his face and sighed. ‘You know what, don’t answer that, I don’t know what you think has been going on, but for the record, he’s family, like Dig, Felicity and Thea, which means he always has a home here and a place in Team Arrow. Once again, to be clear. Roy Harper is like a younger brother to me’.

‘Okay. -Wait and I’m not?!’

Barry actually seemed indignant at the idea of him not thinking of him as a little brother. Buzzed or not, this had to stop. ‘No Barry, obviously not. -Do you think I would be having sex with you if you were?!’

‘Well Yeah, I mean No, I mean that just happened. -Aside from that, I’m like a little brother to you as well right?’ Barry grinned at him, his eyes sparkling. ‘Come on, admit it’.

He sighed. Sometimes it was exhausting being around Barry, like being dragged into orbiting the sun. Right now he felt so much older than him. Not just in physical years, but in life experience. So much of his life had been spent making bad choices, everything and anything to escape the simple
fact that deep down he was a killer. ...that deep down... the part of him that was pure hunter... liked it.

He was only just beginning to come to terms with it and to accept what Digg kept telling him, that all warriors, all soldiers, were killers. It would be impossible to do their Jobs if killing left them so ruined they couldn’t go on. -And on occasion when the people they killed were seriously evil and needed to be stopped and it was a good kill, there was nothing wrong with getting a little job satisfaction. It only became a problem if you enjoyed killing for the sake of killing. Bottom line, it wasn’t a blessing to be able to kill, but it wasn’t necessarily a curse either. Not if it meant he could do what needed to be done when others couldn’t. Learning to accept that didn’t make him a bad yet alone unredeemable person. Not if he protected good people.

-Maybe he could learn to accept that, maybe to keep going, he would have to, -but Barry wasn’t a killer, not in his heart. That was the fundamental difference between them, and he wondered if that difference would end up being insurmountable no matter how much he wished otherwise.

‘...Barry, I don’t see you as a kid brother-

-’Really? -Because the first thing you ever said to me was: “do your parents know that you are here?” Admit it, you just thought I was some kid who had got lost’.

*Barry was right,* when he’d first met him he had thought he was some kid who had wandered into a grown-up conversation. -‘Anymore Barry, I don’t see you as a kid anymore. You’ve grown up a lot over the past few years. I see you as a friend, and a valuable comrade’.

-“Wait is the great Oliver Queen paying me a compliment?! Wow’ Barry’s infectious smile went radioactive, ‘I am like soooo flattered right now’.

Barry actually beamed at him, *like a little kid, It didn’t help that it was adorable.* -And he couldn’t help feeling a serious twinge of guilt, because he just looked so damn young.

... *Barry’s smile* was his frigging Kryptonite. The way it lit up his eyes had got him to agree to so much over the years, -and he honestly didn’t know if it was better or worse that Barry had no idea what it did to him.

He turned his back as if exasperated with Barry. He’d done it so much over the years that Barry immediately took it as a grudging yes to his question and started giggling.

‘Wow, that’s just wow. No I mean it, I’m really flattered and -oh my god I’m starving! What have you got to eat around here? Sorry but I kinda forgot my protein bars when I left so whatever you got, there kinda needs to be like a lot of it!’
Chapter Bonus:

In case you were wondering what Barry was imagining about Oliver and Roy when he was Magic-high here is a little peek into his ever-loving, magic-addled brain! 😊
The Magic Induced Munchies

The bright morning sunshine was streaming into the apartment as Barry sat at the breakfast counter while he ladled pancakes onto Barry’s plate, barely managing to top them off with a generous helping of soft melting golden butter and rich sweet maple syrup before Barry inhaled them.

Barry could really put it away, this was the third stack he’d made him already, and he was out of pre-made pancake mix, but Barry still looked hungry enough to start gnawing his own paw, so he gathered fruit and cream, milk, butter, vanilla essence, eggs, flour, baking powder, sugar, and cinnamon, and started making up fresh pancake mix from scratch while piling blueberries and strawberries on Barry’s plate to tide him over; -but the fruit disappeared in an instant, Barry eating it at super speed as he was separating some of the dry mix into a bowl, adding eggs, vanilla essence, a pinch of salt, and a little melted butter to the pancake batter he was mixing.

Barry just looked so sad and hungry as he ladled portions of batter into the hot pan-
-that he couldn’t help leaning over the counter and kissing him, getting caught up in how responsive he was until he was forced to stop and concentrate on cooking before they ended up with burnt pancakes.

Barry just looked so forlorn as he waited for more breakfast he found himself suppressing the urge to clap him on the shoulder and tell him to hang in there because, A, that would be bordering on the ridiculous, -he’d live the less than 3 minutes they would take to cook, -and B, he would probably get completely distracted again if he touched him, -because Barry just looked edible right now with his soft dark hair a ruffled wavy mess as he sat on the opposite side of the counter wearing a borrowed short set.

His clothes were too big on Barry. The T-shirt draped him and the shorts kept sliding down his narrower hips as he kept adjusting them, his bare feet tapping the high breakfast counter chair as he waited eagerly for his pancakes. It all made him look very young, and he felt a stab of guilt as he expertly flipped the pancakes, -but the guilt was overridden by him realising just how much he liked seeing him in his clothes, his thoughts drifting to what Barry would look like wearing one of his dress shirts and nothing else while he pinned him up against the wall, pushing the shirt up so he could take him into his mouth.

The pancakes were ready and he couldn’t help smiling as Barry snatched the hot pancake he was trying to serve right off the spatula before he could get it onto the plate. ‘Oh man’, Barry groaned his face lighting up, 'These are seriously the best pancakes I have ever tasted’. Barry was beaming with delight, there was no other way to put it as he snatched another pancake off the spatula demolishing it in an instant.

He gave up trying to serve the pancakes and just tipped them onto the plate letting Barry help himself to cream and Maple syrup while he poured fresh batter into the hot pan.

Barry just seemed so happy right now, and it was in such stark contrast to his mood when he’d shown up last night, that he suddenly wondered if Barry’s speedster physiology could have been the tipping point in pushing him to the edge of despair.

Roy had suffered from mood swings, depression, and sudden bouts of dizziness when he’d first started training him, and Thea had made it her mission to drag him to a specialist and find out what was wrong. When Roy was diagnosed with Hypoglycaemia Thea had bossed him around until he followed the doctor’s orders, and soon he’d been able to manage his condition through diet and
taking better care of himself, with occasional minor incidents remedied by taking something sweet to stabilise his blood sugar.

- Barry had told him he’d forgotten his specially formulated high-calorie protein bars, which meant he’d run 600 miles to Star City in an agitated state of mind. It was possible that on top of being overwrought mentally he’d also physically overexerted himself, and without remedy, the combination had left him stressed to breaking point.

If he was right, this might also explain just how Barry had been able to bounce back so quickly. At the very least he would have had to seriously de-stress and remedy his glucose deficiency to recover. If all the mutually stress relieving, mind-obliterating, magically intoxicating sex they’d had all night, and the high sugar calorific meal he was demolishing right now didn’t qualify as, A, considerably mellowing him out and B, stabilising his blood sugar levels what would? ... It definitely seemed to be the best explanation for how and why Barry suddenly seemed completely back to normal.

Unfortunately, this explanation also meant Barry could end up in the same over-stressed, pushed to breaking point state he’d been in again if he wasn’t careful, because everyone, no matter who, had their Achilles heel, and Barry’s was believing his being super-fast made him near invincible, and always taking the weight of the world on his shoulders believing everything that went wrong was his fault and his responsibility to fix.

He knew all too well how bearing the weight of the world on your shoulders wore you down, and how knowing you couldn’t save everyone didn’t make it any easier to accept. It didn’t stop the pain from losing the people you loved slicing out bits of your soul and filling you with hate and anger. So he understood Barry’s fear that the toll of having the people he loved murdered in front of his eyes had put so much dark rage in him if he lost anyone else it could take over completely, turning him into a twisted vengeance driven version of himself until he too became a monster. The very thing he wanted to protect the people he cared about from.

He also knew well, how that kind of thinking caused you to doubt yourself and your leadership decisions, which weakened team morale and made you a liability in the field, something no fighter could afford weather they had powers or not.

Barry might be an immortal speedster but he wasn’t a god, he was just a good kid who had been blessed or cursed depending on how you looked at it with god-like powers, and the truth was, super-powers and immortality didn’t equal invincibility, which was why he’d been able to defeat Barry on more than one occasion despite not having any powers.

Bottom line, Barry was brave, strong, and determined to do the right thing, but that didn’t mean he was anymore immune to stress, pain, and suffering than anyone else. If Barry didn’t start taking better care of himself, his tendency to horde stress, and overlook his body’s few physiological weaknesses while constantly pushing himself to run faster, time travel, and even throw lightning, could mean it all became too much again, and something would have to give.

He watched his ravenous, and at present particularly juvenile looking speedster cramming fruit into his mouth, and resolved to ensure he took better care of himself and never again ended up in such a state he thought planning his own suicide was the answer.

He piled pancakes in stacks on multiple plates topping them off with melting butter and maple syrup, adding the rest of the strawberries and blueberries on two more stacks.
He was just topping one off with a good serving of thick clotted cream, -none of that spray junk-, when Barry, having inhaled his current stack, attacked the pancakes he was topping like a hungry wolf among lambs, … an adorably cute wolf he couldn’t help thinking,…. not that he’d ever admit to having such sappy thoughts out loud.

Thankfully, Barry seemed to have sobered up completely now, which was good, but he still wasn’t taking any chances. He was going to call Caitlin as soon as he finished making him breakfast and get her advice on how safe it was to let Barry speed home before letting him leave. He could use the fact she was Barry’s doctor to swear her to secrecy, which should hopefully keep the rest of Team Baby – and Joe in particular out of it, but there was still the matter of how he was going to explain what had happened to Caitlin without making it sound like he’d drugged Barry during sex … Although technically that was what had happened.

‘Oh my god Ollie this is soooo good’ Barry groaned licking his fingers.

He stared at Barry, his thoughts snapping from how cute he looked stuffing pancakes into his face, to how sexual his groaning in culinary rapture had suddenly become.
‘Mmm, this is so good Oliver! I had no idea you could cook! –It’s delicious, god I just want more, so good’.

Okay -that was officially turning him on! -And he suddenly wanted Barry to say everything he’d just said, -minus the part about not knowing he could cook- while on his knees in front of him, sucking him hard.

‘Ollie, um, I’m sorry about before’. Barry mumbled around the stack of pancakes he was still demolishing faster than he could make for him.

‘I promise I won’t come crying to your door, being all end me I’m evil again, it’s like wayyyy too embarrassing for one thing’.

‘You can call on me anytime’. His tone was quiet and serious as he snapped out of his sexual thoughts. He didn’t want the result of what had happened between them to be Barry ever hesitating to contact him, especially if he needed help.

‘I know. You’re cool like that. It’s what big brothers are for, right?’ Barry grinned.

This again?! ‘How many times do I have to tell you I do not see you as a little brother’ he growled leaning forward so his mouth was at Barry’s ear, ‘if I did, would I have had you in my bed all night making you come over and over until you were begging me to stop because you couldn’t take it anymore?’

He pulled back and looked in Barry’s eyes needing him to get the message once and for all, but up close he suddenly noticed Barry was nervous. ... what he’d mistaken for casual was actually false Bravado. The kid was probably embarrassed about breaking down last night like he’d said and was trying to retain a little dignity, -and he just had to go and practically taunt him about how much he’d dominated him last night.

Damn it! -Felicity was right! He really wasn’t as good at reading complex emotions as he liked to think. He often thought being observant and an excellent tracker and hunter should transfer to being able to read people, but that often didn’t work out as well as he wished it would, and now he had screwed up. Royally.

-Right. The hell with it! He grabbed Barry by his borrowed T-shirt ordering ‘Swallow what’s in your mouth’, noticing the wide-eyed obedient look on Barry’s face as he complied. After last night, he could say Barry seemed to like him taking control sexually, probably part of the whole grossly titled daddy-kink thing Felicity was convinced Barry had and wouldn’t shut up about, insisting:

“You don’t have to take my word for it Oliver. Just look at the facts!”

-“Likes, needs, and wants to be quote-unquote mentored by a succession of tall bossy older men, check!”

-“Blatantly, seriously into your whole boss-level Alpha male status thing, check!”
“-Enjoys dressing in, and seeing you all dressed in leather, check and check!”

“Put that all together and Barry has himself a borderline, if not full blown fetish for everything you have to offer my friend, and luckily for you Oliver, his preference for displays of alpha male prowess, leather, and being fluffed stroke mentored, innuendo intended, are all easily transferable to the bedroom. “So you know, you should probably get on that quickly before someone else frigging does!”

...Hmm, Barry was trembling as he glared down at Barry, but it didn’t seem like it was because he was terrified as he’d been before letting him take his virginity last night. This was different, the kind of trembling anticipation brought on. Good. He fully intended to make it worth anticipating. ‘You got me hard for you with all that groaning. I want you to use your speed so I’m stripped in the next 3 seconds’.

The look on Barry’s face just before he obeyed made him think Felicity was annoyingly right once again, maybe Barry did have a fetish. -Not that he minded or was judging because he’d definitely developed a few fetishes of his own where Barry was concerned; besides, he liked being in control, -giving orders sexual or otherwise was pretty much his default setting.

‘Now kiss me hard the way I taught you’ he commanded and Barry grabbed at him trying to kiss him deep and hard. He was still too gentle, but it didn’t matter because it just meant he got to spend more time teaching him how to do it right as he picked him up kissing him hard, until it grew frenzied between them and he put Barry on the nearest available surface, climbing on top of him on the kitchen counter while kissing him, ignoring the plate of maple syrup drowned pancakes that were knocked off the counter and went spilling and crashing to the floor, -he was too busy pulling his borrowed T-shirt over Barry’s head and kissing the sweet taste of Maple syrup from his lips, his hands sliding down his body and hooking in the waist of his borrowed shorts as Barry got hard for him so fast it was gratifying.

‘I want you to last this time’ he demanded, his hands sliding down Barry’s hips pulling down the shorts and exposing him, ‘can you do that?’

Barry nodded earnestly, biting into his lower lip and grasping the counter his back arching as he circled his fist around him stroking him hard.

‘Good’. He slid down Barry’s body, holding his hips while kissing up and down the hard length laying against his flat stomach. He pulled his legs further apart, kissing his rapidly swelling testicles and running his tongue up his length while he grew even harder, twitching against his mouth and flushing deep scarlet as he ran his eager tongue from base to tip. He gripped him hard in his fist stroking him fast while lavishing his tip with attention, licking and sucking as Barry’s fists curled tightly in his hair, his whole body shaking. He was trying, he had to give him that, but he was clearly going to come any second. He decided to give him a break and bit down expertly sending Barry hurtling over the edge.
‘I’m sorry, I’m sorry’, Barry gasped out exploding in his mouth, his back arching, his fists tugging at his hair as he went to pieces sobbing and crying out his name while he sucked him hard, drinking down his climax. ‘I tried my best’, he panted collapsing back, ‘I’m sorry’. He sounded miserably disappointed in himself for not lasting, and he couldn’t help finding it strangely adorable for some reason.

‘It’s okay’ he murmured licking his lips, ‘It’s just like any other training, we just have to keep repeating the exercise until we get it right’. He bit back a smile because Barry was looking at him like he couldn’t tell if he was joking or not. He wasn’t, he fully intended to train him so he could last for him. -he just wasn’t going to shoot him with arrows during the process like Barry’s dubious expression seemed to say he was thinking!

‘I’m not going to shoot you with arrows Barry! How many times do I have to tell you to let that go?’

‘Okay’ Barry panted, but he still looked suspicious. -On the plus side, he also looked spent, relaxed and pliable, his legs on each side of the narrow counter as he lay spread out before him. He grabbed the back of Barry’s thighs, yanking him closer roughly while grinding down on him so Barry could feel every inch of how hard he’d made him. He set about his mouth hungrily, making him taste himself while rammed up hard against him in the right position to take him, his palms on his rear, trying to spread his tight hole open enough to penetrate him, but it was no use, there was no way he was going to fit without lube. What could he even use in here? Water and Maple syrup were about the closest things to hand, -neither making a useful lubricant even if most of the Maple syrup hadn’t spilt to the floor. … Butter? He’d been using it for the pancakes, it was the pure stuff Felicity had harassed him into buying because apparently, margarine was some kind of secret killer, so it was all natural and safe to use.
He slicked them both with a little pure butter and spread Barry open with his palms ordering ‘line me up’ as their eyes locked. Barry’s slim fingers gripped him gently as he rubbed him over himself, inadvertently teasing him into a frenzy while getting him in just the right position. ‘Put me inside you’ he growled unable to wait any longer. Barry obeyed, both of them crying out harshly at how good it felt as he started pushing hard into him. It was something of a balancing act as he slid all the way inside him roughly on the too-narrow counter, but he didn’t care, he was too hungry for him to stop and change locations.

Barry was gasping for him in that way that drove him crazy, spurring him on as he started moving inside him. He was even tighter than last night if that was possible and he realised dimly that he was hurting him, the pained expression on his face saying he needed him to slow down and give him time as his hands pushed at his shoulders to get him to stop.

He waited for him to be ready, lavishing hot open-mouthed kisses on his cheek and neck, wondering if his being a speedster was part of the reason it felt so incredible to be inside him. He could feel the electricity that ran through his body, sending amazing electrical jolts from Barry into him that got stronger and stronger as he drove him to orgasm, and when he did make Barry come... 

*It was indescribable*

Suddenly he wondered if Barry was actually ruining him by giving him the best sex of his entire life, because how could it possibly ever feel this good with anyone else? ...*but did he even want to be with anyone else after finally taking what he’d wanted for so long?* ... And did that even matter when Barry was still only thinking of him as someone he could apparently have life-altering magically enhanced sex with, and not have it change his weird view of them having a big brother, little brother relationship? *He didn’t know,* -so he kissed him instead of telling him that he wanted more than just a onetime intensely insane sex thing. *That he’d wanted him from the first moment he’d looked into his eyes.*

…Yes, it was the **first** time they’d met he realised now. He hadn’t understood the pull between him and some *kid* at the time, and he’d been suitably wary but nonetheless, right then and there, even though he hadn’t wanted to admit it, *he’d known...*

The second time they’d met, after Barry saved his life in the bunker, he now realised it just **confirmed** what he hadn’t wanted to admit when they first met, that the moment he’d looked into his eyes he’d known Barry was *his.*
Just like he knew it every time he’d looked into his eyes since.
He kissed him harder as Barry’s hands travelled up his spine, *the electricity in his touch driving him crazy* his whole-body shuddering, hot and sweating as the kiss grew savage, *he couldn’t stay still any longer.* He moved unable to hold back, -but Barry tensed up, breaking the kiss and sucking in his breath sharply, his hands suddenly at his hips pushing him back.

Barry hadn’t been able to physically overpower him even in a full-on speedster versus Arrow fight when Barry was infected with metahuman induced rage.

*He didn’t stand a chance now,* but he would never want Barry to feel like he would overpower him against his will just because he physically could and was sexually dominant.

‘It’s okay, I’ll stop’ he whispered against his ear kissing the side of his face. ‘We don’t have to go any further if you don’t want to’. He pulled out of him carefully still laying on top of him on the woefully inadequate breakfast counter. The restraint having him gritting his teeth, his breath coming fast, his body hot and dripping with sweat.

‘Are you okay’ he whispered low against his lips. Barry nodded, and he held him close concerned about why he’d been hurting him so badly. Was he sore? No, he healed to fast for that. -The memory of realising he would always look and feel like a virgin as long as his body kept returning him to his original state suddenly assailed him, -and it hit him again, *the thought that he didn’t want anyone else to have him,* ... that the idea of someone else taking him, being inside him, making him gasp and moan and cry out for them was *enough to make him crazy.*

Yes, he’d been the first, but others could have him and he would never know, never be able to tell the difference. Barry healed so fast he’d never be any less tight even if someone else had been screwing him open for hours, there would never be any lingering bite or scratch marks on him, **would he even be able to smell anyone else on him given Barry’s barely fathomable body chemistry?**

He wanted **his** scent all over Barry. Wanted Barry to feel him like he was still inside him for hours afterwards. Wanted to leave bite marks on his neck so he’d know he’d been claimed, and his scent on his skin so he’d know who he’d been **claimed** by.

He didn’t know how Barry would react to him telling him that, any more than he knew how he’d react to hearing he wanted more than just this extended one night stand. *Not that he could tell him,* because just knowing he wanted more didn’t necessarily mean he knew how it was supposed to work between them. If he went for the sort of friends with benefits thing Barry seemed to think this
was Barry would be under no obligation to tell him if he was sleeping with anyone else. He trusted him to tell the truth if he asked, that wasn’t the issue, it was that as a casual “sex buddy” he wouldn’t really be in a position to demand details about anyone else Barry was with, let alone insist on exclusivity, and the never knowing if he’d been with anyone else every time he had him, would drive him insane.

Barry looked at him and their eyes locked. He suddenly realised it wasn’t about tale-tell physical signs or the lack thereof. No. He’d know if someone else took him by looking in his eyes. He’d be able to tell if he’d experienced another man’s touch by his reactions. He’d made Barry his, marked him as his own, he’d know instinctively if someone else took what was his.

He wanted to tell him that, but bit it back sharply, knowing the part of him that thought and felt that way wasn’t even remotely civilised, and even if Barry might have the kind of issues that meant possessive, older, and domineering weren’t entirely deal breakers, exploiting those issues was not exactly superhero like, -then again the only person that genuinely thought of him as a hero, not a hero slash killer was currently underneath him, and his opinion was the one that mattered.

God he wanted him.

He kissed him hard, doing with his tongue what he wanted to do to his body, dominate. He ground up against Barry, letting him feel how hard he was for him, his own breathing growing harsh and ragged, as Barry moaned and whimpered, his arms tightening around him urging him on as he kissed everywhere he could while running his hands over every part of his electrically charged body he could reach, then stroking them together in his large fist until they were both torturously hard and Barry was gasping his name and shaking underneath him. He spread Barry’s legs wider, realising as he lined himself up that having Barry do it before, and getting so excited by how good that felt might have meant he hadn’t paid enough attention to the angle he was going in, maybe that was why it had kept hurting.

He watched Barry’s face using his skill to get the angle just right by feel. He would never get tired of the look Barry got on his face every time he entered him or the way he cried out his name as he drove all the way inside him, or the way his face flushed in strained pain-pleasure as he angled Barry’s hips so he could penetrate him more, until he was pressed up tight against him as deep inside him as he could get as Barry whimpered, his breath catching in his throat on a choked sob.

He stilled, rammed deep inside Barey murmuring ‘Are you okay?’ against his mouth. Their eyes locked as Barry nodded and he suddenly found himself biting back the savage words that wanted to
burst past his lips, *-don’t let anyone else take you like this, I’ll know, and it will make me put an arrow through their carotid artery and kill them.*

He kissed Barry deep and intense, losing himself to the sweetness of his lips, the taste of his warm mouth, the passionate way he tried to kiss him back hard, how quickly he learned, how amazing he felt, how deeply he felt the connection between them.

They were both burning hot, both dripping with sweat, and God he liked being able to do that to Barry, to make his stamina impressive speedster a hot sweaty mess, his damp hair darkened to jet black, his face glistening, his body wet and hot to the touch.

Visibly molten orange and gold electricity started sparking between them making them both cry out as Barry writhed underneath him, his hands sliding down him electric hot on his wet body as Barry gripped his rear, pulling him forward. The restraint of holding back was torturous, *he was hanging on by a thread!* The urge to move was overwhelming, *but he had to be sure Barry was ready* because he was at his limit, *he didn’t have any more restraint left.* ‘Do you want it Barry?’ he barely managed to growl out, his voice harsh rough and deep, ‘can you take it?’

Barry couldn’t answer because he was crying out as he savagely bit into the long length of Barry’s neck, the electricity sparking between them intensifying until it was borderline painful, ‘tell me you want it, *tell me you want me to make you come*,’ -he couldn’t hold back any longer but Barry still didn’t seem able to form words, gasping and sobbing out as he kissed and licked at the deep red bite mark he was making on his neck. Barry dug his fingers into his rear pulling him forward harder and the last of his control snapped as he kissed him hard, and *gave it to him.* The angle just right so he was slamming into him deep with every thrust, their combined sounds a deafening crying, growling, whimpering, grunting, cacophony. -Barry was gripping him tightly, his cries becoming a *sobbing crescendo* as he was pounding him savagely hard not holding back, -and suddenly flares of what happened last night were exploding into his mind, sparks of sensation laden images shooting through him like bolts of raw electricity, making him *ache* as he hardened even more, speeding up as the forgotten memories of last night were streaking into his mind.

-Barry astride him as he grasped his hips and worked him up and down his length mercilessly until it made them both come, the Magic crashing through him in an explosion of fire so intense and powerful he didn’t even have to pause let alone stop, *and he hadn’t.* -He’d taken Barry up against the wall. On the floor. Bent over the chair in the bedroom, before literally throwing him back onto the bed, holding his legs wide open and *just pounding* him, until his wails and sobs grew deafening, inciting him to greater aggression until Barry was screaming out for him and he was growling commands for Barry to say he liked it, to say he wanted it, the bed rattling off its hinges as he hammered into him.

He couldn’t feel the magic rising and burning in his veins now, it seemed completely spent, which was just as well, because *it had been completely out of his control last night.*

Barry suddenly vibrating his entire body made him wonder if Barry had done that last night. He still couldn’t remember everything that happened, and he couldn’t think about it anymore because he was rapidly being overtaken by raw sensation, what Barry was doing was *seriously intense,* forcing harsh grunts and growls from his own mouth, his hands sliding under the two-narrow counter to grip Barry’s rear holding him tighter, getting as deep inside him as he could because the friction felt indescribable. His whole body tightening, heat flushing through him, *He was going to come!* He’d barely started, but if he didn’t stop right now it would be over in seconds! ‘Keep still’ he growled out, stilling inside him, ‘*don’t move*.‘
‘I can’t help it’ Barry sobbed against his mouth. ‘You feel good Oliver’.

*Always so honest with him.* Most of his life was in grey areas, true honesty was rare, and in Barry’s case it was as endearing as it was strangely intoxicating.

‘I said, *Don’t. Move*’.

Barry stilled underneath him, looking up at him and it almost undid him, because he felt the impact of that look in his darkened heart, in his jaded soul and it lit up in places he thought long dead.

He stroked Barry’s cheek with his thumb for a moment because he just needed to be closer to him, which was strange considering he was rammed deep inside him.

He started moving slowly while kissing Barry, letting Barry dictate the pace, Barry’s hands on his hips, slowly pulling him forward and pushing him back, *until he couldn’t take it anymore*, and he was fisting the back of Barry’s hair, savaging his neck while rocking deep inside him, then pulling back and slamming into him deep and hard again and again, loving the way Barry was crying and sobbing out his name with every thrust.

Chapter End Notes

Nough said! 😊
'Dude, you reek'.

'Oh, hey Cisco -wait what do you mean I reek!'

'I mean you smell, and by that I mean you reek of Oliver Queen’s super expensive rich-man cologne'.

'What? No I don’t! I um, just got back from running and decided to freshen up, it must be the body wash I used'.

'Really? Try adding water next time'.

'What? I did! I was in the shower, Cisco, not just standing around rubbing gel on myself like a weirdo!'

'Then try a second lengthier shower, you know, one that’s actually successful in getting the smell of billionaire off you'.

'I don’t think he’s a billionaire anymore, -and what are you even talking about?!'

'Really? You want to play it that way? Okay, I’m saying, unless you’re trying to advertise to everyone in this facility that you spent the night rolling around in a pile of Oliver’s laundry, and by rolling around and laundry I mean having se-

-’No, I didn’t, I mean, um, wait, that’s just I, you’re totally, that’s um…’

‘You’re trying to say that’s not what happened? Then I don’t know what to tell you man, maybe just burn everything you’re wearing if you want to try convincing anybody that’s true, -because the way you smell sure says you did!’

‘I’m wearing the suit! You want me to burn the suit you made me?’

‘No don’t burn that! Just wash the eau de Oliver Queen out of it. I’m sure Caitlin and me can cook up a compound to get his smell off the suit, and you while we’re at it’.

‘No-no-no, you can’t say anything to Caitlin about this!’

‘Well she has a nose so I won’t have to believe me, -by the way Joe hates that cologne, he mentions it like every time we deal with Oliver, and did you miss the part where he’s not too impressed with him? He thinks Oliver’s like a bad influence, you know more super violent than superhero, probably because of the fact he straight up kills people half the time, that’s if he doesn’t torture them first, - hey I’m not judging… Star City had a lot of bad guys, but Joe is gonna freak when he finds out that his precious Bar-

-’Cisco, just stop okay, there’s nothing to find out, and yeah the Arrow’s methods can be a little urm… severe, but-

-’Hey tell it to Joe not me, he’s the one with a dad and a cop’s nose for trouble. If he smells you
right now he’s gonna put two and two together and come up with loaded gun. I can see the headline now Barry:

_Veteran cop shoots Star City Mayor, says Mayor deserved it for molesting son_.

‘OH MY GOD’ **DID YOU JUST FUTURE VIBE THAT??!!**

Cisco’s face broke into a wide grin.

‘Don’t make jokes like that! -Seriously though, is it really that bad? ...I mean can you really’ -Barry looked around lowering his voice to a whisper- ‘smell him on me?’

‘Yes’. Cisco nodded emphatically steepling his fingers under his chin while spinning his desk chair in half circles.

‘But I took a shower, -how is it you can, _what are you like a werewolf now or something?’

‘Not that I’m aware of, and trust me, you don’t need a supernatural sense of smell to-

-**HR walked in the room, his eyes searching for something, -’ah there it is!’ He grabbed a drumstick, twirling it in satisfaction. ‘Franchesco. -Bar! You’re back! Good to see you, we were all worried when you’ -he mimicked running legs with his index and forefinger- ‘you know, phewwwpt, just ran off like that’.

‘I’m sorry I didn’t mean to worry anyone’.

‘Hey-hey no need to apologise, least of all to me. Everyone, especially you Superhero types needs a little space once in a while. I’m guessing it was one of those, weight of the world and all that situations, -the most important thing is you’re back safe. Are you okay now Bar?’

‘Yeah I’m fine’.

‘Glad to hear it’, HR grinned as he walked over and clapped him on the shoulder. ‘Well Barry, I’ve got some inspirational not scientific stuff to write so **man** that is a seriously **strong** cologne Barry!’ HR laughed, ‘bit too much for a lad your age if you don’t mind me saying. You should probably wait until you get older like me for something like that, -actually, can you even get as shall we say _distinguished_ as me or are your speedy cells always going to keep you 19 like you are now?’

‘I’m not 19!’

-‘Wait you’re not!... huh, well you will be someday, and this might be a silly thing to say to a speedster but don’t be in too much of a rush to grow up there Bar, you have to savour these days of youth an-

-‘I work for the police department!’ he interrupted incredulously, ‘We’ve had drinks together! _You have to know I’m over 21!’

‘Really! **Over 21** you say, huh that’s a shock’.

‘What! Are you serious’ he exclaimed, turning to glare at Cisco who was doing a poor job of disguising his obvious giggling with fake coughing. ‘I am not even the early side of twenties HR, _I’m the side that’s pushing 30!’

‘Really? Huh. You know I actually thought I was being polite when I said 19. Truth be told, I
actually thought you were closer to 17 if you were a day. -I just assumed Joe was letting the occasional drinking while dangerously underage slide because alcohol doesn’t actually affect you; as for your job with the CCPD, I thought you were some kind of forensics child prodigy, kinda like Doogie Howser, just with dead people. You ever watch that show? Do you have that on this earth? Man that show was weird, who knew that goofy kid would grow up to be the awesome star of the stage and small screen that is Neil Patrick Harris, do you have him here? -Oop’ -HR’s watch buzzed-, ‘gotta run! good to have you back Bar, catch up with you later. -Franchesco’, he mock bowed to Cisco who rolled his eyes in response.

‘Oh, wow, this whole time he actually thought I was a teenager! ... Although that does explain that weird thing he said to me about not rushing to become a man, when he caught me looking at Iris... I thought he was joking!’

‘And we’ll circle back to the hilarity that must have been that conversation! Right now, I just want to say told you so. HR could smell Oliver all over you too. Why? Because you reek of him Barry. -Soooo’, Cisco drawled eyeing him through a narrowed gaze ‘Do I even have to ask what you were doing with Oliver last night?’

‘What nothing, I wasn’t doing anything with him, um I’m hungry, you hungry?’ -Barry disappeared and reappeared again-

‘Sushi?’ he offered.

‘No thank you, Cisco declined raising his hand, -‘and no changing the subject with tasty Japanese food! Tell me everything that happened’.

What was he supposed to say to Cisco? That even though he could heel he still felt raw, strung out and just used... and that he still wasn’t sure if it was even in a good or bad way, because he didn’t have any frame of reference for an experience like that!

It was all too much. How was he supposed to hide from Cisco, who knew him so well, that Oliver Queen had been inside him most of last night and again this morning? Or that he’d made a total goofy idiot of himself, first in going to him practically bawling like a baby, then getting all maudlin and pre-planned suicidal, then practically, no not practically, actually begging Oliver to help him…
And he had -but it had been too intense, way more intense than he could even process, and that was before the whole getting drunk off his magical...

Oh god, it was all so humiliating! And he’d tried so hard to play it cool in the morning, aware of what are fool he’d made of himself, but he even managed to screw that up as well, and Oliver being the kind of guy he was deep down, which was a good guy, gave him more pity sex just to get him to shut up and stop babbling nonsense...

How was he ever supposed to face Oliver again!

‘So I um kinda slept with Oliver last night’ he blurted out, ‘and kind of again this morning’.

Cisco looked him up and down. ‘Obviously. Even if you didn’t reek of him you have his’, he waved his hand down in the direction of Barry’s body, ‘vibe all over you’.

‘Oh my god really?!’

‘No not really dumb ass!’

‘Oh good. Um so um ...

‘You’ve been acting weird over the last few days, then you told Wally to handle anything and disappeared. I wanted to make sure you were okay, so I hacked your phone signal and turned on your GPS remotely’.

‘Cisco’ he groaned, ‘don’t hack my phone’.

‘It’s done if it’s necessary Barry. -Anyway, your phone and obviously you, stayed firmly parked at the residence of one Oliver Queen last night. Then you come back reeking of him and looking like a cross between a confused internet meme and a deer in headlights, put all that together and you get-

-‘Idiot goes to friends house and makes total idiot of self’.

‘Well it happens to the best of us, -well, not to me currently but hopefully one day I’ll get to have all the naughty sleepovers too. -And I’m sure you weren’t an idiot, don’t be so hard on yourself Barry, I’m sure that was his job, am I right? -Yeah I am’ Cisco grinned raising his palm up high, ‘Don’t leave me hanging Bro’.

‘I’m not high fiving that Cisco’ he groaned.

‘Come on, I’ll bet he was way into it, and by it, I mean you. I bet he kept you up all night, pun intended’.

‘Oh god, please stop! -And I’m not so sure he was that into it, I just think he would have done anything to get me to pull myself together and stop acting like an idiot, including what he did -oh yeah, Cisco, was there ever anything in my blood work that suggested magic could get me drunk?’

‘I don’t think so’ Cisco frowned, ‘Caitlin is probably the one you should be asking she’s the biochemist around here, not me. -Why did something happen? Were you attacked by something or someone with magic but instead of getting beat up you got really-really wasted? Was it cool? Can we get you magic shots instead of tequila at the bar now? Because you know kinda a waste of tequila since it does nothing for you -wait a minute! Oliver had magic in him one time didn’t he? -Powerful stuff right, I mean he used it to beat that super-powerful evil wizard guy, so it must have been. If some of it is still in his system, it might actually explain why his smell is so, on you,
magical and speed force particles often have strange molecular reactions to each other and -OH MY GOD! Did you get drunk off Oliver?!!!

He slid down in his chair, his head falling back in despair as he groaned to Cisco, ‘completely buzzed. I mean as in drunk and high, -I don’t think Oliver was pleased about it’.

‘Oh Relax, I’m sure he loved it. He got to make you all love drunk off his, shall we say, personal Arrow?’

‘Can we not say that, like ever’ he groaned, his eyes sliding shut.

‘Dude, I have like so many questions! Are you going to do it again, I mean do him again? Is he going to be like your personal bartender? Will you go to him with your problems, but instead of giving you alcohol to drown your sorrows he whips out his-

‘-No! He’s not going to be my bartender Cisco!’

‘You’re magical dope dealer then, whatever’.

‘Cisco stop! -You don’t understand it won’t ever happen again because I was a total ass’.

‘If that’s your way of saying you were a total bottom then I’m touched you feel you can share that with me, but why do you think that’s a problem? This is Oliver we’re talking about, he has waaaaay more experience than you, and he’s like totally bossy by nature. I bet he loved being in charge. Don’t worry about it!’

‘Well…. yeah’.

‘See. You need to be more confident about your own sex appeal Bro, anyone ever tell you that?’

‘No Cisco. I get, do your parents know you are here? -And your mom know you’re out past your bedtime? And hey I was just being polite with 19 I actually thought you were 17. Who would ever tell me I need to believe in my sex appeal when they’re too busy saying stuff like that to me?’

‘Oh come on Barry, people think you’re sexy’.

‘Oh yeah, Name 2’.

‘Well Oliver for one obviously’.

‘Don’t really think so’.

‘And um that girl that you dated that one with the evil doppelganger who ran out of here invisible and naked’.

‘Didn’t actually sleep with Linda, and she said I was cute, that I get a lot, sexy, not so much. In fact, try never’.

‘-Um… Patty! Patty thought you were sexy, I mean girl was after you, thirst was real’.

He shrugged at Cisco.

‘Okay Patty left when you wouldn’t tell her you were The Flash, sorry, bro-code violation bringing up the ex that got, well, went away… Um… wait, didn’t you tell me Ansel was a total evil dick before you travelled in time and changed things, and that when you threw his ass into the pipeline he thanked you for scooping him up dressed all in leather? Hmm, fetishes are supposed to be sexy,
so by extension, the people that inspire them are sexy to huh, am I right?’

‘… Um, what?’

‘And I’m convinced Eddie Thawne had a thing for you, even if you were supposed to be rivals,

-The way he used to gaze up into your eyes and call you Barr … I mean Iris might have been his girl, but I kinda think you were his guy. Maybe the three of you could have worked something out, you know, if he’d lived. -What I’m trying to tell you Barry, is people think you’re hot’.

-’Cisco, what, No. Evil Ansel probably just had a thing for the suit, not me’.

‘Well it is a pretty fly suit if I do say so myself, -you’re welcome for the hotness by the way’.

‘Thank you so much for that Cisco’, he drawled sarcastically.

‘Why, you’re welcome Barry!’
‘And Eddie and me? Are you crazy, he punched me in the face!’

‘And he was after Iris!’

‘Well if by after you mean he was her fiancé, then-

‘Don’t remind me! And please don’t go on as if me and Oliver could ever be a thing, I’m telling you I made a complete and total ass of myself and not in any kind of good way, if there is a good way to do that, which I don’t think there is. -I don’t think I can ever face him again!’

‘Oh come on, it can’t have been that bad! -or are you actually trying to say it was that bad? -Wait are you telling me Oliver Billionaire Vigilante Queen is actually bad in bed?! No way! I mean, he has this like hyper-experienced, totally boss-toppy man’s man vibe he gives off, and he clearly can’t seem to keep the ladies off him, ...maybe he only sucks with guys, -wait’ Cisco grinned mischievously, ‘I totally see what I just did there, oooh! -And you’re face says he does but only in the good way! Barry Allen, look at you, getting some. Come on bro, that’s gonna require the high five, now give it up, oh wait you already did whaaaaatttt!’

‘I’m not high fiving that!’

‘Oh come on, why not?’

‘Because I never lasted more than 10 seconds, -it’s part of the making a total ass of myself thing’. 

‘Oooh that’s bad. Well maybe your speedster thing makes it hard for you to control your, -did you try the counting dead puppies trick?”

He hung his head in his hands and groaned.

‘Well if you couldn’t last he can’t have been that bad in bed’.

- ‘No, I mean yes, he was like amazing or something’. 
‘Yeeah’ Cisco grinned, ‘the crimson -correction, beetroot shade your face is currently going says so!’

‘…He wasn’t the problem. It was me. I was kinda, well, totally in like way over my head. -He’s like an expert at sex with guys as well as girls and I’m, well, not an expert I mean not with guys... or girls, I mean I do okay, but he like, knew how to do... things, and I’d never with a guy before. I had like absolutely no idea what I was doing and it really showed, and maybe if that was just it, but...’.

He ran his hand through his hair, ‘I can’t face him again because I went to him and I kinda got all emotional because a lots been going on lately and I haven’t really taken time to process, and the next thing I know I’m a crying mess and I’m kind of telling, well asking, well begging actually, that if I ever start acting like Reverse Flash or Zoom or start doing stuff that means my future self was right and none of you can trust me, he should, ...well, I kind of’, he looked down at the floor his voice dropping to a barely audible murmur ‘I kind of asked him to um, -mill me...’.

Cisco sat bolt upright in his chair, his grin disappearing. ‘What was that last thing you mumbled? - Because it better be some weird new sex position I’ve never heard of before, it better have not been what it sounded like, because it sounded like you said you asked Oliver -mass executioner- frigging Queen to kill you!!! Barry, tell me I need to have Caitlin check my ears, tell me you did not just say you asked Oliver Queen to kill you!!!’

He stood and started pacing rapidly, full of angst. ‘I... I did kind of ask him to um... stop me, but only if I-

‘-Have you lost your damn mind Barry?!’ Cisco yelled jumping to his feet, charging the short distance between them and getting in his face despite the height difference. ‘You know he has arrows with compounds in them that could probably actually kill you because you keep frigging letting him experiment with ways to stop speedsters!’

‘I know’.

‘AND YOU KNOW HE’S MURDER-HAPPY, RIGHT?!’

‘Yes, I know’ he hissed speeding Cisco to the corridor, ‘Keep your voice down!’

‘Keep my voice down, -OH I SHOULD TELL JOE ON YOU!’

‘Fine if you want me to die of actual embarrassment, go right ahead!’

‘Better than dying of actual death by some speedster killing arrow!’

‘Cisco just calm down. It doesn’t matter because he refused to help’.

‘HELP!! You call that help! We help Barry, all of us, Team Flash, we’re the good guys remember? If you really did go evil, we would find a way to stop you that didn’t involve killing you’.

‘But-

‘No’. Cisco’s tone was finite and deadly serious. ‘Barry, man, you’re smarter than this. Just stop and think about what would happen if Oliver Queen really did execute you even if it was at your request? Do you think any of us would accept that? Do you really think Joe, your cop father who loves and is very overprotective of you, would accept that Oliver killed you?’

-Barry, Oliver might be tough, but he’s not bulletproof and Joe would kill him, and we would help.
I would help, because he’s got no right do you understand? He doesn’t just get to take you away from us.

-Then what would happen? Do you think Felicity and Diggle and Thea would just accept Joe murdering their friend, their family, that they wouldn’t come after us?

-I’m good, I mean I’m brilliant, but Felicity Smoak is possibly the best hacker in the world and Digg is like one of the toughest soldiers.

-And even if Lila and ARGUS stayed neutral and that’s a big if, where could we hide that Felicity and Diggle wouldn’t find us? I’m not the only meta with breach powers Barry, even if I got us off this earth, they would hunt us down. And what would happen when they found us?

You know Iris would protect her dad at all costs. Me, Caitlyn, maybe even HR, we’d all try to protect Joe, because he’s important to all of us, and you know he’d rather give himself up than let any of us get hurt.

Did you even think about the collateral damage? About who might get caught in the crossfire if things really went that bad between Team Arrow and Team Flash’ Cisco’s voice was low and filled with intense emotion, ‘do you understand what you would actually be starting Barry?’

... A war... he could start a war between the people he cared about, -how could he not have thought of that! How could he have thought his death at Oliver’s hands would simply end things neat and tidy! What the hell had he been thinking!... He hadn’t been thinking, not clearly. God! He should never have asked Oliver that, never have put him in that position. Death by poison arrow was not exactly inconspicuous or untraceable, his team would investigate, find out Oliver was involved, and then...

Why had he been so convinced his team would just accept it? He wouldn’t if it was any one of them evil or not.

Cisco was quiet for a moment as if trying to pull himself together. ‘I can’t believe things were that bad and you didn’t come to me. You come to me if things are this bad do you understand?’ Cisco reached up to touch his shoulders staring up at him, ‘we’re best friends, that’s what I’m here for. -I get that you feel you always have to be strong for everyone, but you don’t have to be strong for me, let me be that for you okay. I mean it, I already lost one brother, I’m not gonna just sit by and lose another’.

‘Don’t you still... blame me for that, hate me for that?’

‘No. Not anymore. Barry if there’s anyone who understands what it’s like to have god-like powers it’s me. I... I never told you this, but I’ve been to different worlds looking for other versions of my brother and they’re almost always evil. In some he’s good, and I get to hang around with him and it’s nice you know I don’t miss him so much... but the one in this world was pretty much a supervillain, I just didn’t know about it, and I can’t keep pretending he was perfect just because he’s.

...So, no, I don’t blame you for what happened, not since that whole dominator thing when I accidentally messed with time, and realised just how easy a mistake it is to make when you have the ability, and how little control you have over how things turn out.

-Nothing made that clearer than hanging out with the Legends. I mean these people literally time-police for a living, and yet they don’t seem to know any more about how not to mess with the timeline than we do!

‘I mean Mick, -who I’m pretty sure was drunk through that entire disaster-, told me they mostly just wing it when trying to fix time screw-ups and they usually make it worse before it gets better. -I guess what I’m saying is it took going through that whole Dominator drama to make me realise what happened to Dante wasn’t your fault, you just wanted to save your mom and dad, there was no way for you to know, or even think that would mean my brother...

Look, me and Caitlin helped you time travel before when you needed to get faster to stop Zoom. I
can’t hate you because this time it wasn’t something we all agreed on. ... And if I’m honest Barry, since my powers grew, I realised statistically, the odds are that one day I’m going to be the one that screws up, and I’m going to be the one that needs forgiveness. I hope that day never comes, but if it does, I hope whoever I accidentally hurt is more forgiving to me then I was to you’.

He reached for Cisco and hugged him.

‘I am so sorry about your brother I can’t even begin to…’

‘I don’t know if this needs saying but if it does, -I forgive you Barry’.

Cisco pulled back and they were standing close kind of holding each other. He’d messed up Cisco’s hair smushing him in a hug and he tucked the strands behind his ear.

Cisco was looking at him, his warm brown eyes drawing him in. I could kiss him he suddenly thought, his eyes darting to his soft looking lips. Maybe he should have made a jackass of himself with Oliver, -and he doubted Cisco’s powers could get him drunk.

‘Oh I don’t know’, Cisco grinned, ‘I’m sure we could work something out, maybe vibe you a super strong cocktail somehow, -we won’t know until we try, which I’m game for by the way. So drinks and experiments after work?!’

‘What! Are you reading my mind?!” -Is this some new power you haven’t told me about?!’

‘No dumb ass, you just said you were sure my powers couldn’t get you drunk, so you know, challenge accepted’.

‘Oh. -Wait, what else did I say?’

‘Something about how you should have come to me, which is what I’ve been saying, although you said it kind of weird, and you were looking at me kind of weird, -wait, you weren’t talking about you and me, like you and Oliver you and me were you?! Because flattered I guess but no. -Did you completely miss the part where I called you a brother? -Wait a minute, are you still high? Is that why you don’t even know what you’re saying out loud? -Oh no this can’t be good. Caitlin should probably take a blood sample. Run some tests. Do you feel hungover? How many fingers am I holding up? How the hell did you run back here if you’re still buzzed? Is it actually buzzed or more like wasted? -Man, maybe you should stay away from Oliver after all if he gets you this messed up’.

He looked down at his concerned cute best friend, and was suddenly pretty damn sure he’d never once thought of Cisco as cute before, not like he sometimes thought Caitlin was cute, or like he always thought Iris was beautiful. -What the hell was happening?! He took a step back. How could he still be this buzzed and not even realise it? He’d thought he was okay to run back to Central city, but maybe he hadn’t been… Running while impaired had never been a possibility before, -he should have been more careful, man he was going for jackass of the year today!

‘Barry, look let’s just go and see Caitlin and -oh my god Oliver!’

Cisco was looking at a spot behind him in horror. He Froze.
Magical Hangover?

He whipped round hoping Cisco was just messing with him again, but he wasn’t. Oliver was standing behind them in the Star Labs circular hallway, _and he did not look pleased._

Cisco stared at him, then Oliver, then back at him.

He wanted to speak, he really did, but all his brain supplied was a jumbled hysterical:

_Ohmygod ohmygod, Oliver is here, right now, here in the lab, the man I embarrassed myself with, begged to kill me, had sex with all night, got drunk off, is here, I can’t face him, Ohmygod, I’m literally facing him! Okay don’t freak out, I just have to play it cool, it will be fine, -oh no, that’s what I thought last time I tried playing it cool and it was not fine, oh, WhatamIgonnado? WhatamIgonnasay? Ohmygod!!!_

‘So, Oliver’, Cisco rushed over and tried steering Oliver towards the lab control room. ‘Barry and I were just talking about um, his new speed... ster suit modifications and maybe we could talk about some new ideas I have for your suit...’ Cisco’s voice trailed off when it became clear Oliver could not be turned, steered or even budged.

‘Cisco’ Oliver ground out staring at Barry, ‘I need to talk to Barry alone’.

‘...Okay. Barry is that cool with you because you’re kinda just standing there vibrating? Are you okay dude? Look if you don’t want to talk to him. I can just breach him out of here’.

Oliver’s expression went from not pleased to dangerous and he panicked and sped over to Oliver. ‘Hey Oliver. Hi. Hey are -I mean how are you? - It’s nice to visit. I mean it’s nice of you to visit. Why, um, why are you visiting?...’

‘Barry. We need to talk. -But first I’m going to need you to calm down and stop vibrating. -And Cisco I am going to need you to stop hovering’.

Cisco frowned and glared at Oliver. ‘Dude I don’t care how boss-alpha you are. I’m not going anywhere unless Barry asks me to. What the hell did you do to get him so freaked out anyway? - Barry, did something happen last night that you didn’t tell me about? _Do you want me to make him leave?’_

‘Cisco’ Oliver growled warningly.

‘Don’t be growling at me dude. Just looking out for ma man here _because dude is tripping!_ - What’d you do Mr magic man?’

Oliver’s eyes narrowed dangerously _as did his grip on his Bow._

-‘Wait’, Barry interjected, ‘um why did you come to see me dressed as the Green Arrow. Has
something happened?’

‘Nothing’s happened. Yet. But it always does. I came to train with you to make sure you’re recovered and ready to handle it when it does. And once I’m satisfied you and me need to have a serious talk’.

‘Well we don’t need you to be satisfied with Barry’s performance, -wait that sounds dirty. What I’m saying is Barry doesn’t need you to stamp his ass with your personal seal of approval. Damn. Also dirty’, Cisco looked at Barry who appeared mortified, ‘What I’m trying to say is, you don’t have to train with him to know if you’ve recovered. You’ve got me, and a state of the art facility for that bro. You remember what happened the last time he trained you hard, right? -If you go with him he’s just going to put an arrow in your -wait that sounds kinda dirty too. Seriously, I am not even doing it on purpose. Look, Barry, what I mean is you don’t have to deal with him if you don’t want to. Just say the word and he’s back in Star city terrifying and torturing bad guys’.

‘Cisco’ Oliver snapped, his limited patience clearly already worn out, ‘I get that you are just trying to protect your friend, but he doesn’t need protecting from me. Stand down’.

‘Not a chance Oliver. Not until-

-’It’s okay Cisco’. Barry placed his hand on Cisco’s shoulder. ‘Really. There’s nothing to worry about. I can talk to Oliver, it’s fine’.

Cisco looked sceptical and stood his ground, his stance making it clear he was ready to open a breach any time and blast Oliver through it if he had to.

Oliver clearly noticed, and the tension ratcheted up.

‘San Francisco there you are! I’ve been trying to call you. Try turning your phone on’.

‘It’s on. I just have you on mute HR’.

‘Oh this guy, what a joker. Anyway, it turns out I do need to write a little bit of science for a scene in my novel, which is coming along great by the way thanks for asking’.

‘I didn’t’.

‘Oh you joker Franchesco. I know you’re invested. Which is good because you know me, I don’t know a hadron collider from a hadron avoider. Huh, huh, see what I did there’ HR grinned.

‘Oh my god’ Cisco groaned.

‘What’s going on here anyway, are we having some kind of secret hall meeting and if so, why wasn’t I invited? I can do hall meetings -Oh Oliver hey. Didn’t see you in the shadows there, looking all… murder-ey… um, the suit says dangers afoot, so I won’t interrupt. Good luck with the case whatever it is and let me know if I can help in any way’.

HR extended his hand. Oliver glared and then shook it briefly, his eyes sliding back to Cisco for a menacing stare down.

‘Anyway Cisco’, HR moved to walk past Oliver, ‘come find me when you’re done. -Unless of course, you need me to stay and offer my invaluable assistance, -Oh, you know that cologne is very distinctive Mr Queen, I like it. I like it a lot. Where did you get it? Is it out of my price range? You know I was just telling young Barry earlier that a cologne just like the one you’re wearing is too much for a lad his age and -oh’. HR looked at Cisco, Oliver, and Barry his eyebrows rising.
‘Cisco, you know what? I think we should take our leave, fours a crowd and all that. I’m sure Mr Queen wants to talk with young Mr Allen, -and it’s just as well I found out today our young Mr Allen is not quite as young as I thought, or I’d be calling the cops right now and Joe in particular on Mr upstanding Mayor Queen here. Anyway, considering new things that seem to have... happened when young Mr Allen was away, we should probably leave these two to um... talk’.

‘Yeah’ Cisco huffed, sticking a lollipop in his mouth and muffling his words, ‘that’s what he says’. He planted his feet even more stubbornly. ‘But I’m not going anywhere until I hear it from Barry’.

‘Cisco I already said-

-’Yeah Barry, but try not being so freaked out you’re vibrating when you tell me everything’s okay and I might believe you’.

Barry took a deep breath. ‘Look I’m not freaked out okay. I’m not vibrating. I’m fine. You see?’

‘Proomise?’ Cisco drawled glaring at Oliver who took a menacing step forward.

‘Yep’ he squeaked speeding in front of Cisco. ‘Yes’ he repeated, clearing his throat and adopting a deep voice while moving closer to Cisco and blocking Oliver’s view of him. ‘I promise’.

‘Okay’. Cisco conceded reluctantly. ‘I’ll be in the control room if you need me’.

‘Me too by the way’ HR put in. ‘Just in case you need me, you know for some sensible grown-up advice. In fact, let’s do that anyway. Seriously Barry, please come see me later. I think you and I should probably have a talk about the kinds of things that can happen to a young boy who goes
running away from the safety of his home and stays out all night in a strange city. I hate to be the one who has to break this to you Barry, but adults don’t always make the right decisions. Sometimes they selfishly take what they want instead of looking at the bigger picture, and, well, I don’t want to say take advantage of a young man having a hard time of it lately, but if the analogy fits-

-'Excuse me?’ Oliver’s tone was deadly. ‘Do you have something you want to say to me, whichever Wells you are?’

Barry’s eyebrows rose as he looked at HR, who, usually ever the cheerful optimistic diplomat, now looked Thawne-Wells level angry, which was eerily creepy as hell as HR glared at Oliver, ‘Oh I’m sorry Mr Queen, did something I said about taking advantage hit a nerve?’

‘No’ Oliver snarled, his expression and tone even with his hood down and voice disguiser turned off deeply menacing. ‘But I guarantee you an arrow will’.

-'Okay!’ Barry sped in front of HR, ‘So I’m gonna talk to Oliver now.... you two um, go um’ ... He gave up mid-sentence speeding first HR, who seemed to be in the most immediate danger of getting shot-

-and then Cisco, who was also in danger of getting an arrow in the leg, to the control room.

‘I’ve got this guys. Everything is fine. We’ve teamed up with the Green Arrow before. I’m sure it’s just about that. Nothing to worry about’.

‘Are you seriously trying to play it that way?’ Cisco’s eyebrows were rising incredulously. ‘You do realise me and HR already know what’s really going on with you two, and it ain’t no training mission, and about that, I didn’t ask earlier because of the whole asked him to kill me thing, and believe me we’re not done with that, but since when are you into dudes anyway? I thought you were still hung up on Iris’.

‘Yes Iris’ Harrison nodded, ‘lovely young lady, far more appropriate choice -wait asked him to what?!’ Harrison yelled horrified.

‘Urm, I’m just er, yeah so I ah’ -he sped away mid-sentence, not least of all because he didn’t have answers for himself let alone either of them right now.
‘Hi Oliver so sorry about all of um... that, so um why are you here... is it a work thing or... it’s a work thing right?...’ His voice trailed off as he realised Oliver had been slowly advancing and he’d been backing up so now the wall was at his back and Oliver was just staring at him.

‘Urm what are you... um, what is it?’

‘I can smell me on you’.

‘Oh um that, dude it’s not what you think, I swear I took a shower, it’s just um well I think the magic is...’.

‘You think the magic is to blame?’

‘Well yeah, and it’s not just that, there’s um well, the neck thing, well it’s not really a thing it’s more of a... well a thing, but not a big thing just a-

‘Barry, stop rambling and explain to me what you’re talking about’

‘Well I think you um... I think you bit me... you know during, but it’s not, well it hasn’t healed. Er I mean it’s nothing, I’m healing from everything else okay. I scratched the back of my hand earlier just to see and look, nothing, it’s healed but I still have the bite mark. I’m kinda glad the suit covers up the base of my neck I think Cisco would have freaked out if-

‘Show me’. Oliver’s tone rarely if ever invited argument and this was no exception, so he tugged at the neck of his suit exposing as much of the mark as the rigid form-fitting suit would allow.

‘What did Caitlyn say when you showed her?’

His mouth fell open. ‘I didn’t show her!’

‘Why not? It seems what happened between us is common knowledge right down to the magic incident so-

‘No it’s not! No one knows other than Cisco who figured it out on his own when I got back, and I think HR just figured it out now’.

‘...Because you smell like you have me all over you?’

‘Well... yes. That’s pretty much what Cisco said as well’.

‘Speaking of Cisco, when I walked in on you two earlier, were you actually intending to have some magic-induced beer googled make-out session with your little best friend?’

Uh-oh -Oliver had his dangerous shark smile expression on. ‘No. None. I mean that was not what was happening’.

‘Really? So you’re not still high? You didn’t run 600 miles while impaired?’

‘Urm... you see that’s... The thing about that is-

‘Barry you are going to see Catlin right now’.

‘No-no-no because then I’d have to tell her-

‘No arguments Barry! If something I did to you is affecting your ability to heal you have to tell Caitlin and let her run some tests on you. Do you need me to come with you? We can explain what
happened together if it makes it easier’.

‘No! Urm. That’s… I think I better handle this on my own’. He would vibrate until his molecules combusted and he exploded and **died** if he had to talk about what had happened last night in front of Caitlin and Oliver!

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He was walking at what he knew for a speedster was a despondent snail’s pace as he ambled in the direction he’d last left Oliver. -Although he very much doubted Oliver had just been standing around in the corridor waiting for him all this time.

He wasn’t surprised to find the corridor empty of Oliver and headed for the control room, dragging his feet and he knew childishly scuffing his converse along the floor, but he couldn’t help literally dragging his feet. The last person he wanted to face right now was Oliver Queen.

... Seeing Caitlin had been **brutal**. She had been equal parts horrified and concerned as he tried to explain to her that what was happening with his healing powers was the fault of the Magic, not Oliver. -Then she’d said if the magic had a “‘grab ass agenda’” then that was because it was in Oliver and he was the one that was being grabby.

She made it sound like Oliver actually wanted him for himself, which would have made him laugh if Caitlin wasn’t so angry, and that was before she grilled him until he cracked and confessed he hadn’t used a condom. She was so furious that he thought he was about to have Killer Frost to deal with!

She told him ‘‘I happen to know Oliver was clean up until very recently because Felicity and I have been testing his blood. But Playboys like Oliver, who clearly don’t get that condoms are a must not a suggestion for serial bed hoppers are prime candidates for sexual infections, and we don’t actually know if your speedster ability to heal actually includes STIs because it hasn’t been an issue up to now’’. -Then she’d subjected him to a detailed and invasive STI screening no matter how hard he objected.

He heard raised voices coming from the Control room as he drew closer and started picking up the pace breaking into a human speed sprint as he heard Cisco yelling ‘your way of base Oliver!’ .

Oliver was glaring at Cisco as he ran into the room. He didn’t know what was going on **but he knew that look**! He’d seen Oliver annoyed with Cisco before-
but this had clearly gone far beyond that! This was the terrifying and famous Oliver is about to kill someone look!

‘What did Caitlin say about the whole magic-high thing?’ Cisco was asking him while still glaring at Oliver.

‘Well she, um, said a lot of things, look the most important thing is my blood is showing up as normal… but she’s not sure how much that means in the case of magic. She wants to monitor me through the suit to be sure, she had me run on the treadmill and there is nothing to show I’m not safe to run’.

‘Good’ Oliver practically growled, but he wasn’t looking at him he was looking at Cisco and it wasn’t remotely friendly.

Right, he didn’t know what was going on but he was going to break this up right now!

Oliver, Caitlin said she needs some blood from you too, she’s waiting for you in her lab’. -What Caitlin had actually said was: ‘I’m going to call that irresponsible sonofabitch right now and give him a piece of my mind! How dare he put you at risk like that? I want another sample of his blood, right now! And I have just the weapon to get it with!’

He’d actually had to speed her phone out of her hand, then make her promise she would calm down and take Oliver’s blood like a professional doctor rather than something out of Kill Bill! … He still wasn’t sure he believed her promise.

‘Caitlin’s um… not exactly thrilled with er events Oliver’.

‘She’s your doctor Barry. I never thought she would be’.

‘Okay… Well, you might want to tread carefully there Oliver’.

‘Fine’. Oliver was speaking to him but still glaring at Cisco. ‘Wait for me to get back Barry. You and I-

‘Need to have a serious talk. I know, I’m not going anywhere’.
They were on the roof of Oliver’s building. Oliver had trained him all over the city and then made him run him all the way back to Star City in controlled bursts of speed.

Oliver wanted to make sure he was on his game and could protect his city, -and after the colossal fool he’d made of himself last night who could blame him? Thankfully, he seemed to be satisfied that he was back to normal and wasn’t scrutinising him in that, you’re going to get shot with an arrow to get you focused kinda way. Seriously, training with Oliver was a straight-up horror show at times.

Unfortunately, all the close proximity had brought up another problem.

He’d realised it as soon as Oliver turned up and they got closer than 10 feet to each other. It was like all the cells in his body were trying to out vibrate each other to get closer to Oliver. If Oliver thought the magic in his system was residual or depleting he was mistaken, he could feel it, and it was definitely getting stronger.

He tried to find the least embarrassing way to tell Oliver his body wanted to get closer to the magic cells in him and failed spectacularly. The expression on Oliver’s face, -who aside from bursts of coordinated combat violence generally used his training to keep calm to the point of stoic, -was nothing short of priceless. -Oliver’s eyebrows had risen incredulously when what came out of his mouth a second ago was: ‘Urm Oliver I need to tell you something. The magic in your body is driving me crazy, it’s like my body wants, needs to get inside you, -Oh! No-no, not like, I didn’t mean like um...’.

‘...Okay ... Are you saying you can feel the magic in my body and you ... want to get closer to it?’

‘Yeah, it’s like everything in me wants it, um the magic I mean, not like it, like your body or your, um, -not that I think there’s anything wrong with your body or your um -I mean, I guess you know that after last night. What I’m saying is the pull is getting stronger, like really, really, stronger, and you should probably get that checked out, because it feels like every cell in my body just wants to get in your, um body, but not you know, I mean not that there’s anything wrong with-

-‘Barry’.

Oliver’s eyes slid shut the way they did when he was restraining the urge to clamp his hand down over his mouth to get him to stop rambling.

‘Okay, I’ll stop talking about it now, but you should probably, definitely see a magic doctor, I’m just saying. I’m sure that’s a thing somewhere. Cisco can probably find one, I mean he can find anything, and well you have Felicity and she can find anyone, I mean I don’t know they could probably team up and-
‘Barry!’

‘Yeah, oh, um I’ll-I’ll stop talking…’ Oliver had this way of looking right into him, like into his soul or something, and now Oliver had literally been, well, into him most of last night and some of this morning and was looking into his eyes right now, well, ramble city. He couldn’t help it.

‘We do need to talk Barry. You’re just going to have to do some listening as well. It’s about what you asked me to do to you last night’.

‘Oh um, that. Look it won’t happen again. I’m not going to ask you to um,… to um, do that to me again, it just happened and well, it was just one night, we don’t have to-

‘I’m not talking about the sex Barry!’

‘Oh… then what? -Oh. That. Look that won’t happen again either-

‘Barry stop talking and listen. I need you to understand that there is nothing you can ever say or do that is going to make me your killer, do you hear me?’

‘Um, Yes’.

‘You were only asking me because you thought of the few people you could trust with something like that, I’m the one who would be the least affected, but you’re wrong, you can’t ask me that again, not ever. Listen. It can never be me. Do you understand?’

He actually didn’t. Yes with hindsight and Cisco yelling at him he now realised it would probably start a Team Flash Team Arrow war, but it wasn’t like there was any other reason. Just because Oliver had thrown him the pity bone, didn’t mean they were or ever would be a thing so that couldn’t be it. He knew Oliver cared about him, but he was pretty sure Oliver could kill anyone, even someone he viewed as a friend if there was no other choice because that was what Oliver did, he made the tough calls when others wouldn’t or couldn’t. He respected that about him, that was why he’d asked him.

Oliver had his world and he had his. Both were dangerous, but Oliver’s world was that much darker. Oliver didn’t shy away from something that needed to be done. Ever. So if he was saying no, never, he was going to listen to Oliver, captain of Team Arrow, who he’d overheard some ARGUS jerks backing up Diggle on Central City mission calling ‘‘Team Adults’’ while insultingly referring to his Group as ‘‘Team Baby’’

-He was also going to listen because now that he was good and sobered up and he thought about it, he remembered the split-second look of… almost, hurt he’d seen in Oliver’s eyes when he’d said he was the only one who’d be more concerned with stopping than saving him if it came to it.

Oliver was the king of hiding his feelings so he often couldn’t tell what he was thinking or feeling on the surface, let alone deep down, but they were friends, and he couldn’t say he would be thrilled with being asked to do that if the positions were reversed, or being told to his face that he was being asked because it probably wouldn’t bother him. -So, no matter what, he wouldn’t ever ask that of Oliver again.

‘Barry, I need your word that no matter what happens, you will fight it, and give us, your friends, a chance to help you, not kill you. You wouldn’t put any of us down, you would fight to save us, you can’t expect any of us to do anything less for you and still call ourselves your friends, you must know that’.

‘Yeah, I know. Cisco read me the riot act earlier when I kinda told him what I did, -I mean what I
asked you to do’.

‘I don’t often agree with him’.

-Was Oliver snarling behind clenched teeth?-

‘But I do this time’. Oliver’s gaze was intense, and he couldn’t look away. ‘You’re not going to give up. Your word Barry’.

‘I promise, I will always keep fighting not to ever become like Thawne or Zoom, and I’ll let my friends help me more, -and not ask them to kill me, I won’t take the cowards way out Oliver I promise’.

‘Good’. Oliver moved closer so they were barely inches apart, pulling at the neck of his Flash suit and looking at his neck, tilting his head to one side with his index and forefinger. The skin on skin contact sizzled so hard he could barely listen as Oliver murmured, ‘it still isn’t healing. I don’t feel like the magic is harming you, but if you’re still not healing that just can’t be good. I don’t like it. keep me posted on the results of Caitlin’s tests okay?’

He tried desperately to form words and just for once get it right at playing it cool. What came out was: ‘uh-huh, yeah sure, alright, I could so that, I mean I will do that, what you just asked me to do... Nooooo problemo’.

-Damn it! Why was he like this! He took a deep breath and tried again. ‘I will keep you posted. Um, Oliver, I really am sorry that I asked you to kill me. It was weak. Cowardly, and you have no idea how sorry I am. You’re my friend. I don’t see you as some kind of executioner I can just point towards a mission, and I guess that’s how I made it seem. I don’t want to dwell on it because it was a serious low point, I just want you to understand how bad… I swear to you Oliver, at the time I really thought it was the best way, the only way. I just, I don’t know, I just needed your help, needed you… god, that must sound ridiculous. I’m not trying to sound like the world’s biggest loser even if that’s how it’s coming out, I’m trying to-

-Oliver surprised him by tipping up his chin and kissing him, but he could barely think about why he’d done that because his whole body started tingling, lightning zipping up and down him, the magic in Oliver making it impossible for him to back away even if he wanted to, which he wasn’t sure he did, because it felt good, so good with Oliver kissing him long and hard.

Oliver moved surprisingly fast for someone who didn’t have superspeed picking him up and pressing him urgently up against the wall while kissing him until they were both breathless. Before he knew it his hands were around Oliver’s neck, his legs around his waist, and he was clinging to him, leaning into him, rubbing up against him, and not just because of the magic thing, -he knew Oliver could do things to him that made him see stars without it, but right now the magic-thing was definitely part of it, he could feel the want in his cells, the way his body was straining, aching to be closer to him.

-Wait he knew what Oliver was doing, he was trying to make him feel better and save him from making a rambling fool of himself yet again! It made sense, Cisco was a homemade enchilada and bad movies kind of guy and would be comforting him that way. Oliver was a sexed-up kind of guy so he was just using what he had, just like he did last night. That was what this was.

He wasn’t in any doubt that what Oliver had done to him last night was a one time... well, all night and into the next morning thing. But his rambling talk about how bad things had been when he’d asked him to kill him had clearly put Oliver back in a position where he thought he needed to big brother him again. He didn’t want Oliver to think he was weak, or worse, a liability on a mission.
He had to show him the crisis had passed and he was back to being a- what had Ollie called him last night? Yeah, a comrade and trusted ally. High praise coming from Oliver. -And if he wanted him to continue thinking of him that way, like a little brother he could trust with anything including his life, then he had to show him he was still worthy of that trust, that he had his act together. He couldn’t really do that if he was clinging to Oliver while Oliver big-brother comforted him with the pity make out!

No! -He had to claw back the dignity by putting some distance between him and Oliver before he made a monumental idiot of himself, again, -because he might seriously die of embarrassment this time.

He pushed Oliver back with his hands on his shoulders and sped away from him a little. ‘I um, I should get back…. Caitlin might have some news now… and I think HR wants to lecture me about my bad choices. I’m going to have to explain to him, again, that I’m not actually 17 despite what he has in his head. I’m an adult. I make my own decisions… Well I should probably, um’-

-Barry pulled his Flash helmet down and disappeared.
Barry moved so fast he appeared to instantaneously vanish and he found himself standing on the roof alone.

He headed into the building and down to the training area he kept secluded and private from the main lair, which Felicity had taken to calling his: *secret but not because we know it’s where it is, we’re just not allowed in Oliver man-brood cave.*

She could call it what she liked just as long as she and everyone else knew not to bother him when he was here. The room was rigged into all their alert systems and any messages marked code G.A. If he was needed he would know.

He placed his bow on the table and took up his older one. Compound bows did most of the work for you, they made you faster and more accurate, but they diminished your pull strength and overall skill level if you didn’t regularly practice with the old-fashioned kind.

He set the target system to random so he wouldn’t know where the attacks were coming from and objects began to fly at him from all directions.

*Nock, Draw, assess the target, Loose.*

Learning archery had been a matter of survival, now it was second nature to him but he didn’t take his skill for granted. He was always striving for perfection.

He let his thoughts drift to what had happened while taking down target after target, never missing.

*He hadn’t actually meant to kiss Barry*, but touching him to check on the mark had turned into feeling the electricity zapping across his body and realising he could *still* smell himself on Barry. The next thing he knew he was kissing him and pressing him up against the wall and he had no doubt what would have happened if Barry hadn’t stopped him, *he would have taken him then and*
there, being on an open roof in their suits be damned because apparently the magic in him had no
count of restraint, and he clearly hadn’t learned to control it anywhere near as much as he’d
thought.

He could still feel the magic tingling in his body. Barry was right. It was getting stronger. -Wait, the magic, could it be the reason why...

He thought back to the moment yesterday when he’d understood the magic wasn’t actually hurting Barry. He’d been glad of that but puzzled as to why the magic had made Barry drunk when he wasn’t affected.

Now he thought he knew he answer.

Before he’d had sex with Barry he’d been wishing he could take his pain away. He’d wanted to
make him feel better. He’d hated seeing him distraught and crying. He’d been thinking he would
do anything, anything, to just see him happy and smiling and even being an idiot again.

... And at some point, during the many rounds of insanely explosive magically enhanced sex, he
recalled thinking Barry’s ability to rapidly regenerate meant he would always feel like a virgin no
matter how long or hard he was taken. The thought that another man could have Barry and he’d
never be able to physically tell had lit dangerously intense feelings in him, and he’d suddenly
wanted to mark Barry in ways that wouldn’t disappear quickly as if nothing had happened between
them. He’d been thinking he wanted his bite mark on Barry’s neck and his scent on his skin to last
for hours afterwards, so Barry would be reminded that he’d been thoroughly claimed.

...The facts now where Barry suddenly got happy drunk out of nowhere, still smelled like they had
just got out of bed together and still wore his bite mark because it inexplicably wouldn’t heal, led
to one likely conclusion, the magic had translated his wishes, and it had been very literal about it.

This meant he was to blame for Barry’s current condition, the magic had been manifesting his
wishes. It also meant he was going to have to be a lot more careful what he wished for, -he couldn’t
just assume the magic only worked on Barry.

He was outside of his skill set, comfort zone, and since Magic powers unchecked caused madness,
if he wasn’t careful, he’d soon be out of his mind as well.

It was one thing when the magic only worked defensively to resist and repel magical attacks like
when he’d fought Damien Darhk, -but now the magic had turned into a powerful active force he
didn’t know how to control.

But how had it happened and why now?-

-Adjust for target that splits and attacks from two points with a two arrow shot -Nock, Draw, Loose.-

-Patience, like denying his claim on something his instincts told him was his, didn’t exactly bring
out his best side. And he’d been doing both where Barry was concerned for years. Clearly, finally
having Barry after denying himself for so long had turned his self-control into a myth. He’d
experienced want like never before and he hadn’t wanted to let him go.

Barry had said his eyes started glowing and he was saying weird stuff about wanting to keep him
when they were having sex.

He remembered thinking that, feeling it, while saying words against Barry’s lips in a language he
didn’t understand or even know of...

Had he somehow awakened, or invoked, the residual magic within him and empowered it by speaking some incantation he didn’t even know he knew?

He couldn’t think how else it could have happened, which meant he’d now inadvertently powered himself up with ancient magic he could apparently activate with a thought.

*It would be a dangerous power to have even for someone who wasn’t a killer.*

-And he clearly didn’t have even the basic level of control over this magic he’d initially thought, let alone the absolute mastery he was going to need to get rid of it safely.

His experiences with Barron Reiter and Damien Darhk had taught him in the most brutal ways with the deaths of Taiana and Laurel that magic was extremely dangerous in the wrong hands.

He also knew trying to get rid of it recklessly was just as dangerous. *Taiana’s death had taught him that.*

Like Laurel, Taiana had been one of the kindest people he’d ever met, she’d even found it in her heart to forgive him when she learned her beloved brother had died at his hands.

*If only they’d understood more about the dangers of magic when they fought Reiter, maybe she’d still be alive.*

They’d thought they were saving the people Reiter had abducted and forced to work on the island, but what they were really doing was presenting the dark magic with an unwitting host who unlike Reiter and him, didn’t have the magical runes on her skin to help her control it.

When Taiana tried to stop Reiter sacrificing innocent lives to fuel his power, she’d been possessed and taken over by dark magic. She’d fought it with everything she had but it was too strong, and just like Roy, just like Barry, she had begged him to kill her. To save her from becoming a monster like Reiter had become. To stop her from hurting the innocent people left on the island.

*Even possessed by pure evil she’d still cared more about saving others than herself.*

He still remembered holding his sobbing friend in his arms knowing what she needed him to do to help her, wishing there was another way, and hoping and praying that it was the right thing to do to save her, even as his entire being was rebelling at the idea of harming her when he’d fought so long and hard to keep her safe.

She was suppressing the Dark Magic with everything she had but her exhausted body was running out of fight. If he didn’t help her now...

He remembered the hell of holding her closer against him and using his strength to wrench her neck sideways, ripping the life from her. He’d had no way to make it painless as she deserved, all he could do was make it quick. -And in the exact moment her lifeless body collapsed in his arms, he’d felt something die in him, -as if what he’d done had lost him a part of his soul forever. …

*Magic had cost him that.*

Up until that point he’d never killed a woman or an innocent or someone he cared about. In that one single moment when he’d taken Taiana’s life, he’d done all 3 at the cost of his soul and his humanity.
Magic had brought him to that.

*Magic was *not to be taken lightly. If it hadn’t been the only way to stop Dhark from killing him before he could get a shot off he would have never even entertained the *idea* of using magic, but there had been little choice at the time.

He’d been wrong to think the power in him was just residual passive shield magic burning its way out of his system and affecting Barry strangely because of his speedster physiology. He had to accept now that far from leaving, the magic was taking root in him, and now he had to deal with it. *He couldn’t risk taking any more chances.*

It wasn’t like he could trust the magic would always grant him what seemed like relatively harmless wishes, like getting Barry drunk, or sex marking him, or now he thought about it, letting him match Barry’s speedster recovery time in bed ... He didn’t even remember *thinking* that he wanted that... but *he’d wanted Barry*, and being able to keep up with him was the only way to keep *having* him, and then suddenly he’d not only been able to keep up with Barry, he’d been able to *relentlessly* dominate him without a break *until Barry was begging him to stop.*

-But that meant *he didn’t even have to consciously wish for something to make it happen.*

… *This was not good.*

What he’d wanted this time might have been relatively harmless, but what if in future his subconscious wanted or needed something far less harmless and the magic made that happen too?

So far, he could apparently control moods, interfere with metahuman powers, and give himself superhuman endurance, *all without even trying, what else could he do?*

What if he thought his team needed to be a bit more agreeable, to question his orders and decisions less? It was a normal thought any team leader might have on any given day, but if that team leader had the power to make it happen without even realising it…

What if to save people he started using magic against metahumans and criminals, would it soon evolve to using magic against anyone deemed a threat?

If he wasn’t careful what would be the difference between his setup and HIVE? -*Where would the line between him and Damien even be drawn?*

Even if the power hadn’t done anything overtly dark *yet*, that could change, -especially since it was in someone like him and it was growing stronger.

**He was going to have to get help.**

*He wasn’t safe around Barry or anyone else until he did.*

As far as he knew the magic doctor Barry suggested, wasn’t actually a thing, but there were people he could ask for help. -The mystic who had taught him how to use magic for one.
... Although, there was a strong possibility she wouldn’t want to help. She’d never wanted to train him in the first place. She’d said there was too much darkness and violence in him, meaning he was the last kind of person who should have mystical powers.

She’d made it clear she didn’t want to be responsible for teaching him how to wield almost unlimited power if there was a chance she would be unleashing a potential monster on the world.

The only reason she eventually reluctantly agreed to help was her somewhat mysterious connection to Constantine and the obvious Sapphic shine she’d taken to Felicity.

Bottom line, he couldn’t really hope to get the best help out of someone who’d wanted nothing to do with training him in the first place.

That meant his best and only other option was Constantine.
Yes, things were...*complicated* between them, but at least with Constantine, he had some pre-established trust.

He’d saved Constantine’s life.

-And the runes Constantine had magically branded into his skin all those years ago back on the
Island-

-Had saved his life more than once.

-So if Constantine was occasionally brooding, often difficult to read, and had a terrible track record
with relationships, he was aware that people often said the same thing about him, so he could hardly complain or judge.

At least Constantine didn’t act like the violent life he led and lives he’d taken made him damaged goods, or a potential monster to be wary off.

He shut off the training system, laid down his bow, unstrapped his quiver, and gathered materials, sitting at his workstation, the methodical process of fine-shaping and sharpening his custom arrowheads soothing as he thought of the last time he’d been with Constantine...
Constantine had shown up out of the blue and asked for his help on a mission. He’d agreed because the way he saw it, he still owed him for bringing Sara’s soul back from the other side.

The next thing he knew he was in the thick of a battle shooting at things attacking them, his quiver blessed so they wouldn’t run out while Constantine tried to perform an exorcism on a horde of possessed humans even though everyone else in Constantine’s circle had tried and failed, most at the cost of their lives.

Things went from dangerous to insane in an instant when an actual Angel turned up during the melee, wings and all frozen the battle, and read Constantine the riot act.
... How was this even happening?! -One moment he and Constantine were fighting for their lives and the next he was trapped, frozen mid-shot while the Angel bellowed, ‘I tire of listing your sins Constantine! Just these past months you have consorted with a demoness, procured a spell for a warlock on heaven’s watch list to settle a drinking debt, committed profane acts with an excommunicated priest, and performed and lost control of an unsanctioned exorcism with said former priest that resulted in multiple humans losing their lives!

‘And do not think I have forgotten that!’ The Angel spat furiously as he tried to mentally process that an irate Angel was pointing directly at him while keeping him frozen in mid-air, unable to even tremble in horror of flinch in terror. ‘You aided this man’s sacrilegious quest to free a woman’s soul whose mortal sins had long since condemned her to hell, and you slew a guardian rightfully keeping her soul until her body returned to death to do it. Now I am warning you, Constantine, I have had just about enough of having to watch over a stubborn, mouthy, scouse git who can’t seem to keep his alcoholic, nicotine-addicted ass out of trouble! If you give me any more problems the next time you call-

‘You’ll what? ’Constantine yelled, naturally making an already terrifying situation worse by mouthing off, ‘Not show up as bloody usual, how will I ever know the difference? -As for calling me a git, ah I do believe my lingo is rubbing off on you mate, which is good, makes you sound less old-timey, you know, less like you have the Old Testament crammed up your ass, I mean how it even fits with how uptight you are, now that my friend is truly a miracle’.

The Angel, already terrifying, had looked murderous. ‘You have been warned Constantine’
Its voice was low and ominous as it spread its impressive wings, ‘do not say afterwards that you were not’. The Angel disappeared, unfreezing everything, leaving them in the middle of a life or death battle.

‘Always giving me bloody gyp and not bloody helping me that one!’ Constantine had raged, ‘go on then piss off! Just leave us smack dab in the middle of a bloody fight to the death, don’t strain yourself lifting a finger to help! -Alright then’ he’d yelled turning his attention back to the 10-foot demon emerging out of broken bodies of the human minions it had been possessing, ‘Sorry about that pointless interruption you have my full attention. So, come on then, don’t be shy, let’s be having yer, you daft bint!’

The demon’s blood-red eyes narrowed as it surveyed Constantine like he was an ant.

‘Oliver keep those arrows coming! -Don’t look at him demon, look over here at the one who’s about to give you a swift well-deserved kick in the bollocks’.

‘Do you seriously wish to tangle with me again John Constantine’ The demon had asked, it’s voice a thousand times worse than nails down a chalkboard as he gritted his teeth and fought to keep shooting blessed arrows at the creatures appearing and disappearing in the room.

‘I owe you nothing less than an evisceration after our last encounter. You betrayed me mortal. You invited me to come inside your body, I did not possess you by force, such is beneath me, and lower beings such as yourself are thrilled to have me within them stretching their fragile bodies with my power as they struggle to take me inside themselves, and just like them, you opened yourself up to me so I could sink inside your willing body until I was deep inside you, and did I not make you feel good? Did I not expend my essence within you, lavishing your insides with my glory? Did I not saturate you until you were bursting forth with my powerful essence, did I not fill you and make you whole? -And what did I receive for my condescension? You had your catholic whore cast me out!’

‘Hey, no slut-shaming my friends! Especially when that friend is now a nun. -And just so we’re clear, I don’t like the way you’re making my summoning you to save my life sound like I was inviting you for a shag, so stop it! I’m the one who does the innuendo around here mate’.

‘I am going to enjoy killing you Constantine, even though you are beneath my notice without a part of my essence within you’.

‘Bloody kings, I tell you, heads so far up their own backsides they believe their own press. Well your majesty, if you think you’re leaving this room to do what you like, you can think on, because the only place you’re going is back to hell’.

The demon looked as unfazed as a 10-foot gryphon-man with foot long razor-sharp looking claws would.

And that was its mistake he realised! it was underestimating both Constantine’s determination to avenge his dead friends and his skill. The fact was Constantine might like to boast but he had good reason. He was every bit as good as he said, and he’d been nothing short of spectacular as he stood before the Demon King, his eyes and hands glowing bright gold with magic.

It gave him an idea, and he quickly used his tensile arrows to create a corded cage around them. Constantine caught on immediately, chanting an incantation that sounded like the one he’d used to bless his arrows. Now they were behind an effective shield, giving Constantine a chance to build a
magical attack. The Demon King, evidently believing his talk of Constantine being beneath his notice, seemed content to let his creatures tear into Constantine before he moved in for the kill. Another mistake, he thought as the creatures they’d been battling threw themselves against the blessed tensile cords, howling in pain as they were burned away, and he took the split seconds of their individual confusion to take down as many as he could, his blessed arrows ripping through and disintegrating them as more and more screaming creatures appeared and flung themselves against the cage, mindless in their attempts to kill him and Constantine.

‘Shut your eyes mate!’ Constantine yelled at him, bright light exploding and painfully searing his eyes as he slammed them shut in defence, barely managing to get the kill shot on a creature rapidly sawing it’s disintegrating form in half to get through the blessed steel-cord cage.

He heard the sounds of screams and roars combined with the horrible sounds of people sobbing and crying in anguish. He felt heat on his face and the ground shifting beneath him as Constantine bellowed ‘Hang on to your Calvin Kleins mate, here we go!’

The ground beneath their feet lurched forward and he heard a loud cracking, felt movement to his left and shot an arrow off without looking, knowing he hit his target by the loud sound of the creature screaming.

‘Now you’re just showing off mate! My turn. On 3 look directly above your head and shoot anything that moves okay? 1 - sod it do it now!’

He looked up and tried to concentrate, he couldn’t freak out over the different plain of existence or whatever it was, spilling out right above their heads with multiple kinds of creatures he’d never seen before walking around, their footprints making ripples as if the surface they were on, or the portal he was looking at them through was made of water.

‘It’ll be alright as long as none of them looks down, gets curious, and decides to pay us a visit. If they do shoot the blighters. Trust me we do not want their sort running around here! -What with humans being a light snack to them and all’.

Constantine was suddenly lost in chanting, and the Demon King, who was now apparently taking notice of Constantine tried to lunge at him, but his body was yanked back, translucent glowing shackles and chains appearing, tethering him to the spot, even as he was cursing and threatening terrible revenge.

One of the creatures above their heads paused mid-step and looked down. He tightened his draw pressure on his bow and watched it watching him, its eyes glowing red, curiosity giving way to obvious hunger. It knelt down and slowly pushed its face through the water, A child’s face emerging, a young girl with curls, innocent and doll-like. -But he’d seen its true face, he knew what it was using was some kind of glamour to distract him from attacking. The face shifted, his mother, Laurel. He shot striking the creature in its glowing eye. It shrieked and shifted to black liquid pouring like thick sludge oil through water into the room.

He shot again and again as the creature screamed and crawled back up into the water. -But others were watching now their red eyes glowing hungrily. There were too many! CONSTANTINE he yelled shooting arrow after arrow.

Constantine was suddenly glowing all over with brilliant flame, his voice low and steady. ‘Time to close those eyes again mate... But not just yet, I want a witness in case some prat tries to say, pull the other one when I’m bragging about this later’. Constantine raised his hands upwards arcs of pure flame and golden light streaking out from his open palms into the dimension above their heads. There were screams of terror as the flame and light wrapped themselves around creature
after creature, drawing them through the water and hurling them at the Demon King.

They splashed up against his flesh like thick dark liquid, their red eyes glowing, their mouths devouring even as their bodies became a thick boiling sludge coating him.

‘Constantine don’t you dare do this’ the Demon King bellowed. ‘I swear on all 16 gods the Demon Monarchies of my race hold Dear I will make you suffer for this as no mortal man has ever suffered’.

‘I’ve been suffering my whole life me, and these days I’m almost fresh out of mates so I don’t know what you think you can torture me with. A bad hair day? -Or turning all my future wine into water? Well my hair is always great and I’m more of a Scotch man myself’.

‘Do not think to hide behind churlish jest. I have been deep inside you-

-’Hey! What did I say about that kind of talk?!’

‘I have been inside every part of your being, your body, your mind, your very soul, and I know your fears John Constantine’.

‘Then you should know you’re not one of them you dozy great bastard. Now shut up will yer. I have to concentrate for this next bit’.

Constantine chanted something and the dimension above their heads dried up like water evaporating quickly, like film that had been sped up. It looked unnatural, off-kilter and unsettling, but what happening didn’t?.

He realised that in never taking his eyes off the dimension above he hadn’t noticed the massive crack in the floor just in front of them, the flame erupting from it, the sounds of anguish and suffering rising up from it. He turned to Constantine,

‘Is that!-

-’Yep. A highway to hell mate’. -About them eyes’ Constantine yelled, NOW!’.

He slammed his eyes shut, pain stabbing through his eyelids as bright light exploded. The light faded and he opened his eyes to see the Demon King was burning. Constantine had set the creature-sludge all over him aflame, and was controlling the flames on the Demon King’s body, gathering them up into his flaming fists and hurling them down towards the abyss as the King lurched forward, his massive body starting to separate as the flames ate him and the creatures burning within the flame fed off him hungrily despite being ablaze.

‘How’d you like that then, yer greasy stuck up wanker!’ Constantine yelled as the Demon King fell screaming into the roaring hell abyss-
The creatures attacking the magical cage screaming in anguish, hurtling themselves at the magical barrier with renewed ferocity. Constantine shoved him back with magic and broke the barrier, stepping aside and inviting the creatures in before he could stop him. *They rushed Constantine as one* and he shot as many as he could, creature after creature, screaming and disintegrating, but it was no use there were too many of them! -Pouring through the air like a single being.
‘Constantine move!’ He yelled firing shot after shot as Constantine stood his ground looking completely unfazed. The creatures were almost upon him! -He was out of tensile arrows he could use to get to or move him in time, he was out of options and reached back for an explosive arrow. It was dangerous to both of them at this range, but maybe it could buy Constantine some time, -or since he seemed to have finally lost his mind, give him time to get over there and get Constantine out of the way. He drew and aimed at the creatures just as the seething mass hurled themselves into the pit after their master.

He released his grip on his bow sighing in relief as Constantine yelled, ‘Yeah, jog on the lot of ya sodding lemmings, and don’t bloody well come back!’
‘Constantine’. He huffed out breathlessly, Adrenaline running riot through his system. ‘I don’t even know where to start with what just happened. I mean I can take a lot, but 10-foot Demon Kings, portals to other worlds opening up in the ceiling, portals to hell opening up in the floor, and furious Angels -partly furious over something I’m responsible for. -Just how much trouble are you in for helping me with Sara? -What can I do to help?’

‘Don’t worry about it mate’. Unbelievably Constantine actually looked bored. ‘That Angel is just a frenemy of mine who likes to call himself Manny. He also likes to say he’s been sent to watch over me. Problem is, as you saw earlier when he chose to sod off and leave us with a bunch of bloodthirsty monsters bent on killing us to death, -watching and lecturing is about all he ever bloody does! He gets right on my tits that one!’

Constantine drew magic into his hands and they impressively burst into flames, yet the flames didn’t even singe let alone burn him. His eyes started glowing pure brilliant gold as vibrant as the burning flames engulfing his hands, the heat from the flames permeating the air as he shouted a tongue-twisting sounding incantation, the hell abyss in the floor closing slowly with a series of loud cracking and groaning sounds.

‘Flaming Elvish purification spells! Try saying one of them three times fast I dare you! -Hey, chuck as that posh looking knife over there mate’.

He handed Constantine the knife, which seemed to be made of solid gold, with intricate jade etchings in a language he couldn’t decipher carved into the handle. It looked like it was worth a fortune and belonged in a museum.

‘Ta. Shame it’s got to be destroyed, as ornamental weapons go this is a nice looking bit of kit, but some bleedin twat tainted it with sacrificial magic, they always choose the flash ones, but then it would probably let down the ritual if it was just a bog-standard butter knife now wouldn’t it. I mean who wants to do a sacrifice with that! Oh well’.

Constantine threw it up in the air and chanted a spell. The dagger disintegrated in mid-air, dripping down as liquid molten gold and shimmering jade. But when it hit the ground, it changed into a thick shiny-looking silver substance.

‘Is that bloody mercury!’ Constantine exclaimed ‘stand back you do not want to get that on you mate. Gold and priceless Jade my arse! That’s a poisonous compound mixed with bog standard green glass.

Well, slap me sideways! A bloody alchemist has been messing about here. Oh bullocks, I know who!

-Oh flaming flaming sodding Nora! I am so gonna get the blame for this If Manny finds out I got well and truly bladdered and traded a spell I thought was useless, well harmless at any rate, to settle a small gambling debt I’ll never hear the bleedin end of it! Which is the last thing I flaming need!

-Never mind getting dragged into the stupid Wizard vs Alchemist vs heaven nonsense going on for millennia. No thanks, Mages and Sorcerers have the good sense to stay well out of that!

-You know what, sod this, how was I supposed to know he was an Alchemist? You’ve more chance
of running into a sodding unicorn then one of them! 
-I mean he just looked like some stupid hipster millennial Wiccan, banging on about needing a spell to clean the bad elements out of the soil in his herb garden. Herbs I thought, pull the other one, but I figured hey, where’s the harm? Help the kid out with his little gardening project for a very reasonable fee, use some of the money to get my loan-sharking bookie off my back, and get a nice magic-grown spliff or two out of it to boot, best weed out there after all.
-But what do I bloody get for being nice and helpful? Swindled, that’s what! By some crafty sod pretending to be a kid when he’s got to be pushing 8 thousand if he’s a day because there haven’t been any new Alchemists since God cursed the lot of them round about the Garden of Eden time.
-Oh bollocks, now I’ve magically undone alchemy linked to him! I bet that money he paid me that I gave to my psychotic evil bookie is turning into rotten lettuce or newspapers as we speak.
-There’s a reason people hate frigging Alchemists!
My Bookie is going to kill me with her bare hands for not paying here this time. Although, frankly, I’d prefer it to what she did to me with her bare hands last time because there is no way I’m shagging her to get out of a debt again! I barely survived! Demoness hybrids, ugh.
-They can make themselves look right tasty, but they can’t change the slimy way their skin feels or the way they smell when their glamour clashes with Mage magic... not to mention their bloody violent. She nearly tore it off after treating it like a pogo stick for hours... I’m telling you never again! Trust me saying no or even running didn’t help, I thought it was over at least because I never intended to owe her money again -and now look!’
-You know what sod it, I’m not getting in the middle of this! I already sent the Demon King packing, and the cantankerous git can just take his bleedin knife with him! You and me are the only ones what’s seen it and we’re not telling!’

Constantine looked around, quickly stretched out his hand and chanted a spell, a small glowing red crack appeared in the floor, shrieks and moans of despair emanating from it as Constantine chanted and the mercury and glass were sucked into it, the crack disappearing as if it had never been there.
-‘And when I find that bastard Alchemist he’s going in an all! Well, after I’ve turned him over to my bookie so she can have her way with him of course. She’ll want a right go on someone as payment for cheating her and better him than me. Hiding behind a pretty face won’t help him then!
-Now if anybody asks, and this is important mate, you saw nothing like an Alchemist-formed sacrificial dagger sucked into a hell portal, that never happened ok? On the reverse side, you did see me use masterful ingenuity to shove a Demon king into a hell portal. Feel free to let anyone know about that whether they ask or not! It can only enhance my already Stellar reputation as a Master of the Dark Arts!’

‘So, what you’re saying to me’, he remarked dryly, ‘is Demon King defeat, yes. Alchemist cover-up, no’.

‘You know that’s what I like about you Ollie mate, you’re not just easy on the eyes, you’re quick off the Mark as well!’

He looked skyward in exasperation, following Constantine around in an uncharacteristic loss of knowing what to do with himself. Constantine was marking symbols onto places around the house, -a door frame here, a windowsill there, it seemed totally random, but he doubted it actually was. Constantine knew his craft.
‘Well, don’t you look 6 foot 3, unfairly handsome, and lost without something to shoot at. I’m sure you’ll feel better if you make yourself useful, so grab that salt and sprinkle those minions or what’s left of them with it. Can’t have them coming back. Not that there’s anything to bring back, but that probably won’t stop some daft bastard from trying. Best not make it easy for them eh’.

Glad of something, anything to do, he sprinkled the twisted broken corpses of what once upon a time might have been people. It was a horrible end, but he couldn’t bring himself to feel sorry for them, they were reverent worshipers of the Demon King and had chosen this of their own free will. If they were victims of anything it was extreme stupidity, not forced demonic possession.

When he finished, he found Constantine outside burning an intricate looking symbol into the long grass at the front of the house, his outstretched hand sparking golden flames.

‘Come over here mate. Best stand back’. The flames on his hands turned into an array of impressive multi-colours and the entire building went up in a roaring inferno of vivid otherworldly flames burning purple and red, blue and jade, and pure brilliant shimmering gold as Constantine murmured a complicated sounding incantation. Suddenly the flames vanished from his fist as the house vanished in the flames and the flames into the night.
'Come on mate' Constantine grinned at him, ‘you look as if you’ve seen a ghost’.

‘I’ve seen weirder things than a ghost tonight’.

‘Right you are my friend. Tell you what, there’s a pub where I’m owed a favour not too far from here. What’s say you and me go have a drink or 12 to celebrate actually surviving this whole thing?’

He couldn’t argue with a drink, or 12. He wasn’t one for getting drunk, but after the things he’d seen and been a part of tonight...

They walked in the quiet, cool night in companionable silence for a while until Constantine placed his hand on his shoulder. The next thing he knew they were entering an old-fashioned looking pub he’d walked right past without seeing. ‘Magic Glamour’ Constantine explained, ‘can’t see it unless you have an invite or someone with an invite leads you inside. -

-Now there’s only one rule’ Constantine declared, ‘You’re never to see the bottom of your glass. ‘In my hometown of Liverpool, it would be considered horrible bad luck to see a celebratory glass empty after such a great victory!’

He was dubious to the truth of that claim but figured his team had everything under control in Star City, and he could afford to take one night off to at least try and process what had just happened. Even if it meant getting plastered to do it.

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‘You wanna hear something bonkers mate?’ Constantine asked. They were sat on wooden stools with plush red velvet cushions in front of the pub’s old-fashioned oak bar while around them all kinds of ... magical beings were, ‘milling about minding their own beeswax as well they should, and best ignored’ according to Constantine.

The barman, who been introduced with ‘Bar keep, meet Ollie. Ollie, meet Bar Keep’ poured them yet another drink, the glittering crystal glasses sliding across the glossy polished dark wood without being touched and coming to a halt in front of their hands once again. The glasses, like everything else in the pub, were clearly magical, and he picked up his drink wondering for the countless time tonight just how his life had become so strange.

‘I’ll take your stoic silence as a yes, you do want to hear something bonkers’ Constantine grinned, ‘well here goes. Manny once told me something about having a trumpet back in the day’.

‘And I once met this version of myself from another reality, -hellscape journey, like astral projection but a lot more terrifying. -Anyway, long story, but it turns out not only am I just as handsome with jet black hair. But that version of me was also getting a routine bollocking.'
-By an angel named, wait for it, *Gabriel*. -Coincidence? -*I bloody doubt it!** So all things considered I’m pretty sure that’s who Manny really is, *the actual chuffing Angel Gabriel*, bleedin trumpet an all. -Oh mate, *you don’t half look confused*. Look. Really, *don’t worry about Manny*. He’s harmless. Well not really, and I confess, I’ve no clue about what he’s playing at with me, much less why, but I can tell you two, well three things’.

‘One. Angels are nothing like the religious books and Disney channel would have you believe, they’re not kind, or friendly, or here to help people. Trust me, when it comes to Angel’s you’re better off out of it mate’.

‘Two Manny is often annoyed with what he sees as my repeatedly taking the piss. -To be fair, I did once trap him in a human body, grounding him but-

-‘*You grounded* an Angel? Your magic is *that* powerful?’

‘Oh mate, what do you think I’ve been trying to tell you?’ Constantine grinned suggestively. ‘*I can do all sorts me.* -As for what I did to Manny, he’s unfortunately chosen to take it personally and is still flaming bloody mad about it. I tell you *they can really hold a grudge that lot!* Apparently, they can’t stand being trapped in a body, it cuts them off from their power, I didn’t know that at the time, but then if he wasn’t always being such a cagey shifty so-and-so I might have! I was just trying to get him to break all the so-called rules to cure a friend of mine of a brain tumour; as well as stay put in one body and actually help me for five bloody minutes for a change. *I don’t think that was too much to ask!’

-‘Anyway, I’m saying he’s not going to kill me because his kind are not supposed to interfere with humans directly much less kill them, *Although interfering in my life is all he bloody does*, and anytime I actually need help he starts spouting rubbish about how he can’t do anything to affect my fate. *I swear he’s making up these rules to suit him as he goes along.* -Anyway, his still being upset with me is the real reason he came charging in to have a go at me about my so-called blasphemous antics. There’s just one problem, I don’t actually work for that prat do I, *so he can flutter off!’.

-‘Which goes to the third thing I have to tell you. Yes, I grounded Manny, but in my defence, he was giving me gyp and-

-‘What does that even mean, giving you gyp?’

‘*In this case, it means he was asking for it*, -and that you’ve got to have *some* fun with your work. But for the proper English impaired like yourself mate, gyp means being bothered or cursed by gipsies and generally means something or someone getting right on your tits, like Manny was doing with me, so like I said, *asking for it*’.

‘Look I know he’s all wrath and smity looking, what with the cheekbones, and the wings, and the eyes, but he won’t smite me so easily, he’d see it as a personal failure … Although having said that, when I was releasing him from the binding spell, it might have become apparent I was lying and could have reversed the spell anytime I wanted. I saw it in his eyes then, -there was definitely this moment when he thought, *sod heaven’s rules, I’m having him!*’
‘Lucky for me there were more pressing matters, like stopping the insane doctor-veteran we were fighting who just so happened to be possessed by the power of a wizard so evil god himself did him in, from causing any more havoc by having Manny use his divine power to cart the poor sod off to heaven’.

‘Long story short, don’t worry about Manny being miffed with me mate. I’m in no more trouble for helping out your mate Sara then I always am with him’.

‘I tell you, it’s a strange life’, Constantine sighed, draining his glass and sliding it across for a refill. ‘The other me I met told me he got in a bad way and topped himself as a teenager, and too bad for him he was resuscitated by pesky paramedics with a mortal sin of suicide on his soul. Fast forward and like me, he’s fighting the good fight, and like me, he has an Angel he talks to regularly who’s mostly a pain in his ass. Here’s the kicker, it all ends up with Satan himself
literally putting his hands inside his chest and ripping cancer out of his lungs to save him from heaven of all things’.

-‘Strange to think he got it and I haven’t even though we’ve both been smoking around 2 packs a day since we were lads’.

-‘Anyway, so he slits his wrists because Satan told him he would come up to get his ass personally when his time came’.
‘So, Satan’s literally dragging him to hell for dramatic effect and, heaven finally figures it actually owes him for stopping the literal antichrist in the next room from walking its way out of an innocent woman who happened to be a friend of his. -But Satan is not having a bar of him going to heaven because he wants his arse in hell, so he can stick a nice red-hot poker up it. -No surprise, bit of a sadist that Satan-. Anyway, heaven does stop Satan bagging him, but the way other me tells it they weren’t invested, otherwise they would have taken his soul to heaven rather than letting the devil cure him, so he could, inevitably in our line of work, rack up another mortal sin and end up facing hell again. Which, he says is what they want because the sanctimonious tossers don’t want him in their little heaven club any more than Satan does’.

‘I mean anyway you look at it, the one thing both sides actually agree on in completely different Earths, with completely different versions of me, is neither side wants us in heaven, I mean, Manny’s wrath-filled lectures are the heavenly equivalent of a slap on the wrist for a hardcore repeat offender. It means nothing, other than that I get to keep racking up as many sins as possible and end up in hell been bloody tortured for the rest of my existence. Like I said mate, it’s a strange life’.

He knew what living a strange life was like and could relate, although Constantine’s life was a lot stranger than his. No matter, because any friend willing to risk the wrath of actual Angels just to help him fix his friend’s mistake was worth keeping around. Although he suspected the real reason he kept up his friendship with Constantine was simply that he liked him. In some ways being with Constantine reminded him of being with Tommy.
The barman went to pour him another drink when Constantine slid both their glasses across and he clumsily snatched his glass back turning it upside down, telling the barman with actions if not words, which were becoming something of a difficulty, that he was cutting himself off. He had no idea how long they had been sat drinking the apparently bottomless bottle of aged single-malt scotch, *just that he felt it had been at least a year.*

‘Ah, mate, don’t feel bad’, Constantine grinned at him. ‘Many a poor sod will tell ya, it’s a fool’s errand to try to drink a Scouser under the table. Ah but you did well mate, give us yer glass. *Bar Keep!* Put soda and ice in my good man’s scotch this time, that’ll make it fairer on him!’

‘No’ he managed to object, impressed that he could even form the word or talk at all as he insisted, ‘don’t water it down’. -*He wasn’t about to have Constantine thinking he was a flyweight when he’d out-drank hardened Russians in the Bratva without getting hammered-, ‘give it to me neat’.

‘That’s the spirit!’ Constantine grinned, -*You heard him Barkeep, pour him another real man’s drink!’*

The barman, he’d learned, was *grudgingly* pouring them free drinks to repay Constantine for apparently ridding his pub of a group of Sirens tempting his customers the previous week. To hear Constantine tell it, the Sirens had been *very* good for business, *up until the drained bodies of men had started piling up that was.*

Their umpteenth glasses of neat Scotch magically slid across to their hands and Constantine snatched his up, nodding to the barman before turning to him and raising his glass in a toast. ‘To you Ollie mate’ he grinned, downing his drink in one go and slamming it down for a refill so he wouldn’t see the empty bottom of the glass -*all before he’d even finished raising his own glass in response!* He didn’t even *try* downing his own drink, he just took a little, *because he was pretty sure he was starting to lose sensation in his legs.* Apparently, he could handle his Vodka a lot better than he could handle his Scotch.

‘Aww, there’s no shame in nursing it mate’ Constantine grinned, stretching and putting his arm around his shoulder. ‘I’m just glad you’re still with me, not a lot of people can hold their liquor like you Oliver Queen. Have to say I like that in a man’. He moved closer, ‘you know, we have a connection you and me Oliver. I knew it back when we first met. Us meeting was fate, destiny, preordained, whatever you want to call it. Point is it was meant to happen, we were supposed to meet, and we were supposed to save each other’s lives. -Don’t you think that means the universe itself wants us to get closer mate, you know, *without our clothes on?’*
-And there it was. The complicated part of their relationship, -Constantine was forever hitting on him.
‘Constantine, we've talked about this. The answer is and always will be no. Now take your arm off me and quit trying the arm-stretch date routine’.

‘Oh come on, it was working, admit it’.

‘No it wasn’t’.

‘We were finally about to kiss there Ollie mate, I could feel it’.

‘No we weren't, and I'm surprised you can feel anything. I think I've gone completely numb, and I think my legs have gone to sleep’.

‘...Hmm, there's a possibility I'm feeling the same way myself... ah bollocks. -

-They're gone’.

‘What?’

‘My legs mate, gone. I'm embarrassed, I swear this has never happened to me before’.

Constantine always seemed completely immune to embarrassment, but he looked so sheepish it made him do something that up until that point he was pretty sure he was physically incapable of doing, -he started giggling. Barry would have been proud.

‘It's nothing to laugh about’ Constantine sulked. ‘The drink must have been magically enhanced. You know, as in you say you want to get bladdered and end up pissing yourself, or legless and your legs fall asleep, or blind drunk or rat faced and, well you get the idea. It gets you super drunk with super side effects. This is bloody terrible! This stuff takes donkey's years to wear off. No wonder he just kept on pouring. If you owe a favour and know the right spell the drink just keeps on replicating until the favour is paid! The bloody cheapskate, the least he could have done is pour us the good, real non-magical stuff.
-Ah well, free booze is free booze I suppose, and since I've not pissed meself and I can still see, and I don't currently have a rat for a face, it's all good as you American types say.

-Right, Barkeep! I've decided to let you off and not get back at yer like you deserve by, I don't know, inviting a group of ghouls here to scare off what's left of your punters. So if yer know what's good for yer, you'll pour us another drink right quick. I can practically see the bottom of this glass, it's bad luck! Get more Scotch in there, fast!

‘Not bloody likely’ the Barman refused, ‘you said yourself you can't feel your legs. That means the debts paid. If you want more drink you can bloody well pay for it!’

‘You cheeky blighter!’ Constantine snarled, ‘I don't give a monkeys who you think you are! Look at yer, the former great one himself reduced to running a magical sanctuary and a pretty lousy one at that since half your punters got eaten by Sirens here just last week! And yer using cheap tricks serving innocent people like me fake booze on top! You won't have a customer left when I spread the word -oh would you look at that tasty bit of alright!’ Constantine was instantly distracted by the beautiful barmaid leaning forward collecting Crystal glasses, the action giving him a good view of her cleavage in her tightly corseted deep green velvet dress, which was a dramatic backdrop to her striking orange-red hair and alabaster skin. -'You know Ollie mate, I bet she's been eyeing me up all night, and now she's clearly just showing off her ample wares to me. Yep, I think I'm in there! Quick she's coming this way, try to look less handsome would yer, I don't need you upstaging me. Alright, here I go'.

Constantine tried to straighten up and leer at the barmaid as she walked by, but when he opened his mouth to no doubt deliver some cringe-worthy pickup line, what came out in a forlorn tone was, ‘please help us love, I can't feel me legs’.

That made him laugh giggles at Constantine even harder. The barmaid glared at Constantine unimpressed snapping in an aggrieved -what did your last slave die of- tone, ‘well what's wrong with your brawny boyfriend here? Why can't he help you?’

He'd stopped laughing giggles abruptly and Constantine started howling with laughter, tears streaming down his face as the barmaid gave them both a look of exasperation and left muttering about lousy drunks who didn't know when to call it a night.

‘Oh Ollie mate’ Constantine wailed with mirth, ‘you should have seen your face when she thought you were me bird, -god I wish I had a camera!’

Bird? Was that British talk for chick? ‘Are you calling me your girlfriend you son of a b-

-'Oi-Oi mate, this is a family-friendly, hidden, invitation only sanctuary for all sorts of unsavoury magical types. We can't very well have you sullying the place with your crass American talk now can we! -And for the record I'm not calling you me bird, I'm saying, she was calling-

-He shoved Constantine mid-sentence and he went down like a sack of potatoes sprawling on his back, still crying with laughter.

‘Now look ere Constantine’ the Barman growled, turning his attention from the 7-foot razor thin lizard looking man slouching out of view that he'd been in a huddled conversation with. ‘Where the bleedin heck has that boy gone too? ... Oh, down there. Get up off the floor lad, you don't half look a right prat! -Now you better listen here boy and listen good'. The barman's tone was suddenly, -stand the hairs on the back of the neck up- dangerous, but Constantine, who was struggling to pull himself up to sit at the bar didn't seem to notice the sudden dangerous shift in the barman's demeanour. ‘You don't go round telling no one them sirens ate any of my punters on my premises
do you hear? What them birds chose to do to men daft enough to chase after em outside of my establishment is no concern of mine. I just didn't care for them dumping the bodies here and marking my territory'.

The barman's eyes began to glow as if magical, but unlike Constantine's vivid mesmerising gold, they were pure flames and he looked absolutely menacing for a moment before the flames in his eyes receded. ‘You’, he pointed a long, suddenly black claw-tipped finger at Constantine, his hand suddenly gnarled and scaled in appearance as if it wasn't human. ‘You were only supposed to serve them a magical rescind of their invitation, not bloody kill them. You're a menace child’. The barman spat. His entire face starting to shift and change into something resembling a... he wasn't even sure what!

‘I should have never asked you to help, more fool me for thinking you could handle a simple job without causing chaos! Now I have a Siren leader on my case looking for her missing sisters and Dagon knows what else to deal with! -All because you don't know how to behave like a flipping grown up instead of a petulant child always banging on about how Demons are evil. There apparently not so bad if you think you can use one to shag your way out of a gambling debt, are they? So you can just shut yer trap!’

‘You bloody Dragons and your flaming tempers’ Constantine grumbled.

‘I haven't transformed into a Dragon in years, and I'm not about to start over being annoyed by the likes of you, yer dozy blonde twat’.

‘Words hurt mate, and I'll still thank yer to settle down. You're scaring my American friend here. Probably never seen a dragon in his life before and -wait a minute how do you know about me shagging Imelda? No one's supposed to know about that'.

‘Give over. Everyone knows about that. Not least of all because she was in here a few months back slagging you off saying that she's had better’.

‘Well explains how Manny knew I'd shagged her if she's going around telling everyone. I actually thought it was because he'd been spying on me. Probably looking for tips. Since he shagged a bird when I stuffed him in a human body he's been all out of sorts about it, probably blew his trumpet well before time if you catch my meaning. -As for Imelda, she wishes she had better’.

‘Yer. She does. I think that's the point lad’.

‘Eh? I showed her the best night of her life, despite her glamour not working properly on me so I had to deal with the slime and the rotten smell. But I still rose to the occasion and performed like the master I am, because be it magic or shagging, I am a professional man of my craft after all’.

‘Yeah I've heard that about you. How you got by when you were a youngster no? Before you fell in with the magic crowd and wound up stateside’.

‘Yer. I'm not ashamed of it. When I left home I was just a skinny lad without two brass farthings to rub together. I was in real danger of starving, I had to rustle up grub somehow while trying to keep out of sight of the damn bizzies who were always just dying to round up us delinquents and shove us in a youth home, where we'd be bloody worse off than where we ran from in the first place! -So as a former professional and current legend of my craft I'm not having anyone slagging off my skills in bed! Especially not slimy hybrids like her. -Who I'm saying again for the record. I showed the time of her life’.

‘Get away! You don't have the stones to take her on and win! -How could you? You're just a daft lad, she's 11 thousand years old that one, and she likes putting it about besides as well she should.
-Of course she's had better than you Lad. Do you know she once shagged an entire Greek army, switched genders and then shafted the opposing side? By morning she'd worn both armies out and they were too knackered to fight and went home. One way to stop a war I suppose. -Look, you're reputation as a connoisseur of shagging notwithstanding, you were out of your league with that one boy. Just be thankful you got out alive’.

‘I've never been out of any one’s league’.

‘I get it. You're easy’.

‘Not what I meant’ Constantine grinned, ‘but yeah I am, and bloody proud of it an all’.

‘Speaking of being easy, I have to say, your fella here isn't your usual type. Handsome enough but a bit on the burly side no? I thought you liked your lads a bit more your own size’.

‘He's an exception. Look at him. Anyone in their right mind would climb him like a tree’.

‘I'll drink to that lad’.

‘Me too’.

‘Not without flaming paying you won't!’

‘Oh come on’.

‘Tell you what, you're fella is pure Viking descended, I can smell it, not many of those knocking about these days. I'll do you a deal, you trade us a little of his flesh and blood and a real drink is yours free of charge, now I can't say fairer than that can I lad’.

‘I might consider it, if you pour us a glass of that prized Dalmore single-malt Scotch’.

‘You're having a laugh ain’t yer! He's pretty your fella and his blood smells good, but he's not Dalmore pretty. No one is that pretty or has flesh and blood that good! I'm telling yer, even if that hybrid Elve whatshisname came in here? You know the one, likes to live on your world, married some Fae Queen's daughter and had a bunch of what would you call em? -Tribred kids with her, causing that inter Fae skirmish. Luckily for the humans, Fae don’t like getting their pretty selves ruffled or wrecking up the place, so both sides traded a few rather polite insults from what I hear, blessed all the kiddies, then sodded off back home. Oh what is his name again… Chad something?’

‘Are you on about Brad Pitt?’

‘Yeah Lad, that's the one. I'm useless with pretend human names. Well, even if he came in here
with his ageing glamour dropped, offering his Viking-Elve blood, which is about as rare as it gets, even he still wouldn't get a free glass of Dalmore!-

-Best I could offer him is a slight discount and he'd have to skin and drain himself to get that besides!'

‘Never did see the fuss about Brad Pitt meself. I'm not too bothered with blokes who are prettier than most birds, but I do make an exception for Ollie here’.

Constantine and the barman cracked up laughing like a couple of jerks and a mixture of rage and apprehension spiked through him. Rage because they were talking about him as if he wasn't sitting right here! -And Apprehension because the barman's laugh was suddenly exposing lengthy razor-sharp looking teeth Even so, he was just too pissed in terms of both rage and alcohol to care! They were both just lucky the barman had magic-hidden his bow because it had apparently been making creatures in the bar nervous. As things stood, the only thing resembling a weapon to hand was a miniature plastic novelty ice-pick displayed proudly on the bar with a message mocking anyone thinking of asking for ice.

-They were still laughing! If they didn't stop he was going to kick both their smug asses. ... And if that failed because his legs weren't exactly working right now, then he'd just have to start throwing magic Crystal glasses and just hope the delicate looking things were actually lethal when smashed! Either way, Constantine and his creepy monster friend were going to get what was coming to them if they didn't knock it off!

-He'd had enough of all the weird for one night! -If he had his Bow he would have already put an arrow in both of their smug faces. See how pretty they thought he was then! -And screw the witnesses and the threat of being eaten by the Dragon-barman!-
-It wasn't like some magical creature disguised as a human could report him for assault with a deadly weapon at a mystical pub sanctuary, that couldn't be found unless you were invited.

-And all things considered an arrow to the face was the least Constantine and the dragon-barman deserved! No one tried trading his literal flesh and blood for frigging drink!

Not if they wanted to live!
He punched Constantine in his grinning face and he went down like a ton of bricks, which satisfied.

-‘Now now lads!’ The barman objected, ‘I don’t care how sweet you two shirt-lifters are on each other, absolutely no brawling in my establishment! Take it outside!’

‘Shirt-lifters!’ he repeated in disbelief.

Constantine, who’d satisfyingly landed on his face, turned over wailing with laughter and his satisfaction over punching him disappeared.

‘Do I need to translate that one for yer mate? -or do you get what he means?’

He got it. -And he was going to kick Constantine's ass for laughing about it, -as soon as his legs started working again!

The Barman tsk-tsked and came out from behind the bar. He thought he caught a glimpse of clawed feet and a tail, but when he blinked they were gone as the barman hauled Constantine to his feet, divested him of his coat for some reason, poured a smoky looking liquid down his throat, and deposited him on a chair with a bottle of what he'd like to assume was actually scotch this time instead of mystical poison but didn't dare. -Not that Constantine seemed to mind, as looking worse for wear he raised whatever the drink was to him in a toast-

-and downed it straight from the bottle.

The Barman went back behind the bar and he definitely saw a long glowing tail disappearing around the corner this time!

‘Drink it’ the barman snapped, slamming a Crystal glass of the same smokey looking liquid he’d given Constantine in front of him.

‘Oooh me legs are back as well as other lower parts all raring to go mate’ Constantine grinned, ‘as side effects go this is not an unpleasant one. In fact, the best drink ever! Drink up Ollie. -Or don’t you want to get your legs back this month? I told you, this stuff takes Donkey's years to wear off on its own. We'll still be plastered for hours this way as it is, but at least we'll be able to actually walk our shirt-lifting selves outside now!’

It was time to go was all he could think, not least of all because he did not like the way the Barman was looking at him, his nose changing shape, flattening and getting larger, nostrils flaring as he
breathed him in. As if his flesh and blood had become less of a suggested trade and more of dinner plans. -But leaving wouldn't happen without working legs, so he downed the smokey silvery substance, which tasted like warm honey and set the drained glass on the bar where it disintegrated leaving glittering dust and swirling smoke at his fingertips.

The sensation returned to his legs almost instantly, along with an unwanted tingling in his groin. The look on Constantine's face said that was clearly the best part for him and he sighed because - could this night get any weirder?

‘Thanks for the aphrodisiac’ Constantine grinned at the barman, ‘can't say as I need it, I'm always on me, but it's appreciated just the same!’

‘Well I thought your fella here might appreciate it... maybe he'd even be inclined to-

-‘Give you a go on him?’

‘Not me you dozy twat, you. I've no interest in having a go on your fella or any member of your species. You're kind are fragile, mostly highly flammable, and only come in the two genders, where's the fun in that? No. I want his flesh, his blood-

-‘And we're leaving’ he hissed hauling Constantine up out of his chair.

‘If you ever change your mind’ The Dragon-Barman drawled.

‘I won't’ he hissed behind clenched teeth.

‘I was talking to your little blonde Mage, not you Okvar Quenskaurd’.

‘My name is-

-‘Your real name child, who you really are is Oliver Queen's Guard. If Dragons know one thing it is destiny. You and I, much like you and your little Mage friend were destined to meet and will meet again. Until then. Live, fight, and die with honour young Okvar’.

‘Live, fight, and die with honour heralded Dragon Lord. May the blessing of Daiygon be always upon your head’ shot out of his mouth in instant reply. What the hell did he just say? -And who the hell was Daiygon?!!!

The Dragon-barman, who he suddenly felt he knew smiled at him, exposing his lethal-looking teeth again, and he hauled Constantine up harder, dragging him towards where he could have sworn the door had been but he couldn't see it! -Did he have to be led out by an invited as well as in?

‘And what the bleedin heck do you think you're playing at?’

The barmaid was in front of them, hands on hips, leaning forward and giving Constantine another eyeeful of ample cleavage that had him grinning from ear to ear. Again he seemed to want to say something suggestive, but what came out of his mouth in a forlorn tone was, ‘my coat, he took my coat, it's my superhero cape, give us it back love’.

The balled up coat came sailing at Constantine's head at speed as if the Barman had thrown it, but then it mysterically slowed and the next thing he knew it was just on him. Constantine grinned at him his head suddenly lolling to the side, then he passed out cold.

‘You see. You're going nowhere with him legless like that! He drank twice as much as you did and
right now he only thinks the stuff he drank to sober him up is working. Truth is it will take a few more minutes. -So as much as you might want to sweep him up and carry him over the threshold all bride like, if you actually want to leave he has to lead you out, as in with his own two feet flat on the floor, so quit being the world's doziest boyfriend and put him down’.

He realised his hauling had become more of a fireman's carry at some point during the conversation and lowered Constantine into the nearest chair. ‘I am not his boyf- something was wrong he realised as he straightened up. The entire pub was suddenly empty and silent. When the hell had everyone left? His level of situational awareness routinely saved his life, giving him the upper hand against even superhuman opponents, the first thing he should have noticed was an entire pub emptying around him! But he could have sworn people, well magical creatures were around just moments ago. Was it magic? Had they all just vanished?

The barmaid was moving closer he realised, suddenly noticing she wasn't human either. Tiny gold and black horns had started poking out of her flaming red-orange hair, and her now razor sharp teeth as she slowly grinned at him looked lethal enough to make a shark feel inadequate. They were in danger, He could feel it! -And he didn't know where the barman had magicked his bow!

Pretending not to notice what was happening he assessed the situation, confirming the barman was now a few feet behind him. They were being flanked.

The barman and the barmaid were talking to each other he realised, their voices now indistinguishable from each other as they spoke in a language he didn't know and yet could inexplicably understand.

‘We should wait, this is not the time. We are set to meet again’.

‘The chance is now we should take it. Have we not waited long enough?’

‘Even ones such as us cannot bend destiny to our will, what will be must be’.

‘This is not an attempt at such. This is recognising the hand of destiny in delivering Okvar to us. A living warrior of the blood who has fought well and accepted the mead we gave in oblation. All the rituals have been observed. Now, all that remains is for Okvar to die well. A worthy death befitting a warrior is his right’.

A look passed between the Dragons and he braced himself to fight. Constantine was out of commission so he had to fight and protect him. The two on one factor was nothing he faced multiple attackers all the time, but he'd never faced Dragons. He had to assume he was at a power disadvantage. -Speed, agility, and ranged attacks were his best option while he tried to wake Constantine. Hopefully, Constantine could get his bow back, combined with his magic they might stand a chance of making it out of this alive as they had earlier with the Demon King.

-He feinted back presenting himself as a moving target while drawing the fight away from Constantine. If he could get closer towards the bar he could draw the dragons into a head-on attack rather than having them circle him. The bar could also provide some cover and the bottles could be used as weapons as he kept for the bar he spotted a few knives, probably used to cut limes. They were small but looked sharp and could serve as ranged and close combat weapons if he could get to them and any liquid he could throw on Constantine to hopefully bring him round -he suddenly felt intense heat on the back of his neck and spun around to find the Barmaid was inches in front of his face, when had she -flames were dancing inside her opening mouth. He was going to die-

-The door suddenly appeared out of nowhere as it literally blew off its hinges. An absolutely livid looking Manny stood on the other side glaring at them, his unusual eyes practically aflame with rage.
‘Why do you test my patience human?! You call me here, to this sordid place, where the repugnant beasts of the earth commit their vile congress!’

‘I resent that’. The barman sounded completely mild mannered as he suddenly stood back behind the bar absently polishing a Crystal glass -as if its magical glow had anything to do with polishing, and he hadn't just been trying to kill him! -But the barman's calm was contrived, a pretence, he could see it, even if his hands weren't turning scaly again and his grip on the Crystal glass wasn't so tight it was putting deep cracks in it that were filling with orange flames.

The barmaid's features were also shifting and changing becoming less human, her formerly blue-green eyes now glowing with golden flames.

‘You will stand down Halind Skaurd, consort and former steed of the darkest one or you will die here as will your sister’. Manny turned his furious gaze to the Barmaid, ‘step aside Hesrheign and give those humans to me. It is a pity to see a former noble Valkyrie and her once noble brother, Odin's first elite, fall to this base debauchery, nothing more than peddlers of vice to the weak and the damned. Do you think Constantine's Viking can save your wretched souls? You think he can restore your honour if you fight him to the death?’

‘We know he can. He has already offered the blessing of Daiygon’.

‘Worshipping Daiygon is how you came to be cursed in the first place! You knew your false god Odin was petulant and jealous, yet you both foolishly worshipped another in secret, you brought your demise upon yourselves. Enough!’ A glowing sword appeared in Manny's hand, ‘the humans, now. I will not ask again’.

‘Even for one of your species you are young celestial. You think you know the tale of our demise? You know nothing child, so save your misplaced righteous fury. You have no right to interfere, had you not interceded the battle would have already begun. He would be dead and our honour would be restored. Now we will have to wait thanks to you’.

‘What's going on?’ Constantine sat bolt upright so fast it might have been comical if they weren't in imminent danger of being eaten. ‘Oh Ollie mate, what are you doing here so early in the morning? Did we finally spend the night together? Breakfast then? I'll make you scrambled eggs and you can tell me how amazing and fantastic I was... I'm not saying we were so bladdered last night I can't remember... but my memory could use a jog’.

‘We haven't left the pub’ he whispered low and urgent, ‘pay attention and follow my lead, the only reason we're both still alive was Manny interrupted after they decided to kill me’.

‘Kill you? Who was trying to bloody kill you? What are you on about? -Wait, Manny? Bullocks! This has gone tits up!' -I mean nice of you to drop by mate, didn't think this was your kind of
establishment.... can I get you a drink? I can't speak to the Scotch actually being Scotch, but you should be alright with a soda water... just... Okay, just going to stand there with a face on like a slapped arse then? Fine! If you don't want a drink what the bleedin heck are you doing here?

‘What does it look like I'm doing here?!’ Manny thundered, ‘I was summoned to save your worthless lives!’

‘Hey! What are you yelling at me for? I didn't bloody call you here of all places. What idiot would?’

‘This blasphemous lover of yours!’

‘Wait he called you?! Ollie mate, why would you do that, what the bloody hell were you thinking? Would ya invite a priest round to a junkie doss house you and all your mates were having it off in? Would yer invite your sober sponsor round when you were off yer face and doing body shots off the barmaid? Course you bleedin wouldn't! Oh you have put me right in it mate! I'm never going to hear the bloody end of this!

Manny's lot, just like a priest or addiction counsellor, are quite literally the fun police, the fastest way to kill any party dead. Although judging by the looks of it in here he wouldn't have to go far. Where's everybody gone? I've never once seen this place without any punters! -Alright, WILL SOMEONE TELL ME WHAT THE BLOODY HELL IS GOING ON?!

‘I'm guessing the place being empty has something to do with everyone not wanting to get caught in the crossfire when your Dragon friends were trying to kill me!’

‘Wait they tried to hurt you?’ A strong surge of power flared through the room, Constantine's mood shifting dramatically, his eyes glowing pure white, rage rolling off him in palpable waves of magical energy. ‘I don't know what you think you're playing at Harry-

-‘I play at nothing. My sister and I intended to fight Okvar to the death. And my true name is Halind’.

‘Halind? As in... Well, well. I knew you were a Dragon Lord of old, but I had no idea you were the Dragon Lord of old. -But here's the thing mate. I don't stand on ceremony for royalty me, just ask Ollie here what happened when a Demon King started giving himself airs around me earlier, I stuffed his arse in a hell portal that's what happened, and I'll do exactly the same thing to you! So for your sake, you better not look twice at him again or else!’.

‘I do not doubt your resolve child. Do not doubt ours. We will meet Okvar on the field of battle and on that day, he will die’.

I won't let you lay a claw on him. You keep calling him Okvar instead of Oliver, sounds like some old-timey version of his name, so I'm guessing this is about one of them dragon blood debts or some such bullocks. Well I don't care what your problem is with him, and like I told you earlier I don't care who you think you are. So you best listen to what I'm telling you mate. -You can call him what you like, Oliver, Okvar, little orphan Annie, I don't give a toss so long as you understand this. That man, standing there, is under my protection. If you want him you have to go through me, and let me tell yer’, Constantine snarled lowering his head, his expression one of pure violence as his glowing eyes shifted colour becoming a deep crimson red, ‘you do not want to try going through me’.

The room exploded into chaos, Crystal glasses shattering on tables, gold ornaments turning molten and melting, wind smashing into the room with a malevolent destructive force, decimating everything in its path. Constantine's feet began to lift from the floor and he rose in the air, his coat
billowing like the superhero cape he'd claimed it was, electricity arcing off his hands exploding the lights in the pub. He could hardly believe this was his friend. Right now he seemed as utterly terrifying as Manny, the Demon King, and the Dragons.

-His didn't belong here, was his sudden thought as Constantine began to chant, his voice splintering becoming inhuman. He wasn't supernatural or a meta. He was just an excellent archer who was good in a fight. The walls began to crack and the ground began to shake as Manny's eyes widened in disbelief and horror.

‘Constantine stop!’ Manny bellowed over the horrible roaring din, that sounded like nothing he'd ever heard before, ‘calm yourself you don't know what you're doing! -I cannot allow you to unleash Underverse on this realm! Do not make me strike you down!’

-The barmaid was instantly in mid air in front of Constantine blowing a silvery looking dust into his face. Constantine froze and the room was suddenly… normal. Everything was where it had been before as Manny's agitated gaze darted around the room. -‘Forget’ the barmaid whispered, blowing gold then red dust into Constantine's face.

‘You see Celestial’ the barman drawled, his calm tone belied by his scaled hands, laboured breathing and distorting features, flames glowing inside his mouth as he looked at Constantine who was now stood on the ground unmoving as a statue. ‘The Danger has passed and your precious mortal weapon has not been harmed. My sister has merely placed temporary paralysis, forgetting, and intoxication spells upon him, necessary to calm his spirits. We know what that child is capable of when enrag ed even if he, and apparently you do not. That is why we bespelled him to Dragon slumber so as not to involve him in our fight with Okvar. And upon our victory would have blessed him with forgetting he ever knew such a friend to both spare his pain and prevent the unleashing of his true self. It was your disruption of the magic binding him by breaking in here that is the cause of that nearly happening! You have none to blame for this child's loss of control but yourself’.

But How? Manny muttered agitated. Loud thunder rumbled overhead, lightning crashing into the room and sparkling off the glowing sword of pure light in Manny's hand. -And if he thought Manny looked enraged before… ‘How can he even speak the incantation to locate Underverse much less open a portal? My people have been trying and failing to do both since time immemorial. -But there was no mistaking the energy from the attempts that came close, it was Underverse. How can some mortal weapon have the key to unlocking its power and mysteries when the heavenly chorus have failed?’

‘Mortal weapons are rare and powerful’, the barman glanced over at Manny, ‘they can do extraordinary things, reach heights of power that immortals struggle to reach over their long existence. But as is the way with mortals, mortal weapons lives are short, they burn so brightly they soon burn out’. The barman busied himself polishing Crystal glasses as if dismissing Manny's presence.

-'Manny!’ Constantine suddenly sprung into life, ‘what the bleedin heck are you doing here?!'

Manny's orange eyes narrowed dangerously. ‘You have been blighted by Dragon magic. I already told you why I'm here! Your blasphemous lover summoned me to-

-'What you called him, here, of all places! Ollie mate, what have you done to me? -I'm never going to hear the bloody end of-

-'We're not doing this again’ he snapped, noting Constantine seemed to be his usual mouthy self, not the levitating spectre of moments ago, exploding with power so monstrous it even had Manny
‘Doing what again Ollie mate? \textit{What are you on about?}’

‘Apparently you'll remember soon. In the meantime, \textit{and} for the record, \textit{I did not summon him here!} I don't even know where \textit{here} is, much less know how to summon an Angel!’

‘Oh it's not actually difficult mate, you just call or even think his name. Either way he never bloody answers but that's beside the point. -And if he says you summoned him you must have, why else would he be here? I can only assume that really was one Scotch too many for yer, and \textit{that} that made you miss the glaring \textbf{NO SANCTIMONIOUS WANKERS ALLOWED} sign on the way in \textit{or you wouldn't have done!} -Oh well, never mind all that now because you're missing the most important thing mate, you know, that blasphemous lover bit, \textit{Manny just called you me bird an all!} See everybody already thinks we're shagging, it's another sign from the universe so go on, \textit{give us a go on yer mate!}’

-Constantine collapsed into drunken laughter and he resisted the urge to drop him on the floor as he hoisted him up again dragging him to the door wondering just what was in that "Oblation mead". Whatever it was he was beginning to feel it didn't mix well with the gallons of so-called Scotch he'd consumed or the adrenaline coursing through his veins from almost being burned alive by murderous dragons.

-And they weren't out of danger yet! The Barmaid \textit{clearly} still wanted the chance to fry him as they went past! Her razor-sharp teeth were bared, her eyes aflame, streaks of bright orange fire escaping her mouth and nostrils.

‘Stand down Dragon’ Manny spat furiously, intricate silver and gold script suddenly swirling around the sword, it's bright glow intensifying as he pointed it at the barmaid in warning, her face distorting further as she stared at the sword enraged. ‘You know this blade Hesrheign. It is famous among you Valkyrie is it not? Crafted to mete out punishment to those deemed unworthy of Valhalla. Dying from it's cut curses those it wounds to suffer their worst fate for eternity. For you and you this means there will \textit{never} be any hope of restoring your honour’.

‘\textit{Move again, and I will use it}’.

\textbf{Chapter End Notes}

For those worrying about when we get back to the hotness that is Oliver and Barry, fear not, what's happening now is important to what's coming next, (no moderately dirty and completely juvenile pun intended, unless it's funny, -then pun intended). All I'm saying is \textit{stay with me here people!} A little waiting makes it all the more delicious when it happens... at least that's what I tell myself when my corsets are getting a little snug, -well snugg-er than their already restrictive nature intended, and it's time to lay of the sugar, and gasp, sob, exercise... still in a corset of course. What O-o? exercise is no excuse for dressing down, this ain't no casual Friday! ;D

\textbf{curiobi @~.~@}
'If you value your life Celestial, you will not point that sword at my sister again. As for you Constantine, it goes without saying that you are barred'.

'I'm what! Over a little love tap between friends? -Give over'.

'When the spell wears off you will understand, or as I might have said to you in the past, you're not stopping here you dozy little twat. But the time for pretence is over. We have known you were the path since your birth child, and here, you have brought us what we need just as you were destined to do. For that, we blessed you with sacred mead and sought to spare you witnessing what must be done, but we are under no illusions about you child, you are kindred, born of chaos, bred of fire too much for a mortal. Your years are too short to balance your power. You must not allow rage to consume you lest you doom many and further blight your soul'.

'What the bleedin hell are you going on about? Have you been at the source Harry? -Ollie’ he whispered loudly, teetering on his feet as he held him up, ‘I think he's been necking some of the stock!’

'We bless you child. Now take your arrogant little celestial and the one who will restore our honour and leave'.

'Wha-

-An invisible force pushed them out of the door. The pub disappeared into thin air leaving him standing on a busy street and facing a furious Angel for the second time tonight.

‘I should smite you both where you stand and have done with it’ Manny spat as Constantine lollled beside him as he hoisted him up trying to keep him upright, while he tried to stand tall, refusing to cower even in the face of a wrathful Divine presence. ‘I would rather accept heaven's Judgment for striking a mortal down than have to deal with you or him. So you tell your stupid drunk git he can expect a visit from me as soon as he sobers up -and he's not going to like it!’

Manny vanished, and he did the only thing he could and hailed a cab, bundling a drunk chuckling Constantine into the back seat.

After a few minutes of driving Constantine suddenly stopped laughing, and started wincing and rubbing his forehead. ‘Oh Mate, does my head hurt, what has been going on? The last thing I remember I drank that silver stuff and most of a bottle of something pretending to be premium scotch, then nothing until…. wait was Manny… Oh no, bits and pieces are starting to come back to me, he was at the pub, banging on about… something, it's all a bit fuzzy to be honest, but I remember him yelling something about you calling him to save us from… something’.

‘I will say it again. I did not call him’.

Constantine shrugged, ‘well he seems to think you did, and trust me that is not a good thing, so do yourself a favour and keep well out of it. They have their own agenda that lot and it's not to help any of us believe me’.

‘Speaking of which, he said to tell you-

-‘That he's going to give me a right bollocking when he next sees me? yeah well he can stuffed. I
don't care what he has to say about me knocking about in a sanctuary pub, it's none of his-
Constantine's eyes began to glow, his expression turning murderous, -I will swing for those too!
Driver! Turn this car back around! I'm having them Dragons!'

'Just ignore him driver, he's had a few too many and just remembered he got screwed by pool
hustlers from a, um, gang calling themselves the Dragons, sorry about that. -Constantine settle
down!’ he hissed under his breath as soon as the driver turned his attention back to the road, ‘this is
exactly why that Dragon-woman put that drunk-forgetting spell on you in the first place. I only
wish it had lasted until we got back to the hotel. - If you really want to remember something, try
the part where you completely freaked out and she had to magically sedate you before you quote
unleashed undervese’.

'Before I what! Ollie, mate, don't believe everything shady Dragons trying to kill yer say. Trust me,
there's no such place’.

'It was Manny who said it not the Dragons’.

‘Funny. Never really took him for the joking type’.

'He wasn't joking, he was… rattled, he even threatened to strike you down if you wouldn't stop. I
think the barmaid may have saved your life by stopping you. Although I doubt that was her
intention’.

Constantine turned to look at him, and with their faces so close together he could see there were
streaks of amber, red, gold, and purple in the changing glow of his eyes’.

‘Manny's not exactly trustworthy either’, Constantine whispered, at least that's what it sounded like
he said, but his lips were moving to something that seemed to be, ‘You're a right tasty bit of
Handsome Queen and you know it, so give us a kiss’.

'I don't want to -wait a minute, were you just using a SPELL on me?!!'

‘Chance would be a fine thing! Truth be told I've lost track of the number of spells I've tried and
failed to use on yer since we first met on that Island. I mean do you honestly think someone with
my powers has to restrain someone with flippin handcuffs?’

'I only did it because not one single incantation I murmured had any effect on yer. -Fun as cuffing
yer was in a kinkys sort of way-, I had no bleedin choice! You Oliver Queen are literally impervious
to any magic from me other than benevolent protection class spells. I just don't understand it’.

'I can't believe you've been -you know what, we have more important things to discuss, like how
you were levitating for thing, then there's the wind and fire-
‘Ollie mate, I have a fair idea but, how much did you have to drink, and did you also happen to snort a few lines of something illegal when I wasn't looking? -Because what you're going on about sounds more like an Elemental on a tear, not a mage’.

‘What's an elemental on-a-tear?’

‘On a tear meaning on a rampage, and no one's really sure what exactly an Elemental is mate, just what they can do. There linked to, and get their powers from elements, -like water, fire, air, sex-

-‘Sex isn't an element’.

‘Shows what you know Ollie mate, sex is fundamental, it's life, like air, like fire, it's vital, a must have’.

‘Those that live without it like priests and nuns might tell you different’.

‘Oh they'd like to I'm sure, but trust me their gagging for it just like the rest of us, believe me, I should know. -Oh come on Don't look at me like that, he was an ex of mine... so was she for that matter’.

‘Probably what drove them both to take the cloth in the first place’. Oliver muttered.

‘Too right Ollie mate. They both knew they could never get better than me’.

He sighed and shook his head wishing Constantine would focus what little of his mind was currently working on something other than sex. ‘So you have Elemental as well as magic powers? Is that what I saw?’

Constantine's eyebrows rose. ‘Ollie, mate, there's no such thing as an Elemental anymore. There haven't been any of them knocking about since God had his Angels hunt them all down and kill them. If you believe what you read it had something to do with them running wild, messing with all creation, and get this, giving god the collective finger when he told them to pack it in. Not ones for being told what to do elementals not even by god. So he put the Columbian necktie on the lot of them’.

‘Are you sure there aren't any Elementals left?’ -If there's one thing I've learned over the years, it's that people always think something is extinct or disbanded, only to find it's alive, well, and more often than not on a collision course with their worldview. What better way to survive a heavenly mandated culling then to hide and pretend you're dead? -Think about it Constantine, If the Angels were supposed to kill all the elementals, don't you think that puts you in danger from Manny if there is even the slightest chance of you having some of the powers of one? You didn't see his face when you went all, whatever the hell that was, but I did. And I'm telling you be careful around him from now on’.

‘Noted mate. -But for the record I've never trusted the crafty sod anyway. -And I'm not one of them, it's not possible. There's no dealing with elementals from what I've read. Their power is practically limitless and they constantly have to work at staying in balance to control it, but most don't bother, they just go off the rails, -and they've got filthy tempers besides, especially if one of their base elements is fire. -There sex mad for another thing, something to do with their connection to creation and living planets, but they're supposed to be always on it-

-‘Constantine, you do realise you're describing yourself?’

‘No, Ollie mate, I'm nothing like that, I'm cool me, suave you might say. I don't just go around messing with elements, and chucking fire about if I get miffed-
-or trying to shag anything that moves-
'Ah... Okay, listen. Look, that does sound a bit like me on paper, I'll give you that,

'But I'm telling you God himself wiped them out'.

'No, what you said was god had his Angels wipe them out'.

'Same thing'.
‘Is it? What if one or more decided not to follow orders? -Because we all know the most famous case of an Angel rebelling … Look I'm not saying you are one of these elementals. I'm saying what if there's more to the story. I mean were they human? Did they have children? Could you be descended from them?’

‘They weren't exactly human, but they weren't exactly not, at least that's what the books say. -And no chance of being descended from one. Elementals aren't born see. It's cosmic or something… as in the cosmos, if you believe in such a thing, decides who gets to be an elemental. You've No chance of being one without knowing it'.

‘Well, all I know is it felt and sounded like you were tearing the earth in half. I don't know what would have happened if that dragon hadn't used that spell to stop you’.

‘I'm a powerful Magi if I do say so myself, and one my enemies would do well not to piss off, so if that dragon bird didn't want me losing my temper then she shouldn't have been trying to kill a mate of mine! I've got precious few of them to begin with, and I'm not having er taking the piss with the few I've got left! -Oh, I've just figured out how to make them pay! a nice little internal exploding spell should do the trick, nasty stuff. Get one of those in you and whatever poor sod has to clean up after will be scraping what's left off the walls for bloody days. -Bollocks! finding them will be a trick, he barred me, it rescinds your invitation. I'll never be able to find the place again without another invited and they're few and far between. Even then that wouldn't get me through the door since I'm barred. -Mind you Manny can apparently get in without an invite, so all I've got to do is convince that tosser to bloody help me for a change, track down an invited and-

-’No. I don't want you going up against them alone’.

‘I'd be more worried about them-

-’No Constantine, you have to let this go. I get that you're a serious powerhouse when you're angry, but there are still two of them and they have the home court advantage, and if Manny was there and decided like this time, that he didn't like how powerful you'd become, then all 3 of them could attack you. I have the blood of enough friends on my hands already. I won't add yours. So let it go. People try to kill me all the time, it's an occupational hazard. I don't actually take it that personally and in the end, despite planning a deathmatch, they never actually got to lay a hand on me and we both made it out alive, so let's just call it a damn win and leave it at that’.

‘Not bloody likely mate. It's like I said, if they want to get to you they have to go through me! - Ollie, I... I'm sorry, I got you mixed up with dragons bent on fighting yer to death mate. I've known them for years and I've never once seen them bothered with humans so I never saw any risk of yer stopping by to drown a few gallons of scotch with me. I had no idea they made me an invited because they knew one day I give them the key to their sodding blood ritual’.

‘Constantine, there was... some connection with Hallind. I can't explain how, but I think I know him’.

‘Well you might have in another life or plane of existence. Things are… tricky with dragons to say the least. There not from this or any other world, dimension, or reality known to man. And their tight-lipped about where they actually came from or even what they really are. We only call them “dragons” because when they first turned up back in the arse end of time that's the name they gave for their species. Everything humans know about them is from experience. But we do know some things, which is why I can say they can't just come out of their sanctuary to get you. They can't hide what they are without powerful magic that being cursed would have stripped from them. You've seen it, their glamour barely works in their own magical establishment, it's practically impossible for them to
hide what they are outside of their pub sanctuary. Dragons are just not meant to be disguised or hidden, they're supposed to be a terrifying, flashy, fire-breathing spectacle, that's the point. -People are supposed to notice ruddy great dragons roaming about the place spoiling for a fight.

If I know my dragon history, and I do, these particular Dragons are the legendary originals. The first of their kind to come over to our world. They're also famous for being cursed by Asgardian magic, that won't allow them to escape their curse and banishment by dying an honourable death until Odin says so, and that's not likely, what with him being a cantankerous old git, and his banishments being eternal and all.

-Although, they got off lightly if you ask me. Odin is an unreasonable so-an-so by anyone’s standards. We're talking about a bloke who hung himself from a tree and plucked out his own eye. If he'll do that to himself, it's not difficult to see how he invented the Blood Eagle, one of the most brutal punishments ever invented. -
'Apparently languishing in banishment had become too much for those dragons and they thought they'd seize the opportunity when muggings here brought you to their sanctuary'.

'They seem convinced they'll get another shot'.

'If they even try stepping out of the sanctuary, they will find me at the front of the line of Asgardian enforcers waiting to kick their bloody heads in!
-Besides, unless you're planning on turning immortal there's only a certain amount of time they can actually fight you and it be considered an honourable fight or worthy death. Two legendary dragons against one human only works if you're as strong as you are now, but for us humans that can only be so many years. That was their chance and they missed it.
...Although…. I just thought of something. Dragons do see bloodlines as single, so they might not even be talking about meeting you again, they might have actually meant another of your bloodline. Halind kept calling you Okvar or something if I remember rightly? That could have been an ancestor or be a future descendant, it's all the same to them. Bloody confusing for us though! -And you can just imagine how grudges and blood debts never flippin end with Dragons?’

‘So you're saying my descendants are in danger from them?’

‘Don't worry about it mate. They're marked by me and cursed by Odin. If they get out of line again, they will face the most belligerent old Norse git there is. There's no bigger badass to have your back, -other than me, -and Freya and her battalions of Valkyrie of course. They're downright vicious them! Even Dragons don't stand a chance! So believe me mate, no matter what they try or when, you and your bloodline are covered…’

Constantine's voice drifted off, his head sliding down to rest on his shoulder as he fell asleep.

The effects of the so-called alcohol and whatever had been in that silver smoke mead were definitely getting worse. It was all he could do not to pass out himself. -As if that wasn't bad enough the driver kept shooting him unfriendly looks. Whether it was due to him assuming they were boyfriends and being bigoted enough to make a show of not liking it, -or because he'd overheard some of the conversation and thought they were both crazy, he didn't know, he just wanted him to pay attention to the damn road, not be one of those homophobic dick drivers who threw people out of the car, and not turn out to be a minion, demon, dragon, or anything else he'd have to frigging deal with tonight!
Hard Nights Work

By the time they made it to the hotel they were both half dead, less walking and more dragging each other through the lobby and into the elevator.

He would deny it if ever asked but he was pretty sure there was actually some crawling between the elevator and the hotel room door.

Getting the key card in had been *impossible.* -Not least of all because they were on the floor and couldn't reach. He was just glad none of his team had been around to witness the state he was in.

They managed to pull themselves to a sitting position with their backs against the wall opposite the door, just trying to summon the energy and sobriety to get into the room, this final hurdle seemingly *insurmountable* to their completely wasted selves as they sat there exhausted unable to move another inch.

‘My beds on the other side of that door, *which makes that door my enemy*’ Constantine muttered belligerently, his eyes glowing as he chanted, -suddenly the door exploded *silently and in slow motion,* which went right up there with the rest of the weird he had seen today!

He hoisted Constantine up dragging him through the door, which magically reformed and even locked itself as he was dragging Constantine towards the bedroom. Constantine suddenly stopped and grasped his hand, his eyes glowing as he was muttering what sounded like drunken gibberish, but he immediately started to feel a little better, and he realised Constantine had healed him a bit, clearing him of the worst effects of the magical concoctions they'd drunk. He was still pretty wasted sure, but at least he wasn't seeing triple anymore and could stand, walk, and maybe even speak without hurling, passing out or both.

-Maybe Constantine had healed him or tried to because he: couldn't use healing magic on himself, could apparently only use healing or protection magic on him, and needed one of them to be the designated sober, well, *marginally* sober companion in case one of them got magical alcohol poisoning, which, considering how much they'd drank and how sick he'd felt moments ago, had to be a likely possibility.

‘Look I'm *vulnerable* here mate’, Constantine slurred as he helped him out of his trademark Mack when it became apparent he was far too drunk to do it. ‘Don't often get that way, and I can't believe you're just going to leave me unmolested when I do. *Now that's just mean!* At least lift up your shirt like you did when I asked you to on the Island. -
- And let me get another look and feel of those side abs or whatever they're called. -You know I almost started panting the first time I saw them, *that is quite a body you have there mate*.

-Tell you what, why don't you hop into bed and give us a go on you? -Promise you'll like it. I know how to do ... *things that will make you wish I'd never stop*.

‘And yet my answer is still, *no*’.

Constantine squinted up at him drunkenly, ‘*Now I wouldn't be the first man to try to get into your kecks would I Ollie mate?’*

‘*My what?’*

‘Yer pants love, yer military khakis, I'm not the first bloke to try and get you out of them am I?’
He shook his head. *That would have been Tommy.*

‘But *would* be the first time you'd been on the receiving end?’

‘Truthfully I've never considered being on the receiving end. I'm sure it doesn't surprise you to hear being subservient isn't my thing’.

‘...So, what you're telling me is you're still a virgin?’ Constantine collapsed against him, his voice muffled against his chest, ‘Just want you to know mate, if you're trying to inflame my passions -it's working’.

*It was just about the most ridiculous thing anyone had ever said to him,* which considering his life and circle of friends was saying something, and despite the literal hell of a night they'd both had, he found he couldn't help laughing.

He back walked Constantine to the bed, and as he'd done for a seriously drunk Tommy a time or two, he sat him down kneeling in front of him and helping him take off his shoes.

‘So despite that tantalising position you're in, that's still a no on getting in here with me and letting me be the first man to show you what's what?’

‘That's a no, just as it always has and always will be. –‘Would you just give this up? At this stage, I don't even think you really want to sleep with me anymore, it's like you just don't want me thinking I'm the one that got away’.

‘Oh believe me, *I want to.* -And who said you were getting away?’

If anyone else had kept this up, he would have introduced his fist to their face, *repeatedly,* -but Constantine got away with a lot with him.

‘I know what your problem is Ollie mate. I know why you're reluctant to hop on board. It's because you heard all that about me having it off with an 11 thousand-year-old demoness who shagged two entire armies for an evenings sport and you think I probably caught something, well your wrong. I happen to know a magical spell that I like to call the Trojan that covers my horse. Keeps my best asset safe and protected with no loss of sensation for either party, best bit, *it's reusable’.*

He'd been chuckling at that nonsense when Constantine yawned -‘for future reference, just remember I'm a dirty blonde by hair and by nature, but I'm clean as a whistle where it counts. That
change yer mind? Come on, promise you don't know what yer missing out on. I'm the stuff legends are made from, me'.

'I'm okay with just taking your word for that’ He retorted dryly.

'Hold on I'm on to something here, I know what's going on. -Ollie have you been turning me down all this time because you're afraid I won't still respect you as the alpha male type you are in the morning if you let me have a go on yer? Never fear mate! Remember what I told you when we met up for drinks after I helped with Sara? I respect everyone I sleep with.

-And I do mate. Seriously. Even when it comes to cheeky demonesses I'm too much of a gentleman to shag and tell. You heard it yourself, she was the one going round telling everyone not me. -You know since we're mates I'll be happy to prove I'm telling the truth about being spectacular in bed to yer. Just so you know the truth and all, and I'll not breathe a word to that brawny best mate of yours or the bevvy of beautiful lads and lasses you're known to knock about with. No one will ever hear a word about it from me. Promise. Although you might not be able to resist telling, -yer know, best night of your life and all that’.

'Constantine, would you listen, nothing sexual is ever going to happen between us. -And again, for the record, it would not be sex right now it would be sexual assault because you're way too drunk to consent!’

'Who says I am!' ‘Constantine, how about we just get you into bed before you pass out-

-'Yes! let's get into bed, that's what I've been saying! -Glad you finally agree. Took you long enough. Well. Come on then Ollie Love’ Constantine slurred, rubbing his fingers together his eyes glowing with magic, ‘let's be having yer. I can literally take you to another world mate’.

'No, I'm fine with this one, and I've had all the magic I'm going to deal with tonight’. Constantine sprawled out on the bed on his back and muttered, ‘Cus I’m generous I’ll give you one last chance mate, no magic, you can do what you like to my defenceless body if you must. Even though I'm a top, I will make an exception in your case so long as you promise to give me a right seeing to, and I'll promise not to use magic on yer, not that I could anyway. Blimey, you have no idea how frustrating it is to meet someone you want to shag the ever living daylights out of, only to find you can use nothing out of your usual book of well-honed magical sex skills. -I mean sex without magic is... I don't even know what, I've not even tried since I was a lad and accidentally got this tasty couple so hot and bothered they caught fire. Don't worry, it was magic
fire, it didn't kill em, just made them both come so hard they passed out. Which left me free to scarper with his wallet and her car keys. I wrapped the car round a tree, too busy gloating over what I'd done to drive straight... well, that and I couldn't actually drive at the time straight or otherwise, but I thought after what I'd just done, how hard could it be? -Anyway, I escaped the crash with hardly a scratch, and 200 quid extra from his wallet on top of what he paid me to play with him and his missus. Point is, I've never looked back since. Haven't you heard the saying Ollie mate, *once you go magic, sex without it is tragic*.

Constantine grinned suggestively then suddenly yawned. ‘Can't believe I'm saying this but scratch the invitation for a bit unless all you want to do is sleep, because I think I’m about to *seriously crash*.’

‘I'll try to live with the disappointment’.

‘I know it's a let down, just do your best to cope mate’.

He shook his head part bemusement part disbelief watching as Constantine, cuddled the pillow like a lover rubbing up against it as he murmured, ‘to get 40 winks uninterrupted, oh I would love it. I normally can't get any decent kip, what with Angels, Demons, and all sorts bothering me with work and general bollocks at all hours’.

‘You want my advice Constantine, go for the sleep, it's a better use of your time than hitting on me’.

‘Look don't worry mate, quick power nap, and I'll be on top form to give you the night of your life’.

‘Really’ he replied dryly.

‘Satisfaction guaranteed every time mate, amd never you mind what that Imelda says, she's only saying it so I'll have another go. Can't get enough of me clearly’.

‘Constantine’ he sighed, ‘I'm going to say this as simply as I can *and* for the last time. Even if I suddenly wanted to try bottoming, *which I don't*, and even if you were my type, *which you're not*, getting into bed with you right now is out of the question because you literally consumed your own body weight in whatever that dragon-barman was giving us and passing off as alcohol. And even if by *some miracle* you could get it up, or more accurately lie there and take it because I'm a top and that's never going to change, -you can't possibly consent to anything when you're so drunk you can't take off your own shoes and coat without help *and would probably struggle to spell your own damn name right now*’.

‘It's a long name’ Constantine objected, ‘and some idiots spell it with a K. -And don't even get me started with the original Greek spelling, *or we'll be here til bloody Christmas*. -Also, first names actually John... not that anyone cares or really calls me that... or cares’.

Constantine fell silent and he was just about to crawl over to the couch and let him sleep it off in the bed alone when he mumbled, ‘You really came through for me today mate. That Demon King situation was bad Oliver, maybe the worst I've ever seen, and I've been doing this a long time. So thanks for helping me out and keeping me alive today, and not holding it against me that I brought you to a place where dragons have some sodding blood-beef they want to settle with yer. -Look you're a good mate Ollie, and those are difficult to find. You ever need anything, including a warm bed to sleep in, preferably with me, don't hesitate to ask’. He rolled from his back to his side mumbling, ‘I'll be there before you know it mate’ into the pillow then passed out.
... He snapped out of his memories, putting down the arrowhead he was working on and reaching for his phone.

He could only hope when he called this time, Constantine wasn't living up to his strange life and in literal hell again so he could actually take him up on his offer of help.

He needed Constantine to teach him how to safely transfer his magic to a mystical item, totem, or even person strong enough to wield it without succumbing to the dangers. -But if that wasn't possible, or the magic turned dark and couldn't be transferred or controlled, he was under no illusions about what had to happen.

*He would have to convince Constantine to put him down.*
Mercenary Magic

It would have to be made to look like a routine accident and done in such a way that it couldn't be traced back to Constantine. Above all, he had to make sure there were no repercussions for Constantine and that he didn't hold back and put a permanent end to him if it came to it.

It wouldn't be easy to talk Constantine into doing what might have to be done, to say the least. -And after everything he'd said to Barry it felt hypocritical to even be considering asking a friend to kill him, but no matter how similar their situations seemed to be on the surface, there was a fundamental difference.

Barry, at his core, was a good person. It was written all over him. Every smile, every decision, even the way Barry saw so much good in him that wasn't there was because he was essentially an innocent, a pure soul. -Nothing like the psychopathic mass murdering speed junkie Zoom, or the sociopathic killer Thawne-Wells he feared he'd become.

Bottom line. As long as Barry had people he loved and wanted to protect in this or any other world he would never turn.

Unlike Barry, He was at his core a warrior, a killer who liked killing. He'd turned years ago.

In the Bratva he'd tortured a man to death. Despite the man breaking and giving information almost instantly, he'd skinned him alive until he died for practice, to see how far the monster could go.

Even a hardened mobster like Anatoli had been horrified. Telling him what he was doing wasn't human, that he couldn't put on a hood and think he could control the monster inside him. -But he'd been foolish and arrogant enough to delude himself into believing he could separate the monster from the man with a piece of clothing. He'd gone so far with it he'd looked Tirana's devastated mother in the eye and answered her question “who killed my children?” by telling her “a monster”. -And he'd meant it. -As if saying that could actually mean someone other than him had killed both of her children with his bare hands no matter the mitigating circumstances.

-Then, in a vengeful murderous quest to Kill the man responsible for Triana being abducted and forced onto the Island, he'd ended up getting her mother killed. -How could he have thought what he was doing was for Triana when he'd failed at what would have mattered the most to her, -keeping her mother alive and safe. He should have made sure Triana's mother ran from Kovar and never looked back, instead, he'd left her vulnerable and Kovar had beaten her to death.

An entire family dead. -The blood of each and every one of them on his hands.

And while circumstances might have forced him to kill both Vlad and Triana, there were many times when he'd killed when he didn't have to. He'd killed when he could incapacitate. Executed when he could have imprisoned. And killed to keep his identity secret when he could have chosen another way.

Bottom line: He killed because he was a killer.

He'd poisoned his soul long ago.

If the magic in him turned dark, the monster he'd put on the hood to learn to control and never completely succeed would have free reign and virtually unlimited power.
That couldn't be allowed to happen.

He didn't underestimate how difficult a sell it would be to get Constantine to agree to take his life when he was so invested in saving it. Constantine had marked him with protection spells that saved his life when they first met, publicly declared he was under his protection, and quite literally gone ballistic when dragons tried to kill him. -But he would have to make Constantine understand there was no choice. If he got past the point where he could be helped, then he would have to be stopped by any means necessary.

Right. One other person to call before Constantine.

‘I thought I told you to stay away’, Caitlin snapped, finally answering, ‘that includes calling!’

‘It’s important Caitlin. I've just figured out how and why the magic affected Barry the way it did-

-‘Yeah, I already figured that out. Let's just say when I was looking for a medical explanation as to why my friend had been mysteriously intoxicated, saturated in someone else's pheromones, and for all I know permanently marked by a set of teeth, I didn't have to look much further than the magic-infested, biting Neanderthal who recently lowered his inhibitions with magic and took advantage of him’.

‘That's not what happened. The magical intoxication thing happened after the sex not before-

-‘And I'm sure to your twisted mind that makes all the difference. So. Have you figured out how to make it stop or have you just called to inform me of your pointless navel-gazing about obvious conclusions?’

‘I haven't figured out how to make it stop yet but I'm working on it. I won't transfer magic to Barry that affects his ability to heal again, you have my wo-

-‘Your word isn't worth anything to me. As for infecting Barry ever again. You're right. You won't. And since you don't have any useful information that could actually help fix what you did to Barry we are done talking’.

‘Oh and get dead soon’.

Click.

The inhuman snarl echoing in her voice on the last comment told him Caitlin had transformed into her metahuman alter ego mid-conversation like she'd almost done back at Star Labs.

When Barry sent him to see Caitlin she'd been so angry she'd used enough force to extract blood from him the puncture mark had practically been a through and through stab wound, and it was clear she was barely restraining herself from having his blood through far more violent and less survivable means.

She'd been absolutely livid about his not using a condom with Barry, and he'd been forced to take her tongue lashing about being irresponsible because she was right. -But it simply hadn't entered his head to use a condom at the time, in so much as he'd literally forgotten they existed.

With hindsight, he probably shouldn't have said that to Caitlin to explain it hadn't been a deliberate reckless decision not to protect Barry. -Or mentioned she had incontrovertible proof he was clean, so there was no risk of transmitting an STD. It had only served to turn livid into dangerous, her eyes flashing Killer Frost blue as she glared at him.
He'd been looked at by enough people who wanted to kill him to know they were about to have a problem. Her fury clearly making it difficult for her to control her murderous metahuman half, her hair and eyes starting to change colour as she was snarling, ‘that grabby possessive magic you infected Barry with is as much an STI as any other! -And I have absolutely no intention of letting you hurt Barry any more than you already have! Get out of my lab Oliver’, she hissed her voice changing to the ghostly echo of Killer Frost ‘and leave Barry alone. He deserves so much better than you’. He restrained himself from instinctively going for his weapon and left rather than engage, because an all-out deathmatch with Killer Frost was the last thing Barry or any of them needed.

What was with Caitlin and Barry anyway? He thought as he walked back to the control room to get Barry. Team baby were all very close, But Caitlin and Barry… He had to admit, he just didn't understand their relationship.

He hadn't been sure Barry even got it, -because zipping around oblivious to the hordes of people that wanted him, and being clueless to some of those people being right in front of his face was Barry's default setting-. Then Felicity told him Barry had been the one who talked Caitlin out of permanently becoming Killer Frost, even though by all accounts Killer Frost was volatile, powerful, sadistically enjoyed attacking members of the team, and had Ice powers that were lethal to a speedster.

And yet, even after climbing on top of Barry and almost freezing him to death with a kiss.
Barry had released her from the pipeline without the team's back up or knowledge, and *all but taunted her with an ultimatum*: *She could leave if she wanted to, he wouldn't fight her, all she had to do was kill him first.*

And by all accounts, *he had not been bluffing.*

Which meant, Barry would literally rather *die* than see Caitlin become evil, -or despite all the evidence to the contrary, he'd been completely sure she wouldn't be able to go through with killing him even on the verge of going fully dark. - *And he'd been right.*

Either way, Barry had been the only one able to get through to her. Every other member of the team had failed including Cisco who she supposedly favoured the most. ... Whatever was between Caitlin and Barry was clearly *very deep,* so much so it seemed to extend to her alter ego, even though it was well established Caitlin Snow and Killer Frost were two completely different
personalities who agreed on nothing. Yet both personalities were apparently in full agreement that
neither wanted Barry to have anything to do with him.

*It seemed to be a theme.*

Whichever-Wells had appeared in the endless spiral hallway and was glaring at him, as in arms
crossed, brows down, disdain. *He was in no mood after his near confrontation with Killer Frost,*
especially since Whichever-Wells was getting in his face husking in his serial-killer style whisper,
‘Oliver. I understand that you have some kind of inappropriate senpai-junior thing going on with
young Mr Allen, the problem is it's, as I just said, *inappropriate*, if not flat-out illegal. The jury's
still out on that one, which it *literally* might be when you're indicted, if not in a court of law, then
in the court of public opinion, for taking advantage of a naive young boy’.

‘What you need to do is stop this now and let him find his own way, and by that, I mean to his
future wife when he grows up. In case you don't know Allen and Iris are married on this Earth in
the future *and* on other earth's. That means they’re *destined* to be together. Any sensible, decent, or
in your case underhanded and unacceptable person might choose to steer clear of that particular
love juggernaut. The universe has a way of getting what it wants, and in no universe are you the
kind of person a nice kid like Allen should be with. If he ever decides to take up torture, and
murder, and God knows what else I've heard about you, we'll let you know, in the meantime, *stay
away*’.

He slammed whichever-Wells into the wall *and was about to ram his idiotic looking hat up his ass,*
when he was suddenly blasted backwards through what had previously been a solid wall. He had
his weapon nocked, drawn, and pointing at Cisco's creepily childlike face the moment they landed
on the other side of the breach and it took considerable restraint not to engage, especially when
every sinew in his body was itching to shoot both Cisco and whichever-Wells *multiple* times.

Realising Cisco had breached them *somewhere,* although he had no idea exactly where, inside the
large Star Labs compound, he started walking away from him *before he did something Team Baby
would regret!* -Cisco, however, in an idiotic display of refusing to choose life, hurried along beside
him yelling, ‘look Oliver man, HR is right. You need to stay away from Barry. I didn't have a
problem with you and Barry hooking up at first, then I saw just how messed up he was physically
from your magic, and if that wasn't bad enough, he froze then completely freaked out when you
showed up. It was like he was afraid of you or something. So I gotta ask man, *what the hell did you
do?’

‘Whatever happened between me and Barry is between me and Barry’ He snapped in reply. ‘All
you need to know is he has no reason to be afraid of me’.

Infuriatingly Cisco wouldn't leave it alone, trying the last of his limited patience as he scoffed,
‘yeah, what's to be afraid of? It's not like you shot him up with arrows -or are a masked vigilante
with a reputation for John Wick levels of violence or anything’

‘If that's the case’ he growled, ‘*you should know exactly what is going to happen to you if you keep
talking to me like that*’.

‘I'm not afraid of you’ Cisco yelled, flinching when he stopped walking and turned to stare him
down, ‘I have powers!'  

*’I. Don't. Care’*, he growled, ‘powers or not, if you don't take it down a notch, *right now, you are
going to get an arrow through your chest*. He might not kill him for Barry's sake, *but he would
help him realise just how big a mistake he was making by confronting him.*
'Look Oliver' Cisco placated, wisely backing up, watching his tone, and breaching them back to the part of Star Labs he'd been trying to get to in the first place as they landed in the control room. Unfortunately, whichever-Wells was in the room and started glaring at him again. -Another candidate for an arrow through the chest.

‘All I'm saying’, Cisco went on as he ignored Cisco and glared back at Whichever-Wells wondering if he even realised just how close he was to getting shot. ‘What happened with you and Barry seemed harmless at first, especially since between you and me, Barry could have used a little something-something. I mean my boy was wound tight. But you're hookup clearly went wrong, and you showing up here is just freaking him out on top of him still being affected by your magic. So now I'm telling you’, -Cisco put his palms up as he turned to glare at him-, ‘I mean asking you to stay away from him. We have to figure out how to remove your magic from his system, which is going to be impossible if you keep contaminating him, and if I know Caitlin, and I do, she will go full killer frost on you if you try to get anywhere near Barry before she cures and figures out a way to immunise him from you’.

‘I want her to figure a way to help Barry’, he snapped. ‘That's why I made sure he told her about what happened’.

‘I get that. But you're here when you don't need to be, you could have called to check on him, and we're more than capable of training him without help. I guess I'm saying it's better you're not here. Be reasonable Oliver, you have to see that until we have a working vaccine, whatever did or does happen between you is less of a romance or hook-up and more of a magical roofi-ing, and that's just not right. I can't have that man. I gotta look out for him, that's what best friends do. -And He's more than my best friend, he's my brother from another mother’.

‘Really?’ He ground out, ‘so what exactly did I walk in on earlier? Incest?’

‘You're way off base!’ Cisco was yelling when Barry came running into the room, rightfully worried he was about to start putting arrows through his dwarfish mouthy friend pushing his luck.

He supposed it was just fortunate he got Barry out of Star labs before Papa Bear Joe, who wasn't his biggest fan at the best of times, inevitably found out about him touching his precious Baby Bear and decided to use him for police target practice.

Thankfully training with Barry had been a success. Barry was fine. His head was on straight and he was back in the game.

He wished he could say the same about himself. -But if that were the case he would never have started that ill-advised make-out session with Barry on the roof.

*What the hell had he been thinking!*

-He hadn't been thinking, *that was the problem*, and it was getting increasingly impossible to do any rational thinking around Barry. His instinct to claim what was his took over completely, and it became primal.

*See.*

*Want.*

*Have.*

*Damn it.* This was exactly why he'd stayed away in the first place. He'd known once he'd had him,
claimed him, he wouldn't be able to let him go easily…

If at all...
God this was a mess. -Wait how the hell was his phone ringing in here? Didn't he put the signal scrambler and Cell Jammer back on after Calling Caitlin? He did... So who? ... He stared at the caller ID on his supposedly untraceable cell phone. -Felicity. Of course. ‘This had better be good’, he growled, ‘you know I don't want to be disturbed when I'm in-

-‘No time for how your cell jammer literally means nothing to a hacker who disabled it months ago’, -Don't give me that disappointed slash aggravated silence Oliver! I did what I could to make your off the grid dream a reality. Even though it's totally unrealistic by the way. Still to help you out, so you can feel off the grid even though you're, literally, right on it, I monitor your incoming calls when you're in your man-cave and make sure no one disturbs you unless it's an emergency, which this is, -and I would have bounced the message to that cute little code Green Arrow system you have rigged that you actually think works, but like I said we don't have time for that, -you need to get home. Now’. Felicity's voice was a hushed whisper. ‘I just got a call from Caitlin... or Killer frost judging by the tone and we need to talk, And I mean before she comes up to Star City and tries to kill you!'

‘I don't get it, after you and me talked this morning, I thought you were going to Central City to go get your man, boy, whatever. Instead, you're back here, alone, and brooding in your man-cave while Caitlin is on the Killer Frost warpath for your head. And I hear Cisco is planning on disappearing you and making Barry forget you existed, and he could, never underestimate a genius whose mind has turned to murder. -Better yet, never get them murderous in the first place! -And it goes without saying that Dr Wells version is planning something evil because, hello? That face. I Don't trust it no matter which doppelganger it's on, not after what happened with him being an evil time-traveller wearing that face like some Creepy disguise, like the guy in that Hannibal Lecter movie trying to make a suit out of people, you know, the “it puts the lotion in the basket guy”, god I hate horror movies, I have enough horror to deal with in my real life-

‘Felicity-

‘Don't Felicity me! What the hell happened in Central City?! -How did you manage to piss of the entire Team? -You know what, tell me about it when you get here, oh and um I hate to say this, but detective West is, well he's here at your place, with me’.

‘He's what?’

‘I had no choice’ she whispered urgently, ‘Wally sped him up here as I was heading up here and I already had the door open and now here we all are... waiting for you. So just hurry’.

Click

Great. Just what he needed. Why the hell hadn't she led with that!

He moved quickly, locking things away, resetting the system, and resigning himself to the fact privacy was a myth when your teammate slash ex was an elite world class hacker codenamed Overwatch.

He headed home and took a deep breath resigning himself to what was coming as he opened the door.

‘Detective West- He took the first punch to the jaw and the second and the third. Just to get it over
with he let himself go down on the 4th by which point Felicity was literally hanging off Joe's arm trying to hold him back and Wally who clearly hadn't been briefed on the situation snapped out of having his mouth open in shock speeding Joe to the nearest wall.

‘Dad, dad. Calm down. What's wrong? Why are you hitting Oliver?’

Joe held up his hand in an age-old parental gesture that said be quiet the adults are talking.

Wally looked wide-eyed and confused as Joe walked over to him and hauled him to his feet.

‘I'm gonna say this to you once. Stay away from my son’.

‘Dad! If this is about me speeding Oliver to Central City to train Barry-

-‘If you ever touch him again!’ Joe snarled as if Wally hadn't spoken.

‘Whoa, dad, you got this all wrong! he never -oh wait do you mean Barry? Wait Oliver and Barry?! I don't-

-'Joe please' Felicity interjected desperately, ‘it's not what you think. Oliver cares about Barry he would never do anything to-

‘He already has!’ Joe rounded on Felicity who was hanging off his arm again as she let go and backed away. ‘Oliver is a vigilante killer that we tolerate because he's another City's police jurisdiction and problem, and because Barry actually thinks Oliver's some kind of a hero, well he's not. I told Oliver to stay away from Barry when I first met him and I meant it’.

‘Now I hear from Caitlin and Killer Frost, not to mention, HR and Cisco, that he came here upset last night, in a mess needing help and your so-called hero friend took advantage of him’.

‘No, no, that's not what happened Joe’ Felicity pleaded, ‘It's not. They were together consensually it wasn't like that’.

‘Felicity. I appreciate you speaking up for me, but I got this. Can you and Wally give us the room?’

‘No way man’. Wally snapped. ‘I wanna hear what you did to my brother! Is that why he's been such a mess lately, because of you? -I thought you and me were cool man. I thought you were cool. If you hurt him I will find a way to make you pay’.

‘Wally. I promise you I did not and would never do anything to hurt Barry intentionally’.

‘What the hell is that supposed to mean!’ Wally shouted.

‘Wallace’. Joe's tone was finite. ‘Wait outside with Felicity. I need to talk to Oliver’.

Wally hesitated visibly upset and Felicity put her arm on his shoulder and gently steered him outside, closing the door behind her before shooting him a look that he thought said hang in there.

She was uncharacteristically silent, which was just disturbing.

Joe walked over to the counter and lent on it his head bent, clearly trying to control his temper. It was just as well he'd cleaned up when Felicity had ambushed him this morning before he had Wally take him to Star City, -because Pancakes, split maple syrup, and sticky handprints everywhere might have made it obvious that he'd had sex with Barry on that very same counter.
'Oliver'. Joe's voice was quiet, his tone sombre. ‘My children, all 3 of them live in a dangerous world. Iris runs our team, -and I'm actually glad she's away right now, God knows what she's going to think and feel about this when she's back from assignment. And Wally... he's pretty sheltered despite his attempts to be a badass. Francine kept him close and she raised him right, and he's a good boy, one that sadly looked up to you, just like Barry. I love all of my children and as their father, I do everything I can to protect them’. Joe straightened up and glared at him. From people like you’.

‘You're worse than the criminals and Metas endangering their lives because you're not just dangerous to be around physically, you're a corrupting influence, a poison that infects the soul. Take your friend Felicity. Just look at what has happened to her life since she met you. Diggle, Roy, Your own sister Thea.

‘You corrupt people Oliver, you drag them into your orbit, you take the goodness in them and twist it until they look more like you on the inside. I don't even think you can help yourself, it's what you do’.

‘There is something wrong with you something broken. You know what, no, it’s worse than that, Broken things can be fixed one way or another. You can't be fixed because you're not broken. You are what you are’.

‘A monster’ he murmured softly.

‘You're Damn right'. This isn't about you being a killer. I've been a cop longer than my kids have been alive. I've killed as part of my job to protect people and in self-defence. -But you Oliver Queen are a murderer.

‘I know’.

‘Worse than that, you make it seem like what you're doing is heroic. It's not. I've looked into your past I know all about you being a captain in the Russian mob. A captain. I know you got there through torture and murder’.

‘I never wanted you to be a part of Barry's life, that's no secret, but the thing about kids is the more you try to forbid something the more they want it. So I tried to let him see for himself what kind of man you are. But Barry's natural instinct is to trust even though he fights it now after everything it's still there. -He doesn't see the monster the rest of us do when he looks at you. He sees a big brother, a hero. So when he was at his most vulnerable he came to you. Because he didn't want to worry us, his family the people he should come to. He thought he couldn't tell us he was worried about turning out like Thawne and Zoom’.
‘Cisco said he actually asked you to kill him. Barry was that desperate that low. And what did you do? Did you call me, his father, to come pick him up and talk some sense into him? Did you call Iris? Wally? Cisco?’ No. You took him to bed, while he was in that state, that frame of mind. **What is actually wrong with you? Are you so sick and twisted inside that you can’t see how wrong that was?!**

‘I told you. *I told you to your face* that Barry hero worships you. So you knew you could take advantage and that’s exactly what you did’.

‘You know all the years in this job I’ve met a few others like you. Not a lot but a few. Smooth’, good-looking, all-American 1 percenters. I don’t know if it's growing up in that life oblivious to the pain of others or what. But it does something. Makes them wrong somehow. Turns them into people like you. Predators hunting behind pretty faces.

But even before escaping that Island and turning yourself into a dangerous killer with a borderline split personality there was something not right about you. -I mean you were supposed to love Quinten Lance's Daughter, Laurel, right? -But you betrayed her about as cruelly as you could by seducing her younger sister who was barely a kid. I hear at the same time you also slept with and got another very innocent young girl pregnant’.

‘To hear Quinten tell it Laurel trusted you completely and you nearly destroyed both his daughter's relationship with each other and almost tore his family apart. He says you're changed now or at least a better man but after what you did to my son I don't buy it’.

‘It's a pattern with you, or do you really not see it? You prey on innocence, like with Laurel, naïveté like with Sara, attraction to you like with Felicity, nobility like with Diggle. Qualities the part of your personality that wants to see himself as better wants to emulate because you know they are just missing in you. -And my son. My Barry, he's all those things, innocent, naive, drawn to you, noble. -So when he came to you and asked for your help, you just couldn't resist taking what I know you've wanted for a long time, because you're not as slick as you think you are Queen. **Not to this old cop**.'
‘So let me lay this out for you straight. When I called my son in to talk to me about why Frost had smashed up Caitlin's lab in a rage. Why HR and Cisco were angrier than I've ever seen them. He came in the room unable to look me in the eyes. You did that to him, you made him ashamed. You made a spectacle of him. He's still stinking of that god-awful cologne of yours that no matter what Cisco tries to make to remove it won't come off. And do not, **DO NOT** get me started on the bite mark. He wouldn't show me at first but when he did I wanted to kill you Queen’.

‘You did all of that to Barry *because you could*. You marked him out as a piece of property you own because you're *entitled*. Because you think you can have anything and anyone you want because You're Oliver Queen Mayor of Star City.

But you're not just that, no, you're at least 3 different vigilante killers.
‘You’re an ex Argus Assassin. Bratva captain, and head of the goddamn League of Assassins! -And now you’re someone who I’m being told infected my son with magic of all things!’

‘So what you’re a damn sorcerer now on top of everything else? The new Damien Dhark? Who can blame me for not wanting Barry to have anything to do with you? What father in his right mind would want their child involved with someone like you?!’

‘I thought about what I should do to protect Barry from you. Should I just shoot your ass? I mean you might be tough but those scars all over your body, that Barry and everyone else thinks makes you such a badass might prove your tough, but they also prove you sure as hell aren't bulletproof. -I swear I was halfway to loading an unregistered gun when I realised you’ve been shot before, you've been stabbed, whipped, burned. Pain doesn’t work on someone like you. It wouldn’t make you stay away if you didn’t want to’.

‘So I thought Blackmail? Force you to stay away. -A lot of people, even right here in your own city suspect you’re the Green Arrow. Should I publicly Confirm it and leek the stuff about you being a Bratva captain for good measure? But if I did that, I’d be putting your family at risk, and what kind of example would I be setting for Barry?’

‘So I’ve come to do the only thing I can do and appeal to whatever little part of you is still human’.

‘Oliver, there are literally billions of people on this planet, and some of them are even like you. Super rich and completely messed up. Have one of them. You have power, looks, money, influence. You can pretty much have any man or woman you want. But you can’t have my son’.

‘Let him go. Don’t ruin his life, please He’s just a kid. A good kid. My kid. And he deserves so
much better than you’.

‘Please. I’m asking you, if there is any tiny bit of decency left inside you, then you will not do this to him. You will not drag him down into the dark violent world you live in. You won't corrupt him like you do everything and everyone else’.

‘I've watched that boy go through so much. Watching both his parents killed in front of him. The betrayal by Thawne and Zoom and still he's kept his fundamental goodness because that’s who he is’.

‘Even growing up Barry was never one of those kids I had to worry too much would go off the rails, I mean he wasn't perfect, but he was fundamentally a good boy, always has been.

And I realised on the way over here. I've never really been afraid someone could take that away from him until you’.

‘I'm scared to death of what you will do to him because darkness death and corruption are all you have to offer, and all I can do is appeal to you as a man and a father and say please, please don’t do this to my son, don’t do this to Barry. Walk away and stay away. I’m begging you’.
Much Ado About Magic

‘Well that was brutal’.

He hadn't even heard Felicity come back in the room. He was preoccupied with remembering the combination of hurt, anger, disgust and betrayal, in Wally's eyes when he realised what was going on, and the pleading in Joe's voice when he'd begged him to walk away from Barry.

Such a proud man reduced to literally begging him not to date his son... that was the reaction he bought out in parents.

Look what Joe said is-

-‘Absolutely true every word’.

‘But-

-‘Felicity, I can't argue with a father being scared for his son's future, because he thinks he won't have one if he's with me. Joe has every right to be angry I never should have touched Barry when he was in that mindset’.

He'd known it was wrong at the time.

He remembered thinking there was something dark in the way he was attracted to Barry’s innocence, that it was like defiling an Angel, before his thoughts became a heated primal blur of, ravage, pillage, conquer, claim. Until his mind was fixated on having his scent on Barry's skin and his bite on his neck last for hours after he'd had him so Barry would know he'd been thoroughly claimed-

-‘Oliver?’

‘Felicity. I just need some time to think okay’.

‘Well, since everything has got all heavy and emotional. I'm gonna do what the tough do in these circumstances and go get a stiff drink. Think I'll go to the place down the street that serves that rich foamy hot chocolate with the fancy coconut milk and man-up with a caramel syrup shot. God knows I could sure use some sweet tasty distraction right about now and so could you, so I'll bring you back a cup’.

‘Felicity I don't-
‘Oliver, you’re getting hot chocolate and that is final!’ - She grabbed his arms tugging him towards her as she went on tiptoe, ‘You’re also getting this hug whether you like it or not, so suck it up and hug me back like you need it, which you do’.

You may also, possibly, get more hugs and a blanket with your hot chocolate, because what Joe said to you was even more brutal than when he was punching you in the face a bazillion times’.

‘It was four times Felicity, four, not a bazillion, and you know damn well I let him take me down on the fourth’.

‘I know tough guy, you literally take the world’s most unconvincing fall. When you took that, -I'm going down because you, good sir, have bested me- knee, it might have been more convincing if your hands weren't clenched into fists, and you didn't have your, if you hit me one more time I'm going to kill you, murder face on. I know it must have been hard to just let him whale on you like that. You want me to get you an ice-pack for...

your pride, as well as your face?’

‘My pride is fine, and it’s just a couple of scrapes, I think I'll live Felicity’.

‘Seriously? The ice-pack isn't optional tough guy! You think I'm actually going to stand here and watch bruises swell and mess with that face?!’ She wandered off and was back in a few moments, gently pressing ice cubes wrapped in a soft cotton T-shirt to the side of his face.

‘I know why you didn't fight back Oliver’ she murmured, the warmth of her affectionately squeezing his arm opposite to the dull sting of cold ice against his bruised face. ‘And for what it's worth I'm proud of you for not putting an arrow in your boyfriend's dad or any of Team Flash for that matter. -You know, you've really matured since I met you. I remember a time when you'd put an arrow through the calf of pretty much anyone you had a problem with, especially if they gave you lip, whether they were in the right or not. Well Mr Queen, look at you, renouncing your -shoot-
first and beat answers to questions out of people later- ways for love, so damn squee-worthy’.

‘I'm not renouncing anything Felicity. Joe as Barry's dad and Cisco and Caitlin as his doctors and best friends got a pass today, but that's today. It won't end well if they keep pushing me in future. As for that Wells, whichever one he is, I don't know him and he has nothing to do with this. If he mouths off to me one more time I am going to use him for target practice. -And don't start with that squee thing again. I got enough of that when you barged in here this morning and figured out I slept with Barry’.

‘It's not barging when your friend, who is also the Mayor no-shows for his morning meetings and isn't answering his phone, and that usually means one of his two jobs has either got him kidnapped, or ambushed, or forcibly conscripted into the league of assassins. -And squeeing, which is a proven medical condition by the way, is the high pitched noise any fangirl worth her salt instinctively emits at just the thought of too beautiful men together. Also, FYI as it pertains to you and Barry, Squeeing is bound to rise in pitch and intensity if the OTP has one man who is epically handsome and taller or bigger and one who is epically cute and adorable and smaller or shorter’.

‘... Felicity, I don't understand anything you just said, and I'm pretty sure I don't care because it sounds ridiculous’.

‘Fine. Don't get it. Your loss. So long as you induce the sques that's what's matters. -Also, FYI, pancakes and 10 CCs of medical grade maple syrup is the only known way to stop squeeing’.

‘How could you even eat more pancakes after the mountain you inhaled this morning? I'm beginning to think you and Barry have bottomless stomachs’.

‘I think I can speak for both me and Barry and say when it comes to your pancakes, no argument’.

‘Barry is a speedster he has to eat a lot to keep running’.

‘Yep, and my meta-brain needs constant fuel to keep running, although, sadly that means constant running, well power-treadmill-walking in the gym, because I can't burn it off the way Barry does. But it's a small price to pay. And now that it's been established I don't have to put out to get your pancakes anymore, breakfast is looking up for the foreseeable future’ Felicity grinned at him.

‘I never agreed to that’.

Felicity's brows rose and someone who didn't know her as well as he did might have missed the mischief behind her shocked expression. ‘Oliver Queen! Are you going back to your old playboy ways? -Because I refuse to play sister-wife. I won't help you cheat on poor Barry even for a lifetime supply of your pancakes... well maybe for a lifetime supply, but I won't be happy about it!’.

‘Sister wife? -Are you insane? And I'm not going back to my old...’, he sighed and shook his head wearily. ‘I meant I never agreed to make you endless pancakes on demand, because I'm not your personal chef Felicity’.

‘Agree to disagree. -Although you not agreeing to make me breakfast for the next ever as a thank you for encouraging you to go after Barry this morning is not my recollection of events at all’.

‘Felicity, I can't believe you're-

-Exploiting the tragedies in your love life to get free food?’

‘I was going to say, not currently dead from sugar overdose since you practically drank a bottle of
blueberry syrup this morning, but yes’.

‘We're friends Oliver. Former lovers who are now best friends are there for each other in times of crisis. Just because I also recognise that your world class pancake batter is the scrumptious glue that holds this friendship together doesn't mean I'm exploiting your personal man-pain... per se’.

He just looked at her, because what could he even say at this point?

‘Okay, so you're giving me that look. Fine. You're right Oliver, we can discuss how you're wrong to think you making me pancakes right now wouldn't help the current situation later. -I'll be back in a while with a soothing, some might even say balm-like beverage, and now that you mention it some replacement syrup... And flour, and um butter? -You know what just text me a list. I'm perfectly happy to supply more ingredients so you can do your magic. God only knows what would happen if I tried to use them. Well we do know, little burnt lumps of tar, that's what happens’. Felicity sighed. ‘Brains I was blessed with, the ability to cook, not so much. Oh well, pluses and minuses. That's life. One giant math equation’.

‘I'll be back. God, Arnie has ruined that, now I feel I have to say it with an accent! Don't brood too hard while I'm gone okay. Just remember, Joe is only looking at things from one perspective, a dad protecting his son. I know you get that, but remember Barry is an adult, he can decide for himself who he wants to be with, if he chooses you no one else has the right to interfere. -Besides, you can't just call it quits because his dad objects. If everyone did that the world's great romances would have ended before they even started. And I happen to think you and Barry could really have one of those epic romances, -if you ever figure out how to be romantic with him that is, never mind we'll work on that later, my point is, you both get to decide if you want to be together. Don't let allowing Joe to repeatedly punch your face make you forget it’.

She patted his arm and left.

Felicity's craziness had lightened his mood a little. But he was still worried about Barry, Things had obviously imploded at Star Labs when Barry returned, and since he'd seen how embarrassed he'd looked when he realised he was going to have to explain what happened to Caitlin, he could imagine explaining to Joe must have been hell.

He should have been with him. If anyone should have faced Joe it should have been him, not least of all because it was his inadvertently marking Barry with magic that made it obvious to everyone they'd slept together.

It was wishful thinking to hope everything had settled down so soon, what with Cisco and whichever Wells trying to run him out of town. Caitlin still in a Killer Frost rage, and his jaw still aching from Joe's impressive right hook.

Damn it. This was spinning out of control. He should have ignored Team Baby's assorted rage and had Barry bring him back to Star Labs after training him instead of letting him go back alone. Not that he'd had much of a choice, Barry had literally vanished after they kissed, but he could have called him back, or called Wally, who hadn't been mad at him at that point, -and always up for competing with Barry's run times between Central and Star City with a passenger, would have been happy to bring him to Star Labs like he had earlier.

... Was Barry alright?

He took out his phone and scrolled through his messages. None from Barry. That wasn't a good sign. Barry was always messaging him, and since he could do it at super speed, there were usually a lot of texts from him.
It used to annoy him, because for him texts were a way to send addresses not talk, *that was what phone calls were invented for*. But he'd got used to it with Barry and maybe even liked it now because it made him feel he was a part of Barry's life even though they lived in different cities and he couldn't be with him. He'd even grown to not hate it when Barry texted him at odd hours of the morning knowing he'd probably be up, like a few weeks ago when he'd messaged him the ridiculous question:

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Hey Ollie, would you rather fight 100 duck sized horses or one horse sized dick?
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Oh my god autocorrect! -I meant duck! DUCK! 😂
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Even though a second earlier he'd been frustrated as hell reading through evidence Felicity uncovered about a new designer drug flooding the glades, he'd actually burst out laughing, replying:

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It's 3 o'clock in the morning Barry, put down the Internet and go to bed you idiot! -And FYI I'd fight the horse sized duck or dick, whichever. A single target is always easier to take down. NOW GO TO SLEEP already.
```

Barry sent him the laughing and sleepy emoji in reply and he hadn't been able to help the smile on his face, even though anyone else texting him at that hour, with a question that ridiculous, would never even *dream* of doing it again by the time he'd finished with them.

He decided to stop worrying about what might be happening with Barry over at Star Labs and just message him and find out.

```
B, are you okay?
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Yeah fine. Why?
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Joe was here.
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Sounds like things got even crazier when you got back to the Lab?
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😭😭 Oh my god, are YOU okay?! I told Wally not to bring Joe to Star City at least until he calmed down! They're both here now, I didn't even realise they'd gone or I would have gone chasing after them while calling to warn you in case I didn't make it in time! -ARE YOU ALRIGHT?!?
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I'm fine.
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Fine as in the bullet missed your lung or...
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```
Fine as in no shots fired.
```

```
... Not sure I believe you Ollie.
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If I tell you he punched me in the jaw a few times will you believe I'm not gunshot over here?
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...Maybe. -Are you okay?
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I'm fine. - And I'm texting to check on you not talk about me. I'm sorry you had to face your dad alone. I should have been with you.
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It's better you weren't. I think he really, might have actually shot you if you were.
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Emotions are running high over here and I'm guessing you already know this but you should probably stay away from Joe for a while.

And Caitlin...

And Cisco... And HR

So just your entire Team?

... Yeah, kinda. Sorry.

It's not your fault

-Hold on I have a call coming in.

No problem.

He checked his phone, there was no caller ID. ‘Who is this?’ He barked, ‘why should I care, and how the hell did you get this number?’

‘You selfish bastard!!! How DARE you do that to Barry’!

‘Hello Iris’ he sighed.

‘Go to hell Oliver! -You're just lucky my dad didn't shoot you, which he should have, and get this straight if you try anything else with Barry he won't have to, because I will!’

‘Iris. I have had enough of being threatened by people with the last name West today. Whatever happened between Barry and me is our business and-

-'Whatever happened?! Are you kidding me! Barry trusted you and you used him, that's what happened! And we're his family, if somebody hurts him it is our business you son of a-

-'Iris that's not what hap-

-'So Caitlin, Killer Frost and HR are all what, just lying? -And Barry wasn't a mess when he came to see you? And you didn't take advantage of him when he was vulnerable? -Yeah, that's what I thought! You know, if you were actually his friend, or even a decent human being, you would have tried to help him, or at the very least called one of us so Wally could bring us to pick him up. -
And I don't care what Barry is saying after the fact about it supposedly being consensual. It's because he can't or doesn't want to face the truth. He looked up to you and he trusted you and you took advantage of him!

'And let's get one thing clear, you and I have very different definitions of consent, because even if it had been Barry's idea, which I don't believe it was for a second, he clearly wasn't in any fit state to make that kind of decision and you knew it! I suppose you're going to tell me Barry also consented to you drugging him with magic and branding him like an animal, or even knew that was a possibility! -No. You know what, I'm not going to do this with you Oliver. What you did to Barry was wrong and it should never have happened. I guess my dad's right and you really are too twisted to realise that, but that's your problem!'

'And believe me, you haven't begun to see threats from the West family, which happens to have a cop, a reporter, and two speedsters in it! Meaning, finding yourself sped to central city so my dad can arrest you for your laundry list of state, federal, and international crimes, all made very public in a damning article written by me. -Then, because rotting in jail is too good for you, having your worthless ass sped from your holding cell to the middle of the ocean and fed to a shark, so no one ever finds your body, is your immediate future if you touch Barry again, and that is not a threat Mr Queen, that is a promise. So stay away!' 

Click.

Great. Things with Team Baby were just getting better and better.

I'm back. That was Iris.

... Oh... sorry. I meant to tell you she was back and... not happy.

It's okay, she managed to tell me herself.

Oliver. I know your super tough and everything, so you're probably not bothered, but I'm kinda worried we started an Inter-team incident!

Everyone over here is really mad, and I've been trying to tell them you didn't take advantage of me, that it just happened and neither of us were expecting the magic, but I can't get them to believe you didn't do anything wrong!

And let me guess, they're discussing imaginative ways to kill me?

I'm guessing Felicity told you? Apparently she and Killer Frost had words about you, and well, I want to say no one over here is plotting your demise, and that's ridiculous, but sadly I can't because earlier HR actually asked Wally if he could travel back in time and prevent your conception without it affecting the timeline, and he didn't sound like he was kidding...

So... Stay away from you, your team, and your city in general?

... Well. Just until this blows over and everyone calms down.

Odd OH MY GOD! HR is literally saying he's prepared a PowerPoint presentation on safe sex because he overheard Caitlin yelling at me about it.

Yeah right, I bet "overheard" means he left one if his stupid recording devices in the lab. He's always leaving them everywhere and swearing it's because he's forgetful!
Now he's saying the reason you were able to endanger my health by pressuring me into unprotected sex was because I'm a sheltered, impressionable teenaged boy who wasn't up to defending myself from a -Oh my god, he actually just used the word lothario! What century does he think this is!

And just HOW MANY TIMES do I have to tell HR I'm NOT a teenager today before he starts to listen?! 😛

Great. Now he's actually asking Joe to arrest you for endangering me!

Now everyone's yelling...

Oh. Right. Nobody but Caitlin knew about that part until now...

I can't believe HR went and blabbed!

Alright Oliver, this has literally gone nuclear. -Whatever you do, DON'T COME TO STAR LABS!

I'm sorry everyone wants to kill you, this is all my fault, I should have explained better, made them understand what happened with the magic was an accident!

About that, we should talk.

Okay ??

Wait a sec...

Sure

OH MY GOD! HR is actually trying to rig up the projector for his stupid safe sex presentation. 😛 I’VE GOT TO STOP HIM! 😜 -And I guess since everyone's here I better try again at getting them to calm down and actually believe me when I'm saying you didn't do anything wrong!

-I'm really sorry about everything Oliver.

OH MY GOD HR HAS MADE PAMPHLETS AND HE'S HANDING THEM OUT!!! 😎

HE HAS TO BE STOPPED! 😎

Gotta go. Sorry.

You don't have to keep apologising to me Barry. None of this is your fault.

... No reply.

He could just imagine the pandemonium Barry was having to deal with over there. He wanted to be with Barry to support... -no, him being there would just make things worse, what he actually wanted to do was bring Barry to Star City, away from the family tension. ... Permanently.

I know your busy right now Barry, but when you get round to reading this message later:
You have nothing to be sorry for. I understand why your family are angry with me.

About the magic. As soon as I figured out what happened, I had to tell your doctor in case it affected your medical treatment. But Caitlin had apparently already figured it out and got so mad when I called that Killer Frost emerged and told me to get dead. ... Maybe I should have taken a page out of your book and texted.

Anyway, I'm sorry me calling and her going into a rage added to the crazy at the Lab. Just remember if things get too intense over there you're always welcome to come stay here for a bit.

He put his phone away and could just imagine how Barry staying with him would go over with Team baby and Joe in particular.

*You corrupt people, it's a pattern with you or don't you see that?* Joe had said to him. ...*Maybe Joe was right.* In a lot of ways he *was* repeating what had happened with him and Laurel now he thought about it.

Quentin hadn't wanted him dating Laurel from the outset. He'd asked him why once, when things were better between them, before Laurel died. He'd seemed reluctant to answer for a moment, as if he didn't think he'd like hearing what he was going to say.

Then he'd replied, ‘there was something in your eyes I just didn't like Queen is that what you want me to say? Well the truth is it wasn't anything you said or did, not at first anyway, it was instinct, a cop instinct that you get from being around dangerous, messed up people. You learn to spot them no matter how well they're hiding who they are, even from themselves, because you *have* to, your survival and your ability to do your job and protect innocent people depends on it, -and you Oliver, I knew it the moment I first met you, right in my gut, I knew you were as messed up and dangerous as they come and I didn't want you anywhere near my family'.

*Joe had pretty much said the same thing to him back when they'd first met.*

Quentin and Joe. Both cop-dads whose instincts said he was dangerous, and to protect the people they loved from him.

Coincidence? -*Unlikely*

And now that he thought more about it, Laurel and Barry both having overprotective cop dads, were not where the similarities ended.
He probably should have seen it sooner. How they both chose to work in law enforcement because they wanted to help people, and when presented with powers they both chose to use them for good. How they were both subtly beautiful on the outside in a way that drew you in and kept you there, and how that was more than matched by how good they were on the inside. And how they both seemed to trust him in the same inexplicably deep way that he still didn't know what he'd done to deserve. And how that trust hadn't wavered despite their fathers warning them against him.

Not that he could blame Quentin and Joe with hindsight. They just wanted to protect the people close to them. They saw him as a predator and as seasoned cops, they knew all too well that predators liked to be trusted. That using a disguise, pretending to be one of the herd like the old adage about a wolf in sheep's clothing, fooled the prey into trusting the predator so it could move around them freely without raising alarm while waiting for the opportune moment to strike. By the time the prey realised a predator disguised as one of their own, it was too late.

And that was how Joe saw him, as a dangerous predator he had to protect Barry from before it was too late.

...To a larger degree than he'd been able to recognise before accepting he was a killer, he did take on board that he was, in part, a predator. It came with the job description as both a vigilante and a former assassin.

-But Predators didn't just kill, they were also fiercely protective of what they considered theirs and to the predatory part of him, Barry was his. That was why he'd tried to protect him, even from himself by keeping his distance, and not even allowing himself so much as a kiss, and it hadn't been easy...

It had already been next to impossible to let Barry go back to Star Labs this morning thinking things were just casual between them... And it had been harder still on the rooftop. Not that he'd had much of a choice. Barry literally ran back home. But if he'd had a choice...

And now after what had happened, it would be close to impossible not to want to claim him every time he was around him.

He sighed wearily. This whole thing was a mess ... and yet his thoughts were drifting back to the last thing he should be thinking about right now, - what had happened between them this morning. Before anyone else knew about them.

*Before everything went to hell...*
The horse sized dick joke happened because I was typing duck and my autocorrect changed it to dick. Normally this will not happen, duck would be the preferred word, but the software is programmed to learn your writing style, meaning it calculated I will type the word dick, a high enough percentage of the time, that it can just go ahead and assume that I made a mistake when I typed duck and just change it to dick instead. Obviously, that says a lot about me! 😄😄

😄😄 I thought it was funny when it happened so I included it in the chapter... 😄

Wait I literally just thought of something, wouldn't that mean Barry also types the word dick instead of duck enough to make his autocorrect assume that's what he meant?!

But now I want to know who he's typing the word dick too! Can we assume it's Oliver in some sexual way? ... No! Our cute adorable Barry would never! ... Okay, let's just assume he's calling someone who deserves it, like some jerk at the CCPD a dick and he's often telling Oliver about it... phew, problem solved. 😊

curiobi @~.--@
The Magic After The Night Before Part 2

The damn counter was too narrow, and they were sliding up it with every thrust, and why had he thought trying to do this here was a good idea again? … Right, he hadn't been thinking, he'd literally just thrown Barry on the nearest available surface.

He kissed Barry hard, picking him up, unable to stop devouring the sweet taste of syrup from his lips as he got them off the counter holding Barry tight and staying inside him while considering having him right there on the damn floor, because he couldn't wait long enough to take him to the bedroom. -but there were pancakes and spilled Maple syrup all over the floor, and the way Barry was jostling in his arms and gasping was too much to take without moving. Standing up it was.

‘You're going to get it right here’ he growled hoisting Barry up in his arms, kissing and ramming him down on him as Barry screamed out ‘oh my GOD Oliver’-

-‘I'm going to make you feel it Barry’, he growled, kissing and biting the base of Barry's neck while working him up and down on his length making Barry cry out louder and louder for him. ‘God, you're taking all of it’ he seethed against Barry's throat ramming him down on him harder, ‘feels so damn good’.

‘Too much’, Barry was sobbing

‘Tell me it feels good’ he seethed, ‘I want you to tell me you like it’.

‘Ah god, too deep, please Oliver please!’

Barry's cries were getting frantic in a way that said he was pushing him too hard, so he slowed down, kissing him and growling ‘Do you want me to stop?’ against his lips.

‘God please it's too much, I can't, I can't-

-‘Sh, sh’ he soothed at Barry's garbled desperate response, ‘it's alright, I'll stop’.

He lifted Barry off him slowly, holding him tight against his body until his feet were on the floor.

‘Sorry’, Barry backed away from him, ‘that was, that was um, … intense, doing it like that, I-

-Barry's back hit the kitchen counter, as he was stalking Barry, advancing as Barry backed up. ‘Come here’ he growled, slamming Barry up against him, everything an intense blur of heated kisses, stroking, touching, tasting, until his control was at it's limit and he was turning Barry around, bending him over the kitchen counter and driving into him hard, his strong hands at Barry's hips pulling him back as he was thrusting into him.

‘I always feel like I can tell you anything Barry’, he growled, his voice rough and low as he slowed down, Barry's loud cries turning into strangled sobs in the back of his throat as he started stroking him slowly, his fist tight around him. ‘So even though I'm not one for confession I'm going to confess I've been having these fantasies about you’. He stroked him harder, his other hand sliding around his hip to his waist, holding him tight against him as he was grinding deep inside him in hard circles making Barry whimper and sob for him, as he kissed the side of Barry's face, his mouth at his ear, his voice dropping a deep octave as he murmured, ‘There's this one fantasy in particular I can't stop thinking about lately. -You're my innocent intern and you come into my office where I'm working late, the summer sun is setting in a riot of heat and colour putting streaks
of red in your dark hair and lighting up the flecks of gold in your eyes, and I can't help staring at you, wanting you as you ask me earnestly-

-“Is there anything else I can do for you before I go home for the evening Mr Queen?”

- And I say “As a matter of fact, there is”.

-‘Because all the holding back because we work together, all the restraining myself because I’m supposed to be mentoring you, finally becomes too much, and I lock the door, pull you up against me, and kiss the hell out of you, until we're both out of breath, until your knees are buckling, which is just as well because you've got me so damn hard I'm pushing you to your knees, and you want it, you're unzipping me and taking all of it, and you look so damn beautiful with me in your mouth that I don't last, and you swallow it all down looking up at me the whole time’.

-‘And it makes me crazy, makes me want to make you come so badly I strip you naked and suck you good and hard until you're coming and crying out my name, and tasting you, drinking you down, has me hard again, and I ask if you want it, and the moment you say yes, I sweep everything off my desk and take you right there, with my hand clamped over your mouth forcing you to be quiet because the politicians, the press, and my constituents, they might have all gone home but security is still in the building while I'm locked inside my office buried deep inside you, just having you until neither of us can take it anymore, and god, looking into your eyes while I'm coming inside you and you're coming so hard for me finishes me each time I think about it’.

He pulled Barry up against him so they were both standing, his hard chest pressed against Barry's back, thrusting into him savagely hard and fast, because Barry was driving him crazy and he couldn't last any longer as he was gripping Barry's jaw and tilting his head back so he could take his mouth, his climax hitting him ferociously hard, sparking through him almost violently as his seed was racing into Barry, his whole body shuddering, tingling and raw with intense electrical bolts of sensations.

Barry was shaking and sobbing his name and just crumpled against him. He pulled out of him and spun him around concerned. Barry was wobbly on his strong speedster legs and fell forward into his arms as he closed them around him, holding him about to ask him what was wrong-

-‘What you said before’, Barry mumbled his voice muffled against his chest ‘about what you want to do to me in your office, I would tooootaly do that for you Oliver, heck I'd do anything for you, do you know that?’

That tone again, happy -drunk.

But how? He hadn't even felt the magic this time, had it somehow happened without him noticing or was the magic still affecting Barry from before?
Damn. Yooouuure hot’, Barry slurred, looking up and staring like he'd never seen him before. ‘I mean did anyone ever tell you that? I bet everyone's always telling you that! And lemme tell you, they ain't lying, nope. You have like seriously beautiful eyes, and your hairs like perfect all the time, -you know Felicity showed me these pics of you where your hair was all longer and golden and I thought wow, and now when it's darker and shorter it's still like wow, and your body, I mean the scars are... wait it's wrong to say they're hot right? I mean sexy? because you got hurt to get them, so its weird that they look hot on you right? But you're just like soooo strong, that Salmon ladder thing, I can only do it cus I'm fast enough to run up a building, you can just do it cus you're badass strong, and you're hot, did I mention that, did anyone ever like tell you that? -And you look good in a suit too, I mean damn good, I kinda look like a kid playing dress up in a suit, no no its okay, I know it, but not you noooo, you look really hot in a suit, I'm just saying, -um do you have any food around here?’

Barry was yawning and snuggling into his chest like some kind of elongated cat as opposed to a speedster with god-like powers, and there was no reason he could think of that it should be getting him hard for Barry, despite their both being naked, except.... Damn it he had to face facts! Somewhere between wanting and then having him, Barry being adorable had become dick-hardening sexy, and that was going to be a problem anyway he looked at it, because Felicity said it best when she said Barry was adorable at least 98 percent of the time, he just couldn't help it. So how the hell was he supposed to be around Barry and keep his hands of him with this latest development?

He'd have to think about that, the fact he had residual magic in him that apparently turned his dick into drugs and alcohol were Barry was concerned, and what the hell was happening to his life in general later. Right now he needed to take care of Barry.

He picked Barry up and carried him back to bed, deciding he needed to sleep this latest magical high off, hopefully giving his body a chance to heal him like before, more than he needed another mountain of pancakes right now.

Barry was rambling magic-beer-goggled nonsense about how hot he thought he was as he carried him up to his bedroom and lay him down on the bed, pulling a blanket over him, shutting the daylight out if the room, and pouring a glass of water for when he sobered up.

He checked on him, and found himself stroking his hand through Barry's soft hair. It wasn't sexual so he didn't feel like he was doing anything wrong that he needed to control himself and stop, ... but... -He'd be more comfortable if it was he suddenly realised, because that was lust, attraction, things he understood well, and acutely where Barry was concerned, but this had nothing to do with either and he was suddenly all too aware of how much he needed to just touch him.

...That probably couldn't mean anything good. Feeling strongly attached to, or possessive about someone didn't exactly bring out his civilised side, and the things he felt for Barry were more intense than anything he'd felt before, even for Laurel, the woman hed loved for most of his life,
or Sara whose dark soul matched his like no other.
Like him Sara's darkness had always been the lurking beneath the surface, it was what had drawn them to each other in the first place, although neither of them had been able to see that at the time.

For a while he'd felt he was addicted to the thrill of being with her, and that was why he kept going back for more even though they both knew the fallout would be apocalyptic, and it had been, and yet years later they tried being together again, even though they weren't kids anymore and both understood they were drawn to each other because underneath it all they were essentially the same person, and that didn't mean anything good for either of them.

If they were ever going to be better people and fight to get their humanity back they needed someone who made them want to be better and that wasn't each other.

Yes, They knew each other's darkness and accepted each other, no need to hide, no judgment and he missed that, missed her, -but he knew they'd done the right thing in letting each other go.

-But it hadn't been easy for either of them to walk away, and he wondered if he would have the same strength with Barry, and doubted it. Barry was the person he wanted to protect and be a better man for the most. How was he supposed to walk away from that?

He would have to walk away ... This had only happened because his control had snapped and he'd taken what he wanted in the moment, that didn't exactly prime them for a relationship, and
particularly not one that everyone would object to. He'd been there before, he knew from experience the toll it took on a relationship.

He took his hand away and made himself stop, but Barry tugged his arm as he went to move away.

'Don't stop Oliver, it feels good’ Barry mumbled sleepily.

He tried to ignore the tightening in his groin because he doubted Barry meant it felt good in any way that was sexual.

'God I think I love you touching me the best Oliver’.

*Keep it together!* He was still slurring his words, he probably didn't even know what he was saying.

'I mean, next to my mom of course’.

...*What?!*

Barry grabbed his hand and clumsily put it back on his hair. ‘Mom, Dad, and Joe used to do that to me when I was little, maybe I just have the kind of hair that always looks like it needs stroking or something, you know? -It's nice when you touch it too Oliver because you're like the best big brother ever, you let me stay here, you make me pancakes, -um have you got any more of those? With some cream and-

-Barry crashed mid-sentence and he looked down at the sleeping speedster in his bed and cursed himself for a bastard. Barry looked all of 16 right now, and his snuggling into the pillow like a little kid while mumbling in his sleep: *I want syrup, cream, maple syrup, and honey on mine Oliver*, didn't help make him look any older. In fact, 16 might be an overstatement, and if that wasn't bad enough, he'd made him drunk, *again*.

He suddenly felt incredibly guilty. -As in, if Barry's overprotective adoptive father showed up right now and decided to shoot him, he'd probably let him as the *least* he deserved.

He went out on to the balcony ignoring the mess in the kitchen and just paced up and down, because amongst all the swirling guilt it had just occurred to him that Barry had called him *big brother*, again.

… Maybe, he was going to have to accept that it was how Barry saw him, although why he thought a big brother was someone you would *ever* have sex with was another matter, *one he would have to urge Barry to get some in-depth Freudian analysis about another day*. Right now, he had to A: get Barry sober and B: have a *serious* talk with him.

But what was he going to say other than:

- 'Don't ever ask me to kill you again'.
- 'I am NOT your brother if you're sleeping with me!’
- ‘I think I can't stand the idea of you being with someone else. -Do you want to try an exclusive yet impossible long-distance relationship that is doomed to fail for a hundred reasons on the off chance it might work?’

He gave up pacing, deciding to deal with his pent up frustration by doing his routine exercises. Hopefully it would clear his head enough so he could decide if he should call Caitlin about what was happening with Barry, and if he should ask Barry for more than just what they'd already
An hour later he was finishing up his routine and doing some warm down push-ups when he suddenly felt like he was being watched and looked up to see Barry.

‘Um, just, not spying or anything’, Barry flushed bright red and looked at the floor, ‘it's just, I mean I can do those too obviously, I just don't think I can get a body like yours no matter how many I do, and even if I could get those kinds of muscles, I don't think I could get them to do what yours are doing right now, you know kind of rippling or whatever. … You know Iris once said your arms were like twice the size of mine, and I was like, no way, not twice the size, now I'm thinking she was kinda right… not that I'm jealous or anything, it's just sprinters are usually like muscular, just look at the starting line-up of an Olympic race, and I'm the faster sprinter alive technically, but I'm built more like a long distance runner, all, um wiry, I guess’.

He stood up and rubbed the sweat off his forehead and arms with a towel. ‘There's nothing wrong with your body or your body type Barry, your muscles are in excellent shape, strong, and well proportioned. You should be proud of the way you look, not worrying about looking like somebody else’.

Barry's eyes widened then he beamed at him. That innocent disarming smile. If he was honest it has been his undoing since he'd first seen it, when he'd first met him and he'd said “I'm Barry Allen” and he'd been thinking who the heck is this kid? -And why does he think saying his name is as good as an explanation for what the hell he's doing here?

Back then, he hadn't or more accurately, hadn't wanted to understand those four simple words explained everything.

He was Barry Allen. The person who had just come into his life and was going to change it completely.
'So um I think that magic-drunk thing happened again', Barry was rubbing the back of his neck awkwardly as if he was embarrassed. 'At least it wore off quickly this time. -um, you got any coffee around here? I could really use a cup, and if there's any way you could make it taste like the stuff Jitters serves back home, that would be awesome. You can do that right?’ Barry beamed at him, his beautiful eyes full of teasing, ‘I mean you're Oliver Queen, you can do anything’.

He was about to tell Barry he wasn’t much of a coffee drinker, wasn't sure he had any in at the moment, and he was nothing resembling a barista, so no, smartass he couldn't make artisanal coffee, when he noticed Barry was still looking at him under his sweep of lashes, his eyes lingering on his chest, and the next thing he knew he was yanking Barry into his arms by the waist of his sleeping shorts and kissing him despite the thousand reasons why he shouldn't, because kissing, touching, and tasting Barry, had become akin to the need for air, he couldn't fight it, and worse he didn't want to.
Barry was kissing him back, invitingly as if he was ready for more, but he forced himself to stop because making sure Barry was actually okay, not to mention sober had to be his priority.

He managed to keep his hands-off Barry and hunt around in the kitchen to see if he had any coffee. There was a bag of that god-awful Rocket Fuel brand Felicity loved and had probably stashed in his cupboard, and he brewed Barry a cup, handing it to him and trying and failing not to get aroused as Barry moaned ‘mmm, god I love good strong coffee’.

The kitchen was a hot mess and he was about to clean up, but Barry's so hungry now look had him deciding it could wait until later, so he cleared a space as best he could and started making a fresh jug of batter while Barry settled happily at the breakfast nook amongst the spilt pancakes and sticky countertop.

Barry sipped his coffee, then pounced on his first batch of pancakes, slathering them with as many toppings as he was able, cramming them into his mouth, and moaning in abandoned delight.

Okay. It was official. There was only so much of that he could take.

‘God, Oliver, god, so good’ Barry groaned in delight, his eyes sliding shut as he was licking syrup off his fingers, sucking it off his thumb...

He stamped down the rising tide of see, want, have, forcing himself to concentrate on whether Barry was alright.

... He seemed completely back to normal. But since the intoxication had been magical rather than actual drugs and alcohol, he could hardly credit the coffee for that. -Barry's speedster healing must have countered the intoxicating effects of the magic again. Good. But he should have given more thought to that before he'd-

-'Mmmm, this is all so delicious Oliver, God I love the way your stuff tastes, -I mean the way all the stuff you have for the pancakes and the um batter tastes, not um your stuff, not that there's anything wrong with um tasting your um stuff, It's just I haven't yet so I don't know what it tastes like, not that I'm planning to, I mean I'm not, not planning to, I guess I hadn't really thought about it, but you've done it a lot to me so... I should probably um...' -Barry grabbed the coffee jug at lightning speed, his face flushing bright red as he was pouring a refill as if he needed to do something to make himself stop rambling. He’d taken 2 sips and the next thing he knew Barry was in his arms and they were kissing intensely, stripping off their T-shirts as they were heading to the floor because he had to have Barry now, now, but he couldn't because-

-'Hey it wore of ages okay, I'm literally fine now, and it's not like I mind it happening, it's seriously awesome! -Don't look so worried about me, I'm fine Oliver, I promise’.

He was, he could tell, he could feel it, as he picked him up and carried him back to the bedroom. The magic was still... on or in him or whatever but it wasn't intoxicating him anymore. But why had it in the first-

-Barry kissed him, harder than usual, showing him what he learned and he forgot what he was thinking about, kissing him back, pulling down Barry's shorts, tossing them aside, sliding down his body and licking his hard length with long upward flicks of his tongue.

‘No no please’ Barry panted, his hands pushing at his shoulders, ‘I um... what you said about fantasising that we... um I want to try, I'm always first because I can't last when you um, but I want to last so we can...’
‘You want us to come at the same time?’ He started kissing and biting his way up Barry's body. ‘That doesn't just happen. That takes practice. Timing until you get it right. Do you want me to teach you?’

‘Yes’ Barry whimpered bucking up against him as he gripped him in his fist, stroking him and running the pad of his thumb across the sensitive tip.

‘Are you sure you can keep this under control long enough to learn what I'm about to teach you?’

‘Yes, yes. I want to try Oliver, god please stop touching me! You're too good at that, if you don't stop I’ll, oh god, I'm going to, oh no, I'm about to-

- ‘Mmm? About to what’, he smiled kissing the side of his neck, ‘about to come for me?’ He deliberately squeezed harder and, Barry erupted over his fists his whole body shaking as he was helplessly thrusting up into his fist.

‘No, I'm sorry, I can last, I want to las-

- ‘Quiet’. He ordered. ‘Now I am going to lick you clean and we are going to start again. Do you understand?’

Barry nodded at him wide-eyed and panting and he suppressed the predatory smile he could feel as he slid down his body.

‘Now. Pay attention he ordered licking his lips. If you want me to teach you to last, the first rule is learning to ride the edge of the cliff without falling over it’.

‘Okay’.

‘You do that by controlling your response to pleasure’.

‘Okay’.

‘It's the same as controlling your response to pain’.

He'd been running his hand over Barry's skin while talking, stroking him gently and Barry responded to every sweep of his hand. He was so sensitive and responsive. ‘Second thought’ he growled, lasting is overrated when you can do something most people, most men, can only dream of, you can come multiple times. -I've been meaning to ask you; does it dull the edge?’

‘Huh?’ Barry looked as innocent as he did puzzled. ‘No, why would it? I mean you're the first, well, only, person I've ever, um, finished so many times in a row with, but it doesn't feel any less... um good, -wait is that like a thing?!’

He shook his head amazed and smiled unable to resist kissing Barry. ‘Yes that's a thing, but apparently not for you, which is good. Now let's work with that’. He lay completely over Barry and nudged his legs apart. ‘If it feels good come as many times as you want too. Right at the end when I'm about to come we'll see if we can get the timing right okay’.

Barry nodded at him.

‘Stop giving me that yes big brother look’ he growled narrowing his eyes at Barry, ‘seriously what is with you and that? I almost wish it was some kind of kink, but I really don't think it is, I think you seriously think of me that way even when we're having sex. One day we're really going to have to figure out why you are like this’.
Barry surprised him by pulling his head down and kissing him. ‘Is it so wrong that I like that you're always looking out for me, and teaching me cool stuff?’

‘No, it's just-

- ‘Is it wrong that I kinda like it when you take care of me sometimes?’

Barry was getting harder pressed up against him and he started wondering if he was wrong and maybe it was a kink after all... but that was probably just his wishful thinking, -because a kink would be easier to deal with than the weirdly incestuous reality.

‘I always wanted an older brother growing up, I guess that sounds weird. I just saw other kids that had big brothers who were always looking out for them and helping them do stuff and I wanted that. I wasn't lonely exactly but I was an only child. And I've never once felt like Iris's brother although she felt that way about me, -but I'd had a crush on her forever before moving in with her and Joe and I've never thought of her as my sister like I think of Wally as my younger brother... so... I'm not really explaining this well. I guess I'm saying when I met you and we got to know each other and you were so much like what I always thought having a big brother would be like, except when you shot me with arrows that time-

- ‘Barry’.

‘Alright. Letting it go. Look I'm just saying when I finally found a big brother, I was grown up and he was you, so urm, well, hot, and the two things maybe kinda got mixed together... Oh my god, do you think it is a kink?’

Barry was brows down frowning while pondering it and he couldn't help smiling because it was adorable, although he would never say that. -Or that it was clearly making him even harder for Barry, which he wouldn't have thought physically possible at this point.

‘... I don't know if it is. I mean, thinking of you as my big brother and urm what's happened they're like completely separate for me’.

‘Barry, you realise that is insane don't you?’

‘Um... I guess... when you say it like that, maybe, but I... that's just how I feel’.

‘Okay, how about this; think of me as a big brother all you want when I'm not inside you’, he rubbed his larger body over Barry's dominantly, ‘at that point think of me as the man who does this to you’, he spread Barry open, pushing inside him hard, biting back the words, the only man that does this to you, with effort.

‘Ahh god Oliver, god you're so hard, wait, wait, please, slow down’.

‘No’. He growled. ‘I'm going to give you what you want, I'm going to make you come at the same time as me so I figure I have to get there fast’, -he pinned Barry down ramming into him savagely hard- ‘Push past it Barry, push past, does it help if I do this?’ -He rocked into him hard, ramming deep inside him while rotating his hips.

‘Oh my god’ Barry yelled, ‘oh god, keep doing that, Oliver I'm, that, I can't take it, it's so, it hurts but, god, don't ah, don't stop, don't stop, I'm oh god I'm, ah argh’!

‘That's it’, he growled angling them while still inside Barry, so Barry was on his side and he was slamming into him and grinding in deep circles on the end of every thrust.
‘Stroke yourself’ he ordered, ‘do it in rhythm with me. That's it’, he sped up, ‘look at me’ he growled. They locked eyes and he thrust harder faster, ‘you got me so damn close Barry, this is going to be the fastest I've come since... no, even my first time lasted longer. You ready for it?’

Barry was vibrating disjointed which told him he was desperately trying to hold on, his wet lips parted on a single desperate cry of his name. ‘Now, Barry right now’ he growled letting go, letting it all crash over him, the magic swamping them both, tearing through them, and Barry was screaming his name and coming so hard it felt like he would vibrate so hard he phased out as he gripped onto Barry's wet electrically charged body, his hands at his hips, trying to hold him still growling ‘stay with me, stay with me, come on, take it, ride it out with me, ah god you feel good’, he thrust harder, utterly savage, dripping with sweat, his seed spurting hard into Barry.

Electricity sparked across the room as Barry's eyes locked with his, ‘I can't I can't, Oliver it's, I can't ah god, please I can't it's too much, please, please’.

That frantic tone again.

‘Shh shh’, he controlled himself with herculean, monumental effort, sincerely doubting he could have pulled back control after unleashing his sexually savage side for anyone other than Barry, but he'd clearly pushed him too hard and overwhelmed him.

‘It's okay it’s okay I've got you, I've got you, we can stop here it’s okay’.

‘I'm sorry’ Barry was whimpering, shaking so hard he lay over Barry and held him, tightening his arms around him every time he shook violently and whimpered.

It took a long time for Barry to wind down enough for him to ease out of Barry slowly and press up tight behind him holding him.

‘I'm sorry...’ Barry mumbled, ‘I literally and I mean literally felt like I was going to explode and just die’.

‘I'm sorry if I scared you’.

‘No, it's not... you didn't... I don't really have much urm experience, I mean with my powers I haven't really much with anyone, and I don't know...’.

‘Barry, it's okay, you don't have to explain’.

‘But I don't want you thinking I'm a... a...’

‘What?’

‘A wuss okay, a lightweight, the light beer of sex’.

He burst out laughing, he couldn't help it. ‘Barry’ he finally managed. ‘I would never think of you as light beer in any context. So you're not used to having sex with metahuman powers, I'm not used to having sex with magic powers. It got a bit too intense for you for a minute there that's all. You'll be fine once you figure out what your limitations are or if you even have any. It's all part of the learning process. I would never judge you for not knowing how hard you can push yourself sexually, or if an orgasm I was giving you got so good you felt like you were going to explode and in the heat of the moment had no idea if that was literal or not’.

Barry buried his face in his hands groaning ‘god I feel like an idiot’.
It was adorable, and his body was taking notice. Seriously, what was going on with him and that?! ‘Give yourself a break Barry. You have no idea what your full sexual capabilities are, I mean maybe you could explode from a really strong orgasm’.

‘Oh, that's not terrifying at all!’

‘I'm joking. I do not believe that can happen. I think at most you'd phase or pass out’.

‘Yeah that does seem more likely, I was trying not to phase out, to stay with you like you were asking me too and the pressure built and built’.

‘I'm sorry I was trying to make you hold on. Next time phase out or pass out if you need to, being scared you're going to die from coming too hard is only fun if you're not afraid of exploding to literal death’.

He leaned over and tilted Barry's face around to kiss him. ‘Come here, let's try this again and see if we can get it right this time’.
Magic Memory

He sighed, remembering how the second attempt at teaching Barry to come at the same time had ended up much like the previous, not to mention the added drama of Barry getting mystically drunk off him again. It had worn off pretty fast and had baffled him at the time because he still hadn't been able to understand why it was happening. -But now that he'd figured it out, it was obvious.

Barry had been stressed and frustrated with his lack of experience when things got too intense and he ended up begging him to stop again, and as he'd been kissing and holding Barry as Barry shook hard underneath him, crying out and jolting, electricity sparking over his skin, -he'd been restraining himself from acting on how good that felt while wishing he could do something to make things easier on Barry. Obviously, the magic had interpreted his wishes and again delivered the mystical equivalent of alcohol and Xanax.

Barry had been sleeping it off again and he'd been working out, this time in an effort to release sexual tension when Barry had come racing out of the bedroom fully dressed and panicking…

‘Oliver! My phone was on silent and I forgot to check it! -I have like a million missed calls and texts from Cisco, Joe and Caitlin, I didn't mean to be gone this long without letting the team know where I am! -Oh this is not good, Better call Joe… wait, he'll probably make Cisco vibe me and breach him here before I even finish saying I'm fine. Better just get back before Joe and Cisco just do that anyway. Joe's um, been a little overprotective lately… since Zoom… and my dad. Gotta go, um see you later okay’.

Barry raced off in a blast of orange-gold lightening before he could tell him not to even think about running before he could give him another sobriety test that he actually passed this time. He grabbed his phone from where he'd put it on the coffee table last night, he needed to call Barry back here, … then again, at the speed he ran, he was probably halfway to Central City already. It wouldn't be long before he was home, and since he was already running it was better for him to concentrate on doing that safely. Knowing Barry he would message him when he got back anyway, he could check and make sure he was doing okay after all the magic drunkenness then.

He was just about to put his phone away when he belatedly noticed there were a string of missed calls and a bunch of texts from Thea. It clearly wasn't Team Arrow business, they had protocols for that. So why did she need to get hold of him so urgently? Was she alright?

Ollie you had better not be dead or tied up somewhere left for dead. If you aren't and you're ignoring my calls and purposely missing the meeting it took me weeks to set up, I WILL KILL YOU MYSELF 😒

Meeting? What meeting?

Ollie I swear to god, for your sake you better be dead or kidnapped by the league of assassins like Felicity is saying probably happened again because if you're not, YOU'RE GOING TO WISH YOU WERE! 😒

… What?

Ollie, I CAN'T STALL THE AMBASSADOR ANYMORE! He is about to leave and he and his people are PISSED at you for no-showing! Call me RIGHT NOW. I can put you on with the ambassador and you can apologise and tell him you're on your way so we can try to salvage this!
DAMN IT OLLIE THEY LEFT! We have to find a way to spin this! We can say you were suddenly really sick or something, too sick to answer the phone! -Okay, I don't have a great excuse yet, you're better at making excuses for why you missed things than me. It's literally half of what you do! -SO GET IN HERE AND HELP ME! We have to think of something to officially tell them quickly before this whole deal falls apart!!

OLIVER QUEEN. If you are not dead. Come to the office, RIGHT NOW and help me fix the mess you just made or you WILL be dead to me. BECAUSE I WILL KILL YOU!

Damn it!
The meeting with the ambassador, that was today? Why the hell didn't he get a schedule alert?! He scrolled through his notifications. …. Oh, he had, one late last night and one this morning, -but when Barry came to see him upset he'd put his phone on silent so they could talk, and with everything that had happened between him and Barry he hadn't checked his phone until now. Great. He'd completely forgotten about and missed the meeting Thea had been putting together and talking about nonstop for weeks.

She really was going to kill him!

Should he call her? There weren't any more messages telling him he'd started a full diplomatic incident so he had to assume Thea had managed the worst of it in the short-term. Rather than pointless yelling at him over the phone, which he was pretty sure would be what happened if he called now, he should just go into the office and face her politically charged rage head-on.

****************

He emerged from the shower, grabbing and donning a pair of boxer shorts. He was about to put on his suit when he remembered he'd better do something about the obviously sexed up mess of the kitchen nook. The succession of trailing, smudged sticky handprints wrapped around the edge of the counter, clearly showed someone had been clinging to it while laying on their back on top of it being thrust upwards. It was better the cleaning service, who were due this afternoon, did not see that and decide it was media worthy! - “Mayor has syrup laden sexfest with mystery lover” was just not the kind of press his administration needed.

Should he just reschedule the service? … No, it was just the incriminating evidence that had to be removed the cleaner could deal with the rest. Right. Strip the bed, throw water on the damn sheets or something, get rid of the handprints, and get the damn pancakes off the floor.

Having taken care of the sheets, he was scrubbing the counter clean of Barry's handprints, which were in a lot more places than he'd initially realised. It also explained the battle to wash the sticky residue off himself when he'd been in the shower. Clearly, Barry had got maple syrup all over his hands and then all over him… Damn it, thinking about it was getting him hard! He didn't need that right now -and the magic wasn't helping! He could feel it rising, brimming to the fore, burning low in his groin, fuelling his already rampant need to have Barry underneath him, to be deep inside him, riding him to orgasm after screaming sobbing orgasm.

His need was now made a thousand times worse because unlike the other times he found himself suddenly plunged into distracting sexual thoughts about Barry, he didn't only have his imagination to fuel his fantasies. He'd actually had him. Now he knew Barry's mouth tasted sweet like warm maple syrup even before he made him pancakes. He knew his body was hot to the touch and sparking with electricity that sent wild bolts of pleasure straight to his groin when he touched
Barry. He knew what it was like to be inside him, driving into the fierce tightness of his body over and over, enveloped in his addictive scent of innocence and sweetness, lost in passion filled magic scorched kisses as he took him harder and harder. -And god the sounds Barry made, the way he cried out his name, the way he moaned for him, the way he sounded sobbing “yes Oliver, god Oliver, please please I can't take it anymore, you're making me come!”

Pleasure crashed into him, washing over him in heated waves but he stamped it down hard. He needed to finish cleaning up and show his face in the office preferably before Thea put out a hit on him!

He was on his hands and knees, quickly piling sticky pancakes covered in bits of his expensive fluffy rug on to a paper plate set for the bin when it struck him. He'd been having non-stop sex all night, but unlike Barry, he hadn't had anything to eat or drink, yet he wasn't hungry or even thirsty. ... No, that couldn't be right, he must have had something when he was making pancakes and Coffee for Barry and just forgotten about it.

He stopped cleaning for a minute trying to remember. … He'd made food for Barry but he hadn't touched anything himself. -Okay, yes he had natural as well as hard-earned stamina and endurance and his time on the Island meant he could ignore the need for food and water in survival mode, but being with Barry was hardly the same as ignoring hunger to avoid capture or keep on the trail of the enemy. And even if it had been, once being in that mode was over, the needs you were suppressing and the toll of all the energy you'd used hit hard. Bottom line, he should be exhausted, hungry, and parched, but he wasn't… not even a little. It had to be the magic, right? Seriously, what was going on with him. He needed to figure it out and fast.

-Red stilettos were suddenly on his rug and he sighed. Even if he didn't recognise the designer shoes he'd gifted her for her recent birthday, he'd know those ankles and that perfume anywhere, he'd had both on him often enough. But unless she'd found a way to teleport here silently to check up on him, which he wouldn't put past her, he could only assume she'd let herself in using her spare key and he'd been too preoccupied thinking about the whole magic thing to notice.

‘Felicity’ he groaned without looking up, thankful he'd got rid of the tell-tale handprints on the counter before she had turned up uninvited. ‘That key is meant for emergencies. Missing a meeting doesn't warrant a damn home invasion!’

…

…

He looked up because the silence was stretching on, way too much silence from Felicity for comfort. She was checking something on her phone and whatever it was had her face pink with excitement, her eyes sparkling, and her mouth open in a dramatic silent gasp. She looked like she was about to explode! He knew that look. She'd figured something out, specifically, something she thought someone didn't want her to know. ... It couldn't be about him and Barry, right? No, even she couldn't have figured that out after all of 10 seconds, so what was she bursting with excitement about? Not that he needed to wonder, he could tell from her expression that she was about to tell him, in detail. He could literally feel the outpouring of her trademark broken sentences delivered at 900 words a minute coming his way.

‘Oh my god Oliver! -When Thea texted me that you no-showed for her important meeting today and she was going to kill you if you weren't already dead, I told her I'd find you. Your phone said you were here, but you obviously weren't answering so I had to make sure it was with you and not left in your apartment while you were kidnapped to Nanda Parbat or something. I piggybacked off the Star Labs private satellite to trace your otherwise untraceable faint metahuman signal. And
possibly also sneak a tiny backdoor spy algorithm into ARGUS security because two birds.

-Anyway. The trace showed your last GPS ping from Thea's messages as being this location and your Metahuman signal as being close to it. So why couldn't you answer? Were you here but the league took your hands to friggin Nanda Parbat or something? So I came all the way here to check you were actually here with your hands and thumbs intact. And you are. Seriously, people are busy. Answer your damn phone next time!

Anyway seeing that you were here and fine apart from picking breakfast off the floor in your underwear for some reason I thought my work was done. I was going to text Thea you were okay and leave it to her to kick your ass when I realised that wasn't just any breakfast you were picking up, it was the famous Oliver Queen post-coital pancakes breakfast!

-Quick hack of the nearest cell tower to identify the GPS ID of who else's cell phone was pinging from this exact location last night, you know, so I could totally rat you out to Thea, because honestly, I thought it would be that reporter woman she hates so much, and watching Thea bawling you out for not thinking with your upstairs brain when it comes to her is so entertaining!

But my hack showed the GPS data of the signal had some heavy encryption. So I'm like, black market level GPS Encryption hiding an identity? Challenge accepted. Felicity must break. Then I thought what if it wasn't that reporter? What if you were with some league of assassins woman again, because what is it with you and female ninjas anyway?

-Although not actually sure the league are big on cell phones now I think about it, but anyway. Quick re-hack of the Star Labs satellite and a little gentle Felicity magic persuasion revealed something I was so not expecting! Someone at Star Labs, I'm thinking Cisco, remotely turned on and traced a GPS signal late last night. A signal that just so happened to be all up next to your metasignal, I like that, yes I'm calling it that, metasignal, all night long and the GPS signal only left about 20 minutes ago, at a speed that either meant the phone was on a speedster, or, had some independent method of super fast travel I don't know about. Which unlikely. I mean, I am a genius after all.

Case in point, observe how I just stealthy hacked the encrypted GPS ID data in the not quite deleted enough, so no one to blame but yourself Cisco, Star Labs Satellite data cache file, and GPS signal identity confirmed! One Bartholomew Henry Allen. Aka Baby Bear!

Ah ha! Barry was here all night and just left and you made him your famous put-out pancakes, which means, drum roll, OH MY GOD YOU DID IT! Did him! You couldn't resist anymore! YOU FINALLY SNAPPED AND HAD BARRY!

Damn it, she had figured it out! Pancakes and hacking had told her what or more specifically who he'd done practically from the moment she set foot in the room! So much for not telling her! He wondered if it was worth trying to deny it as his phone beeped. He checked because maybe it was Barry saying he was back in Central City.

Felicity just texted that you're alive. SO CONSIDER YOURSELF DEAD WHEN I SEE YOU OLLIE! 😂

He sighed. No just Thea, clearly still in a rage.

PANCAKES! Are you freaking kidding me Ollie?! 😂

Some one night stand? THAT'S why you missed the meeting? You were busy screwing then piling up some poor woman with your calorie soaked post-bang pancakes so you could literally butter her up before showing her the door.

SERIOUSLY?!!! 😂

‘FELICITY! STOP texting Thea’. -Wait piling up. His little sister thought he used breakfast like bribery to get rid of one night stands. What the hell?!
THEA

STOP. It's not what you think. Well not exactly. Look I'm sorry I missed the meeting. I'm sure you already apologised to the ambassador. Please reschedule. I'll smooth things over with him personally and get this deal back on track.

WE NEED THIS Ollie! Everyone's still mad about the damn City restoration bids. No one likes that half the contracts went to outsiders!

Thea. I awarded the work to the only Star City contractors that weren't mob owned. There weren't enough to get the jobs that need doing done. I had no choice but to reach out to other cities.

I know that! But public opinion -BARRY?!!! Felicity says you were screwing Barry, as in BARRY freaking Allen? 😐 Are you INSANE OLLIE? You actually screwed everyone's favourite adorable dork? 😐

So this is what? -You going for the good-girl with the cop dad who hates you, AGAIN? You missed the meeting to do something that stupid?! 😐 If Barry's dad finds out he's going to be gunning for you, LITERALLY. And I'm not gonna stop him because I'M NOT TALKING TO YOU. 😐

DO YOU HEAR ME OLLIE?!!!
I'M NOT TALKING TO YOU! 😐��

He sighed and put his phone down. On one hand his sister thought what he'd done was so stupid she was spitting mad, and on the other, his ex-girlfriend was in front of him so thrilled she had been gushing the entire time he was texting and was now literally bouncing up and down on the spot in excitement, which he could only think was a good way to twist an ankle in her lethal looking six inch stiletto heels.

-'Oh it's all too much! -I can't believe you finally did it! So you're finally going to date Barry now? No, you're right’ she mumbled to herself as if he'd spoken, ‘dating is too tame. You should ask him to move in with you? Oh my god, then you can finally ask him to marry you!!! Yessss’ she squealed, clapping her hands together and bouncing. ‘I can just see the too cute his-and-his mini statues of you and your child bride on your wedding cake, -or are we thinking nuptial pancake stack? -Yes I can picture it, both of you pouring the ceremonial maple syrup, a romantic song playing softly in the background while you cut the pancakes-

-'Felicity’ he interrupted through clenched teeth, ‘Do not call Barry my child bride and do not play that damn song again!’

‘What damn song?’ she asked innocently as if she had no intention of playing it, even though her finger was hovering over her phone, gleeful mischief sparkling in her eyes, ‘Oh wait, you mean this perfect, romantic song that you should totally play at your wedding?’

He sighed and looked skyward as she hit play .

‘What? -It's my theme song for you and Barry. It's the only song that can properly emote my
squees’.

‘You're what?’

‘My squees’.

‘Felicity, just repeating a word I've never heard of doesn't, what are you even talking about-

-‘Sorry can't hear you buddy’ she murmured dreamily, ‘I'm not even here, I'm officiating the first dance at you and your child brides wedding’, she closed her eyes turning up the volume on her phone and swaying to the music, once again effectively ambushing him in his own space with her ridiculous obsession with kitsch 80s pop songs!

‘Turn that damn song off! -And stop calling Barry my child bride! He put his palms up, lowering his voice and going for calm. Look, Felicity, I'm not dating Barry. What happened was... The point is there was never any discussion about it being anything more than a one-time thing. So would you stop planning our damn wedding!’

‘Never. Do you hear me? Never! You and Barry need to get married! -Oh I can just see it, both of you in tuxedos and I'll get ordained online and officiate, and-

-‘Hey watch it! Don't bounce in the Maple syrup!’

‘The Squees make me bounce, it can't be stopped! -But now you mention it, exactly why is there Maple syrup and pancakes all over the floor anyway? -oh my god’, a wide grin spread across her face, you had him right here on this counter didn’t you!!’

‘You know what, go back to bouncing, in the maple syrup if necessary, you notice way less when you're distracted with squeeing, whatever that actually is. - And I am not talking details with my ex-girlfriend about what happened with me and Barry’.

‘You will, even if I have to beat it out of you WWE style Oliver! I want details! -I mean you're right, you're my ex and he's my friend so on one hand it's weird -but on the other hand, as a concerned friend wouldn't it be weirder not to want details? -So you're giving me that face. Okay. FINE. You don't have to tell me. -Except you really do -but on the other hand oh my god can I even stand to hear it?! Barry is so cute and adorable and the things you must have done to him after waiting this long! On the other hand, Barry does have superpowers, so he can take like way more than me, I mean he has to be able to! But on the other, other hand, wait counting the first other hand that's like three hands. In a two-branch argument? No sir, I don't care how distracted I am by all the hotness that's just wrong, -just like the unspeakable things you must have done to Barry after holding back all these years, am I right?! Tell me everything! Even though it's unspeakable let's speak about it anyway! -Now, we all know you can be a merciless savage, not that I was complaining, but-

‘Savage?’ What the hell was she talking about?! He looked up at her from his position on the floor where he'd only been half listening, too busy trying and failing to remove stuck on maple syrup where it had missed the rug and fused to the hardwood floor. ‘I was never savage with you!’

‘Aw’, she patted his jaw, leaning down to kiss his cheek affectionately, which he didn't mind, and then looking down at him condescendingly which he did mind! ‘I love that you think that Oliver, but think about this, how would you know for sure if you're a savage in bed without a reliable frame of reference? Are you're planning on, I don't know, creating a clone. Teaching it to be identical to you in bed, letting it have its way with you, then to get significant data letting a whole bunch of other men have their way with you so you could reliably compare and contrast, even
though you're as interested in being a bottom as I am in being a brunette. No? Not interested in that idea? Then I suggest you take the word of several women you've slept with who may or may not, on a girls night out, had way too many Appletinis and decided to compare notes. The consensus was Oliver Queen is a savage beast in bed. But, you will be pleased to know not one of us considered that a bad thing. Which can't be that shocking to you. I mean seriously, have you like ever had any complaints?"

‘Well... no, but I like to think I’m considerate-

- ‘Oh you are Oliver, very, and when we're thoroughly satisfied from your considerations, then you're savage. Also, did I not just say everyone is cool with it. So less worrying about that and more focusing on what's important here. Barry. Specifically, you spilling all the juicy details about what you did to him. God, I can't decide if I can handle the hotness… -Oh who cares if I die! It's just too squee inducingly, I mean as in squee so hard it can be heard from Mars HOT! - But poor sweet Barry, I bet he was a virgin with guys, Oh my god he was a virgin with guys, I can see it on your face! You know what this means?! You were his first! You took his virginity. That is so special and damn hot! -Oh my God I think I'm having a legit stroke! I need some air!’

‘Feel free to go get some, outside’.

‘What? -No! I can't leave! You haven't told me anything yet! Also, you must fan me and give me sips of cool water while you tell me so I don't faint. Oh, Barry is just so cute! -You know I kissed Barry once’.

‘Don't remind me’ he sighed, scrubbing the last stubborn remnants of sticky maple syrup off the floor.

‘And now that we've both kissed him, I think we can agree on how sweet and adorable a kisser he is. I mean how soft are his lips? Very. Am I right? -And he kisses so gently’.

He had until he taught him how to kiss a man.
It's so sweet and you kinda just want to kiss him some more, cus, honestly. it's kinda like kissing sunshine or cupcakes or something. You know, now I wish I'd been less hung up on you at the time and Barry had been less hung up on Iris, then we could have both slept with Barry and we could really compare notes!'
‘Felicity’ he groaned, his eyes sliding shut.

‘What? I would have been gentle with him. *None of the ride em cowgirl tactics I used with you just to keep up!*’

*Was she certifiably insane!* ‘I wasn't aware us making love was a competition to you Felicity!’

‘Making love? Well if that's what you're calling rigorous athletics! I just don't think you realise how scary fit you are Oliver’.
I was just doing everything I could to keep up with someone who can do the Salmon Ladder without breaking a sweat.
-when I can just about do a single chin up, and only after you helped me!’

‘... Um... what?’.

‘All I’m saying is we all have our gifts, mine is being super smart and also, thanks to you, my
forward cowgirl, not so much my reverse though, I kinda get discombobulated. Maybe it's the amount of forward momentum needed to ride something your size. I don't know. You were kind of my second serious boyfriend, and not saying this because he turned out to be an evil, mom kidnapping, hostage taking sonofabitch, but you're literally twice his size and I'm not talking muscle mass, although also that. I'm just saying I knew I had to up my virtually non-existent game if I was ever going to handle you. So I did the only sane thing and put myself through sex boot camp. -And now you know the truth about how I've fooled you into thinking I was super sexually experienced.

He'd literally never once thought that or cared because what difference did it make either way? Was this a case of her massive brain creating a problem that didn't actually exist then being hell-bent on solving it?

-'Stop looking at me like I'm crazy Oliver!'  

*Well if the crazy fit.*

‘You, Sara and Dig were always talking about your adventures and comparing battle scars-

-And just humouring me when I said I had a scar as well from my wisdom tooth extraction’.
And I knew you liked really fit women like Sara who, excuse me, I would have slept with her even though I'm not into women because she's like totally sexy-cute, but strong with it.

‘And I saw her do the Salmon Ladder once even though she's tiny and wow, it was so cool. -
-Not to mention she's also experienced with the ladies so she'd know exactly how to- oh my god, I think I have, I mean had, like back then when she was on our team, past tense, had, a bit of a sort of mild bicurious crush on Sara. It wasn't like dreams or anything… well except that one time, well those several one times. -

-Not important. The point is I needed to be the physical best at something just for once. So I went all out with the books, and the videos, and the cowgirl training on a gymnasium hobby horse. -Also FYI, gym equipment, not that comfortable for practising sex moves’.

_Yep she was definitely nuts. -And when even was all of this? Because if it was around the time she'd been feeling jealous of how hyper fit him, Sara, and Dig were, that meant she had been doing this self-imposed sex “training” before they even got together!_

‘Hey! You're still looking at me like I'm nuts’.

_What the hell did she expect?_

‘Look, I was faced with a challenge and I did what I had to do to beat it. You're welcome Mr go all night. Now forget about all that’.

_Gladly.

‘I'm talking about what I would, or more specifically, would not have done to Barry’.

_Oh great. This again.

‘I'm just saying I wouldn't have climbed aboard and dealt with it as if I owned it as I did with you, no, none of that for our sweet Barry’.
He looked skyward and shook his head as he stood and dumped the sticky rug-fluffy pancakes into the bin. Should he eat something? ... As it was he also hadn't slept as well as hadn't eaten. He was used to not sleeping much, but if he passed out at work from dehydration after having sex all night and crashing down from a magic high, Thea would probably snap and call for a vote of no confidence in his leadership.

‘... savage with Barry, right?’

‘... Huh?’

‘Try paying attention!’

‘You mean to you going on about your realisation that once again you have the hots for someone who can do the salmon ladder? Yeah, it's called a fetish Felicity, we all have them, it's not that big of a deal. You should be less concerned about how savage I was or wasn't with Barry and more concerned about your questionable use of gym equipment!’

‘I do not have a fetish for... Although, now that you mention it that would explain a lot. ... -But, not important right now. We're talking about poor sweet Barry. I was saying I hoped you weren't too savage with him. I mean you did take it easy on him right, considering it was his first time with a -OH MY GOD YOU DIDN'T! I can tell by the look on your face. I'm guessing you wanted to be gentle and you probably wish you had been, but you weren't. -Oh my god. Shame on you because that is too friggin hot for me to deal with! This isn't fair Oliver! I can only squee so hard before breathing becomes an issue! Oh I can just see you wanting to restrain yourself because you love him so much, but not being able to because you've wanted him for so long. Oh my god, tell me everything, It had to have been too much for him right? No don't tell me! You shouldn't ravage and tell. Except shut up and tell me!’

‘FELICITY! I already told you I'm not discussing-

‘No, no you're right, you should totally get off the floor, wash your hands, wipe down this counter and anything else you got all sex dirty in here, then you should definitely make me some of your world-class pancakes, and then tell me everything. Come on, you had your evil way with me in the past and made me pancakes the morning after, so-

‘Evil way?! -Felicity will you stop!’

‘No you stop! -No fair on not making me pancakes. I put out in the past. I deserve pancakes just as much as Barry! If you put out for Oliver Queen, and he likes you enough to stick around until morning, you get Pancakes, everybody knows that! It's literally common knowledge! It's on your Wikipedia profile for God's sake!’

‘I'm sorry, what??’

‘Oh, I just assumed you knew. Not important! Moving on!’

‘Wha... who-

-She typed something on her phone at a speed Barry would have been impressed by and waved the screen at him. He'd never given any real thought to having a Wikipedia profile let alone looked at it before, but there it was, a picture of him delivering a political speech with a list of supposed facts about him. He scowled, his eyes narrowing in increasing disbelief as he read.

Oliver Queen. Former Billionaire party boy presumed dead for five years after the
sinking of the Queens Gambit.

Widely suspected and even publicly accused of being the vigilante known as the Green Arrow.

Presently single despite being linked with most of the eligible women in Star City.

Not known to have long or short term relationships or even always remember past hookups.

Notorious for sexual conquests and notably for making a truly sublime breakfast pancake from scratch if still around the morning after a conquest.

*It even had citations! What the hell?! ‘Felicity, take that down right now!’*

‘I didn't put it up!’

‘I'm not saying you did. I'm saying hack into and take it down’.

‘No. Can’t’.

‘What do you mean can’t?! You really expect me to believe one of the best hackers in the world can't hack Wikipedia?!”

‘Of course I can hack Wikipedia, a toddler could hack Wikipedia. By can't, I meant won't’.

‘What?’

‘I'm sorry Oliver but I can't be party to enabling fake news by taking down the truth! -But I see and acknowledge your rage so if it makes you feel better, even though we both already know that bio is true, I will do some fact checking on the person who wrote it’.

‘I don't need you to fact check- He gritted his teeth trying for patience, ‘Just take it dow-

‘-Editor's name is Marissa Larson. Searching women with that name linked to you. More than one Marissa. Only one with the last name Larson. Checking out her social media. Cute. Does she look familiar, as in like anyone you might have slept with?’ Felicity was waving her phone at him again and he looked at the attractive dark-haired woman on the screen. She seemed vaguely familiar…

‘I know that look. It was one of the worst parts of dating you. Meeting hordes of beautiful women siding up to you, their eyes and body language clearly saying they'd slept with you and then watching the crushed look on their faces as you tried to be polite while also clearly trying to figure out who they were. They always used to look at me like, *is he pretending not to know me because of you?* -Then they realised I was feeling bad for them, and they always used to give me this look of almost pity like, *Oh he just doesn't remember me. You know you seem nice, save yourself before you end up in my shoes.* Well, I remember this woman even though your face says you clearly don't. She came up to you at a gala last year’.

… *He remembered the gala, but not meeting this Marissa…*

‘She left after saying hello and you so obviously having no idea who she was. I didn't get her name then, but when I saw her picture just now I thought maybe seeing her would jog your memory. Obviously not. You know I love you buddy, but some might say it's kind of karma that you wanted someone you couldn't have for so long.

-Well, Larson posted it and she definitely slept with you, and while I don't know if it was good
enough for you to make her pancakes and you obviously don't remember, her list of sources on the
subject is both extensive and conclusive, oh, and there's the thing where I know it's true from
personal experience! So fact-checking complete. Information fair, accurate, and staying right
where it is. No way I'm helping you destroy information if it helps screw me out of pancakes!
Bottom line, I earned them by dealing with the size of that thing and your difficult to skill up too
savagery. So make with the batter Queen! I'm starving over here!
…Come on pleeeease. I skipped breakfast because I was tracking you down. No? Okay, fine. It
literally took 20 minutes to find you 19 of which were the drive over here. -And maybe I didn't
technically skip so much as have a light, well modest, well full, but definitely lacking in sugar
breakfast. I mean, 3 pop tarts, a bowl of Frosties, coffee with honey and 4 sugars, and an all candy
Bento packed for the drive sounds like a balanced breakfast, sure, but you know my meta-mind
runs on sweet sweet sugar and after all that intense work finding you, I'm running low’.

‘You literally just said it only took you a minute!’

‘Yeah but it was a very intense minute. It took up a lot of mind sugar, now I'm jonesing bad buddy,
I'll never make it to lunch! Help a fellow low ranking meta out! -Wait is that my coffee in the pot!
Smells like my brand, gimme gimme’

He sighed and poured her a cup.

‘Thanks. ...Oooh that's good. You know what would go great with this? You guessed it buddy,
panc- wait a minute, you hate this coffee so why is oh, Barry. He likes good strong coffee. -Did he
make those little happy noises he makes when you give him a cup? I just bet he was all adorable,
innocently enjoying his coffee just completely oblivious to the big bad wolf wanting to eat him’.

She was right, and he did eat him. So what could he say? -Actually he knew exactly what he was
going to say, and he should have said it the moment she barged in!

‘Felicity’.

She was typing a mile a minute on her phone and didn't look up, ‘Here for you buddy. What's the
ETA on those pancakes?’

‘Thanks for stopping by but as you can see I'm not dead or with the league of assassins, so please
feel free to leave, and of course it's a permanent no on the pancakes’.

She looked up at him slowly as if she couldn't quite believe her ears, her eyes suddenly glowing
with an intensely dangerous look of feral hunger that wouldn't look out of place on a ravenously
hungry wild animal. He hung his head and sighed because he didn't need the sinking feeling in the
pit of his stomach to know he'd just inadvertently declared war.

‘People. Who Put Out. Get Pancakes’ she growled at him. ‘Don't go changing the rules to try and
get out of it now!’

‘What rules!’ He snapped frustrated because when was she going to get it through her head that he
had better things to do today then cook for her? ‘You can't just decide something's a rule on your
own and then demand someone else stand by it’

‘Yes the hell I can because in this case I didn't make the rule! All your past hookups did! -Do I
really need to show you more posts about your sex life on the internet?’

‘What do you mean more!’
She gave him that condescending look again that had him grinding his teeth and trying to control his temper. ‘You seriously believe A Wikipedia page is all there is about your sexual conquests on the internet. -Look, for what it's worth I took down the actual ton of x-rated videos back when you decided to run for mayor. I didn't think having a bunch of sex tapes online would do you any favours when the press were already calling you the Playboy politician’.

‘... Wasn't it the poon hound Politician or something?’

‘Alright yes, but that sounds gross and I didn't want to repeat it! All you need to know is your… your… -Fine! Let's call it what it is, your poon-boundary, and whatever the equivalent is for having a dude because I've legit seen footage of you full on making out with Tommy, -made its way onto the internet in truly staggering amounts! Suffice it to say I had detailed specs on what I would be facing before I ever slept with you and I knew I was out of my depth, and I mean that literally. Why do you think I took up the training!’

The anger went out of him as he sighed defeated, because he knew that tone and that expression. Everything she just said to him was the truth. Proving that, yes she was crazy, and maybe like Thea was always saying he should pay more attention to the internet. In his former party boy days before the Island, he'd been in… situations when he was recorded with lovers, well if he remembered rightly despite his being both drunk and high at the time it was actually groups of lovers including Tommy. But that was before the island, before he became mayor. Who cared about any of that now?

When it came to the internet he was mostly content to just ignore it and leave running the mayor's social media accounts to Thea. If there was anything about him he was ever concerned about keeping off the internet it was Green Arrow stuff, particularly video evidence of him shooting people to death. Faced with that he hadn't paid any attention to him as Oliver Queen being almost as big a problem!

‘Look, Oliver. I didn't make the pancake rule, but I do consider it my civic duty to enforce it. Otherwise, we have chaos on our hands. A cruel dystopian world where beautiful culinary - challenged women are made to starve while strong beautiful men stand around in their boxer briefs with their hands on their hips spouting nonsense about not cooking instead of making delicious pancake batter. Chaos Oliver. Just saying’

‘Alright that's enough! Would you go back to running your multi-million dollar corporation already? I have to get to the Mayor's office before Thea has me assassinated’.

‘Whose disagreeing? I'm just saying make pancakes for the road before you go! Guess what we can talk about while you do? You sleeping with Barry. And when you're going to see him again. An excellent plan I agree. So get cooking hot stuff. I am figuratively starving over here! - Seriously, how long am I going to have to wait? -And that better not have been the last of the Maple syrup that was all over the floor! What were the two of you doing anyway, rolling in the stuff? Is it a kink? Yours or his? You never did that to me so I'm thinking Barry's? -But maybe you never did that to me because I prefer whipped cream and strawberries. Speaking of which, do you have both for toppings? If so use generously while you telling me everything! So, what was the first kiss like? Don't leave out the details, describe it! Were you gentle or rough? I'm guessing rough-

-‘I'm back, Felicity announced jarring him out of his memories. She was bustling through the door, hands full of shopping bags and a large take-out cup of what he assumed was hot chocolate in the fancy branded reusable holder. ‘I have returned with the world’s most soothing beverage’. He helped her with the shopping bags putting them on the counter and she handed him the cup. 'Hey,
what's that look on your face about, I mean silly question considering what happened with Joe, but are you okay?’

‘I was just reliving the horror of you barging in here this morning and grilling me like a fish for information, oh and telling my little sister I slept with Barry! And railroading me into playing naked chef for you’.

‘Okay first of all, it's not my fault you were mostly naked when I got here. Second, the social justice warrior in me wouldn't dream of forcing you to put on a shirt or even pants, because that's just the kind of body shaming that I will not tolerate on my watch!’ She walked her fingers down his abdomen smiling up at him mischievously. ‘I want you to know, be it in your own home or anywhere else, I fully support your right to be comfortable parading around almost naked’.

He sighed and shook his head looking skyward.

‘And third of all, we've already established there was no barging! We thought you were kidnapped or running the league of assassins or god knows what again. Don't look skyward Oliver! Are you even aware of the things that happen to you on a weekly basis? -You, of all people, should know what will happen if you go communications dark! Also, I didn't exactly mean to text Thea, it’s more that my fingers slipped and the message was out before I knew it’.

‘And all the other messages you sent her telling her everything? Did your finger slip then as well?’

‘Yes, because -of um, muscle memory’.

...-Quit glaring at me like that Oliver I'm on your side, I'm just so happy for you, or I was before Joe turned up and eviscerated you with his sharp hurtful words, not to mention punching you in the face a whole bunch of times. -And about that, here get your mouth around this hot tasty treat, the sweetest most delicious thing you'll taste today guaranteed, well other than Barry right?! What? To soon? -Look just make me pancakes and we'll discuss what you should do next and how that involves ignoring everything Joe said and going to see Barry’.

‘No Felicity’.

‘Come on Oliver! You need to see him. Oh, you meant no pancakes. Unacceptable. We need them to sure us up while we strategise a way to fix everything so you can be with Barry without getting hit in the face! -I bought all the ingredients even though you didn't text me a list like I asked you too. I had to search world's best pancakes in the store and when that seemed to be missing out things I've seen while looking for coffee in the pantry, I added them. I also bought more Blueberry and for obvious, -you spilt it all on the floor during bizarre sex practices- reasons, Maple Syrup. … Hello earth to Oliver, I said I bought all the ingredients so you can get cooking-

-Felicity’.

‘Yep?’ She patted his arm, ‘Here for you buddy’.

He narrowed his eyes at her showing her the message that had just come in from Thea.

WHY DIDN’T YOU TELL ME JOE CAME TO STAR CITY AND PUNCHED YOUR FACE LIKE 50 TIMES? 😊

Not that I'm speaking to you, but are you alright? 😊
'How is it helpful to tell her that’ he growled, quickly texting back

I'm fine Thea, he barely touched me.

I meant mentally. We all know you can take a punch or 50. Felicity said Joe was straight up brutal about the reasons he didn't want you near Barry. 😌

Also, about that, quick question, since when are you all 😊 gone for Barry? HOW DID I NOT KNOW ABOUT THIS?! 😃

How about we try that thing where you're still not talking to me over missing that meeting?

I'm not talking to you 😊 I'm ASKING you a very important question. There's a difference.

SO WHAT GIVES? since when are you all 😊 for Barry Allen? And why didn't you tell me, your loving sister?

-SO I COULD KICK YOU IN THE DAMN HEAD AND STOP YOU DOING SOMETHING AS STUPID AS MAKING CENTRAL CITY'S FAVORITE SON ANOTHER NOTCH ON YOUR WORN OUT GODDAMN BEDPOST!!! 😃

I'm surprised Joe didn't frigging kneecap you! Jeez Ollie! Try thinking with your upstairs brain. 😌

Thea I am NOT discussing this with you!

‘Felicity’ he ground out, muting his phone and throwing it on the sofa at the next message.

MAGIC?! 😊

WTF OLLIE?! 😃😃😃

Unfortunately he forgot to turn off the vibration, so the phone was out of reach and vibrating annoyingly with a string of back to back message alerts. He sighed going to get it, switching off the vibration function while trying and failing to ignore the latest string of messages.

You bit Barry -wait you BRANDED him as in like an ANIMAL? 😃😃😃 WTF ARE YOU DOING WITH YOUR LIFE!!!

Now I'm not surprised Barry's dad was so angry he punched you. I'm not sure I can blame him! I mean that's pretty messed up Ollie. 😌

What the hell were you thinking? Here I was thinking it was bad enough that you screwed someone with a cop dad who hates you, AGAIN!

Now I know that's the least of it because you BRANDED him like he's cattle you own or something. 😃

ALPHA DOUCHE MOVE OLLIE!!! 😃

‘Felicity, WILL YOU STOP TEXTING THEA!’

‘No. I mean Yes. I mean I'm not. I'm um… writing my memoirs… in short text format… ’
-‘Really? And what part of your memoirs are you on now? The part where you tell my little sister I had some kind of magic explosion and bit a mutual friend of ours during sex that I probably should not have been having with him in the first place, and now the mark won't come off and his whole team think I did it on purpose because I'm an entitled ass who had to show off that I had him. On what planet is that information I would want Thea to know?!’

‘Of course you wouldn't want her to know that! But I had to give Thea like one teeny update. She had like a million questions!’

‘Probably why you shouldn't have told her anything in the first place!’

‘But she was gonna find out sooner or later, and considering how Team Flash are reacting they probably would have made it sound like-

-‘I magically drugged and sexually assaulted Barry?’

‘Well despite what you, me, and Barry have told them, Team Flash are convinced that's what happened and that's probably the version of events they would have told your sister if I hadn’t run interference with her first. You're welcome, um, look let's not think about that now’, she hurried on, he assumed because the incredulous rage he was feeling was showing on his face. ‘Honestly, the best shot you'll ever have of making me stop talking and, or, texting is to occupy my hands and mouth with something better, pancakes are that thing Oliver’.

‘In that case take a seat’.

‘Yes!’

‘And give me your phone’.

‘NO!’

‘Hand it over’.

‘I can’t!’

‘Give it to me’.

‘It would be like losing a limb! You wouldn't want me to lose a limb would you?!’

-‘Phone. Or pancakes’.

‘But I need it! -It's um, an emotional support phone!’

-‘No such thing. -And it's up to you, do you want Pancakes or not?’

‘Oh my god, FINE! -But I hope you know this kind of ruthless behaviour is why you're enemies think you're evil Oliver! -

‘And the tablet’.

‘Has all this stuff with Barry made you lose your mind! First my phone and now my tablet. Separating me from my technology is like separating a mother from her child! Shame on you holding me to ransom for your sweet sweet pancakes!’

He just stared at her, ignoring the bag of flour she was slowly pushing across the counter towards him until she put her tablet and phone on the counter staring wistfully at them.
‘Face down’.

‘But my notifications’ she wailed. He just stared at her, ignoring her objections until she turned them both over. Unfortunately not before he saw her quickly pressing send on her latest message! He narrowed his eyes at her and she put her palms up in surrender, which probably wouldn't have been convincing even if her eyes weren't glinting triumphantly as he gathered all the ingredients she'd bought and for what felt like the hundredth time in the last few hours started mixing a fresh batch of pancake batter, because, according to Wikipedia, and an apparent slew of online sources denouncing him as a man-whore that's what you got if Oliver Queen enjoyed screwing you!

- No wonder all of Team Flash were so convinced Barry was at risk! They thought he had been drugged and prayed on by a notorious sex addict who would use him until he moved on to another conquest and promptly forgot they ever slept together. Oh but at least he might get a reportedly delicious breakfast out of it, so there was that! And Thea wondered why he hated social frigging media!

Felicity's tablet beeped and she picked it up. ‘Before you start glaring or say anything, believe me, you're going to want me to deal with this Oliver. Because let's just say after that business with Joe I put a plan together to help you and Barry. All that's left is the part that requires just the teeniest bit of you kidnapping Barry’.

‘That's not funny Felicity - wait, you're not joking! WHAT THE HELL HAVE YOU-

- ‘Now just calm down and think about it rationally Oliver, then I think you'll agree with me that taking Barry away for a while is definitely for the best at this stage’.
‘Felicity -what have you, -WHAT PLAN’ he roared, thumping his fist down on the counter and wobbling the open bag of flour sitting on it.

‘MY PANCAKES’ Felicity wailed, diving at the bag and steadying it before any could spill out. ‘YESSS! -Well done my reflexes! Now there's still enough left for at least another batch after this one. And with the other bag I bought, thank God we're still okay for ingredients! And don’t yell. I did what needed to be done. You’re welcome. Now thank me by cooking!’

He stared at her.

‘Or put it this way, cook and I will explain the plan that did I mention is already in motion?’

‘Apparently not if I don't kidnap Barry’.

‘It doesn't necessarily have to be you who kidnaps Barry, it's just obviously much more romantic that way’.

‘Are you insane?’

‘No. -Look, I already explained the situation to Kara and-

-‘Why exactly did you involve Barry's Alien friend in this?’

‘Reasons. But Oliver no cook, Felicity no explain!
-Although I will say Kara is on board to help because she said she could see how you felt about Barry the first time she met you, because of the way you were looking at him.

-And because you defended him and refused to go on the mission without him when everyone was
upset over the time travel changes, you even refused to be team leader so you could boost Barry's confidence even though you were the obvious choice and everyone voted for you. She said it was absolutely adorable watching you side coaching him when he got stuck!

Uh, well I guess as team leader, the first thing to do is uh, start out by umm...

(whispers) Doing a test run.

Let's do a test run. Yeah, let's do a test run.
-And most importantly, and you're going to love this Oliver, she said she could hear and see your heart rate spike any time he got really close to you’.

And Barry had wondered why he’d been wary when he first introduced him to his all but invulnerable alien friend, complete with super hearing, x-ray vision, and a multitude of other superpowers. -She was also he’d noted pretty much Barry's female equivalent. A good kid with a sunny disposition that destiny or simply circumstances beyond their control had thrust godlike powers upon.

‘So, since you involved an alien who lives on a parallel earth, I'm guessing your plan is for me to go to Central City, kidnap Barry, and take him to earth 38?’

‘Essentially, yes. Not that I'm explaining the details until I get pancakes’.

‘And just how do you propose I kidnap Barry without serious bloodshed? You do realise he is 600 miles away in a city where he is fiercely protected by a bunch of superpowered people, one of whom can literally find anybody anywhere and portal to them instantaneously’.

‘Ah, now that would be the in motion part of the plan I mentioned. You see, I may or may not have remotely accessed a Star Labs drone that may or may not be covertly taking, I mean borrowing their impressive breaching device tech -look don't worry about the how-

-‘Oh I think I will. So, using tech you stole from Star Labs by hacking their own drone, you want me to portal to Central City and then just steal Barry. Is that your plan?’

‘You know Oliver, you seem really fixated on the stealing part of the plan, when you should be focused on the romantic part of the plan’.

He sighed long and hard. ‘Felicity have you scanned your meta brain for serious defects lately?’
‘Rude, and yes actually. I do it routinely. My dad was a mad genius before the... corrective procedure remember… So I keep tabs on myself’.

He immediately reached for her hand and held it. ‘I'm sorry. You know I didn't mean it like that’.

‘I know’. She smiled at him and patted his hand to say it was okay. ‘I couldn't be Team Arrow's overwatch if I was insane-insane, you just meant the regular amount of Felicity crazy. -And the scans are just a precaution. Caitlin helps, or at least she did before things between our teams went epically sideways. And yes, I get that kidnapping Barry might not seem like the most diplomatic solution to your current problems-

-‘But do you?’

‘Yes! -But you can't just leave things the way they are! Besides, Barry's team are not going to know you were even in Central City, let alone committing a stealthy yet highly romantic abduction. I'm not actually crazy. I am however noticing that you're not cooking. Keep going while I explain the plan. Not that I'm blackmailing you, no, it's just the visual of cooking and smell of delicious pancakes helps me think… and right now it makes me think of my detailed plan… That only I know about in full… That's also, you know, already in motion’.

He glared at her as he picked up the spatula and started stirring. There was no stopping Felicity once she got an idea in her head, he really needed to know everything she'd done.

‘As I said, I'm not insane-insane, so stop making it sound like I'm suggesting you just zip line into Star Labs and grab Barry right in front of his family! That's suicide, not a plan! The actual plan is Barry will receive a call he thinks is from Kara, -she needs help on her earth, it's urgent, come at once, don't tell anyone, blah blah. The point is that call will take care of the problem of Barry calling Cisco for a breach or telling anyone he's going to earth 38-

‘Wait, you made it seem as if Kara was on board with your plan, so why a call to Barry impersonating her?’

‘Well… her believing you're into Barry and his family is not on board with it is not exactly the same as being a willing party to kidnapping. -And Kryptonians are really uncomfortable with anything that could be construed as shady, even a harmless little kidnapping between friends is liable to get Kara's superhero pantyhose in a wad, so I didn't mention that part obviously. The recording I made of her vocal rhythms when we first teamed up to fight the dominators, you know just in case it ever came in useful, will do just that. As far as Kara knows, you like Barry, he likes you, one thing led to a mutually consensual other, and now his friends and family are mad at you because they don't think you're right for him. All completely true’.

‘Except the major part you're leaving out about his friends and family thinking I-

-‘Well, excuse me if I left out a bunch of hearsay, supposition, and facts not entered into evidence, none of which would hold up in court I might add. Kryptonians like the truth Oliver. They like facts. So I gave her the facts! You slept with Barry. His family are freaking out about it. You and Barry need a break to get away from all the drama and talk. Case closed’.

‘More than a little concerned that you're now talking like this is already a criminal case Felicity!’

‘Look, when I mentioned to Kara that you two might show up on her earth, specifically at her apartment to get away from it all for a little bit, she was on board for that. So why complicate things by mentioning you may or may not be shanghaiing Barry to get him there? Why put
uncertainty into a flawless plan!
Kara's place is the perfect location for a quick romantic getaway because 1, the Star Labs portal device already has those coordinates encoded in it and has made the trip safely between our earth's before, and 2, Barry loves earth 38 as well as Kara's place and will be totally relaxed there'.

‘Also making it the first place Barry's team will look for him on earth 38 Felicity’.

‘What do you think I am, an amateur? Team Flash showing up armed to the teeth to murder you will only happen if they know that's where Barry is or even realise he's missing, which they won't because naturally, I've taken steps to prevent that. I've orchestrated events to make it seem Barry has taken an unscheduled trip into the speed Force where he can't be contacted. And of course, infiltrated and altered the tracking Cisco currently has on you’.

‘Cisco is tracking me?’

‘He has a number of advanced satellites at his disposal, so yes he's tracking you, and I mean on the biometric level as in every breath you take. It would actually be impressive if it wasn't so annoying to my plan’.

‘I am going to kill him’ he ground out through clenched teeth.

‘You can't actually be surprised that all the threats about what will happen to you if you come near Barry are more than just talk. And considering how pissed Cisco is, be thankful tracking you to make sure you stay away is all he's doing. You know he could just breach over here and-

-‘Let me guess, breach me to the middle of the ocean and toss me to a shark?’

‘According to the Star Lab chatter I've picked up so far today, that is the general consensus, yes. Maximum suffering, no witnesses, no pesky body for the authorities to deal with. Although with a veteran cop and a CSI on their team they could obviously contaminate the hell out of any evidence proving one or all of them up murdered you, I guess they just figured, why bother, tossing you to a shark will take care of all of that’.

‘All the more reason not to aggravate them further by kidnapping Barry! You may not have noticed but I'm trying to avoid escalating the situation to an all-out war between our teams, and you hacking their systems and stealing their tech isn't helping Felicity!’

‘That depends on your perspective! My hacking, I mean, monitoring their systems in the spirit of helping and friendships, alerted me to the fact Cisco was tracking you, and without that information, I wouldn't have known to implement countermeasures. The downside is even with my super-skills I can't block Cisco's tracking for more than 24 hours. I'm a better hacker than Cisco but he is a brilliant engineer and one particularly tricky bugger piece of tech he has runs on some kind of quantum field technology that is clearly from the future. I just love how it's okay for them to mess with future tech but not me!

Anyway, the device isn't code based and literally can't be hacked. That device acts as a security measure for his other devices including tracking, and near as I can figure does a hyper-detailed scan of all systems and devices every 24 hours. The countermeasures I put in place can fool all the other tech, but once that thing scans the other things Cisco will be alerted to the fact your tracking data has been falsified. Then I can't do anything to stop the vibing, breaching, and general apocalypse that will ensue when Cisco figures out Barry is not actually in the speed force, he's on earth 38, probably having sex with you.

Well, when I say there's nothing I can do, I mean I could and I'm just putting this out there, use meta-dampeners to take all of Team Flash's powers away. -Temporarily of course! Don't look at me like that, it was just a suggestion… that I would never do of course because Central City needs
its heroes to handle it's comically underachieving bank robbing villains’.

‘Barry has faced and overcome worse things than bank robbers and you know it. And not all of Team Flash have powers you can dampen Felicity. What they do have are guns, and Kara has her own portal device that Barry gave her. So, even if you were to take their powers they could still-

-Call Kara, ask her to activate her device, then portal into her apartment and use Kara's device to breach an unsuspecting Barry away while they riddle you with bullets? I'm aware that is an all too possible ending and I've planned to make sure its avoided.
Now back to said plan.

- Based on an analysis of past behaviour and of course because our Care Bear is the most sweet adorable superhero, Barry will drop everything after getting the unbeknownst to him fake call from Kara and race to help his good friend, who I'm sure you've noticed is basically him in a skirt. They're like the most adorkable siblings, but without the whole him being in love with her part like he totally used to be with his actual foster sister.
Anyway. As we all know Care Bear can actually run fast enough to get to earth 38 on his own, but with the time wraiths being generally pissed at him and side-eyeing his every move these days even though he's not actually trying to time travel, there's a high probability he won't risk annoying them more than they already are if there's a much easier way.
If he follows the action I calculate with over 99.8 percent certainty he will, Barry will race to Star Labs to grab and use the portal device. But that one is a fake I already switched with the real thing today and possibly downloaded the specs to reverse engineer since they wouldn't let me borrow it when I asked.
Now whether Barry decides to take the improbable 0.2 percent chance options of running to earth 38 or calling Kara to activate her device ignoring his own. Or takes the probable action of inadvertently using the fake, the end result is still the same, my systems will be alerted and that's your cue to use the real device flying its way over here by hacked drone as we speak. You'll use it to portal to Barry, he won't be expecting it, optional but highly recommended romantic man kiss should ensue, then you'll both portal to earth 38 where I have Kara on standby with a mea culpa video message from me ready to play for Barry.
In it, I am sufficiently misty-eyed while explaining I was worried about the escalating hostility between our teams and had to do something to fix it, and tell him his team think he's in the speed force for a day and have central City covered. Oh, and please forgive Oliver and Cara because I roped them into helping me without telling them all the details. But we all want the same thing and that is for our of teams to go back to being friends, blah blah.
The point is my message will work to stop him going straight back to Central City when he realises there is no emergency and starts worrying about getting back to his team. And he'll forgive me for tricking him because based on behavioural analysis Care Bear really can't resist the tears of a contrite damsel who's essentially earnest in her intentions’.

‘Except you're not actually sorry, for any of it’.

‘I said essentially. And excuse me, my sincerity shines through on the message. I should know, I had a military grade algorithm check it for indicators of lying and it scored a 99 for truth and accuracy thank you! I would have got it to 100, but time is a bit of a factor here in case you haven't noticed, so I had to stop at 3 heartfelt takes and take the damn 99. … Still can't figure out what the 1% off was for though, it's frustrating’.

‘That's the bit that you concerned? Not the fact that you can beat military grade lie detection software with ease?’ Dear god. Why was she like this?

‘Now, after Kara and Barry catch up and do the obligatory speed race-
-And customary exchanging of hugs and beaming smiles afterwards-

-Kara will leave the two of you alone so you can talk, and by that I mean give you a chance to tell Barry how you really feel about him. You may also choose to make out with him first because he's just too irresistible not to. That's your choice of course. Just do a first for you and keep the ravaging to under a few hours, that way you can be together, and then talk and agree on the fact you're going to be in a relationship no matter what anybody has to say. Then you can bring Barry and the real device back to our earth before anyone from Team Flash even notices either were actually missing.
-And in case anyone tries to use the portal device between now and this evening I have a plan in place for that as well. It involves technology cloning and some pretty subtle subterfuge if I do say so myself… which I do.

look, I'm telling you I've thought of everything. I have a plan for every contingency! So, just wait until this evening when everyone has called it a night at Star Labs, and when Barry has five minutes alone I'll place the call that will get the whole thing rolling. So just be ready on my go, then kidnap Barry already!

-And you better have a romantic speech prepared Oliver, I can't do everything for you. … Although, having said that, I do have a small speech prepared. I'm not saying you have to use it, I'm just saying you could'.

'Felicity'.

'Yep, right here for you buddy'.

'I can see that, and that's why I need you to listen to me very carefully. I appreciate you trying to help. I really do. And your plan clearly thinks of everything. But, I know you, and you just happening to have a replica of Star Labs portal device to use today is obviously far too suspicious. -And while I don't doubt for a second that you really do want to help me and Barry, and your superhuman ability to multitask is one of the things that helps keep us all alive, I think you're also using this situation as an excuse for straight up espionage against Star Labs. So please, I need you to stop this, right now, before things between our Teams get even worse. And for the record, I have no intention of kidnapping Barry'.

'But why not?! It's such an epically romantic plan! And yes it's gravy that it means I get to reverse engineer some very important tech, but that's just a really small part of it! -I just really want you and Barry to work out'.

'I know'. He poured pancake batter into the pan and it was a testament to her sincerity about wanting him and Barry to work that she appeared not to notice. 'Look, Oliver. I know all of Barry's team are saying that you're not good enough for him but I don't think that's true. I think people work together if they bring out the best in each other. Barry does that for you, and the absolute best in you is really quite something. -And you have a lot to offer Barry because of how you make him feel. He's just so happy when he's around you, I've seen it.```
‘And no matter how nuts he drove you at first and still does at times, I've literally never seen you happier or more content than when you're around him’.

‘I don't know if I ever did or ever could make you that happy. No, I'm not saying this because I'm feeling sorry for myself or to get validation’, she held up her hand to stop him as he was about to say she had and still did bring happiness to his life. That they hadn't worked because of him, not her.

He hadn't been a particularly good boyfriend to Felicity outside of the bedroom. He got that now. He'd been guarded, emotionally closed off, and unwilling or just incapable of sharing more of his life than his mission. And he got that Felicity saw what he felt for Barry and thought things could possibly be different because he could open up to Barry like he couldn’t do with anyone else and she clearly wanted that for him. And now that he’d gotten a taste of what that kind of intimacy could be like, he wanted it for himself.
‘I'm not upset that we didn't work out because we are much better as friends, and I'm not trying to make this thing with Barry and you work for ego reasons just because we didn't work out. It's just... I love you both and I can't stand to see either of you potentially giving up on a chance of happiness after everything you've both sacrificed and lost, just because people don't like the idea of you two being together!’

'It is not the place of Team Flash or anyone else to dictate who should make Barry happy. At the end of the day, no matter whose angry and doesn't like it, you and Barry have something special and it's worth protecting, worth being given a chance to grow, and I will do whatever it takes to give you two that chance Oliver!’

He piled pancakes on her plate to cheer her up in face of him refusing to cooperate with her well laid out plans. He even drowned them in syrup, whipped cream and strawberries as she seemed sombre, appearing to have lost her appetite. Poking disinterested at the pancakes she'd previously wanted so desperately with her spoon. He wasn't buying her not wanting them. He knew her too well. And she knew him just as well, which meant she had to have calculated the very high probability that he would refuse to add kidnapping and making Kara a potential unwitting accomplice to the list of things he already done to Barry against his will. There was zero probability that she didn't have a plan to deal with his refusal! And while every word she'd just said was what and how she truly felt, it wasn't as if lies were a tactic she used with him anyway, more like aggressive truths. ...

...Hmm, she'd plainly said it didn't necessarily have to be him who kidnapped Barry, meaning her plan was to have Barry kidnapped whether he cooperated or not? -Effectively forcing him to go earth 38 chasing after Barry before things got even worse. End result they still ended up alone together as per the plan.

He sighed. Making up a fresh stack of pancakes to encourage her to eat the first one before it got cold. And to buy himself some time. ... Because how was he going to talk her down when there was no stopping Felicity Smoak once she got a plan in her head?

Not that He didn't understand why she was doing it. Felicity genuinely was as fiercely protective of his feelings as Diggle was fiercely protective of his soul. He loved her for it because considering the things he'd done, the lives he'd taken he knew he was lucky to have people like Felicity, Diggle and Thea in his life. People that no matter how crazy they sometimes drove him, he would give up his life for without hesitation.

And all the ridiculous “squeeing” over him and them sleeping together aside, he knew she meant every word about believing him and Barry deserved the chance to see what they could be to each other without Barry's team shutting it down before it ever got started, and she clearly thought some time alone together far away from Barry's team could give them the chance to discuss the possibility of a relationship.

*He wished it was that simple.*

But it wasn't for a number of reasons. Such as Barry being good for him not meaning he was also good for Barry like Felicity thought.

And even if they could get over that hurdle there was still the biggest problem of all, which Felicity was uncharacteristically ignoring. Given her ability to calculate the variables of any situation instantly, her not mentioning it so far could only mean she'd calculated it and didn't want to face the results. He could understand how she felt, he wasn't exactly thrilled to face it either, but the truth was the truth and there was no denying it.

As if on cue the air around them heated, the light quickly fading to darkness in a squared area in
front of them, symbols of glittering multi-coloured flame appearing. He knew without being able to read them that they symbolised *him*. Not by his name exactly, but his being, ... like when the dragons had called him Okvar and he'd responded without hesitation.

The symbols representing him faded and new signs of vibrant burning orange appeared rich and vibrant against the black air, delivering a message. Time, magic and a journey between open hands. *He understood.*
Felicity's spoon dropping noisily on the counter turned his attention to her, only to find her eyes were lit up with rage tantamount to the intensity of the glowing flame messages in the air as she growled ‘Oliver, say you haven't done what I think you have. *Tell me you did not call John Constantine!*’
‘I had no choice’ he held up his hand as the symbols faded, ‘Felicity stop, it's not like you to ignore the elephant in the room. I used magic on Barry. *It's a big deal and we both know it!* I was about to call Constantine earlier when you called me to tell me Joe was at my apartment, then I got distracted with that. Right before you turned up I was about to get in the shower when he just appeared in my room, or it was like a vision or something, I don't know, anyway, he *knew* I'd activated the magic in me somehow, and he knew I needed his help. It's part of the reason I really need to see Thea today’.

Felicity pushed her plate away. ‘You're leaving’. It wasn't a question.

‘I have to’.

‘You know Oliver there's a lot I could say right now, and believe me we will talk about this nonsense of you thinking you're team is just going to sit by and let you run off on a magic quest with an insane sex addict wizard. Frankly, it would be insulting if it wasn't so laughable. No Oliver, if you think your magic has become some kind of problem then *we* will do everything we can to fix it’.

‘Wait, you don't think it's a problem already?’

‘No’.

‘How can you even say that? I thought you were in denial, but this is! Wow! … Listen to me Felicity this situation is dangerous I could-

-‘No you listen to me Oliver and listen good. There is *nothing* on this earth that will convince me you or your magic are capable of harming Barry or anyone else you love. You Oliver Queen *protect* the people you love. *That's who you are.* It just pisses me off that Prometheus did such a number on you he actually has you questioning that!’

‘Well I know who you are even if you don't any more. None of us are in danger from you. So you don't have to leave. If you think you need some kind of magic training, then you can just do that here, with all of us helping you as a team like we do everything else -Damn it, problem at my lab. No seriously, I have to use my phone! The breach tech that I um *borrowed* and reverse engineered may or not have overloaded and transported a lab tech to… Okay, apparently some Mad Max type earth where cannibalism after combat is legal. I hope I'm not reading this right! Because apparently, I can barter for my lab tech's freedom but only by offering a *literal* arm and a leg. *What the hell!*’

‘Look, I need to deal with this, but I will be back as soon as I do. -It's okay oliver’ she held up her hand before he had a chance to speak, ‘ thanks for the offer to help, but I got this. I have a contingency in case of someone being accidentally breached to another earth. Right now the most important thing is to get you to accept that you need to see Barry *otherwise we're never going to get anywhere*. So, if you will quit being a tyrant and let me touch technology without glaring, I'll hook up your phone to my Star Labs feed so you can see what is going on there right now. -*Just look at Barry* and then try convincing yourself that you can keep staying away from him. -And no watching him is not spying! It's *monitoring* in the spirit of friendship’.

Felicity handed him his phone, which now showed members of Team Flash at Star Labs, then kissed him on the cheek, abandoned her pancakes, and rushed out of the apartment… *Abandoned*
her hot, fully topped pancakes… damn, she could not be more serious.

-Oh my god, I almost forgot’ Felicity yelled barreling back through the door, that's how much your nonsense about trying to run off with a damn Wizard has affected me! And run off to where even? The wonderful world of frigging Oz? -Like that's going to happen on my watch!’ She narrowed her eyes at him as she rolled up a pancake and stuffed it into her mouth, which thankfully meant she stopped talking as she wrapped the whole plate of pancakes in foil and rushed out the door with them. He couldn't really say why but for some reason it made him feel better. As if at least one thing was as usual as he sat down wearily and looked at his phone.

This was wrong, he shouldn't be spying on Barry. Because that's what it was no matter what Felicity wanted to call it! No, he needed to turn this off and get to the office -what was Barry doing? The system, which seemed set to track Barry was now showing him on screen racing into a room with a stack of pamphlets in his hand. Despite the situation, he couldn't fight the smile that came to his face as Barry started shoving them in a small desktop shredder. Barry could obviously dispose of them any number of faster ways, so he was clearly making a point by shredding them as whichever Wells came running into the room gesticulating wildly and talking about something that had Barry blushing bright red and then burying his face in his hands.

There was no sound from the camera feed, but it didn't matter, Felicity was annoyingly right as usual, just seeing Barry was... Why hadn't he realised the depth of his feelings before? Had he been so blinded by how much he wanted Barry, and how that was a bad idea and he needed to stay away from him that he'd missed how much he needed him.

Bits and pieces of the blank parts of what happened last night started to resurface the longer he watched Barry …

...Barry was sleeping in his arms. He felt so good, so warm against him and just right in his bed. He kissed the side of his face, the base of his neck, his shoulder blades down his chest as Barry gasped and woke up to him sucking him into his mouth.

‘Oh god’ Barry whispered, and he stopped before he made him come. Moving on top of him, kissing him while spreading him open. He took it slow, pushing inside him inch by inch, feeling the connection, the intimacy between them as he stilled, finally all the way inside Barry, just watching him for a moment as Barry relaxed a little for him, their eyes locking as he started moving inside him, kissing him hard and deep as he was riding him. He'd never felt anything like this before, and he'd had enough sexual encounters to know something like this, a connection this deep, didn't just happen. It was… special. Beyond his rational understanding special.

All he knew was he needed Barry, he was tired of him living hundreds of miles away in another city. He wanted Barry in his bed and his life, permanently. He couldn't hold back anymore. He'd been resisting what was between them to protect Barry for years, but Barry had come to him, given himself to him, let him be the first to have him, then let him take him over and over, but just one night wasn't enough, and suddenly he was speeding up, claiming what was his as he took him harder, the magic in his blood igniting, becoming a wildfire burning through him and searing them both -wait! What the hell was he saying to Barry?

He snapped out of the hazy heated memory and tried to focus on what he just remembered, the strange words echoing in his ears. He had to think the part bewildered, part fascinated way Barry was looking at him and reaching up to touch his face, and the fact he didn't know what he was saying in his own memory, meant he was speaking whatever language it was he could apparently speak but not understand, and that his eyes were probably glowing again like Barry had described. - But his memories were... sporadic at best, a heated mass of indecipherable emotions and wild
physical sensation burning wildly out of control. All he could remember next was Barry's hand falling away from his face and gripping the sheet as he was slamming into him hard, making Barry cry out his name as he took him ferociously.

**Take. Claim. Need.** It was burning through him. Spreading like uncontrollable wildfire. The magical words burning the back of his throat and searing his tongue full of fire and meaning, and he didn't understand the words, but he knew, *felt* the intent of the magic ...

... *He was binding* them?

He sat bolt upright. The phone falling to the floor. No. No way, he *couldn't* be remembering right…

He'd... Oh god, he'd *claimed* Barry. He'd *literally CLAIMED* him!

No wonder the physical separation between them felt so *wrong*! No wonder he'd been back at Star Labs to see him so quickly! He couldn't do anything else because he'd *bonded* them using magic!

*More than that, deeper than that!* It wasn't just some temporary wish fulfilment spell that would wear off like getting Barry drunk to relax him, or wanting his scent on him. This was different. What he'd done wouldn't wear off ever because he'd marked Barry *metaphysically*.

*The bite mark wasn't really a bite at all!* That was just the way the damn predator part of him had *physically* represented its… *his* claim on Barry.

*God, he'd had this all wrong!* He hadn't understood the deeper meaning!

The mark not fading or healing wasn't about a magical sexual thing gone out of hand. *He'd deliberately make sure it never would!* It was... the predator version of... putting a damn ring on it as Thea would probably say, because he'd *MARRIED* him! -Married *them*, without rationally understanding what he was doing *and clearly without Barry's consent*.

Damn it. Was his claim on Barry affecting Barry too? … It had to be, -Barry had literally run away from him on the roof because he said his body was "going crazy to get to the magic in his", *that had to be the effect of the claim*!

Since Barry hadn't known what the bite mark truly meant any more than he had at the time, Barry had been desperately trying to explain how strange he must have been feeling the best way he could, and he'd thought Barry was having some weird, magical side effect and only been concerned about having his doctor monitor it to make sure it didn't keep affecting his ability to heal. -But he'd also wanted Barry. *Ravenously.* -And the next thing he knew he was picking Barry up and they were kissing wild and out of control as he was pressing Barry up against the wall, and if Barry had kept kissing him, instead of suddenly panicking and pushing him away he would have *literally taken him right there, out in the open*.

… When Barry had raced away, the feeling of separation was... Damn it, *he should have figured out something was seriously wrong then*.

Last night, right before he'd said the words that apparently magically bound them, he remembered feeling that he was finally at his limit with staying away from Barry, *that he couldn't do it anymore*, not after this not after being with him, and he'd said words he didn't understand, but he *felt* their meaning, *knew* he was claiming Barry as his in every way there was as the magic was pumping hard in his veins, burning in his blood, the predator part of him revelling in making Barry
It was a blur of sensations, but it was starting to come back to him, how wild and rough he'd been driving into Barry's electric charged body, how tight Barry felt around him, how crazy it was driving him, the predator in him taking over completely as he was… Biting down hard, sinking his teeth into the taunt sweet skin at the base of Barry's long pale neck, growling low and triumphant as he broke through flesh, Barry screaming out his name and clinging to him begging him to come over and over as he was ramming into him, his lips at Barry's neck as he was...

**Oh Dear God!**

*He was drinking Barry's blood?! WHAT THE HELL?!!*

He held his head in his hands and stared at the floor. *This just kept getting worse!* Blood, magic, sex… throw in sugar, which technically he had with all the pancakes he'd made Barry, and he suddenly thought hysterically, his and Tommy's overly religious school counsellor might actually have been on to something other than the obvious bigotry when he'd flipped out after catching them in an unused locker room together. They'd been playing music on Tommy's Mini Boombox, ditching class and getting high, and he'd been pressing Tommy up against the lockers and kissing him hard because Tommy had dared him too, the next thing he knew he was being hauled away from Tommy by the scruff of his blazer and the school counsellor red faced and ranting was confiscating Tommy's boombox and CDs and hauling them off to detention while lecturing ’’Just mark my words you misguided boys, these so called -what is this CD? Red Hot Chilli Peppers? Well these so called musicians and others like them encourage practices that are doorways to homosexual behaviour and the occult!’’ Who would have thought the counsellor while wrong had also been technically right! -Because he didn't even need to call Constantine to figure out that blood sugar sex magic, the album they had been listening to that day, was a literal recipe for magic because he was frigging living it!

*God, what the hell had he been thinking?!* ...He hadn't been, *that was the problem.* He'd been going purely on instinct, and clearly, his Instincts were Barry was concerned were completely mediaeval. **Take. Claim. Have. Consent not required. This was a disaster,** how did he even - another set of magic fire symbols burned into view, *because of course they did,* because Constantine apparently couldn't just use the damn phone to message him! No, things like this were apparently the new frigging normal in his life!

He warily resigned himself to studying the blazing warm images burning in front of him alive with thought and meaning, because knowing Constantine they probably wouldn't disappear until he figured out the message…
His eyes slid shut, and he sighed in frustration as he quickly worked it out. *He was dealing with a lot here, which Constantine damn well knew!* Yet, the message while seemingly symbolic was actually just nothing but spam! It didn't need to be sent at all, *let alone by burning magic message* because essentially it just meant. **Beast. Ace. Sex.** Basic translation:

“I'm an ace beast in the sack mate, so give us a go on yer”.

*Nothing more than what Constantine was always frigging saying to him! So why the frigging light show?!*

The message faded, confirming he was right about its pointless interpretation, and he gritted his teeth because he didn't need this right now! He had bigger things to focus on than being hit on for the umpteenth time by Constantine, *-like why the hell would he do something as insane and just wrong as drinking Barry's blood?!*

... Because Barry hadn't said anything, he could only assume Barry didn't remember, but *how the hell was he even going to explain it if he did Remember?*

His memory flashed again and he was back in that moment, claiming, **marrying** Barry. -“By the right of Daiygon”, he was growling against Barry's mouth, “I Okvar” -WAIT, **he could understand what he was saying**! ... He'd called **HIMSELF** Okvar!-And this frigging Daiygon again?!

Oh hell! … He remembered what came next and winced. He'd bitten into his own tongue after drinking Barry's blood, mixing their blood in his mouth and kissing Barry long and deep *making him drink* -‘wait what was he saying to Barry? ‘I take your blood and give you mine. I strengthen
our bond as I strengthen your body” … On the roof, Barry had been able to physically push him back with ease. He was physically stronger than Barry …or he had been up until now. So had he… made Barry physically stronger? But even if he had given Barry a useful gift, that didn't begin to excuse anything else he'd done, or that he'd done all of it without Barry's knowledge let alone consent!

... And this magically enhanced bond between him and Barry... did it mean he hadn't been imagining that he could somehow sense what Barry was feeling on the roof. It hadn't made any more sense than any of the other crazy that had been going on at the time, so he'd dismissed it focusing on the bigger issue of Barry not healing from his bite.

-If he was right, did that mean it worked both ways? That they could both sense what the other was feeling to some degree?

-Oh hell, the glaring issue of binding them with some metaphysical magic ritual without Barry's consent suddenly wasn't even the biggest problem! -Because everything that had happened when he went to visit Barry at Star Labs all made horrible sense now!

He hadn't just been angry with Cisco, he'd been murderous. He'd really had been about to shoot him, not just thinking about it! And Barry had known! Not because of what he saw but because of the rage he must have sensed coming from him. -Barry couldn't have understood it at the time any more than he did, but Barry had reacted and saved Cisco's life by physically getting in between them and then racing away with him. It should never have come to that, but now he knew why it had.

When he'd attacked whichever Wells, seriously considering shoving his damn hat up his ass and Cisco intervened, and when Cisco was arguing with him denying that he'd walked in on a still out of it Barry about to kiss Cisco, the truth was the magically enhanced and empowered Predator part of him that had claimed Barry as his had been about to take over and outright kill Cisco. -Not because he'd interfered in his alteration with Wells, or because he was annoying him like he often did, or even because he wanted him to leave and stay away from Barry. No, he'd come dangerously close to murdering Cisco, his ally, by shooting him in the face at point-blank range with a high tensile strength arrow because his predatory side saw him as a rival. -That also explained why he'd wanted to murder Killer Frost so badly… To the predator side of his mind Killer Frost, or more specifically Caitlin, was also a rival that needed to be eliminated.

Yes, he'd also had to restrain himself from beating whichever Wells and Joe within an inch of death, so yes, definitely a problem with anyone trying to interfere with his claim on Barry. But he'd been dangerously wrong to think his anger stemmed from just wanting them to back off and being pissed that they were mouthing off to him. He'd literally almost murdered his allies! He'd been fighting the urge to battle Killer Frost to the death, and straight up execute Cisco

He just didn't have the luxury of the self-delusion to believe it was an urge he was going to be able to fight for long, especially with magical wish-granting powers that he couldn't control burning in him!

Even if Felicity was as right as she usually was, and Barry wasn't in danger from him, that didn't mean the people that Barry loved weren't, no they definitely were!

Oh this was so much worse than even he'd thought! There was only one thing he could do, he had to move up his schedule, he had to leave! Not in 3 days like he'd planned, and not tomorrow. He had to leave right Now!
Hello, curiobi here reporting live from the studio on breaking fangirl news!

-While you have been reading a tale of the fevered fangirl adventures of Arrow/Oliver and Flash/Barry, and in the latest chapter Oliver has just realised he accidentally-on-purpose used magic to bind sweet innocent Barry in an unbreakable bond of dark magic matrimony, allusions to love between these two men are also happening in the reality we know as our earth!

Yes, *gasp you should as reality and fantasy collide in front of your very eyes!*

Dear fangirls, please cast your attention to the photo below and note the message from Mr Amell to Mr Gustin!
Yes, you saw it here fangirls!

That handsome man about town Mr Amell has been doing things like this! He sent Grant a valentines picture of the two of them at a party, where the thirst as evidenced is apparently quite real.

And this reporter thinks it’s safe to say we all relate to that man in the background looking at them with his head cocked and his eyes on fire like *just kiss already damn it! This is ridiculous!*

Then, as if posts like the one above, and scenes as shown below from the crossover episodes weren’t already enough to make many a poor fangirl swoon and expire!
Stephan Amell induces fangirl fever *once again!* -And now this poor reporter just can’t...
1,185,277 likes
grantyust: Sad to leave it behind.
View All 38,101 Comments
justinbaldoni: You won IG.
johnscottbarrowman: I am so grateful for this! I have had to sit down. Jb
7 June
Grant literally shows his bare necessities to the general public and Amell actually says, quote:

*I might not be straight anymore.*
No words can describe what this does to the heart of a poor innocent fangirl!

Only the desperate whimpering squee of revived-after fainting fangirls can articulate the feels Mr Amells’s provocative statement causes!

-And while an actual line like, “I might not be straight anymore” when Barry bares it all in the Poison Arrow tale you have been reading may have been too on the nose, Mr Amell clearly has no such qualms!

-No dear fangirls he has taken a stance and replied succinctly to anyone who wants to talk to him about facts and Canon and Barry and Oliver or even himself being straight-
You heard it fangirls, *zero damns given!* So wherever Mr Gustin posts pictures presenting his posterior, *Mr Amell does not prevaricate!* No pontificating around the bush! His response is swift!

It is also personal, as in: *‘Grant, I think you’re making me gay for you’* .. and I’m fine with it!

*And for the record, this reporter both respects and supports that message!*

-As for Amell sailing his own ship, *leave us poor fangirls something to do around here please! ;D*

Butt-Fine, ;D Seriously, since we have all seen Grant’s bottom line clearly, and Amell’s attraction to Grant has been laid bare, then the only true response from any and all fanfic writing fangirls should be and of course is *CHALLENGE ACCEPTED!*

- Fangirls of the world, we should not, neigh, we must *not put this level of fangirl taunting behind us!*
We should not turn the other cheek!

It is time for us fangirls to bring up the rear on this one!!

YES FANGIRLS, THE TIME TO RISE UP IS NOW!!! ;D

Will we answer the challenge that Amell has laid down fandom?!

Will we x-rated GIF?

Will we meme?

Fandom, Fangirls, friends -WILL WE ACTIVATE, and respond with the level of smut filled, sweat-drenched, squee-worthy hotness Mr Amell's challenge demands?!

Will we write tales and adventures?!  
Will we write ficlets and drabbles?!  
Will we write multi-chapters?!

Will we write tomes crammed, filled with epic hotness!

OF COURSE WE WILL!!!

;D

It’s not like any self-respecting fangirl can be stopped anyway!

-The things that Amell is doing just add welcome fuel to the raging fangirl fire within the heart of all fangirls!

-So, if our stories were hot before it is now our duty to ADD MORE HEAT!

Readers of our works should now prepare to have their eyebrows singed if not scorched!

Let us all work together to help Fangirls the world over read more Barry/Oliver smut.

-And, because Amell officially started it, and therefore has no one to blame but himself, I think it’s fair to say, the time is also now for Stephan/Grant smut!

So please friends, -enjoy this Inspirational promotional cat to help you get started on your latest x-rated adventures!
And please comment here to give this reporter links to your wonderful tales!

Thank you beloved fangirls.

This reporter is now signing off, wishing you good fanfic reading and/or writing wherever you are.

This broadcast has been brought to you in part by curiobi fanfic entertainment and in part by Stephan Amell's thirst

That is all.

We now return you to your regularly scheduled story.
Up On The Roof

*His City.*

... The place he had sacrificed so much for over the years seemed so peaceful from the vantage point of the tallest building the City had to offer. From up here the sound of the hustle and ugliness couldn't be heard and could barely be seen. Up here everything was bathed in brilliant sunlight, the sparkling glass and sunkissed metals of the buildings alive with glinting golds and rich silvers, the golden sunshine helping to provide camouflage for the glowing gold of a magic portal, just as the height of the building helped keep them from view.

He placed his small backpack containing a few clothes and provisions on the ground. The Island had taught him how to survive with little and to travel light. Another thing the Island had taught him was that to survive against the odds, *you needed a reason.* Protecting his team who were also his family, and keeping Barry and the people Barry cared about safe from his magic was *that reason.*

So here he was ready to hurtle through time and space, into the unknown, with an arguably crazy superpowered dark arts master, *and all he could think about was Barry.* Touching him tasting him, driving into him over and over. It was like he could still taste him on his tongue and feel his soft skin under his hands as Barry was underneath him twisting and writhing while sobbing his name.

He forced himself to stop thinking about things he couldn't have and adjusted his bow, which he wore across his body, ready to let off some much-needed steam with shooting practice when they instantaneously reached the other side of the portal at their destination, *which big surprise was not,* in fact, an ethereal magical cloud dimension were they would use the powers of love and meditation to control his magic as Constantine had said. He’d confirmed his suspicion that Constantine was messing with him when he sent a fire message that basically translated to:

*The main force that powers the love cloud dimension is full-frontal nudity.*
They were really going to have to talk about their differing definitions of the word joke or piss-take as Constantine called it.

His phone rang interrupting his thoughts, and he knew from the Tears For Fears ringtone she had obviously installed earlier without his knowledge or permission who had to be calling. Besides, he'd been expecting it. He'd recorded a string of encrypted video messages in the past few hours to be delivered at various times after he left. -A formal notification for Quinten Lance to take up the role of acting Mayor working directly with Thea while he was gone, and instructions for him to hold an election and put his hat in the ring for the position of duly elected Mayor if he didn't return after the maximum time he could be absent from his post before city bylaws took effect and a new Mayor had to be elected.

He'd also recorded messages for his son, Thea, Diggle Felicity and Barry explaining that he had to leave for a while. And a final message to be watched if he didn't make it back, but encrypted and set to go out at certain times or not the messages were digital-, and all things digital... -‘Hello Felicity’.
‘Don’t you hello Felicity me’ she growled sounding as fierce as a pissed off Tigress, ‘even without the suspicious timing did you really expect me or anyone else who knows the situation to believe you’re going on sabbatical?! You’re not going on a damn sabbatical! You’re trying to sneak off with that alcoholic wizard behind everyone’s back! Don’t even bother trying to deny it! I know you, so I know what you’re doing, you’re running off on a damn suicide mission instead of kidnapping Barry when that is the only sensible plan!’

‘Felicity, listen to me it’s not-

‘I said DON’T TRY TO DENY IT OLIVER! I bet you think what you’re doing is noble, don’t you? -And I would try to talk you out of it, but I realise there is only one thing that is going to get through to you and it’s not heartfelt pleas about you having everything to live for. So, let’s do this a different way. That sex addict wizard is your friend, right?’

‘You know he is. What you may not know is he not only saved my life all those years ago on the Island, he also saved my son’s future today. A lot has happened in the past few hours, but he really stepped up with William. He put a magic inhibitor on him to protect him from his potential powers and-or anyone looking to exploit that he has magic in his bloodline. Because of Constantine William at least has a shot at a normal life with his mom, and when he’s 21 and better equipped to handle the responsibility he can decide for himself if he wants to have the inhibitor removed’.

‘So let’s establish Oliver. Constantine is your friend, he saved your life, and you trust him enough to help your son. And with Oliver Queen’s trust comes Oliver Queen’s loyalty. So John Constantine falls squarely in the category of friends you will protect. Good. All boxes ticked. Then let me be very clear’.

‘If Constantine is the person you trust to help you control your magic, then fine, but if you so much as get a hangnail, he will have me to deal with to the tune of, I’d say a kick to his overactive crutch. But, and listen very clearly here, if he kills you for any reason including because you asked like Barry asked you, then I swear, on my mom’s life, it will be the last thing that he ever does. Because I. WILL. KILL. HIM. Not have him killed, not stand by while Thea or Dig get payback. I will kill him, personally’.

‘You more than anyone knows what I am like when someone takes someone I love away from me. All bets are off. I will do whatever it takes to get justice. You were the one that had to stop me, remember? And honestly, I think you were the only one who could have. You’re that person for me Oliver, the one who I will do anything for. But you won’t be there to stop me this time, which means even if the world stops spinning and hell freezes over, there is no alternative earth, magical dimension, plane of existence, or frigging timeline where John Constantine will ever be safe from me. I will set my entire mind and considerable resources to having him hunted down, and I will not stop until he is dead. And his blood Oliver, and the blood of killing on my hands, all of it will be entirely on you. Do you. Hear me?’

Jesus Christ! ‘Felicity, listen to me-

‘No Oliver. No. I will not be mansplained too. I will not stand down. There is only one answer here’.

‘… Yes. I hear you’.

Click. She’d hung up.

This was beyond bad.
Felicity only had two modes, zaney genius best friend and chilling calculating enemy, -and he had seriously just activated the wrong mode where Constantine was concerned!

Damn it, he’d planned to keep Constantine firmly off his team’s radar by leaving with him in total secret, and he’d always planned to make sure his death if it came to that, couldn’t be connected to Constantine. Now all his plans to prevent exactly what was happening right now had gone up in flames as bright as the damn fire messages Constantine had sent to his house in full view of an unexpected Felicity, alerting her to the fact he was involved in the first place!

...He knew Felicity, better than anyone, so he knew that Felicity Smoak hell-bent on revenge would be unstoppable. She wasn’t an innocent the way Barry was just because she hadn’t killed anyone. It wasn’t that simple.

Felicity, like him, had met her dark side years ago and realised it was pronounced. The difference was she’d chosen to walk away from it. But when her past had come back to haunt her a few years ago, he’d realised just how much she’d spun the story of her walking away from her dark side as having frightened her and forced her to change.

He knew better.

In reality, she’d thought, what do people underestimate the most? Looked at her mother and decided, I could use that, and chosen to imitate her mother’s look, dying her hair, changing from a goth in clothes and manner and reinventing herself as a bubbly blonde.

It was an effective disguise.
-But underneath it all, he knew Felicity was exactly the same person she’d always been.

At her core Felicity Smoak was as ruthless as she was calculating.

A person who was good because they had **decided** to be and stuck with that decision, *Which meant a person who could be flipped back to who they really were if pushed far enough.*

While he did things good or bad on instinct she did everything with deliberate premeditated
precision. She was just adept at hiding how ruthless she really was behind her cute,

seemingly harmless,

fast-talking facade.
It made people who didn’t truly know her underestimate her. It hid the truth. Felicity wasn’t a
dorky nerd that lacked a brain to mouth filter where her thirst was concerned, she just played the
part of one convincingly well.

For the longest time he hadn’t seen much less understood that about her. Couldn’t see how she was
hiding in plain sight. He’d truly believed she was an innocent that needed his protection. -He
hadn’t been evolved enough to admit it when they were in a relationship, but Felicity’s intelligence
was simply put intimidating, so he’d relied on her brilliance in the field, but in his home, in his bed,
he’d refused to see her as anyone other than an innocent who he had to protect and prevent from
turning into him.

The tell was in that very thing. He'd never really thought he could turn Barry into someone like
him, just that his life, his world would bring him misery. If he’d been able to see now what he
should have seen then he would have realised why he couldn’t be a better man for Felicity and
spared them both a lot of heartache. After all it was the same reason he couldn’t be a better man for
Sara. They were too similar at their core.

It wasn’t like the signs of this weren’t there even before they got together. He should have realised
when Felicity never denounced the death toll or even the torture when they first started working

Together. And after he’d began to question it because of Tommy’s death, Felicity’s response had
been telling as she’d yelled:

‘‘Excuse me for saying this but so what?!

Since when do you care?‘‘

Like Dig, she had accepted the necessary evils required to save the City.

Barry on the other hand had been horrified by even the idea of what he was doing, and when he’d
witnessed just a little of him roughing up a suspect he’d called him out on it, point blank refusing to
accept that torture was justified, necessary or even understandable. Barry just didn’t think or work
that way, and Barry would never resort to torture let alone murder or even see it as a possibility to
avenge him. But Felicity would. He’d seen her hell-bent on revenge first hand, and he knew if she
was driven to that point she could and would rationalise just about anything as necessary if it
meant she could get justice. -Not that it would even ultimately matter what her intentions were,
because that kind of ends justifies the means approach always came with collateral damage.

She would end up damning her own soul.
And what about Thea? Felicity would tell her sooner or later, just like she was frigging telling her everything, and if Thea was pissed at what she saw as his stupidity for sleeping with Barry and causing an Inter team incident, she would do nothing short of going ballistic after hearing from Felicity that now he was going off on a suicide mission! It wouldn’t matter that suicide wasn’t actually the point of the mission!

Bottom line he knew Thea, she believed in payback just as much as he did, it was one of the traits they shared. Thea would 100 percent blame and go after Constantine if he died, and she wouldn’t care if it just happen on Constantine’s watch or Constantine was directly responsible, she would make him pay regardless. It was exactly what he would do if the situation was reversed, and what he had done when R’as al Ghaul had attacked Thea. There were many reasons he had to fight and stop R’as, but the main one was he had no Intention of letting a man that brutalised and ran a sword through his sister live. Not ever.

-But because of him his sister was killed by his enemy, and rather than let her soul rest he hadn’t been able to accept her death and used the Lazarus pool to bring her back from the brink of death, unaware that it cursed those it resurrected by replacing part of their soul with a dark force only appeased by shedding blood. If Thea turned that part of herself she had worked so hard to conquer and surpass loose to take on a strong opponent like Constantine … no, he couldn’t let that happen to Thea again, he could not be the reason she went back to that.

And then there was Dig. Sooner or later Dig would find out he was planning to do something drastic and permanent if he couldn't control his magic. It was like Dig had a damn sixth sense for whenever he did anything reckless or something because there he’d be, arms crossed making his bowling-ball sized biceps bulge as he gave him one of his famous, -I’m not angry man I’m just disappointed. You’re better than this Oliver-, lectures

Obviously, Dig would see him getting himself killed on purpose as reckless in the extreme!

-Dig would also see it as his duty to back Thea and Felicity against Constantine if they declared war on him, and if Constantine so much as raised his voice, let alone a weapon magical or otherwise in the general direction of Thea or Felicity, Dig as a career soldier who was very protective of his team would defend them both to the death before he let any harm come to either of them.

But that was exactly the problem, it would be death for his entire team because they were all missing a key piece of information about Constantine’s true strength. Information even Felicity couldn’t find. -She had the knowledge of the known worlds at her fingertips, but what had happened with Constantine in the magic sanctuary that day had not happened in the known worlds! It wasn't something anyone who hadn't been inside the Sanctuary that day could possibly know.

Felicity wouldn’t account for Constantine being a thing with power that all-powerful fearsome Dragons and an actual Angel had stopped in the face of. Constantine himself didn’t even remember it, much less believe it when he told him about it!

He doubted Felicity would believe it if he told her either. She would think he was just trying to scare her away, which would be true, but what was also true was his witnessing what happened first hand...

Come to think of it, ... what had triggered that epic explosion of horrifying power wasn’t self-defence, Constantine wasn’t being threatened, in fact, the dragons were going out of their way not to harm him as they were grateful Constantine had unwittingly bought them their prize to kill in
their damn redemption ritual! -Damn it he had just been thinking about it earlier today, how could he have not taken into account that finding out what the Dragon’s were trying to do had pushed Constantine over the edge!

He’d damn near unleashed some mythical dark realm when he lost control of his rage while trying to protect him, and this was who he’d been planning to ask to kill him if it came to it! -When just the thought of it had sent him nuclear?! Damn it, He’d been so wrapped up in the fact Constatine had magic and could stop him he’d actually forgotten the glaring reasons he should never even consider asking!!!

His hands balled into fists with stress, fingers digging into his palms painfully as he inhaled long and slow, unclenching his fists as he exhaled...

... So, when he needed his mind the most, he was clearly losing it completely! What the hell had he been thinking?!! What if Constantine did agree to put him down and doing so triggered him to go all elemental rage or whatever the hell had happened again?! -There would be no Dragons around to stop him this time, and his team, and especially Felicity would be out for vengeance without realising they all had the power of houseflies in comparison to Constantine!

No! -He was putting a stop to the monumental collision course he’d put his team and Constantine on right frigging now! He was going to make sure Felicity stood the hell down, and seriously reevaluate everything he was doing! -Jesus, because of him Felicity mistakenly thought she was taking on some low rent magician! She had no idea what Constantine was truly capable of, or the death and destruction that would be unleashed if he lost control!

Everything was going to hell and he was the root cause of all of it!

He had to find a way to fix this while leaving, what the hell was he going to-

-His phone vibrated with a notification

Thea. What did she want now? -Was that a picture of a handwritten letter? -Was that his desk? He squinted barely able to make out the writing in the letter, why the hell was she sending him-

-Thea’s caller ID flashed, ‘well, did you read it?’ She demanded as he answered.

‘Thea’ he sighed exasperated, ‘you literally just sent it this second! I barely got a chance to see it, let alone read it!’

‘Then let me tell you what just happened, NOT THAT I’M EVEN SPEAKING TO YOU’ she yelled as he held the phone away from his ear, putting it on speaker and glaring at it. ‘You see brother, there I was, in your office, doing your damn work for you yet again, and the next thing I know there is this whoosh, and papers are flying everywhere, and there’s this letter on your desk addressed to you. Delivered I assumed by speedster. I thought it was from Barry, and considering the mess you’re in because you just refuse to think with your upstairs brain-

-’Thea!’

‘Fine! So I decided to open it for your own damn good, to put a stop to whatever the hell was going on now, but it wasn’t from Barry it was from Jay Garrick-

‘Jay Gar- so, you’re telling me Zoom, who is dead, took the time to come back from the dead and deliver me a nice handwritten letter?’
‘What? No you idiot! Not Zoom Jay Garrick! -The other Jay Garrick, the real one or whatever. The one whose the doppelganger of Barry’s dad, -not Joe, I mean his other dad, Henry Allen’.

‘Well that’s straightforward’, he gritted out, ‘how could I or anyone be confused by all of that’.

‘You know, I don’t appreciate the sarcasm Ollie, because everything that’s happening right now is all your fault!’

‘Believe me Thea, I’m well aware. So, since you read it even though it wasn’t addressed to you, what did it say?’

‘Glad you asked bro’, Thea’s tone was pure acid. ‘He invites you to stay away from Barry Allen. He explains that Barry is his doppelganger’s son and he can’t help but feel responsible for his wellbeing since his doppelganger’s murder. He also explains that Barry has been put through quite enough with being forced to witness both his mother and his father butchered and he will not stand by and see him taken advantage of by some, -and get this because this bit is really good-, morally bankrupt serial seducer who can’t keep it zipped even when he’s supposed to be a friend. He also reminds you that he can, and if you force his hand by not heeding his warning and staying away from Barry, will-

-‘Speed me to the middle of the ocean and toss me to a shark?’

‘Oh, so you did read it?!’

‘No’ he sighed, ‘Lucky guess or running theme today. -I’ll let you decide’.

‘If it’s a running theme then you bought it on yourself! And yeah that he’ll toss you to a shark is exactly what it says. ...So that’s terrifying Ollie! The exquisite penmanship aside, that is just not okay, because we don’t really know him. I mean is he like Barry and he wouldn’t really do that, or is he more like you, in which case you can consider your ass shark bait? You know what don’t even answer that because I can’t with you right now Ollie! First you skip an important meeting to do something as stupid as screwing the one person in the world you probably should have never even thought about touching, and then you go and make sure everyone knows about it by literally putting your damn mark on him, which is creepy and gross by the way! How would you feel if some guy did something like that to me?!’

‘Nauseous’ he ground out behind clenched teeth, because why the hell did she even have to say something like that?! ‘And we are not going to discuss-

-‘You missed out the part where you would be murderous she interrupted, ‘aside from the fact I know you, did you think Roy didn't tell me about you hanging him over the side of a building by his throat and threatening to drop him if he didn’t stop seeing me? You did that because you thought he was bad for me, you can’t really be surprised Barry’s people think the same thing about you after you put your damn magic stamp on Barry’s neck like he’s something you own or something! And what the hell is wrong with you that you would even do that! And now the fallout is so nuclear people who don’t even live on this earth are mad about it!

-‘Jeez, I mean you think you could have slept with, I don’t know, like literally anyone else, rather than the one person that was guaranteed to start a massive frigging drama across the known frigging worlds? What is it with you and that anyway? Are you like legit allergic to sex without drama? Can you just not get it going in the pants department unless you know the fallout is going to be epic, Because, seriously see a shrink about that already! I mean we are now at the stage where we are literally getting letters of complaint about your sex life at the damn Mayor’s office!’
THE UPSTAIRS BRAIN OLLIE, I am always asking, telling, BEGGING you to use your upstairs brain! But will you listen to me, your loving sister! No!-

- ‘All right Thea, that’s enough you’re just ranting now. Whatever happened to having my back? And if you can’t do that I’ll take the not talking to me you keep promising!’

‘Oh you’d like that wouldn’t you!’

‘YES! With all of the yelling right now I would definitely like that!’

‘Well too bad! -Because my not speaking to you, doesn’t mean I have to condone your obvious bad life choices or keep quiet about them!’

‘That is literally what it means Thea! -Do you even understand how not talking to someone wor- he took a long deep breath, ‘thank you for telling me about the letter’ he ground out behind clenched teeth. ‘I am busy. I will talk to you later’.

‘Oh you will talk to me now! And again because you don’t seem to understand this simple thing, not that I’m actually frigging talking to you! -And don’t you dare get mad at the messenger Ollie! It’s your own fault you’re getting threatening letters -oh my god the ambassadors representative is calling the other line! I’m still trying to smooth over the mess of you no-showing the meeting, and to think all of this could have been avoided if you just used your upstairs-

-Click. He hung up, -Damn it he should have told her he was leaving, before she heard about it from Felicity and really lost it, -he would have if she’d let him get a frigging word in sideways! But he didn’t have time to call her back and go through the drama that would be that conversation right now, he had to talk Felicity down from whatever plan to assassinate Constantine he knew she was undoubtedly currently devising down to the last meticulous detail!

*******************************************************************************
WOULD YOU LOVE MORE GOOD HOT READS?

Hi there friends!
There are tons of links to lots of good stuff below! Just right click/Press and hold the story/category titles to add anything you want to read to your browser tabs! 😊

You might also enjoy...

→ The Drawbacks Of Dating Deviant Doppelgangers

So there's a school of thought that says Cisco Ramon basically belongs to Harrison Wells, and that's why he has a connection with every Wells they meet. I am amenable to this! 😊

Yes, Cisco Ramon is cute and adorable, and as far as HR and Harrison are concerned asking for it! They just have different ways of showing him!

→ Captain Cold

So what if a certain Ice Cold man about town just so happens to be minding his own business on his way to a perfectly respectable, illegal shady arms deal and just so happens to find none other than the Scarlet Speedster himself, captured and just left all tied up and helpless... in speedster restraint cuffs... he can't get out of... 😊 😃 😊

What will happen to our sweet adorable Barry! 😊 Will he be saved from Snart?! 😊 😃
→ *Latin vibe*

So... Barry has just come home after the *things* that happened in Captain Cold.

Of course the question is what the hell will happen to him next?! 🤔 😳

→ *Heatwave*

Leonard Snart is back, and doing *things* to Barry... *allegedly*... 😛

But what if convincing Mick he’s not an alcohol-induced hallucination ends up taking a lot more than Snart bargained for?
The unbearable hotness of James and Winn tickle your fancy? 😊😊😊

Winn is cute. We can all agree on that, so cute, in fact, it might take a certain media empire boss, and vigilante guardian completely by surprise to realise, where Winn is concerned, cute does not necessarily mean innocent… 😊… 😊

→ Beautiful Snow

There is something going on with Doctors Harry Wells and Caitlin Snow. But is that actually a good thing?
Cisco, naturally, is not having *any* part of the noise where Harry Wells has been messing with his sister/best friend Caitlin!

Other fandom works you might also enjoy...

Want even *more* good reading right now? *Why not check out all of these links to my fics in other fandoms!* 😊

→ *Supernatural*

→ The Vampire Diaries & The Originals.
→ Shadowhunters
→ Being Human US
Even more you might enjoy!

Still want more entertainment? Yeah you do! So why not check out my blog 😊

→curiobi Closet

There's loads there, including fan fiction, articles, gallaries, previously on tumblr posts, and a post rant about corporate a-holes trying to hijack our right to squee and ship who we want to! Please check it out, I'm sure I have something for you in all these links gurl, and if not why not give me a prompt in the comments! 😊😊

curiobi

@~.~@

Shameless ploy for Kudos!

You have been reading:

→Poison Arrow

Barry/Oliver and the unmitigated hotness that is their relationship your thing?
Oliver's idea of how to deal with someone panicking about becoming evil may well differ greatly from someone less sexed up and aggressive…

If you are enjoying this story and the effort that has gone into the visual presentation, please leave kudos generously if you have not already, thanks! 😊
There And Back Again, A Vigilante’s Tale

‘Felicity-

‘No’.

‘Felicity listen to me’.

‘No’.

‘Please, just hear me out’.

‘It won’t change anything’ she managed, her voice muffled as she sniffed. Was she… had she been *crying*, Felicity didn’t cry! -Tear up, get emotional yes, but literally cry no. It was like her rational brain refused to let the tears actually flow. ‘I meant every word I said Oliver’.

‘I know Felicity, *that’s why we need to talk*’.

There was a bluish light and Felicity was suddenly standing in front of him. ‘What? Why are you staring at me like I just popped out of thin air? I mean technically yes I did just pop out of thin air. -But of course I made my own version of the portal tech and got it to work, well temporarily. -May have to get a taxi home because I kinda left my car at the lab. -Also *this is what you get*. She punched him in the arm as hard as she could. He knew she’d been working hard on her punch-

-and he couldn’t help wincing, -but out of sympathy not pain as she yelped ‘Ouch, *goddamn it*, cradling her fist in her other hand, -‘I mean *that’s a lesson for you*! Dig is not the only one on the team who can beat some damn sense into you if he has to, I can too!’

‘Yes you can’ he smiled, ‘and I’m suitably terrified’.

‘Damn right you are!’ she huffed as he took the hand she’d hurt in his much larger one and kissed
it better. How did he find the words to tell her how sorry he was, let alone to get her off the
Constantine warpath? ‘Felicity’, he pulled her into his arms, noticing her eyes were red-rimmed
and there were tear tracks down her face. He’d really gone and done it now, he had pushed her to
shed actual tears! -What were the odds that ended well? ‘I’m sorry okay. -Would you believe I
wasn’t thinking straight?’

‘Since you tried to get a Wizard to kill you, and you’re not currently kidnapping Barry per my
excellent plan, yes I can believe that, and also that you are a total jerk’ she sniffed.

‘I mean it, I’m sorry for putting you through this’.

‘How sorry!’

He pulled back and looked down into her eyes. ‘If I could make you pancakes right now I would,
no complaints’.

‘Accepted’.

The next thing he knew he was being unceremoniously pushed towards a blue light and was
stepping into his own apartment. -Damn it. He just had to mention pancakes! -Wait a minute if the
device got them back here, then it had more than one shot in it, which meant she would be trying to
get him to use it to kidnap Barry again! ‘hey, I thought you said-

‘What? The probability you would say something pancake related to placate me, even when
balanced with your continued objections regarding being conscripted into cooking them, was still
at 62 percent, ergo totally worth a shot at Portaling to you and letting you see the disaster of
puffiness that is my tear stained face thanks to you, thereby guilting you into conscripting
yourself!
-Mission accomplished.
-Now I wouldn't go so far as to say pancakes can’t make up for this, but they had better be the best
pancakes you ever made me or anyone for that matter, just saying.
-As for the device, yes, the one I used to get to you had only one trip in it, -but have you met me?
Obviously I packed a spare for emergencies, -and excuse me since when are pancakes not an
emergency? So get cooking with your delicious apology Oliver because I am A, starving and B,
seriously pissed at you-

-‘How the hell can you be-

-‘Mad at you, ARE YOU FREAKING KIDDING ME RIGHT NOW??’

‘What no, hungry. -You ate a mountain of pancakes already today’.

‘That was breakfast, well elevenses or second breakfast as the British hobbits say, -wait aren’t all
hobbits British? Whatever. -Pancakes now. What have previous meals got to do with anything?’

‘Nothing, if you’re planning to get gastric bypass surgery!’

‘Excuse me, are you making a crack about my weight Mr?’

‘What weight? -No, it’s your cholesterol and probable onset type 2 diabetes I’m concerned about’.

‘My arteries and blood sugar levels are between me, my personal physician, the gymnasium hobby
horse I occasionally work out on alone, -because kind of a thing now, and my personal fitness
trainer, who just so happens to be Diggle’.
‘Felicity I have things to do! Like leaving!’

‘That can wait! -Oh how quickly we forget. Felicity I’m sorry, Felicity I’d make you pancakes if I could. NO COMPLAINTS!’

She had him there. He was the idiot that had to go and say that. -But he had to talk her down from her Constantine must die plans anyway, and the best way to do that was to, as Thea to his horror put it, ‘pilie her up with his calorie soaked post-bang pancakes’.

He sighed, took off his jacket and headed for the breakfast nook ... The memory of how intense it felt driving into Barry hard and fast as he took him on top of the counter flooded his mind, and he could hear Barry crying out for him, feel his heated trembling body underneath him again, taste his sweet mouth as he pressed up against him tight, bending him over the counter, electricity sparking off Barry’s hot sweat-damp skin as he was grinding into Barry slowly from behind, kissing the side of his long neck, his lips at his ear as he confessed his fantasies about screwing Barry senseless in his office …

‘Urm… Hey buddy, -since it has to be thoughts about Barry that has that look in your eyes, and I obviously ship the hell out of you two, I encourage and support the trip down sexy memory lane your obviously having, and encourage you to use said memories as fuel to carry out my sensible plan of lightly kidnapping Barry.

-Having said all that, please don’t let distracting flashbacks about the unspeakable things you must have done to Barry in this very space, prevent you from cooking!’

-Speaking of hot delicious things, do you feel like sharing what happened with Barry yet? -You know with all the rich level of vivid detail I deserve! -And would it have killed you to shoot some damn footage?! And in case you did, fork it over already! Not for me to watch personally or anything, just asking for a friend, um, a friend who’s not me obviously. -Anyway, just saying, don’t let sexy recollections get you so worked up you have to stand back from the counter for safety to avoid splashing sizzling pancake batter on that monster of yours. If need be, just give it the old flat against the stomach adjust, wash your hands, and continue with your culinary duties’.

He scowled at her as he gathered ingredients, but still distracted by his sex-memory laden surroundings his thoughts went right back to Barry against his will, and he tried to stamp them down because Felicity was eyeing him with the same gleaming eyed hunger as the pancake batter he was mixing, -but then he was combining two of her favourite things, food, and Fangirling herself to a near stroke with her squeeing shipping thing for him and Barry.

His thoughts suddenly took a turn as he pictured Joe, his palms down as lent on this same counter, unaware that he had taken his son on and over it, the strain in Joe’s face visible as he looked him in the eye and begged him to say away from Barry, to never see him again. Now instead of warm memories he thought about the cold reality. If he couldn’t find a way to control his magic, seeing Barry again wouldn’t ever be possible …

He laid the first set of pancakes on Felicity’s plate, and she quickly slathered them with butter, cream, Maple and Blueberry syrup, whipped cream, and sugar dusting. ‘There’ she proclaimed adding a single strawberry on top of the pile, ‘the fruit makes it a balanced meal. ‘Stop Laughing’ she hissed at him behind clenched teeth, ‘and stop looking at me like I’m nuts!’ he raised his palms in mock surrender and started on another batch of batter as Felicity put a forkful of hot pancakes in her mouth groaning in pleasure. ‘No Oliver you can’t leave’ she wailed, I might starve to death if you do’.

‘I’m sure you’ll survive’ he laughed.
‘Don’t be so sure! … You know, I’ve been thinking about Constantine. The first time I met him I saw the way he was looking at you, and it was instantly obvious why he was willing to literally tangle with hell to get back the soul of a woman he didn’t even know. It was because of you, because you asked him to. When I learned that he’s the one who branded that script into your those perfect abs of yours using magic, I researched what the symbols meant. It’s a protection spell, apparently, a very powerful one. If you’re wondering how you survived being murdered by Ra’s al Ghul, and a whole host of other things you never should have escaped, that was a part of it.

-Thing is, you can’t put a protection spell that powerful on someone unless you’re deeply connected to them. I mean way more than his obvious thing for you. I don’t think it would be easy to convince him to kill you’. 

‘Felicity. That was part of the not thinking straight. I know asking him would be a bad idea and I won’t, you have my word okay. But that doesn’t change the fact I might not be able to take control of this power, and that could mean that he doesn’t have a choice-

-‘Don’t give me that, he’s a literal friggin magician! If he can’t find another way who can?! - Bottom line Oliver, if he gets you killed because of his recklessness or kills you because you asked him to, he will answer to me’. 

He sighed, because he wasn’t exactly succeeding in talking her down.

‘You didn't even say a proper goodbye to Barry hen you tried to sneak off with your wizard on a magic carpet ride. Do better this time, abduction or no, at least tell him your leaving face to face and explain why’. 

‘I left Barry a message like you Dig and Thea, and that will have to- Hey, what do you mean magic carpet ride! Nothing is going on with me and Constatine so knock it off’.

‘I wish I could, but I don’t want to because it’s kinda fun watching someone else tongue-tied with thirst for you when that someone is not mortifyingly me for a change. -Oooh, mortifyingly me, now that’s a song or band or album title, or maybe the heading of my memoirs which I am writing’.

‘Wait, you’re seriously doing that?’

‘Well yeah. I told you that earlier’. 

‘I thought you were telling ridiculous lies to try and cover up the obvious fact you were texting Thea!’

‘Well maybe I was texting Thea and writing my memoirs at the same time, what a woman can’t multitask while coercing a near naked friend to cook for her?

He sighed, because what could he even say?
‘Delicious!’ Felicity exclaimed, inhaling the last of her stack at a rate that Barry would probably find impressive and holding out her plate for more. ‘Oh by the way, take this’, she put the portal device on the counter, now you’re good to go’.

If only it was as simple as Felicity was making out. Yes he wanted to go see Barry, yes Barry was good for him, but that didn’t automatically mean he was good for Barry, something Team Baby and whichever Wells they had now would all agree with.

-And what the hell was it with Barry and versions of that guy anyway? Catlin, Cisco, and Barry were all exceptionally brilliant scientists, why did they all feel like they needed him? In fact, he vaguely remembered Barry saying that drumstick twirling idiot he’d come close to shooting in the face wasn’t a scientist at all. either that fake-Wells who was really Thawne had done such a number on them they didn’t feel they could work without him, or Team Baby had some kind of collective Wells approval fetish… He just didn’t get it-

‘Hey!’ Felicity reached across the counter and punched him in the arm. ‘Focus! Here I am taking time out of my busy schedule to help you land Barry, and you’re not even listening to me!’

‘I would think the woman who referred to Barry as my child bride long before things went to hell would get a lot is standing in the way of any relationship with Barry’.

‘Oh come on Oliver, I was just teasing with the child bride thing. It’s more about experience than age. You’re not really that much older than Barry, what is it 2, 3 years at most?’

‘It’s more than that and you know it!’

‘Whatever. Nobody cares I mean Barry keeps messing with time so who even knows if linear age even applies to him anymore, and since he’s probably immortal it won’t even matter in the long run, -wait, I see what I did there, long run, ha! -Anyway. Focus on what’s important. He came to you Oliver. Barry isn’t exactly short of people to turn to, but he still came to you’.

‘To kill him Felicity! -You know that’s the reason he came to me. And you overheard Joe. I made it worse. Barry was in a really bad place, and I just-

-‘That’s enough. Felicity’s tone was deadly serious as she laid her fork down. Her interest in her pancakes seemed genuinely gone. ‘Listen to me. You’re human, and the person you’ve wanted pretty much since you first met him from what I saw came to you. So you didn’t take the path of noble resistance like you have been all these years, big deal. Any fool can see you both needed each other. And I’m sorry no one on Barry’s team sees it that way, but I actually don’t care. What I really am sorry about is Barry asking you to hurt him, for any reason. I can only imagine how that must have made you feel, but that only happened because he has no idea how deeply you care about him, that you could never do that to him. And that is all the more reason to tell him how you feel’.

‘I did tell him-

-‘Wait, back up, I thought-

-‘I didn’t tell him how I feel, -I told him it could never be me who kills him. I made it clear to him that he could never ask me to do that again.
'Good, now take the portal device and go tell him the reason why it can never be you'.

'It’s not that simple Felicity … To tell you the truth, I’m not even sure I can even be alone with him ever again’.

‘…Can’t tell if you’re joking or not, well I can, but I’m hoping you suddenly developed a really crappy sense of humour’.

‘I’m serious’

'I KNOW! What I can’t understand is what the hell you are thinking?! -You were finally with him, and okay it might not have happened the way you wanted it to, and he might have turned to you for the wrong reasons, but who cares after all this time? What matters is it finally happened, and I know you better than to think for a moment that this is one of your hit it quit it and forget it dick-moves, so what the hell is going on?!

… Okay Oliver, you are starting to scare me. Did something other than Joe and the team finding out happen, is it the league of Assassins again, did Barry’s official sister-wife Nyssa start them up again? Speaking of, are you ever going to tell Barry about your enforced, yet binding by League of Assassins rules wedding?
‘My suggestion, do so before Nysa and her reformed bunch of ninja-spies show up here so she can claim bragging rights to your ass. I mean you know she used to do that to me while we were dating right, just show up and be like, sister-wife who is bedding my husband, shall we commence a mission. I mean who even frigging talks like that!’

‘I wanted to snatch her beautiful head bald! -But she could shish kebab me before I liberated a
strand of that silky hair that smelled like wild Jasmine -hey quick question, do you think I’m kinda gay for badass women lately? -And is it lately or since always? -And is it weird that they’re all connected to you in some way-

- ‘Yes, yes, and yes. You have a damn fetish. I told you that already!’

‘I mean, Nysa, Sara’-

- ‘Is there a pattern? - Or am I just reaching? I mean just because they’re both assassins doesn’t mean I’m only attracted to oh my god, my track record says I am all about the badasss, who are not afraid to-

- ‘Felicity! Will you stop with Nyssa, the League of Assassins, and your thing for badasss. -As for
the same-sex attraction questions, are you kidding me? You really want to play at pretending there was nothing going on with you and the sorceress?’

‘Um… Do not know what you mean by that’.

-Really? Felicity I literally caught her French kissing you in the practice room’.

‘Oh … I so did not know that!’ -But I mean it was nothing. -Certainly nothing to come out of any closets to any friends or family, or Jewish mothers who still ask why you couldn’t work it out with not one but TWO handsome billionaire hunks, no, nothing major like that, it was just a peck on the lips that’s all!’

‘Really? Well even if it was a peck and not the full on tongue action I saw, I think it kind of crosses the line from nothing to something when the lips she’s French kissing are not the ones on your face!’
'Oh God, you really did see us!'

'Yes! You were understandably too distracted to see me, what with her levitating you both and the general loud climaxing. I figured you’d either tell me about it or not. You chose not. I left it alone until now. And I’m happy to do so again so long as you quit asking me stupid questions about if you’re hot for badass women when the answer is clearly yes’.

‘But-but, that whole thing with the sorceress was because ... I mean I was really stressed out - although, I mean you are right, she does check the dangerously badass box, I mean you saw her, um, box-checking. Let’s just agree that the woman has multiple talents, her tongue not being the least of them and move on’.

... But, did I seem like I was enjoying it more with-

-‘On what planet does me answering that go well for me?! Let’s just say I didn't stick around to make a detailed comparison. I walked in, saw what was going on, and walked out. I literally went to get a coffee if you must now and came back half an hour later’.

‘Soooo is that a yes it did look I was enjoying it more or a no it didn’t- you know what never mind. Let’s focus on you and Barry. -Now since you haven’t told me anything by way of actual details despite me literally begging, something that I don’t know about happening between you and Barry is a broad scope Oliver, also what the hell happened that has that look on your face all of a sudden! That’s not your good face. That’s your Oliver’s about to sequester himself back on Lian Yu willingly face! Tell me quickly so I can help you fix it!’

‘You can’t fix this because it’s him Felicity. Barry’s the reason I invoked my magic. I wanted him here with me after all these years of holding back and staying away from him, and there’s more, -I can’t get into it right now so don’t ask, -but unless I can get control over it, he’ll never be safe around me. You’ve seen what it’s done to him already! And I can’t stick around to try to fix things with Barry because I’m dangerous right now. I damn near executed half of Star Labs earlier just for getting in between me and Barry. I didn’t even realise how close I came to crossing that line until later! ... I’m not… I’m not in control felicity … If I’m attacked or provoked… I could kill someone who doesn’t deserve it and that’s without my powers. With Magic I could hurt a lot of innocent people. Sound like anyone we knew and had to put kill?’

‘Listen, to, me, Oliver’, she banged her small fist down on the counter with every word for emphasis, ‘you could never be like Damien Dhark. Never’.
‘Because it’s that simple? Dhark started out as a warrior personally trained by Ras then he got too much magical power and sound familiar? I thought the magic I used had faded to nothing because I could never use it again, not even when I really needed it, but I was wrong. It turns out I needed to invoke it, My teacher never told me because she didn’t want me to wield magic in the first place.

-I learned a lot about dangerous magic on the Island, none of it good, and earlier Constantine told me only someone born with magic and an affinity to use it could ever use the ancient language of the old ones to invoke it, and once invoked the magic can never be removed. Using it to fight Damien just woke it up, but invoking it was final. It can’t be removed or go dormant ever again. I have to learn how to control it or literally die trying’.

‘No Oliver, you promised -

-‘I need you need to hear this Felicity. Blood Magic that is not controlled is deadly. It infects people around the source with power they can’t handle. I’ve seen it and it is brutal, and if blood Magic can find a blood link it will seek it out. So you have to believe me when I say I never saw death as a way to escape. I saw it as a last resort, I hoped Constantine would know a way, a ritual, something to bind the magic to my flesh in the moment of death. I know that can work, it’s just finding a person with the magical skills to do it is rare. Then there is the will to do it, because it’s a dark ritual that extracts a heavy price ... For me, it cost me a part of my soul ... a part of my humanity died, and I can never fix that, never get it back. I will not let that be William one day. I won't let magic he can’t control force him into making a choice like I had to on that Island. I have to protect my son’.

‘And who better to help than someone calling themselves a master of the Dark Arts huh? -I get it now. William is your son, and even though his mother doesn’t want to accept that, or you, biological facts are still facts. He has your DNA. If you can’t control your magic it could pour into him, and he’s just a little kid, it would consume him. -And then what you would be faced with having to do to spare him the suffering and madness ... I get why you felt you had no choice if it came to it. I’m Just glad you’re going to find another way to save William and yourself, like you already started with allowing Constantine to bind him. I know that means you trust Constantine Oliver. What I don't know, because I don’t know him, is why you trust him’.

‘He’s earned my trust, time and again Felicity. You just have to believe me on that’.

‘I hope you’re right about him, and I hope he can help. From what I’ve seen and heard he’s crazy, but who am I to talk? -By the way, what did Samantha say when you called her? Because I still can’t believe she agreed to let an insane wizard anywhere near William let alone put a binding spell on him’.

‘It wasn’t easy, believe me. After the first 12 times she hung up Constantine gave her a call, some kind of mystical conference thing, and she had no choice but to accept Magic was real. She knew I would never tell her about having something in my life, let alone in me that would make her think I was even more dangerous for William to be around than she already did unless I had no other choice. Samantha agreed to Constantine binding William out of sheer terror, and no matter how things work out in the long run, I estimate the odds of the way this went down not coming back to bite me in the ass to be about zero’.

‘I agree with those odds sorry to say. -I don’t suppose her fear encouraged her to let you spend some time with William without lawsuits and threatening to change his identity and disappear with him? -Like that would work. I’d find him for you in a heartbeat’.

‘If the door slamming in our faces after Constantine bound William was any indication, we’re still working on her agreeing to let me see him without a massive legal fight that would ultimately only
hurt him.- But he’s my son and I will do whatever it is I have to do to be a part of his life, I just… I have to do what’s best for him, not just what I want. I have to put his needs first. I have to protect him at any cost, even if that means not seeing him for a while’.

‘Are we still talking about William? -Look Oliver, I understand that you have to go. but you have to at least talk to Barry before you do’.

‘Felicity I… don’t think that’s a good idea’.

‘You can’t just leave without at least telling him why. Oliver you can’t!’

‘Felicity-

-‘No! If you just walk out on him now, you will regret it’, Felicity put her small hands on his face and pulled his head down closer to hers. ‘Oliver, I know you, I know you think he would be better off if you went back to staying away from him like you did before, but he won’t. So please, I’m begging you, talk to him before you go, and tell him how you feel’.

‘Felicity I-

-‘No. Oliver, look at me, listen to me. I get that you have to leave to learn how to control your powers, but you have to give Barry a chance to understand that too, and he will understand, trust me’. Felicity patted his arm, -then mercifully gave him the portal device. ‘It has one more shot in it before it’s done, I have a little more work to do to make it as stable as the one those tech-hoarding jerks, I mean our good friends and allies have at Star Labs. Press it twice and It can take you back to the roof or once to go straight to Barry, and yes of course I know where he is right now, and no I didn’t program it to take you to Barry regardless of what you choose, scouts honour. -Okay, I was never technically a scout per se, but Felicity word of honour. Now, make the right choice, which in case your wondering is obviously to get your beautiful head out of your spectacular ass and go kidnap Barry, just saying. -Hey, it’s alright, stop looking at me like that. I’m not going to do anything crazy the moment you leave like put out a pre-emptive hit on your wizard, or try making pancakes on my own in your apartment, thus ensuring the place burns to the ground while incinerating my helpless body caught in the strangled throes of smoke inhalation and food poisoning. -Now hug me quick before I change my mind about letting you go!’

She was tearing up again, and he put his arms around her and held her tight, kissing the top of her forehead murmuring, ‘I love you. Take care of the team for me’.

‘I always do’ she sniffed holding on to him and doing her best to squeeze him tight, ‘Love you back. Come home soon okay’ she whispered releasing him.

He was actually surprised as he stepped out of the portal onto the roof after pressing the device twice. It wasn’t like Felicity hadn’t blatantly admitted to beating military level lie detection software with a 98 percent pass rate earlier! But apparently she had been telling the truth.

*He’d come dangerously, selfishly, close to pressing the device once and just going to Bar - Goddamnit!* The device shorted out, burning in his hand as he tossed it in the air just as it disintegrated in a shower of sparks.

His phone started making a weird noise and he pulled it out of his pocket looking at the screen which had a weird series of symbols all over it. He’d been around Felicity enough to know he was looking at deep edge encryption, which probably meant ARGUS was contact him.

‘Oliver’, Digg’s voice whispered out low, ‘just listen. Don’t respond. Keep this line clear on your
end -'Hold on’. There was a pause and the sound of multiple heavy yet muted footsteps making it clear Digg and his group were running, Dig was calling him from a mission?!! Odds Dig what calling because he felt like a casual chat in the middle of . Zero ‘Listen man, I have just had Felicity hacking into ARGUS multilayer encryption like it’s nothing, Lyla is madder than I’ve seen her in a while, and again is offering her a job or else some reflective jail time at an ARGUS black site. I don’t need this in my life Oliver -hang on’, gunfire rang out loudly then stopped abruptly at the sound of an explosion, ‘you put me in the middle of another Felicity vs Lyla tug of War, not to mention Felicity is interrupting a classified mission to let me know that you are, and I quote, -going off on a magic carpet ride with a thirsty blonde wizard. I am not even going to ask Man, I am just going to say NO. And I mean to LITERALLY EVERYTHING YOU’RE DOING! I don't have a lot of time so let me wrap this up. 1. I am going to kick your ass for making Felicity cry because I honestly I didn't even know she physically could, and she’s like a sister to me and it got me right in the damn feels man during a damn mission! 2. I don’t care if Team Baby wants your ass in jail for putting your coat all over Barry -AND you are/were planning on doing something Hari-Keri style stupid. 3. You’re going to come back alive, in fact better, alive and well-rested, with your damn head screwed on right or I am going to kick you and your damn wizard friends ass. 4. Barry is not a kid. If you both decide to have a relationship that’s your own damn business. 5. Quit acting like you can still keep away from Barry. You’re better than going back to being someone who can’t deal with his own feelings man. Go get him. And try not to screw it up. See you when you get back, when we are going to have a long talk about how we DO NOT push Felicity Smoke over the edge! Catch you on the flip side brother. Stay safe. Out’.

… He wanted to say the same to him, but kept to the instruction to remain silent on his end. At least maybe now Dig could put all his focus on his mission instead of dealing with all of this. -Also Dig knew ... Well, being Dig, the world’s most overprotective big brother, he was gonna find out sooner or later, and he didn’t for a second underestimate Digg’s ability to track him down even in the afterlife and drag his ass back to the land of the living just to give him a crossed-armed lecture about how he was both angry and disappointed that he’d got himself killed.

So this was going well … His plan to slip away through a portal in secret was now common knowledge among his own team, and Barry’s team knew exactly where he was and could literally turn up ready to fight him to the death at any moment because according to the death threats from Jay Garrick, things were not calming down over there and probably wouldn’t be any time soon. Now both Felicity and Dig said go get him, but there would be nothing less than a full scale war if he even tried to strike up a conversation with Barry right now, let alone kidnapping him! -Although that was really unlikely to be what Diggle actually meant. That madness was all Feli- his phone vibrated repeatedly with a barrage of incoming messages.

Great, what fresh hell was this now?

Truce Ollie!

I was going to threaten to kick your ass, which I totally can by the way, so don’t think I can’t or won’t, but I had to deal with ambassador!
He’s still mad, but screw that because Felicity just texted that this whole thing is not about you branding Barry like an animal, it’s because everyone at Star Labs thinks you took advantage of Barry, like hurt him on purpose! That’s what Jay Garrick was talking about!

I KNOW YOU WOULD NEVER do that! You can be a jerk sometimes, sure, but you would NEVER force anyone!

I can’t believe this, Barry’s dad actually thinks you took advantage of Barry when he couldn’t consent, and THAT’S why he beat you up?!

Wait, -Felicity said he literally BEGGED you to stay away from Barry after he beat you up?!

This is what’s been going on? 😊

This has gotten too weird Ollie. Do you want me to come over? 😃

I think we should get you to see someone. Like A magic Doctor or something.

I’m texting Felicity to find one right now. -She can find anyone super fast, then we can get you fixed or something, quick, before things get any worse AND I DON’T EVEN KNOW WHAT THAT WOULD MEAN RIGHT NOW! 😊

She was worried about him. She’d been through enough without having to worry about it. He had to convince her that he had things under control, or that he had a plan at the very least.

I appreciate the concern Thea, but no need to come over. I’m fine, I promise.

About work, I need to leave for a few days to sort out the magic problem. It’s going to be fine.
Don’t worry about that now! I’ll cover for you.

Thanks.

Ollie. No matter what you’re my big brother and a good person. You would never hurt someone you care about!

I know you would never intentionally hurt Barry! And I’ll tell Team Arrow that until they frigging listen!

Your support means a lot Thea.

It really did. Ultimately, other than it’s impact on Barry, he didn’t care about Team Baby’s collective rage against him. Thea was another matter. No brother wanted his little sister thinking he was a sexual predator scumbag.

Yeah, well I ❤ you, even though you’re a big, meeting-missing jerk sometimes.

Again, sorry about that. I will fix it somehow.

❤ you too speedy.

OH MY GOD, Did you just, USE AN EMOJI! Wow 😊 - Wait does this mean it’s officially the end of days?!

But seriously, don’t worry about work or anything else right now. Just handle your magic drama big brother, and keep me posted okay 😊

Okay.
A hand touched his shoulder, and he turned to stare into Constantine’s amused gaze.

‘Who are you texting heart emojis to then mate? Never really thought of you as an emoji kind of a Bloke’.

‘I’m not. I was texting my off limits to you little sister’.

‘Never you worry mate, your twiggy little sister has nothing to fear from me. It’s her burly, intermittently blonde, big brother I’m after’.

He sighed as put his phone away and stared down at the wizard he was hoping could fix him... one way or the other... or just one way, now that Felicity was out for blood.

‘Constantine, thank you for coming’.

‘Constantine put his hand over his heart, his face breaking out into a wide grin, ‘Oooh mate, what I would give to have you say that to me under more naked circumstances’.

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