P.S. Hong Kong: Was it Real?!?

by cruzrogue

Summary

(This is off season 3 Flashbacks. When Tommy goes to Hong Kong he doesn’t go alone he takes his friend Felicity as the best information system being to help him locate Oliver Queen. Tommy may leave empty handed but Felicity gets to be a bride…)

Trope-tastic Awards: Week One
Fake Marriage!
(Olicity fake marriage stories! Pretending to be married, accidentally married, drunkenly married in Vegas and they don’t remember any of it)

Notes

Trope-tastic Awards: Week One
Fake Marriage!

Per @scu1ly22’s favorite, we have our first trope! Please share your favorite Olicity fake marriage stories! Pretending to be married, accidentally married, drunkenly married in Vegas and they don’t remember any of it…let’s do this!

Reblog this post with your suggestion or use the hashtag #olicitytropetasticawards to be safe and make sure we don’t miss it :) Also feel free to tag me, @hope-for-olicity, @it-was-a-red-heeler, @swordandarrow and @memcjo, we’re excited to read some fics this week!

Every Monday, I’ll reveal the week’s trope, and then the following Monday we’ll give some “awards” aka celebrate what we love about them! Let’s make Monday a little more bearable
and give writers plenty of time to complete something new, if y’all so choose :)

Hope I do this JUSTICE!!!! Anyways thanks for reading!
Thomas Merlyn looks at the information and is puzzled yet excited that his long-lost buddy could really be alive. He grabs his laptop and goes to see a computer expert he’s friended when she accidentally burned him with her latte at the local coffee shop.

“Hey Izzie?”

“It’s Felicity, like I’ve told you half a dozen times before.”

“I heard you the first time.”

She rolls her eyes. “So, why do I also feel like I’m on your beck and call when you need something?”

“Because I’m a nice guy.”

“Yea, no that isn’t it.”

“Because… you’re a nice girl?” she gives him ‘you really going there’ look.

“Remember the stuff you nicely put together for me after spilling your latte on me?”

“Okay, you said you’d let the incident go.”

“I said I forgave you for those blisters. Not that I said I’d forget.”

“I was hoping you’d forget everything after I tried half pulling that shirt off of you in front of so many people and blowing on your angry red skin.”

“Hard to forget.” Tommy said shaking his head. “Anyways I got a hit on ones of those search thingies you set up a while ago.”

“Okay, what do you mean?”
“There was a hit on Ollie’s email account.”

“Your dead friend?”

Tommy closes his eyes as he sighs, Ollie is… was his best friend who he considered like a brother. “Yes Izzie. I’ll need more than just for you to look at the IP address, I might need you to travel with me.”

“Travel? I have work and…”

“I’ll pay you and…” he rolls his eyes “I’ll even help you paint those walls in your new townhouse.”

“Hmmm… it seems I could have gotten you to…”

“Please!”

“Okay, I’ll ask for time off.”

“Thank you!”

In Hong Kong, Oliver learns that he is to sniper kill someone. He aims the gun and when the person turns, he is amazed that it is his best friend Tommy and he isn’t alone there is a blond woman laughing at something his friend just said. It takes him a few hours but Oliver comes up with a better plan than killing his best friend.

The morning before the whole kidnapping routine takes place and Oliver is suppose to kill the blond and make it look like a burglary. He sighs and finishes dressing in a hurry. After the whole debacle at the internet café he wonders if Maseo will trust him near telecommunication areas. They have an informant to meet so they head out.

Out in the small park near some docks the witness a gathering of people decorating the place.

“What’s happening over there?” Oliver asks just wondering what the fuss is about.

“Some fools are gathering people for mass weddings for some senseless record.”

Oliver made a face, “Eh, they’re crazy.”

“I’d say, come on I see the informant.”
The room is getting brighter as the sun’s rays fix its bright shine to stir the couple intertwined on the standard size bed cocooned in each other two bodies that are about to wake up.

He wakes up first with a low grunt as the woman on top of him moans as she moves her head slightly with her breathe tingling his skin. Her eyes flutter open when she feels she isn’t alone. Before either are able to say a word, the door is slammed against the wall and Oliver is up forgetting all modesty as he shields the body now behind him. Maseo shaking his head and heads towards the two lovers it seems. Felicity wraps the bedsheets around herself as the Asian man comes closer.

“The task wasn’t to bed the subject.” Maseo says in Mandarin. “Now we have two problems to deal with and for crying out loud put some pants on.”

Oliver using the language being spoken to him, “She doesn’t need to die. Let me work with her.” As he fishes his boxer shorts from the floor.

“Waller will not be happy.”

Oliver thinks hard for a moment something that can keep the blonde behind him safe. “Legally she’s my wife. If she dies the paperwork could be a problem.”

Maseo puts his hands in the air he doesn’t need this bullshit and just tells Oliver, “Fine, you can explain. We’ll be downstairs. Ten minutes. Got it.”

“Thirty and she comes with me.”

Maseo looks at the blonde still on the bed looking at them with doe eyes. “Fine thirty minutes. Don’t make me come back up here.” He leaves with his men and slams the door shut.

Oliver sighs and moves his hand through his hair as he sits not acknowledging the person on the bed. When she has had enough of his silence she moves as she crawls to the edge of the bed and makes sure the bed sheet is securely wrapped around her.

“Do I want to know what that was about?” she finally asks as she sits beside him.

“Do you value your life?”

“English please?” He rolls his eyes and says it again in English.

“Of course, I don’t want to die.” She looks at him and she gets up trying to back away from him. She starts to think back to when he approached her and how easily they talked and she basically admitted why she was in Hong Kong. She was now afraid not only for herself but for Thomas Merlyn whom
she hasn’t seen since the evening when she wanted to watch some couple get hitched. The bedsheet under her feet gets her to trip and she falls still keeping her eyes on him as her bum hits the old shaggy carpet.

Even he winces as she makes an oomph sound but stays seated on the bed. He is looking at her wondering why he is going to put so much effort into saving her. His plan to kidnap Tommy was planed out to be executed soon enough so Tommy goes back to Starling safe and sound but now with this girl who introduced herself as Felicity Smoak got him to not only spare her life last night but also got him to relax and laugh and have some great moments that led them to waking up together like a warm pretzel.

“Relax. I’m not going to hurt you.”

She’s looking at him with narrowed eyes. “Then don’t open up a conversation with value of life. Who were those men? Do they have something to do with why you haven’t gone back home?”

“I told Maseo, he’s the one I was speaking to in Mandarin. That we got married last night.”

“Say what? I don’t recall that at all. We danced and laughed and well landed here for the remainder of the night doing things… doing really explicit scenes like how you…”

“Oh Felicity I remember it all. I’m just telling you now if you value your life you’ll keep this farce that we are married.”

“Heh. But won’t they figure it out we actually didn’t participate I mean I did dare you to dance with that bride as I danced with the groom on that special money dance.”

He nods and takes the information that there was no proof at all that she was now Felicity Queen that mysteriously married an Oliver Queen in Hong Kong. She was going to get killed no matter what but if there was a chance.

“I could hack into the wedding registry and at least have some proof.” She says getting off the floor.

“You can do that?” he asks amazed maybe just maybe luck was on his side. He really doesn’t want her to be killed and he hasn’t thought out how being married is going to affect him at all. Right now, he is short sighted and just wants Tommy and her safe.

“I even have a notice of marriage paperwork I got when the man at the event gave me some reading material we could swing by my hotel room.”

“Okay. We’ll do that.”

She is gathering all her clothes and heads to the bathroom.

“I’ve seen you naked.”

“Yep but I gather those men are like outside the door.” She nods at the now closed door.

“We have twenty minutes or so.”

“Yea, don’t call me pessimistic but their probably not the guys that’ll give you those full twenty minutes.” She leaves him to smile at her retreating form and as the door closes he’s intent on dressing up too.
TBC… (smut may happen so…)

Chapter Summary

Amanda Waller has set the 'newlyweds' on a small getaway to a beachfront property which is categorized as "honeymoon" Oliver knows very well its a mission. So much for getting to know his bride.

Amanda Waller was an intimidating woman but to Oliver she is a means to an end. She controls him by using his humanity which somehow, he thinks she’s trying to get him to be less human and more of a cold killing weapon. So far, he’s kept himself at check and uses his sass to piss her off. Now he stands before her yet again being defiant and waits out what will happen.

“Mr. Queen, do you have a comprehension problem?”
He shrugs at first and knows she is waiting for a verbal answer he doesn’t want to piss her off any further. “No. I don’t.”

“Two assignments and your O for O, I didn’t think you had it in you to be so defiant.”

“He’s my childhood best friend I found another way. He’ll leave and create no other problems.”

“And the girl?”

“You can use her as leverage.”

“You don’t love her?”

“You using Maseo’s family as reassurance to have me under your palm and I don’t love them but you know I’m empathic and I don’t want anyone to be harmed.”

“I see.” She acts as if she is thinking but he knows she already did her assessment. “She is pretty and I suppose you having a playmate would keep you in line.”

“She’s my wife.”

“Yes, the records do tell that the lovely Smoak is now a Queen. Congratulations on your nuptial.”

“Thanks.” He grinds his back teeth.

“You can go. Make sure Mr. Merlyn is no threat, don’t want to see you become a widower so soon.” He leaves wishing he could wipe that smirk off her face.

Black limousine idling outside the entrance of the hotel that Merlyn booked for his short visit in Hong Kong. The occupants waiting on the men sent in to retrieve and make it seem that Felicity Smoak has vanished.

“There are strange men grabbing my things, why couldn’t I have gone upstairs and…”

“You’ve been kidnapped you can’t freely go up grab your stuff and be considered taken.”

“What are you going to do to Tommy?”

“Scare him and get him to leave without incident.”

“If he asks about me tell him he’s off the hook on painting any walls now.”

“What?” a confused Oliver lets out. Of all the things she can express that he tells Tommy she’s talking about walls.

“Just in case he wonders if I was really taken.”

Maseo enters the conversation between the newlyweds and coldly says. “He’s a rich boy he won’t give the likes of you two thoughts when his life is at stake.”
Thomas Merlyn tied to a chair with a bag over his head. He finally awakes and wishes he was really sleeping on the mattress in his hotel room instead. His mind is foggy with this light-headedness but without being able to see he can’t picture where he is.

It’s one of the scariest moments in his life. Even worse now that he remembers that he brought a friend along and she could be in danger to. She’s very attractive in that way that she doesn’t see how beautiful she really is, the thought what some men could do with her actually does bring a chill down his spine. He enjoys their quirky friendship. He’s teased her by calling her Izzie which she consented to after burning his flesh. Though she always tries to get him to say her real first name but he finds her nickname adorable so he has stuck to it and now he may never say her name again. He hopes Felicity, his friend is okay. He even lets out a sobbing noise that’s half grunt and moan.

He hears footsteps coming towards him and just like that his face covering is gone and he grunts asking, “How did I… what the hell is going on here? Where am I?” Groaning when no one answers he continues, “Please, please don’t… please don’t hurt me. Just… just let me go, please. I promise, I… I won’t tell anybody about this.”

“Would a fisherman throw his prized catch back into the sea?” A man scoffs but Tommy can’t see him.

“What are you talking about? Look, whoever you are, you really don’t want to do this. Do you have any idea who I am? Who my father is?!”

“You’re Thomas Merlyn. You’ve been looking for Oliver Queen.”

“How… how do you… how do you know that?”

“A simple hack of a missing billionaire’s email account. I knew somebody would come looking for him, but I thought it would be his… mother. His sister. But you, the son of the CEO of Merlyn Global. Jackpot. My friend, you are going to make me a very rich man.”

“So, Oliver didn’t…” He gasps he knows he shouldn’t really ask that maybe Felicity is safe and he’ll put her in danger but something in him says ask fool ask. “And my friend a blond she came with me…”

“He isn’t… Oliver Queen is dead. He’s rotting at the bottom of the ocean. And you will, too, if your father doesn’t pay that ransom. As for your friend, she is ours she’ll fetch a good price in the black market.”

“No please. I’ll pay whatever. She doesn’t deserve this please.”

“At least she is alive. Insurance that you’ll behave.”

“Please, please don’t… please don’t hurt us. Just… just let her and I go, please! How do I know she’s still alive?”

“She’s a hostage when we feel you’ve cooperated and the money exchanges hands. At least you won’t have to paint any walls.”
“No. I promise, I… I won’t tell anybody about this.”

A siren can be heard. Quickly help arrives as seemingly the Hong Kong police come for a rescue “I’m in here, please help!” he hears footsteps and call out “Help! Police! Hong Kong police!”

“It’s ok.”

“Thank you! But… but my friend was also taken.”

“You’re going home. You’re safe now. You can tell me about your friend and we’ll do our best to get your friend back.”

The plane ride home he feels like an utter failure. Not only did he fall for the ruse he lost a kindred spirit. A friend that he would just hang out with, she didn’t care about his inheritance just that he was himself. If he is honest until she came along he didn’t have any real female friends that he depended on and vice versa. Since he lost Oliver to that tragic boating accident he didn’t think nor try to talk about his feelings.

Then in a coffee shop his world took in a crazy scene out of some weird movie she waltzed into his life gave him her friendship and for months since her arrival to the city they just yapped up a storm and it helped him a lot for her encouragement he finally let his inhibitions down and asked a woman he’s cared about for a long time on a date.

She once told him it was her second week since she moved to Starling when they met and he is honored now to have passed the blister test. He remembers that encounter like it was yesterday.

A typical normal day as he walks into the shop and sees his favorite barista that’s waving at him with his coffee ready for pickup as he gets near the counter a blond moves into his path and collides with him her latte splattering onto his shoulder and upper arm and she begins to pat his chest and undress him as he is frozen at the wonder of this petite blond speaking a mile a minute he catches every few words and many apologies as she stops to blow on his redden skin. Where the large splash on the skin already wilting and becoming painful to the touch.

So, he’s standing at the coffee shop now half shirtless as a total stranger is all over him. If he wasn’t in pain he would have made some lame attempt to hook up with her. Her words of hoping the Earth would open up and swallow her became endearing and after he was medically looked at by someone who luckily had some medical knowledge because he refused any emergency service for a small burn. He asked her name.

“I am so sorry.”

“I got that. It’s okay, Ms.?” He moves in gesture to get a name.

“Felicity.”

“Fel-ic-aty… Izzie.” He smiles and it eases her anxiety of this mess and everything became history as
they built a friendship from that mishap.

Now, he standing at her townhouse and will paint a wall every month. He won’t let this place that she was so excited to be living be taken from her so for as long as possible he will keep up with this place in her honor.

The ceiling fan blowing around hot air as Felicity just concentrates on its circular motion while laying on her back with her ankles crossed. She already made a few comments on how humid it is in this room and the lack of light from the tiny window she supposed due to making sure Oliver couldn’t climb out when he was forced to live here. Her eyes now roam to where Oliver is kneeled on the floor looking at some gizmos he been sharpening. She asks in a line of questions asked by her while they try to get to know one another. “So how does this work?”

“You stay here with me until I’m done with whatever plan Waller has for me.”

“He sounds like a jerky wanker. Keeping you from your family. Trying to have your best friend killed by your own hand. He’s such an outstanding dude.”

“He is a she. Amanda Waller. She is not to be trusted. Understood?” He now stands up cleans off some dust off his knees and sits on their bed they have shared since she arrived here an hour ago.

“Like you need to tell me. She wanted me dead.”

“At least she is giving us a honeymoon period.” He pats the bed for her to sit by his side.

“Stuck in a room with a tiny window. Its romantic.” Instead of sitting to his side she comfortable moves to sit on his lap and her hands go to massage his scalp she found in the last 24hrs that he loves. His fingers rub small circles against her back and they are just looking into each other’s eyes and beginning to breathe the same air.

“So, Mr. Queen how does it feel to have woken up and magically decide to be a married man in such a small-time frame?” her lips suck on his lower one after a quick peck to his lips.

“I should ask you the same. You’re the one who has changed her last name and is now stuck here with me in Hong Kong for the foreseeable future.”

“I’m hoping we become friends.” She honestly says.

“Just friends?” his eyebrows rise as his hands move down her back proving a point.

“Being lovers has its benefit but the word lovers is so creepy and we don’t really know each other.”

“I think you have seen all of me.” He says before single-mindedly kissing her. He moves her around and deposits her body on the bed as he leaning forward to have another kiss when the loud rapping of succession knocks upon his door. He lets out a curse word and she chuckles as she straightens up as Oliver goes to the door.
“What?”

“Transportation is here.”

“What?”

“Waller is sending you and the mistress on a little getaway. Your wardrobes are included”

Oliver rolls his eyes. It’s a mission and that woman is dragging his ‘wife’ into it. He looks at the burly man and says, “We’ll be right down.”

Felicity’s already packing her electronics she seems to worship before looking at Oliver. “Don’t you find it eerie that someone went through the trouble to pick out our clothes?”

“I try to think of ways to stay alive but yea someone touching your unmentionables doesn’t sit well with me.”

“Seriously? What about some dude touching your boxers?” He just shrugs at that. “Thus, some hairy, beefy guy touching the cloth you’re going to wear doesn’t bother you?”

“No. As long as his sweaty saggy bags don’t try any of it on, I’m fine.”

“Good to know.” He smiles at her thoughtful displeasure of some random male touching his stuff.

He looks around the room they are now sharing and asks, “Are you ready?” she nods and he takes her tech bag and they leave to the awaiting car.

A short drive later Oliver is weary and wondering what mission there could be near a beach.

“Are you sure this is the place?” he says to the driver as he looks at the gorgeous beach before him and back to his wife who is enjoying the sight.

“There is a packet here for you.”

“Of course, there is. Take care.” Oliver then takes Felicity’s hand and the tech bag as they walk to the beach house.

“She is strange if she thinks beachfront is a punishment.” Felicity off-hand says before she remembers that he was stranded on an island from what few words Maseo has told her. “Will you be okay?” she turns to look at him but he’s reading the summary on the packet.

“It’s a mission.” He says sourly.

“Okay, so what does she want you to do? Go fishing?”

“No.” She looks at him waiting because he hasn’t budged since he began reading. “She wants you to do something before we can even fathom enjoying ourselves.”

“Me?” Felicity shows confusion.

“She likes your work.”
“Oliver, you’re not making any sense.”

He looks into the envelop at takes out some papers he knows he should do this inside the bungalow but he’s just to exasperated to wait.

“She sent us the paperwork to make our wedding legitimate.”

“What?”

“There was no paperwork filed and I used the forged notice copy we signed to show Maseo, we wouldn’t have had to go to the Hong Kong Marriage Registration Office.”

“So why is she making us…”

“Punishment for lying.”

“Oh my…”

“Yea, she knows and now is going to play us.”

“Well we could always get divorced.”

“Felicity the whole shamble was to make it so my name wouldn’t appear in any new sites and I basically traded some of my freedom to keep you alive.”

“So, this means you’re stuck with me. I mean for real. I could have wiped our nuptials in the future and there would be no mention of it but with real paper it is traceable and…”

“I guess we stay married. I need you to keep your guard up. Trust no one.”

“Not even you.” She joked.

“The right answer would be yes, but I need you in my corner. I really hope to be able to trust you on some level.”

“Oh… Well…” She looks at the papers he just gave her and mentions with some lightness, “She is a formidable opponent. I’ll need to step up my game.” Oliver shakes his head. He has no idea why the fates put them together but he’s already smitten. He can’t believe he is married and needs to remember now that Waller knows it’s become some sort of business arrangement. Knowing Felicity has some technical skills he wonders if he can also use this for his own personal gain.

“Just be careful this snake is venomous.”

“Stop putting pictures of her in my mind. I won’t be able to look at her without laughing and she sounds like a demented woman who didn’t receive any loving or was born from an egg which totally describes her in my head.”

“I would keep from saying that to her at all costs. Let’s hope she really has no need to meet you.”

She rolls her eyes as if she is suicidal enough but is just happy to enjoy the gorgeous view before heading into the waterfront property. Before she gets to even raise her hand to check the door knob she’s lifted into strong arms and makes an ‘eek’ sound.

“I heard its traditional to carry the bride over a threshold.”

Looking at his toothy grin she suppresses her need to roll her eyes and just laughs as he brings her
into the bungalow. He goes back out to bring her stuff in and shuts the door before doing a quick sweep of their place. After he feels like he’s checked everything he goes back to the room that will fascinate Felicity’s interest it’s a really nice setup and the view is amazing. “Felicity, I found your set up.” He hears her fast approaching and the squeal she makes as she takes in the scene has him wince. He can imagine that her loud voice he has yet to hear will most likely make him dread the occurrence.

“So, what are you going to do while I work?” she asks as her fingers tips move around the machinery.

“Sun bathe.” He says as the sandy beach lies just out before them. “Though I have a feeling whatever intel you get is for me to follow up on.”

“This Amanda Waller is going to use our relationship against us.”

He nods. There was no question about it. Oliver knows that Amanda will use them for her personal game. Using his need to protect when he could just be at Yamashiro’s resident single and free to really do as he pleases he is now bound to a woman he already created some attachment to in a short time frame.

TBC… (smut may happen so…)
Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Felicity’s hang up about the mission causes problems. She just can’t be responsible for actions taken against innocent people. As for Oliver he begins recalling meeting her at the event at the park no more than a day ago.

Chapter Notes

(This is off season 3 Flashbacks. When Tommy goes to Hong Kong he doesn’t go alone he takes his friend Felicity as the best information system being to help him locate Oliver Queen. Tommy may leave empty handed but Felicity gets to be a bride…)

Trope-tastic Awards: Week One
Fake Marriage!
(Olicity fake marriage stories! Pretending to be married, accidentally married, drunkenly married in Vegas and they don’t remember any of it)
He’s doing his last push up as her strikes against keys on the keyboard is an ongoing melody he thinks he’ll need to get accustomed to. Since she took to looking at what the assignment is she’s been at it for a few hours. Mumbling that she isn’t going to be responsible for killing people as Oliver finds himself behind her as names pop up. He doesn’t want to be the one to inform her that her wish not to kill may not happen she needs to decide her life or theirs if it comes to it.

“What are these names connected too?” his words ignored until his hand lands on her shoulder and she shrieks at the intrusion. He’s about to apologize until she beats him to it.

“Sorry, I get captivated when I’m in the zone.” She looks at him. “Is there something you need?”

“I asked what’s the connection between the names that are on the screen?”

“Oh, yea the mission.”

He is picking up that she is holding back on something. “Are you okay?”

“Oliver, I can’t do this. I once thought about being a cyber-warrior but it didn’t turn out good, I can’t be responsible for killing people.”

He sighs as he is now squatting before her on her eye level. “I’m sorry, this lifestyle you can’t pick or chose. A job is a job.”
“The alternative is death?”

“Most likely. I suppose this is a test, one to see how far your willing to go.”

“Then I chose death.”

“Felicity!”

“No really.” She is out of the chair and Oliver stands up. “I know I sound childish but I can’t live knowing I’m responsible for killing these innocent people.”

“Innocent, I doubt that…”

“Oliver, I triple checked each and every one of these five people and cleaned my tracks to make sure these five won’t be found. I’m sorry once I add a few more lines these names will disappear. If you can memorize them to save yourself than…”

“No. we are in this together she made that essentially clear.”

“I’m so sorry, you tried to save me and…”

“Hey, hey my life my choice. I’m the one who essentially blew caution to the wind and basically married a stranger that seems to have a good heart. Believe me finding someone who cares about others…”

“Your adorable trying to cheer me up when I’m the one letting you down.” She is standing before him and their height difference is very noticeable.

“Maybe we should figure why Waller wants to eliminate them?” he says looking into beautiful blue eyes that holds him captive. She nods but they don’t move towards the computer equipment that will give them some sort of answers. After a few peaceful moments her hands come to feel his jawline her right thumb crossing his lip slowly and his own hands find her hips and holds her to him. His face tilted to her left hand as her fingers tantalize his skin.

She rises on her tippy toes to kiss him and he holds her steady as they begin to sway towards the bed they have yet to christen. Since they arrived she started her assignment not even looking around the bungalow or the beachside property. He has done circles around the place but he figures once she took a break they would eat and she’ll look around. Both now preoccupied by the other as the world around them dissolves and just their senses are attentive like their first time barely a day ago.

“Your sweaty.”

“Sorry I can take a quick…”

“No…” She stops his breakaway movement. “I like it.” He arches an eyebrow “Seriously I… just do.”

“Okay, though you are so overdressed.” She looks down at herself and she still wearing what she brought here from this afternoon. She starts tugging at remedying the situation and stops when she sees his huge smile.

“What?”

“Nothing.” His smile grows as she now arches her eyebrows at him. “Nice to see that I’m not the only eager party.”
“What makes you say that?”

“My earlier suggestions to get you from your unholy task of gathering intel you forgot I was even here.”

“I did not.”

“Then prove it.”

“Well I’m not…” she looks back at where the room with the setup is and looks at him “…working?”

“Let’s not forget still fully clothed.”

She rolls her eyes as she pulls the snug shirt over her shoulders and drops her first item. She unbuttons her pants and slides them off but he stops her from unclasping her bra.

“Let me do it.” She lowers her arms back to her sides and lets his large fingers do the work as she feels the band loosen.

“Have you been thinking about undressing me this whole time?”

“Since this afternoon when we were rudely disturbed.”

She smiles thinking of the little make out session they had earlier it feels like a lifetime now knowing that this may be the last time they are together. She has a feeling erasing the information triggered an alarm but she really doesn’t want to kill this moment especially when his lips are waking her wild uninhibited side as she throws herself at him.

They both place the rest of the utensils and other uneaten food away as they lazily go lay on a large futon in the living quarters. She’s snuggles against him even with the warm air around as he enjoys getting to know her body’s response to his. She hasn’t mentioned the five names yet and he isn’t eager to break away from their growing bond. He’ll take what he can get from her in this setting because she feels amazing.

“Penny for your thoughts.” She says as she looking at his stoic face.

“Let’s go for a walk on the beach, like to share this sunset with you.”

“Okay. Let me see what’s in the wardrobe for me to wear.” She releases herself from his hold which makes him grunt unhappily. “Hush, it was your suggestion.”

“I know but I miss your weight on me.”

She rolls her eyes as she walks to the wardrobe closet. “You’re not going to tell me your one of those needy guys?” She hears him snicker before she takes in the apparel and lets out a “You have got to be kidding me. There is nothing but lingerie and flimsy swimwear. And there is a note attached. Seriously.” She reads it and groans.

“What does it say?”
“Congratulations on such commitment. Enjoy these pieces that should bring bliss to a job well done. Oliver?”

“Yes.”

“I’m stealing a shirt from your side.” He doesn’t answer there is no reason to, though he hopes she’ll parade some of what’s hanging in that closet maybe even have him pick out a favorite.

They are sitting against the wooden banister on top of some cushy pillows as he has her tucked to his side. The orange hue of the sun’s rays still evident against the darkening sky. She has been absentmindedly playing with his fingers intertwining, rubbing, and just soothing them. She is entranced by his story of his first sunset on Lian Yu. His lips finding her crown to just above her ear ever so often by laying a small peck as his words leave him about his first night he actually allowed himself on the island to appreciate the island’s view as nightfall fell.

He can already sense a pull in his gut that something is up. “Felicity let’s get back inside.” His tone switching from an enthusiastic tone as he shared some moments to closing off and direct as she doesn’t question his reason for getting them up and about as they walk a few feet under an enclosure and stand back as a helicopter starts to descend towards them.

One agent gets out and hurriedly walks to them. “Waller wants to see you both. Now!”

Oliver nods but responds, “Let us get at least our shoes on.” The man agrees as he walks with the couple indoors as Oliver grabs a shirt and Felicity uses one of his button-down shirts to cover her very revealing bikini. At least they provided her some flip flops for the hot walks on the beach.

Oliver stops and hugs her it looks to be of comfort but he whispers, “We can try to make a run for it.”

She sways her head no and begins to head for the exit. “Oliver, there would be nowhere to go, we would be hunted. I did this. It’s my fault.”

“Felicity!” he says in despair.

“Maybe… just maybe she’ll let you off the hook. I’m the one that sabotaged the mission.” He grabs her face and kisses her with fever. This can’t be the end. He’s looking forward to more days of having what they have. He can’t explain how she makes him feel but he knows that there will be some reprimand some sort of cruelty there is no way Amanda Waller will just let them be. He doesn’t care that an agent is listening to their conversation as they head towards the awaiting helicopter.

His hold on her hand tight until they are forced apart he just looks at her retrieving form as he is pulled to wait his moment with Waller in a waiting cell. Just a cot along the wall and a small blinking red camera looking at its occupant.

He’s sitting on the cot wondering of possible outcomes before he even gets to see Waller. Her tactics
are working as the more time it takes to see her the more time helps dread fill his bones. There are so many scenarios crossing his mind. She may no longer be alive. With that thought he slumps onto the floor using the cot as a backrest. Her death could be the catalyst that makes him lose himself. He’s seen enough death in such a short time frame since the Gambit sank.

This is what he gets for opening up. Should have seen her as a threat even when he couldn’t as a target. There was just something about her and now he is going to pay the price. One night and so many memorable moments. He is going to miss her witty humor always catching him off guard. Miss her smile especially after catching her absentmindedly looking at him. Her laugh as she took in one of his lame jokes. The sparkle in her eyes oh… those marvelous blue eyes he could lose himself in. The way he could open up and just let out little pieces of fragmented memories that she would follow along.

He doesn’t know how to feel. He got to taste her way of thinking she was always so avid about something or other. He wasn’t the only one to open up and talk about things he got to hear her side of things and all those moments she would look at him and wish he would stop her mid-sentence as if her babbling wasn’t endearing. Now he doesn’t know how anyone else will measure up to the blond that waltzed into his world like a hurricane.

If she becomes a ghost of his past. He thinks he is going to relieve the moment over and over the last evening he was a bachelor. It’s incredible he even thinks this and sitting on a cell floor her memory makes him smile. All this with her and she just imprinted herself in such a small timeframe he chuckles because more time with her would ruin him forever. He senses she’s like an always and forever person he could drown in and never get enough.

Once upon a time a few years ago, he ran like a coward from obligation he couldn’t get away fast enough even making sure that when he came back the damage would sufficiently tell a story that commitment was not his forte. So how does a ponytail bobbing badly dancing to the wedding music and her ecstatic laughter as people who spoke English would interpret to her what some of the elders said and got her dancing with their sons be killed by the likes of him? How could he take a breath of fresh air from a gloomy dry world?

He then wondered if she was more to his best friend but if that was the case wouldn’t he be right beside her telling all these available men that she was spoken for. Yet he was drawn to her as if he could maybe meet and talk to her it would be easier to do the job he was supposed to do because she may seem perfect but be nothing but a deceitful schemer. It wouldn’t be an absurd assessment Tommy really had a knack in finding one after another some elaborate gold-diggers that his father’s lawyers would chew out.

By observing by afar he didn’t know how evil she was at handling the hearts of men. He made his appearance and slowly made his way towards her already discarding the precision gun before mingling in the crowd. The dress clung to her body as the humidity was rather high. She was barefoot now as he saw the moment she discarded them when the other ladies already had theirs off. Now as he circled her he felt like some creep which in reality he was but he had to shrug that off if he wanted to know why she came to Hong Kong with Tommy. If they were friends why he wasn’t out here enjoying the festivities with her.

She noticed him as their eyes met twice once while he stopped as she was talking to a one of the many brides as her eyes took him in as he stood just against a decorative post as he himself was talking to guests around the park. The second was when she sat down on an available chair as she was breathing hard and their eyes locked this was when he decided it was time to actually meet. It
felt as if everyone parted to allow him through to the resting blond with very redden cheeks.

He got stopped just short of where the blond was sitting by a woman who spoke to him in Mandarin, “Being deeply loved by someone gives you strength, while loving someone deeply gives you courage.” He just gave her a strange whatever look and thanked her as he finally moved along to notice the seat was empty. He felt a pang of disappointment just as he took in some guilt of why he came out here this evening to do. His thoughts disturbed as a hand with a cup of what he assumes is water is being handed to him. He turns and there she is handing him a drink.

“I was thirsty. Thought maybe you’d like some wedding concoction too. I hope that is okay?”

“It’s fine.” He can’t look away from her eyes and he doesn’t really want this moment to be awkward as he is trying to think of something cool to say but lands up just saying “Thank you.” He takes a drink as she’s been sipping hers while she’s taken him in.

Oliver shakes his thoughts as he looks up as the cell door opens.

“Let’s go Queen, Waller is waiting!”
Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Oliver still has no word if his bride is alive. His time locked away he thinks of his last night as a single man.

He is actually surprised when he enters the interrogation room. Waller isn’t there to begin reprimanding him. He wonders if this time he is way over his head? That he is really going to perish and never see his family in Starling again.

He sits on the metal chair and just stares into his open palms. There is nothing he can say or do now just except the situation for what it is. He knows asking about Felicity will be one of the first things to come out of his mouth. He needs to know. Even if she is now dead he needs to know.
He has been sitting here for more than an hour and he figures he is mostly being reviewed behind the glass wall. He isn’t going to show any emotion beside the moment he knows about her fate he’ll fail to keep his stoicism.

A solder comes in and places two glasses down then opening the water bottle and spilling it into the cups. Nothing is said as the man does his job then leaves. It’s quiet for another thirty minutes or so until he hears the tapping of high heels and he doesn’t bother straightening up as he is still looking at his open palms in a hunched over position.

The door opens and her footsteps clearly stop at the center of the room. A guard shuts the door and stands in the room by the now closed door. Oliver doesn’t even acknowledge them. The door opens again and he knows someone is in there with them.

“What are we going to do with you Mr. Queen?”

His only words before a needle is inserted into his neck is “Where is Felicity?” and before he is out cold he hears. “Her fate is no concern to you.”

He comes to in the back of a van and Maseo is towering over him. Holding out a bottle water for him to take. “You were out long enough to get you here.”

“Where is here?”

“A set location on one of the names you’ve retrieved.”

“Wait? What? Where is Felicity?” he takes a sip of water and then gets punched in the face.

“You may not care but you need to stop putting my own family in danger.”

Oliver is cradling his face showing confusion. He is getting tired of being a ragdoll to these A.R.G.U.S. agents.

“We have an assignment failure is no option.”

“Fine. Just tell me what we need to do.”

After they drop some bodies and secure one of the names that he remembers that was flashing on Felicity’s screen he wonders what this individual did to warrant Amanda’s wraith.

After a long night he drags himself to the awaiting cot, being on Waller’s shit list he is lucky there is even a cot as he barely registers the cold damp floor as his body needs the rest. They secured two of the five people that he thought was erased when Felicity cleaned the hard drive. She must have
spilled their names during or after some torture. He feels physical ill thinking that her last moments she was in pain. He lets the impeccable darkness take him into restless sleep but he will have to make due.

He tortures himself as he tries to think in detail what happened next after she gave him the drink. If he’s going to suffer in this hell hole at least he can do is reminisce on his last day, he was a single man. Even though he feels ghastly, thinking of her smile is soothing in a masochistic way. He closes his eyes at least and lets the memory take over.

She is smiling shyly at him as he takes the cup from her hands and places it on the available table. “Dance with me?”

She nods as he scoops her into his arms and they slow dance. He is supposed to be interrogating her on why she was here with Tommy. Why Tommy wasn’t out here with her? What was her relationship with Tommy and a few more questions that would eventually pop in his head? Instead he held her close as he would eventual twirl her around as other couples seem to be doing the same thing to this beat of the song currently playing.

She’s the one to break the spell first as she asks him, “Do you have amnesia? Did you forget your name? Did…”

Oliver stops dancing altogether as he speaks out, “What?”

“You’re… You’re Oliver Queen, I mean yes, your hair grew out but your Tommy Merlyn’s best friend.” She looks at his disgruntled face and backpedals. “Oh, my you don’t remember do you? You probably have some random name given to you at a hospital. I mean…”

“Oh, I can be someone that just looks like this man you just mentioned.”

“Well that is possible. I never met Oliver Queen just seen so many photographs of him. He’s like a local Rockstar.”

“His loss I suppose.”

She laughs and then sober up as he decides to continue dancing she just comfortably leans her head against his chest as she says, “I guess, but I doubt his world and mine would collide anyhow we’re two different peas on a pod.”

As the song ends he helps her to a chair and asks, “Do you know his best friend?”

“Tommy?”

He nods.

“He’s a sweet softy no matter what he tells others. We’ve been friends basically since I moved to Starling City. It’s a place in the United States.”

“I gather, So, how did you two meet?”

She flippantly says, “I burned him.”

“What?” the look on Oliver’s face says volumes.

“My latte spilled on him enough to give him a few blisters.”

“Oh!”
“The worst part is that I undressed him partially.” She covers her face because she can’t believe she is telling a complete stranger something she hates when Tommy tells the same exact story to mortify her.

“He seemly didn’t mind too much if you became friends.”

“I have no idea what possessed me to do that and blow on his skin.” Her mouth now agape she tries to remedy her words, “In a very platonic way. Tommy and I are not like that we are very platonic. Strictly platonic.”

Oliver looks at the blond and sways his head. “Okay I get the picture. Platonic it is, though I can’t see any man not make a move on you.” He’s trying to dig at her love life.

“No not Tommy or anyone else. I kind of keep to myself a lot, the thing with Tommy he has his heart set on someone and I’m basically his cheerleader. Do you live around here?”

“I’ll living with a…” He stresses the word “friend” and continues, “…and his family.”

“So, no attachments?”

“No. None. Why didn’t your friend come out here with you?” He gives her a dimple smile. “Your very platonic friend.”

“Yes, very. He didn’t even want to come out here and see this beautiful gathering of wedding ceremonies he said it was too much gagfest.”

“Thus, you traveled here together?” seeing her face contort he adds “Does that means you’re here for work. Not pleasure?”

“My friend needed me. He can be persuasive.” She takes another look studying the man before her. “We actually came here to find his best friend who went missing in the North China Sea.”

“That friend is a lucky man to have people travel all the way here when…”

They get disturbed as some older ladies are telling them to dance to participate in money dance. Felicity smiles as she gets up and Oliver reluctantly follows.

“I brought plenty of Hong Kong dollars bills so your covered.” She winks as she pushes him to his first bride.

“I really don’t think…”

“Hush, dance with the blushing bride. Actually brides.” She winks and then adds, “Let’s see who can get more dances… I better go some grooms are being overwhelmed.”

They do dance with as many couples possible and Oliver’s eyes steadily follows her as the new minted grooms would try to show restraint in holding some beautiful women in their arms he was just interested that the woman in the canary yellow sundress wasn’t being manhandled.

He could see that she has a sweetness that makes others smile and the few moments with her in conversation isn’t enough of a high he needs more and it was getting to the point of the night that if he doesn’t claim her for himself there would be another lucky guy taking her to his bed. He recognizes a woman that manages a shady room service and books one for tonight he hopes that he’s lucky enough to dance with her throughout the night.
He makes his way back to her and as she happily turns around back into his arms she surprises him, “I probably can’t tempt you to go back to where I’m staying. Especially with Tommy there to confirm who you really are.”

“You are still stuck on…”

She gives him a once over before rolling her eyes. “Please, you’re Oliver Queen. I may be blond but I’m also a genius.”

“Genius huh…”

She cuts him off with an exaggerated pop of the P in the word “Yep.” He’s about to tell her… and the memory starts to fade.

He’s awaken to the cell door being opened up and an unnamed agent coming to pick him up so he can finish his assignment before Waller has a few words with him. He is tired and cranky himself so listening to his experiences on the island between Slade and Shado that helps calm himself enough to be effective for the task at hand. He instead is led to the same interrogation room before he was knocked out. This time he doesn’t sit on the available chair as he makes sure to sit with his back to a door facing wall. He doesn’t need to get drugged he’ll go willing and tend to whatever problem Waller seems to need fixed.

This time he doesn’t have to wait long. Amanda Waller is in the room shortly since his arrival. She gives him a perplexed look as to why he is sitting on the dingy floor but says nothing. An awaiting agent pulls her chair out and she sits as she looks at an envelope before she tells him what she wants. “You’ll be heading back to the bungalow to retrieve the hard drive.”

“You need me to do this?” He rolls his eyes at the audacity that letting him go back at retrieve anything from that place will stir up memories. She just wants to remind him how easily it is to lose. He just sits and looks at the cracked ceiling trying to gain some semblance that he doesn’t get up and try to attack the woman who has done nothing but been a pain in his side.

“Are you sulking?” she has a solemn look but a corner of her lip shows she is amused.

“What happened to Felicity?”

“Mr. Queen, what is the point of your arrangement if you can’t even control your wife?”

“She can think for herself.”

“Hence why we are here.” She gets up and walks to the door looks at the operative and signifies not to open the door yet. “It was a simple task and then days of leisure. Her own defiance could rival yours.”

“She’s a good person.”

A wicked smile crosses her lips and Oliver would shiver if he wasn’t so pump on adrenaline, “Did she tell you about her part in a stunt against the Department of Education?”
“Just her part in creating a malicious code and blaming herself for the outcome.”

The door opens for Waller and before she goes, “She spoke highly of you too. A little to cheerily defiant for my taste.” And she leaves Oliver still not knowing what happened to Felicity.

He boards the chopper to go to the bungalow he wishes to never see again and retrieve a box to give the agents this whole move by Waller is to play with his head just so he can suffer some more.

As they move over the horizon he sees the place that now represents grief. It’s a lovely place really. The vibrant colors that made everything cheerful as it sits on a beautiful cove with white sand and the beautiful azure color that is so mesmerizing. Days with her would have been a dream. He shakes his head he has got to stop this madness. As they land he jumps out and heads to the wooden veranda and his heart stops as a figure runs out of the dim lit structure. His feet respond as he begins to sprint towards her and envelops her into his arms. He is glad his body takes over because at this moment he is sure he would have forgotten to breathe.

“Your alive.” He says in marvel as he feels trepidation leave his body. He must have been so wound up with thinking that she was gone that tears fall freely from his eyes. He barely registers the agent collecting the black box Felicity hands over as she turns and grabs his face and her thumbs lightly hold his jaw in place as she kisses his lips. They both cascade downwards onto their knees as their hold on each other just becomes overwhelming. If Amanda Waller knew the power these two lovers hold over each other she does now. Right now, nothing matters to him let the world burn as long as she is in his arms.
Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Waller rewards Felicity’s services with a honeymoon grace period for her and her husband. Insight on Waller and Felicity having their moments together while Oliver suffered in a cell.

Chapter Notes

This a light chapter as Oliver and Felicity just have a sweet honeymoon before Waller gets them side missions as they'll still concentrate on the Alpha-Omega Virus.

See the end of the chapter for more notes
Oliver moves to the side cautious of the woman in his arms but as he turns is unpleasantly surprised that he rolls onto her plopped pillows. No warm body in sight as he looks around their room. He notices a yellow envelop off her side of the bed and he groans. A carrier must have come this morning and he was so out of it which he knows is a fatal mistake. He can’t allow the comfort of his bed partner to dull his senses. Their lives depend on it.

He sits up and takes the offending envelop as if it will scathe him in a way he is not ready. Pulling out the single sheet with an attached note he rolls his eyes at the theatrics. It’s addressed to him.

_Congratulations on officiating your wedding. One day not quite so soon you’ll be able to introduce your lovely bride to your family. Until then enjoy these moments in the sun._ –W

Unbelievable she makes him torture himself thinking the worst and she was laughing at his expense he really hates this woman. He's holding out the marriage certificate. It really is official he is a married man and his fingertips softly moves over one of the names in how it is written. **Felicity Smoak Queen** his wife. He is a married man in a euphoric state who knew faking a marriage to save a stranger’s life would please the hell out of him.

Felicity wakes up in a bubble of bedsheets and a firm body just entombing her to his side. It takes some finagling to not wake him up as she slides from his embrace. She really needs to relieve herself and doesn’t think waking him up will be the sexiest thing. She knows it’s a little silly but she’s just getting to know him and there will be a day she’ll just lose that embarrassment feeling and tell him to move so she’ll be able to pee but today is not that day.

Its early enough and she really isn’t an early bird and going back to bed seems like a good idea but after the last few days of staying in paradise she wants her groom to rest because reality is coming and this is their last day here to just enjoy each other without interruptions. Just days ago, she was on the receiving end of getting to know Amanda Waller even with a few days to process it all it’s still a lot to take in. The woman is intense, fiercely intelligent but short on patience. Not much of a humor bone in her either.

Felicity looks out at the morning waves as the onset of light of the sun’s rays start to command some morning hues on the horizon. It quite fascinating to see the colors of the morning sky so early on when she would rather be snuggled comfortable on a mattress dreaming of sweet tasting pastries. It’s funny that her sweet tooth demands such vivid dreams of ooey-gooey confections. Especially when she has to make due with fresh fruits and packets of oatmeal as she just raids the rest of the small pantry and sighs. No sugar high for her this morning. How will she make due? Then as she plans to not care how little fabric she is wearing and walk to that little market and purchase something that captures her nose and make her taste buds oh so happy she sees a man coming up from the beachside heading towards the bungalow.

She grabs Oliver’s shirt on the way out to the wooden veranda trying to keep any noise to a minimum she’s learned he is a light sleeper their first morning from when he held her all night it was excoriating on how he thought she had died and she spent countless moments reassuring him that she was okay that he would be okay. From that moment this marriage became real to her. He wasn’t just someone who could rock her world between the sheets. He is someone who is fiercely protective and dependable and his heart is vulnerable to her. He is giving her his trust and somehow, she is doing the same it is an awe aspiring feeling as she takes in this revelation. She basically loves him and a smile is engrained on her face.
She thinks it is terrible how they didn’t tell him that she was helping Amanda Waller save those five individuals. She was right. They were all good people. It was a test to see if Felicity would use her experience and gift of sorting the technical mambo jumbo as leverage and easily turning her specialty to help the black markets. As dark as Amanda Waller is with the whole ‘ends justify the means’ mantra she needs people who are the best yet have some moral ethical characterization. Felicity passed when Amanda thought that Oliver’s girl would try to save her own life and sell these five souls down the creek.

Those moments play in her head when she thinks how scared she is not just for herself but for the man who has put his life on the line for her. She is plucked from Oliver’s side instantly separating them and she is moved into a dungy interrogation room. The smell of something between mold and experimentation of cooking bad eggs holding in the foul air. She is looking everywhere as she’s just slowly walking around the room taking in all the cracks. Her mind goes to a child's story about a wolf huffing and puffing and how much it would take to break one of these walls down that stood before her. She knocks on the cement wall and chips fall from the tapping and as it makes some noise it is drummed out as the door swings open and a woman without military motif strolls in without any security detail.

Felicity turns to look at the woman and wonders if this is the Amanda Waller, Oliver spoke so intriguingly about. She looks at the table and two chairs and wonders if she should sit. Though she can’t help herself already needing to say something as she introduces herself. “Hi, I’m Felicity Smoak.”

“Sit!” a one-word command that has the blond sit and look at the woman she is trying to shake the image of her hatching from an egg. If Oliver was here he would probably close his eyes and pray she doesn’t do what she is about to do.

“You’re not what I expected.” Felicity begins saying as she moves her hand flippantly, “One of those… you know lizard people.”

That had the woman raise her eyebrow at that peculiar introduction. “What exactly is a lizard person?”

Felicity catching on to what she just said and looks at the woman as she apologizes. “I’m so sorry I meant to keep from mentioning you hatching from an egg.”

Amanda stresses out “Mrs. Queen.” And then a small smile on her face erupts as she tells Felicity she’s heard a lot more colorful words describing her from others.

“Just off record, I’m not really married. Right?”

“Mrs. Queen, on or even off this record that you’re so amusingly keeping track of. As of this morning since Oliver couldn’t pull the trigger that evening you’re a happily legit wedded woman.”

“Oh!”
“Now let’s get to business.”

“Do you think he’s a catch? I mean he’s like a playboy from all the stories…”

“Mrs. Queen!”

“Okay, right. Business.” But the look on Felicity’s face tells Amanda that the woman before her is not done. “But really? Woman to woman you must have something…”

“Felicity!”

“Right. Shut up and listen. Okie Dokie. I can do that.”

As much as Amanda can get annoyed she looks at the woman whom she read everything about once her security detail found bits and pieces on this hacker. Felicity Meghan Smoak who went by Ghost Fox Goddess in the dark web has had some interesting dealings. Any incriminating evidence wiped from existence so Amanda knows she is good.

“Oliver Queen is an asset. He also is risking his life for an unknown woman who dabbles and can control facets of the net. Remarkable how easily you entered at least one known government site.”

Felicity bites her lower lip trying her best not to incriminate herself.

“Don’t worry, there isn’t any proof even though it is a longshot that the boy you were intimate with had that kind of knowledge.”

Felicity closes her eyes thinking of Cooper and how he died in prison.

“Now if we are done with your love life we have matters to attend to.”

Felicity nods and Amanda Waller shakes her head as she finally unfastens the folder that holds the five people that she needs this techie to safeguard, she knows two of have been abducted. She explains to the young woman before her what must be done and Felicity tilts her head and calls that extraction basically stupid without actually saying the word stupid.

In the two hours standing by Felicity Smoak Queen’s side Waller’s head is in disarray as the woman is scrawling the internet and actually patching certain protocols and in a blink of the eye all the information is right there and Amanda looks down and can’t believe she utters, “Spectacular job!”

Felicity looks at her bossy military abductor with a smirk and requests, “I take Scooby-Doo snacks or fine dough pasties as payments.”

“If you keep this up that could be arranged.”

“It was a joke, I’m not a dog nor do I want to be leashed.” Felicity is wildly using her hands for emphasis. “I mean I do like snacks and coffee but you get the idea.”

Amanda opened her mouth and then closed it looking at the woman before her. That is what one gets when a civilian is added to the mix. She can’t believe that their tit-a-tat since being in the same room has persisted for so long. She misjudged Felicity the girl has a lot of potential and she knows Oliver Queen is an asset maybe as they work to find the Alpha-Omega virus these two can also be operatives in some other façades.

She goes to leave the techie to finish up.
“Do you think he is going to want babies right away?” Felicity just looks at Amanda Waller as if she now has all the answers. Waller hears one of her people cough surely covering up a laugh. “Because that is so not on my five-year-plan. No baby mill here. Nope. No. No.”

Amanda’s jaw ticks and backs away and is out of the room and instructing that there is a mission needing to be set up and she goes to see Oliver Queen who she had wait in a cell keeping him from disturbing his bride’s undivided attention to her.

Shaking her head on her own perspective of meeting Ms. Waller, Felicity meets the courier and she perks up as she already smells treats. She thanks him for coming and delivering her a basket. Taking out its contents on the open table outside the residence she makes a happy dance at looking at the baked goods. Oh yes, she is free of oatmeal once again. She looks at the sealed envelope and takes it out hoping it doesn’t break her jolly mood.

Looking inside she is tempted to laugh but doesn’t want to be rude to the sleeping prince that’s really only a few feet away. With all these open windows he is sure to hear her so she just has this smile as she lightly walks back into their room and leaves it on her side. Looking at him lightly snoring is adorable she has no idea how he got the black eye but he is still so beautiful there propped against those pillows half naked as the rising sunbeams will only enhance such beauty. Not wanting to be weird she goes back to the veranda after passing the coffee pot and enjoys the morning views.

Oliver makes his way through the small hut and spots her lounging with her feet playing with the white sand. She hasn’t noticed him yet so he takes his time enjoying the sight before him it brings him back to the moment he stalked her on a rooftop as watching her the first time and taking in her endearing self.

As much as just observing her is something he can do freely and not be that creep supposedly actually interacting with her is just a better option. He takes an apple from the fruit pyramid and notices some baked goods which must have been delivered with their marriage certificate.

“Good morning.” He’s holding up the envelope, “It’s really official now.”

Felicity pulls her feet from the sand and gets up to meet Oliver half way. “It is. To death or divorce…”

“Slow down there. Neither is going to take place.”

“You seem so sure.”

“I’ll like to think we are a romcom that there will be a movie maybe several books made about us.”

“Ooh. Who would you want to play you?”

“A handsome non-A-lister performer that would hit it big by portraying me.”

“How about me?”

“Hmm… I don’t know. I doubt there could be another…”
“I would like Olivia Wilde I saw *Bickford Shmeckler’s Cool Ideas.*”

“Never heard of her?”

“She was on The O.C.” she looking at his blank stare. “Never mind. Do you even watch TV?”

“Not really. My mother was never big on us sitting in front of a tube.”

“Mine used it as a baby sister.”

“That… that explains a lot.”

“Shut up.” She jabs her finger at him. “You must be hungry. Let me make you some oatmeal.”

“I thought you said you burnt anything you touched in the kitchen?”

“It’s instant. I lived off roman noodles for years I can handle microwaves just fine.” She takes a packet and he nods that the flavor is fine and she grabs a bowl from the counter. She’s turns from him as she pours the measured water and he steps behind her.

“Oh, goody I can foresee frozen meals in my future.”

“Hey buddy you’ve got hands…” His arms wrap around her waist as he doesn’t let her finish her rebuke as she’s moaning his name with his concentration on nibbling on her neck.

“Oliver, your breakfast!”

“Hmm already enjoying what I’m tasting.”

“Down boy. You’ll need your energy my little sex kitten. Your purred like a little kitty last night I may want an encore this morning.”

“Sex kitten. Really?” he groans against her ear as he murmurs, “I will never agree to that pet name.”

“I think its endearing.” She’s stirring the contents in the bowl and hands it to him to place it in the microwave just above her head.

“It’s far from manly.”

She turns in his arms and happily lets her wrap her arms around his neck as she goes to kiss his tempting lips. “Then stop purring and I’ll might just forget.”

He’s about to answer with a snarky response but the microwave dings and she moves from his embrace and he grabs the now hot bowl. Taking the envelop that is now just sitting proof that she is a married woman and her husband of less than a week is just a few feet away eating his oats and eying her as she inspect the certificate again.

“Do you think we should get wedding rings?” She’s asking while looking at her bare finger.

He thinks for a moment but he’s already thought about it and wants to word it just right. “Someday. When we aren’t hiding from the world and we can be ourselves.”

“Someday. If we make it out of this unscathed you mean?”

He doesn’t answer not yet. He wants to enjoy whatever this is and push the thoughts of tomorrow aside. He places the empty bowl down on the side table as he is seated quite comfortable on a wicker
chair and with his index finger indicates for her to come to him.

She slides on his lap and his fingers find the spots on her back that she loves touched. Lightly massaging her. “Right now, I’m a pauper. All I can offer you is all that I am right here right now. Do you understand?”

“I do. What do you want from me?”

“This. Just this. I just want all of you as I offer you all of me.”

Chapter End Notes

I chose Olivia Wilde because she appeared on my searches of actresses around that time period when Oliver was still not a castaway and I haven’t watched that movie so I have no idea if it is good.
Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

First actual mission that Felicity will go on with Maseo and Oliver. She is partnered up with Agent Terrance like it or not and she mostly doesn’t.

Chapter Notes

Felicity been steady working with Amanda Waller's IT group getting intel for covert operations as she is still shifting through any data regarding the Alpha-Omega Virus. Mean while she gets to go one her first mission and hang out with other geniuses.
Felicity is sitting on the edge of the bed a little nervous of what is expected of her tonight. A mission put in place because Waller knows that Felicity can equate with the prodigies that will be rampant at a Gala. One of those men has outsmarted the United States Central Intelligence from obtaining what it needs. Using a fresh face like hers can help Agent Terrance get what is needed. The advantage being with the use of technology by someone who knows how to really use it and not just turn it off and on.

Felicity has spent the last two days putting something together with Agent Terrance and his humor probably even worse than Wallers. He is curt and arrogant and she adds sexiest to his resume. He undermines her value and has brushed off two of her ideas only to mask it as his later on. She wants to knock him out but is learning patience.

She keeps telling herself that all this A.R.G.U.S. field trips are building onto her character and she can do this. She at least can do this for Oliver. As long as she gets to scoot into bed with her husband at the end of whatever recon either of them is on she calls it a success. She’s learning what lonely nights’ entail and she hates those. In the times she has shared with her husband she feels like a teenager minus the hostility of rebelling against her mom and acne.

The picked-out gown for the event hanging off the hanger by a closet door. Tatsu came to her rescue and actually picked it out for her and she is grateful it beats what the salesperson had offered her. Shaking the thought of that revealing dress that she wouldn’t feel comfortable around so many sharks tonight. Never mind how Oliver would handle seeing something that looks like lingerie barely put together with some twine. Tatsu spoke to that vender in Mandarin and as soon as she was done the woman went and got a few actual dresses that were more in her league. Leaving the small shop Felicity asked her friend what she said to get the woman to agree to stop showcasing those awful gowns. Something about not working the streets was mentioned.

She doesn’t hear the bedroom door open as Oliver comes in from spending some time going over schematics with Maseo and his men that she left after her input was added she wanted some time for herself.

“You okay?”

Her head snaps to look at his worried face. She holds out her hand for him to take and to sit by her side on the bed.

“I’m fine. I was just reflecting about the purchase of tonight’s dress.”

“Oh…” He looks at the golden dress and actually can’t wait to see it on her. “You don’t like it?”

“No. It beautiful it’s really nothing.” She gives him a soft smile.

“If It has you sulking…”

“Oliver, the saleswoman thought I was a call girl.” She leans in against him. “I told her I needed a nice dress for a Gala and she kept showing me barely put together dresses.”

“So how did you get that nice dress?” He nods to the dress in question.

“Tatsu must have been sick of waiting and came in and said a few words. It is just making me worry about what I’m walking into tonight.”

“Hey…hey.” He tips her chin so she looking directly into his eyes. “I’ll be there with you. Those brainacs can enjoy your brilliance but you’ll be coming home with me.”
“You promise?”

“You’re stuck with me babe.”

“Show me again why that’s a good thing?”

“Is that a challenge?”

“I prefer it be a promise.”

He brings their entwined fingers to his lips before he helps her situate herself on his lap. She unbuttons the first button on her shirt only to have him continue as his fingers are intent on taking each one off slowly making her look at him determined to get to the next obstacle. He can already guess she’s going to try and take off his shirt but he’s making sure her fingers can’t reach the hem of his shirt. She’s adorable on how worked up she is getting as her patience is waning.

She gets his attention when she rocks her core against him and his hands move to those hips to stop her motions allowing her to finally get a grip on his shirt.

“You’re really are bad at this patience thing.”

“I’d like to have sex before we have to get ready. Thus, excuse me on your endurance moments when I just…” He has her on her back and she’s mesmerized on how quickly he did it. She is laying before him with her shirt parted with one of her colorful bras he has had the honor of removing several times. He grips his own shirt to pull off and doesn’t lose eye contact he’ll have his moment to appreciate the body he is learning that he can’t get enough of. Now isn’t the time to worship she is right soon enough they’ll be getting ready to go on this operation for Waller.

He climbs over her bringing her hands up over her head. Staring into the blue orbs that have seen a part of his soul and damn he needs to tell her how beautiful she is because he’s afraid to say how much he loves her. He loves her. He knows she’s had him from the moment of introduction and he doesn’t want to ever be freed of this insanity.

“You’re so beautiful.”

“You’re not bad yourself.”

He knows they have a connection he doesn’t know if it’s as deep for her as it is for him. He truly hopes she feels more than just physical attraction because seeing how delighted she is to feel him alongside her is grand and all but he loves the way she sees things the way she comes alive at mentioning of weird gizmos the delight in learning new things, her faith that somehow, they can see this part of their lives through. He marvels at her glee and when she finds herself feeling down the part of him that is swept up with happiness that he is the one to make her smile.

Her endurance of making herself better to prove that even with her father leaving her behind she wouldn’t let the deep seeded voice win over that she isn’t good enough. His own worth of trying to feel something in his own youth even with his own parents not physically leaving him still they were hard to read, hard to please, he rebelled to get their slight attention even if it meant he did some foolish things. Now no matter what the sadness embedded deep down in his soul that he wasn’t a good son but he has a chance to be a good husband. He knows he was a bad boyfriend so there is no hope there but with the woman who is looking at him like he is her sun, the moon, an orbit of celestial creations her gravity bringing him to clutch that flame.

One kiss and then another repeatedly on a cycle as their hands start to roam each familiar body that the other has engrained for future provocation of bliss. Still learning how it feels as goosebumps tell
of a new wonderous spot as previous ones that get the attention they deserve.

“Oliver, I need you.”

His lips let hers go leaving her to moan slightly but they discard any semblance of clothing as their bodies in demand of pure desire outweighs anything of logic as their heat just encompasses them both.

Maseo goes to tell Oliver and Felicity to be ready in at the specific gathering of time when his wife stops him.

“What do you think you are doing?”

“I was going to…”

“Have you not witnessed enough of their flesh for a lifetime?”

“There is a job to do. How will they know?”

“You can speak against the door. You know by now if that door is shut and their both in there.”

He looks at Tatsu and shutters as he still hasn’t learned his lesson. She is right. His wife is usually always is but he will not give her that satisfaction of telling her so.

He walks to the door and calls out to them telling them when they should be ready and walks away leaving a smirking wife to shake her head. She hears Oliver in a coarse voice telling her what she already figured was taking place behind those closed doors. They were mindful of her son and that in itself made her jolly for her American friends.

They load up and begin their mission.

“Okay we are here. Remember to cover her as she gets the biorhythm and those codes.” Maseo speaks out.

Oliver looking between Maseo and Felicity “Not leaving her side.”

“Yea you have your own task consequently…”

“She isn’t going to be alone.”

“Don’t worry Agent Terrance will be with her.”

Oliver looks at the man in question. “Why can’t he take care of this assignment himself?”

“He doesn’t have the skill set and you’re with me.”

“Just great, Felicity you don’t leave his sight. Understood?”
She stops herself from rolling her eyes at him. His overprotectiveness is somewhat endearing so she just nods. “Can at least have an ear piece?” The men reply the same way they did earlier she is just to accompany them and use her technical skill but not engage.

Maseo is the second to leave following Agent Terrence out of the limo. Oliver looks at Felicity for a split second before he too is out and his hand extending to help her exit the vehicle. Her golden with black accent gown attracting a few looks from pedestrians and Oliver looks away from the camera. Her black wig helping to also hid her identity from any press and the targets they are here for.

Oliver and Maseo follow behind a few spaces as the couple enter the function. Felicity links her hand around Terrance’s offering arm and the group separate leaving Oliver and Maseo to head to where they need to be. Once Felicity has accomplished part one of her assignments her husband and his keeper it seems will do what they came here to do.

She likes Maseo enough but he is always so snippy with Oliver but a true gentleman to her. Maybe it’s because his wife is no pushover and she is a badass which is only something Felicity feels in her gut. Tatsu has this way about her and the fact that she is also nice once she feels your trustworthy is a good sign. Felicity also adores their son. He just tells it as it is sometimes but he is also is so bashful.

She doesn’t know much about the second assignment placed with Maseo and her husband but she knows it is trickier and will need the results she’s captured this evening before Oliver’s impeded visit taking her from the leering men who have actually been enthralled with conversation.

The man whom her mission was for long gone as he too happily offered her his companionship leaving a snide smirk for the agent with her. She is mostly glad that Oliver was not witness to this man’s hold on her. Like he is claiming her for himself that is until another man whispers that his presence is needed elsewhere and leaves her with a bow. Luckily, she has taken his biometrics beforehand as she now says her goodbyes to him.

It is quiet thereafter as a few men still gathered talking about scientific ventures which she is delighted to be included in. Not many female brilliances here which makes her cringe. It would have been sweet to talk to other women keen on knowledge other than pretty arm placements around this event. Not that Agent Terrance spoke kindly of her own merits but as his date she shows her around. Like she could spend actual time in his orbit outside of this job she might have to knock sense into his egotistical mind. A few of these jerks are a little handsy but all in all it isn’t as bad as she thought it could have been.

Agent Terrance says he’ll be right back as he nods to Oliver who is walking her way.

“Hi.”

“Hi Feli… Faith.” He looks at the men observing him.

She says a few names as she introduces him as Owen Smith. After a short span resuming a subject of a certain science that a few of these men are making it their life’s work. One takes more interest in Felicity which annoys Oliver but he stands his ground beside her. It isn’t until the men start to depart that the overeager man makes his move on Felicity.

She sees Oliver’s arm extend and hears the whoop of her husband’s fist knock the other man out. She stands stunned and only with him now dragging her out of the room to a smaller nook off the
side does she regain her balance and gives a stare down at her husband’s brutality. Huffing her
annoyance to the man who rushed her into a quiet spot where any guests promptly made their way
out of the area not to witness the couple’s spat.

“What was that?” she says exasperated.

“He was going to kiss you.”

“So, you had to punch him in the face?” he doesn’t say a word. She taps her foot awaiting a response
when none is given she adds “Well?”

“Yea, that’s what we do.” He shrugs. He’s a guy it isn’t like he wasn’t privy to stupid adolescence
fights.

“We?” she looks around the now empty room. “I just see a dumb pine tree before me.”

“What?”

“I’m sorry I don’t follow this incredible stupid boy code or some ridiculous theory like that.”

“He was moving in for a kiss what was I supposed to do?”

“Here’s option number one… nothing!”

“But… but…” he’s perplexed at the idea of another man in her space. “You’ve got to be kidding
me.”

“No. We…” she moves her finger between them “…are on an assignment.”

“There was no instruction that…”

“Oliver! Did you even read the mission statement?”

“Umm…” Maseo filled him in on what was needed wasn’t that enough? Looking at the creases
forming on her forehead he is missing something.

“I’ll take that as a no.”

“Fine, what am I missing?”

“That we are just work colleagues.” He scoffs loudly. “What now Oliver?”

“You and me just friends? With how much sexual energy we give off one another. That’s just
absurd. A person would have to be totally in denial to not see our chemistry.”

“Is this your way of saying that man was testing your patience?”

He whistles giving off how ridicules she is being. “That man wanted my fist in his face.” She just
sighs and gives up on this subject.

Seeing that Felicity isn’t going to fight with him any further he relaxes and places his right hand on
her shoulder. “Stay right here I’m going to go get our stuff.”

She wants to roll her eyes but lands up just grinning “Fine my handsome caveman.” and slaps his
butt-cheeks.

“You keep this up when we get back you’ll be over my shoulder.”

“Like with Akio in the next room you’ll do anything that would get you the wraith of Tatsu.”

“Jokes on you, smarty pants. Akio is spending the night with his daily minder.” He surprises her by using his free hand to cup her chin and give her a kiss that has her forgetting they’re still in public as her own hands rise to the nape of his neck. He breaks the kiss first. “Yea…” He forgets for a moment before his mind tells him to get back in the game they’re on a mission. “…get our stuff, stay!” He just sees her nod and he leaves the woman he can’t wait to undress later on. That’s one task he has been looking forward to all night.

She’s looking around she can’t spot Maseo or her husband. She begins to head to where Oliver went to get their light jackets and the huge line has dwindled but no sight of those two she walks slowly taking note if she is being followed. She notices two men she danced with talking just off the large corridor. She wishes Oliver would have let her have a communicator like he and Maseo and another agent had. Now she walking around blind. Every person could be a hostile and she hates not knowing what is happening. She will be giving her husband a piece of her mind. That is after she finds him.

She has no way back to the apartment. Not that going to apartment be a smart move if she is truly being followed. Thinking fast she decided to talk to a server and hopeful they speak enough English to help her. Pointing to where she can call for a ride she going to make one to Tatsu. Maybe being married to an A.R.G.U.S. agent for years she can think of something. Instead she stops in her tracks at the sight before her.

Felicity’s hand goes to her chest when she sees the lifeless body of Agent Terrance, blood seeping coloring his white shirt. She knows whomever killed him doesn’t have what they are seeking. Her fingers graze between her bosoms and feels the tiny metallic device she’s storing and it may be the key to why her husband is missing.

She feels the overwhelming dread but she senses that he isn’t dead. It’s either blind faith or that special connection that she finds levity since finding herself in this new lifestyle miles from her created home-base of Starling City with the small pool of friends but yet home is her heart’s desire because of Oliver Queen.

She’s fallen in love in the weeks since that first dance with a mythical dead man whose eyes shows mirth and twinkles in delight in her presence. Where most would groan at her babbles he will encourage with his own little quirks that she is growing fond of. His scars from his time in Lian Yu hold tragic memories of which he sometimes tries to explain in his roundabout way as her fingertips have found themselves countless times on their own volition lightly caressing raised patches of skin. It leads them to sweet instants between them as they grow fonder of the other. They haven’t yet said any proclaims of love both afraid that it will pop their bubble of tranquility between them.

She backs up as she looks around to see if she is also in danger. She can’t listen to her emotions right
now she needs to make sure that whomever killed the A.R.G.U.S agent doesn’t get what she has on her person and she tries to look calm as she finds herself walking with a small crowd onto the one side exit off the lobby. As she approaches the door she hears a woman’s scream which probably indicates that Agent Terrance’s body has been found. Her heart dropping thinking of Oliver’s disappearance. She doesn’t know if Maseo is okay, she needs to get out of here.

Walking just a few feet into the busy sidewalk she tries to flag a taxi when a body crashes into her pushing them both into a small crevice between buildings. Trying to get her bearings she hears a familiar voice and calms down instantly.

“Our husbands have been taken.”

“Wait, how did you know?” Raising her phone indicating she was talking to Maseo as he got abducted.

“I heard the scuffle. We need to find a safe place.” She hands a bag to Felicity containing tennis shoes and her tablet. Pulling out a small dagger Felicity’s eyes widen but Tatsu slices the golden dress to make it possible for actual running if need be.

“That was an expensive…”

“I doubt Amanda Waller wants the dress back.” Felicity shrugs as she finishes putting on the shoes and they hightail it out of view.

“Tatsu did you bring my adaptor?” A small USB file that held all their tracers.

“Of course, do your magic.”

“It really isn’t…” Tatsu gives her a look, “Yea… Science is pretty magical.” She going through feeds and after about ten minutes. “I’ve got something.”

Showing what is on display.

Tatsu peeks her head to see if anyone is around when she feels like it’s safe. “Come it is about ten blocks away.” She hides her katana and they begin their trek. Felicity places one of the pistols in the bag she is still holding on to.

“What’s the plan?”

“We go in and save them.”

“That really isn’t…”

“Felicity!”

Felicity holds out her arm stopping Tatsu from her walk.

“We need a plan. Let me look at the blue prints. If you want to scout the area nearby I’ll be here. We can meet near this.” Her finger pointing to the specific area.

“Fine. Ten minutes?”
“That’ll be plenty of time.”

Looking all the information she can gather which is not much against men with guns. She lets her overactive imagination take hold. She sees that there are windows facing a ledged building that has a barrage of wires being held by small posts and she gets a crazy idea.

Both women meet up just behind the building they want to enter and Tatsu starts off with, “It seems they have street thugs for security I can…”

“Tatsu, I have a plan.” Felicity trying to sound confident so her friend won’t doubt her capacity to make calculated assessments.

“What do you have in mind?”

“It’s going to sound crazy…” She shows her what she’s gathered and then goes on about what could work. Tatsu actually nods and they start their journey to save their men.
Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

Coming to their husbands’ rescue. Living life in Hong Kong under A.R.G.U.S. Oliver dealing with Felicity while trying to limit her field experience and some Yamashiro/Queen ‘residence’ bonding moments.

Chapter Notes

(The plan wasn’t going to be too crazy, I’m not trying to kill Felicity....yet!)

The story is not beta'd so all mistakes are my own.

P.S. Hong Kong: Was it Real??
Looking across the abyss even though she can see a dumpster and it isn’t that far down but to her it feels like a chasm as she tells herself that she probably shouldn’t look down while crossing. Tatsu grabs the material they’ve confiscated from a nearby mill. Jumping towards the small pole making Felicity groan at how easy her friend makes it look. Using the wires to guide her descend she makes it to the open window now leaving Felicity to cross the small gap between buildings.

“My ideas are stupid. How the hell I’m I going to make it?”

Tatsu looks at her friend and a huge smile is plastered on her face even though the circumstances of their men being taken the Disney princess a name her son has dubbed her with how her golden locks and sparkling blue eyes reminds the boy of a fair maiden in all those American classics he has read.

“Princess Alicity, trust the girl power and just do it!”

“Seriously?” Felicity looks at Tatsu as she’s still holding that smile.

“Come on, are you going to let some old wooden poles and frayed wires stop you from saving your prince charming?”

“You are not helping.” Felicity grabs the patched-up material she so thought she cleverly devised on short notice and jumps. She keeps from screaming like she wants to the whole point is to be stealthy and by gosh she will contain her excitement. Her inner screaming is loud as she’s preaching that she really isn’t cut out for this line of work. Watching femme fatale spies on the big screen is the closest to the action she ever wants to be. She groans as realizes that she is probably making an awful face as she remembers to keep her eyes opened as she curses the new-found fear of heights.

She can feel the wires barely hold as she treks over them quickly using the last post to push her body to the window’s ledge as Tatsu is already on her pursuit to take care of some thugs. Felicity allows herself a few extra seconds to be glad that escapade is over with.

She still has the first pistol Tatsu gave her in the bag that the dress’s accent is holding securely against her waist as she holds the new loaded gun ready to shoot anyone. She has a mix of fear and wonder as her adrenaline is elevated she has no idea what she is getting into but is following her friend’s lead.

Turning a corner all the tranquility is long gone as she sees Tatsu’s blade drawing blood and seeing men fall to their knees isn’t something she ever really wanted to enlist to watch. Her whole youth till recently she was more of a passive-aggressive fighter. Using the keyboard as one weapon that didn’t end any one’s life physically not until Waller’s targets would die because of her keystrokes. She can see why Oliver and everyone around him are stone faced when it comes to entering one of these situations. Taking people’s lives takes a certain vigor.

Holding her gun basically at eye level as she is speed-walking behind Rambo of Swords her eye catches the crimson red liquid dripping from the katana. They hear more footsteps coming from their left. They counted fifteen men here and so far, seven have gone down leaving the remainder of eight more to tend to. Felicity points for Tatsu to go through those doors that is where their husbands might be as she’ll hold off these guys.

Letting the first shot go and feeling the recoil push her back slightly she holds firm. Shooting at shadows enough to keep these men at bay.

She hopes Tatsu will find them soon. Having a shootout with three men is nerve wrecking.
“Well this is another fun adventure.” Oliver mumbles to no one in particular but he has Maseo to hear is out loud thoughts.

“Tatsu heard the scuffle she’ll be coming.”

“That’s great. A housewife coming here to a gun fight show.”

“She can handle herself. You haven’t seen her with her katana.”

“A sword? Against gun wielding thugs? Will Waller even send some men?”

“Probably and not because she wants to save us but for the data we have collected on that crime lord.”

“I don’t even know if my own wife is okay.”

“If I know her as well as I’m getting to know you she’ll be with Tatsu coming to save us.”

Oliver laughs. “Maseo? Did they punch you to hard? My wife is amazing but there is no way…”

They hear gunfire

“Guess we will find out sooner rather than later.”

A door opens and a man that stood guard by the door falls dead at Tatsu’s feet.

“Tatsu!” both men call out.

She uses her blade to cut them free. Kissing her husband soundly before turning to Oliver. “We better go Felicity is holding down the fort.”

“What?” Oliver says horrified.

“She’s upstairs shooting using mostly the guns of some men that I took out. The girl actually has decent aim.” Oliver barely hears what Tatsu says as he is through the door running to get to her.

Maseo is hurrying behind him as Tatsu laughs. “Told you. Your American sibling is in love and not infatuated as you claim.”

“I figured that much as he’s been moaning about her whereabouts since they took off our gags.” He mumbles trying not to bring attention to them as they near the gunfire.

She feels like she’s sitting on a barrage of semi-automatics as she is ducking and shooting. The deceased men weren’t going to miss their weapons as she plucked them up. Her ears are ringing and she has no idea if it’s still the same three men that are shooting at her.
She hears a bang near what she considers to be the front of the building and soon she hears footsteps and more gun fire. She is hoping it’s A.R.G.U.S. She did send out a signal with coordinates hoping if it is too much for her and her friend to take on alone. It’s a three-floor building and from what the blueprint showed there is an elevator shaft near an enclosed staircase that Tatsu went into about ten minutes or so ago.

She’s being held out near an office and she sees that one of the men is making his way to it. That is probably where they confiscated any equipment from Maseo or Oliver and so she moves to a half wall. She has no idea why she is being so brazen this is crazy on her part. Using the last of the semi-automatic she shots at where she thinks two of the men are taking cover and she hears a moan.

Her eyes are wide as she wonders if she herself just killed someone. No time to think as she makes it to the spot that is concealed from those two men she just shot at and quickly runs into an open area before entering the office. The pistol from the bag now pointing at a man hunched over a computer. The room small but holding another exit she can’t see out of.

“Don’t move jerkward.”

The man said a few words before presuming his walk towards her. She really needs to learn the native language if she is going to be living in Hong Kong.

“Say what?”

The man never gets to respond as he gets hit by what looks like a broken stairwell banister.

“He said the safety is on.”

“Oh… Oh!” Felicity looks at the handgun and then at Oliver. She is excited to see him and hands the gun to his extended hand.

Oliver is sitting on the bed waiting on Felicity to finish her shower. Tonight’s assignment went off course and as mad as he was, well still is… he has to admit his wife’s actions were brave stupid but brave. At least Amanda Waller got what she wanted and even with one agent down she seemed to be in a good mood.

Felicity stayed behind she was needed to decode after all with Agent Terrance’s death she is the only other person who had put this together the grueling task of days spent with a man she really didn’t like if her moaning of his misogynist ways was any indicator.

Maseo and Tatsu went home but he stood outside the command unit and waited for his wife. There was no way he would come home without her. Luckily, she wasn’t directly responsible for any deaths even though she says if it meant saving him or any member of the Yamashiro family she wouldn’t hesitate. He knows it not sensible but he just doesn’t want her to lose herself like he has done on occasion. He wants more for her even though he knows he’s being hypocritical but she still has this amazing light that he really doesn’t want dulled because taking a life there is no coming back from that.
She steps out of the bathroom and quietly makes her way to the shared room with her husband, hoping he fell asleep because she is so tired. No luck as she enters the room he is sitting against the headboard waiting on her.

“Hi.” She whispers trying to guess his mood.

“Hey. There is a half sandwich and some fruit if you’re hungry.” He points to the tray of food near the dresser. His voice even so she can’t tell if he is still angry.

“Thanks.” She moves the tray closer to her side of the bed.

He is quiet letting her eat in peace and just allowing that they are both alive to seep through. They are both tired but he wants to say a few words and pause the discussion until both are somewhat rested from this ordeal.

Placing the tray back to the original location she takes in a solemn breath expecting Oliver to lay into her. He pats the bed beside him as he’s moving her pillows to create a backrest.

“I don’t want to fight. But, I’m not sorry.”

“Sit.” He looks at her hesitation. “Felicity, baby come here I promise I’m too tired to fight.”

She crawls to the spot and when she sits up he wraps his arm around her and she’s held against his side.

“Not going to lie. I am not happy that you put yourself at risk.” His free hand that isn’t being idly played with as her fingers lightly brushing near the rope burns on his wrist is tightly clutched. “I can’t describe the anguish I felt when Tatsu casually said you were hankered down on a one-woman gun fight.”

“Oliver…”

“Let me finish. Please.” Satisfied that she isn’t going to argue the fact. “I do understand your reasoning. I really do because I would come for you to.” Sighing as he’s trying to put his point across. “I know it sounds wrong and a little hypocritical but it’s different between us. Felicity, I killed plenty and there is no going back from the darkness I’ve allowed in. I want more for you. I want…” she’s moving and he allows her to straddle his lap so she can look into his eyes. Read him allow his words to soak through as her hands hold his chin as she brings her face to hover his. Both of their eyes locked upon each other with no other words uttered.

These moments are becoming more common as they can read each other by mere glances. All the intense moments in these weeks of working for Waller sometimes to many words could be entangled to be used against them. Felicity took Oliver’s words to heart when he told her to trust no one yet she has come to only believe in him and she can feel he has done the same. To many shadows around each corner for them to relax and freely discuss what each means to the other.

They care for the Yamashiro’s there is no doubt there but Oliver knows Maseo allegiance is to Waller and of course his own family. Felicity adores the moments that the youngest family member spends with her. How he talks about destiny and variations of different tales he has learned from books. Always making her blush with his far-out fantasies of princesses when it comes to her.

She calls him her very own fairy sidekick which is a very important element to any fairy tale. They add humor, fun, and help the main princess out of sticky situations. A fairy sidekick inspires the naïve princess to be a better person and sticks with the hero through good times and bad. Best part they get the other grownups involved as they create play forties to battle these imaginary evil spirits.
Akio feels that he is cherished and Tatsu breathes easy knowing her son isn’t so lonely. Their dubbed princess sometimes is too much of a hoot for when her words get easily tripped over when overly flustered.

After moments of just being in each other’s orbit and feeling the day’s events catch up to them Felicity slowly moves off his lap as she conceals a yawn.

Oliver moves to get under the covers so his wife can join him in a more comfortable position. He was so close to telling her he loves her. Letting out a small groan that yet again the moment has passed. Leaving her to ask if everything is alright. He makes a light pun of being too tired to be the caveman she requested earlier. She snuggles tighter into his embrace and basically speaks against his chest. He barely got what she said of ‘skay to tired.’

It’s been a month since Felicity’s first mission. Each and every time she has had any field experience Oliver has opinionated his distain even if she is placed in tech vans he hates that she is even put in harm’s way. What he really dislikes is the fact that he isn’t there to protect her. He just doesn’t trust anyone else with her safety.

Amanda Waller is no help she keeps reminding him that Felicity is a very capable woman and he should even make the effort to teach her some sort of self-defense which to his chagrin he’s trying right now.

Her hips swaying isn’t helping as he is taking in her appearance. They’re at a base’s gym and Oliver isn’t too keen at the looks she receiving by other guests. She looks innocent enough a small towel around her neck carrying a water bottle and those gym clothes why does she make it look like a sin? When she greets someone and smiles his mind almost short circuits as her over friendliness is contagious and other gym members are way too welcoming in his opinion.

Oliver won’t admit it but he watched some videos so he can train her without being so forceful. He doesn’t have the experience with any of this. His own training for survival was just that survival. Shado and Slade even Yao Fei had their moments of their own methods he survived when all three perished.

He’s going through the steps with her. They are off on the mats just off to the side away from where most of these solders are working out. Felicity trying her best to do as instructed but failing miserably. They go again and again until a huge muscular man ignoring Oliver presence starts talking directly to Felicity.

“Hi there, I can help you, sweetie.”

She looks at the man and then at Oliver not wanting to add any turmoil she says she’s okay.

“She’s fine here with me.”

“Do you have a name? sweetheart?”

She answers with a no. The man being a little pushier asking what her problem is and Oliver just stepping in front of his wife. He is trying not to get into a confrontation he doesn’t need Waller’s
wrath. “You heard my wife she isn’t interested.”

“Hey buddy she doesn’t have a ring.” He looks at Felicity as if he is bettered suited for her.

“Yo Craig. What the hell! Leave the couple alone and get back here.” Another man comes around the corner and gives his buddy a look. That man named Craig leaves them.

“Don’t mind that boy.” The man looks at Craig going back to his machine. Looking at Oliver first and extending his hand out. “Sorry. Name’s Corporal Mills, Conner Dennis Mills and I teach self-defense back at home, Atlanta, Georgia.”

Oliver takes his hand in a firm handshake as he is about to introducing himself and Felicity cuts him off.

“Mines Faith Smith. This is my husband Owen. Right baby?”

“Right.” He drops his hand as Felicity wraps her arm around her husband.

Now looking at Felicity, Corporal Mills adds, “I’ve seen you on base talking with Ms. Waller, special ops?”

“I guess, I’m technical support for A.R.G.U.S.”

“Well it’s nice to meet you both. By the way I could show you some moves. Real moves that you’ll actually could use.”

“I just want my wife to know some basics.”

“I get it. I have three sisters. Them knowing to protect themselves is one of the reasons I got into teaching.” He looks at Felicity as she answers him.

“That is sweet of you Corporal…”

“Mills.”

“Corporal Mills its sweet but my husband is taking care of it.”

“No offense.” He looks at her than at her husband. “I see you are trying but unfortunately you are forgetting whatever experience you have she doesn’t. If you have a few minutes I can run some techniques. If you’re okay with it?” looking at Oliver first than to Felicity.

Felicity is wiped as she moans falling on the bed hard. She going to miss the earlier training methods with Oliver that always led to heavy make out sessions. It seems Oliver actually listened to the Corporal and took some mental notes because he’s been talking about making time a few hours a week and adding cardio and she wanted to bail after her muscles were crying and she barely left the mat which only gave Oliver an opportunity to tell her if she wants to be included she needs this. A few groans and she agreed to his demands cursing the Corporal’s name as she’s now doomed.

“Hello, can I come in?” a few seconds later “Mrs. Queen?” a small voice is heard as her head turns from the pillow she was screaming Conner Mill’s name.

“Of course, Akio come on in.”
She moves her body to make space for the boy who hands her a book and then happily jumps on the bed as per custom of their reading adventure escapades.

“You don’t look so good.”

She gives him a come-on look and replies with thanks. He gives her a big smile happy to be here with her while the other adults are chatting about boring things.

“Maybe I can read and put you to sleep.”

“Um…”

“I promise not to stick anything in your nose.”

“Why would you stick something in my nose?”

“Well… I might have put something in Mr. Oliver’s nose.”

“Do I want to know why?”

“No.” he says very quickly, “He tried to trick me when we met so I…”

“Say no more. He probably deserved it. Go ahead and read I shall pretend to sleep.” That is all it takes for Akio to make himself comfortable and turn to the bookmark and begin reading where they left off.

Thinking she is asleep he whispers that he’d protect her against any dragons. It elicits her to let out a chuckle as her eyes open and look upon the boy who has found a special place in her heart. “My knight in shining armor.”

He feigns he is taking out an imaginary one with his fake sword. Jumping quickly to stand on the bed and make swooshing sounds until Oliver comes into the room and the boy sees him as the enemy.

“I shall save you m’lady.” He points to Oliver and the enemy raises his arms in defeat and as Akio relaxes with victory, Oliver swoops in and picks the boy up.

“Ahhh no!”

“Never let your guard down.” He spins and places him back on the floor to spank his rear-end as Akio makes a disgruntled sound. They all hear Tatsu calling out to her son that it’s time to get ready for bed.

“My poor hero.” Felicity laughs as Akio leaves telling his sworn enemy he will get the last laugh. Oliver rolls his eyes at the boy’s antics before Akio runs back to him for a high five.

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Another day working at A.R.G.U.S.

It is theoretically just another day working with a military organization that basically kidnapped them both. Felicity guiltily does love to keep busy and working with technology is a plus and sometimes she forgets her own predicament. Like today a nameless someone stole a work-in-progress schematic
and Felicity is not having it. She rushes with a team heading to capture the perpetrator that is until her husband miraculously makes his appearance. He’s giving her a hard time about joining the men that are passing by. Oliver is looking at Felicity to stay behind by telling her not to take this theft personally.

“They took my design, of course this is personal.” Felicity is fuming as she basically wants to run towards a van.

“It is just…”

“No. Oliver the implications are significant we can’t let them.”

“Let the A.R.G.U.S. agents or the military tend to it.”

“Fine. You just want me to what? Relax? Because if that gets in the wrong hands.” She twirls to face her husband he places his hands on her shoulders trying to reason with her.

“Baby, we aren’t agents nor solders.”

“So, what exactly are we?”

“Expendable civilians.” That’s enough for her to stop her actions. She looks past his frame to see some agents getting into vans and realizes Oliver is right. They here because of Waller. She almost forgets this new lifestyle isn’t by choice. She’s here because the man in front of her saved her life without him she would be dead.

She nods to how right his words are.

A Day to unwind turns to another assignment.

This situation isn’t supposed to happen yet again Oliver shakes his head as Felicity is with him on another undertaking when all they want is to spend a night in the city being nothing but romantic partners. Enjoying some time together outside of the cramped apartment at this cute little eatery but the night cut short when A.R.G.U.S. needs them to handle something outside their jurisdiction. Now here they are working alone together trying to evade being captured.

“Don’t look down.”

“To late.”

He brings his arm over to clasp her hand helping her move.

“Nothing’s going to happen just breathe and listen to my voice.”

She makes a grunt.

“Breathe.” He can hear her regulate her breathing and when he feels she can begin again he points her hand against the beam. She moves another few inches. “Don’t look down.” He hears her make a noise that sounds like ‘mkay’. She’s really being a good sport about this as they entered the ventilation system of this building earlier she crawled and did any necessary jumps without one complaint. Felicity finding herself not particular fond of heights is making this little excursion a little
more difficult but she is defiant and inching her way along with him to the other side so they can grapple themselves off this building. “Few more steps.”

“Okay.”

“You’re doing great.”

They have about ten more steps to go when at the entrance behind them they hear the security detail they ditched earlier coming towards them.

“Stay steady. One foot in front of the other.”

“Their coming!” she gasps.

“Just keep moving. Just another two steps baby.”

She makes it and grabs his hand as he follows right behind her to the leveled floor and they begin to sprint down a tapered hall. He pulls his backpack off and grabs the gear. Felicity visually checking the landing. “It looks good so far.”

“Okay stand back.” and he shoots the gizmo’s spear and it flies downward connecting to the intended partition. He clicks the sling upon the pulley and waits as Felicity wraps her body around him as he takes off. Her eyes shut as her head stays close to his body.

“You feel so hard like a tree stump, not that I hump trees. Paper cuts would be epic fails and…”

Landing and still having her body wrapped tightly around him. He nudges her so she will open her eyes and laughs before announcing, “We’ve stopped.”

“Oh, I didn’t notice.” She tells him as she removes herself and he starts to plant the grapple for their final decent.

“Yea, this pine tree noticed.”

“I only called you a dumb pine tree once.”

“Once was enough to engrain in my memory for a lifetime.” He finishes up. “Ready?”

She nods as she grabs the cord and they begin their measured fall as Oliver makes sure she keeps up with holding the rope correctly so she doesn’t land up freefalling to her death.

“This isn’t so bad.”

“Uh huh.” his repeat saying of ‘don’t look down’ she has taken heart to listen and is trusting him in getting them down safely.

“I mean as long as I don’t look down.”

He checks the distance “Where more than pasted the halfway mark.”

“Good can’t wait till my feet are on solid ground.”

The moment that sentence is uttered one of her ropes is comprised and she loses her grasp. Oliver moves his body to trap her against the concrete but twists from his hold and he gasps.

“Felicity!”
Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

P.S. Hong Kong: The city has been home to Felicity for months as her relationship with Oliver has solidified. Could everything change? Can this Alpha/Omega Virus break them apart? This chapter is of them living and loving as the tides of change comes and having Oliver think he is protecting his wife to a virus he is hunting and maybe losing her… not to the virus but to the unknown.

Chapter Notes

Warnings: ***reference of assault***

See the end of the chapter for more notes.
She nods as she grabs the cord and they begin their measured fall as Oliver makes sure she keeps up with holding the rope correctly so she doesn’t land up freefalling to her death.

“This isn’t so bad.”

“Oh hush.” his repeat saying of ‘don’t look down’ she has taken heart to listen and is trusting him in getting them down safely.

“I mean as long as I don’t look down.”

He checks the distance “We are more than pasted the halfway mark.”

“Good can’t wait till my feet are on solid ground.”

The moment that sentence is uttered one of her ropes is comprised and she loses her grasp. Oliver moves his body to trap her against the concrete but twists from his hold and he gasps.

“Felicity!”

“I’m looking down Oliver and even this is to kinky for us.”

She hanging upside down and her face pressed against his groan. She doesn’t move her legs afraid if she does she’ll unhook whatever saved her and take him out with her.

He takes hold of the good rope that has entangled itself on one of the hooks on her outfit. He may never complain about her wardrobe fashion if it helps keep her alive.

“Oh I need you to grab my climbing rope and hold it.”

She’s mumbling a longwinded argument against him.

“Felicity! Please stop talking to my crotch.” He’s feeling himself twitch down there and that isn’t something helpful coming out of this situation.

“I can’t see any rope.” She frees one of her arms that are holding to his waist as she dangles upside down feeling for the rope near his backside. “Okay, I think I got it.” She hears him huff before she declares she does have it.

“I need you to move to the right as I move the other way and grab the rope with your other hand okay?”

He’s holding her legs as she moving and they’re slowly descending but he won’t tell her that afraid of her excitement that she’ll let go of the rope.

Landing safely Felicity looks up and whistles and shakes her head excitedly. She survived and she turns to where Oliver is unwrapping the rest of the gear off of him. She waits patiently until he is free and makes her move to wrap herself against him.
The relief on his face speaks volumes. “Baby, we need to go. Check in and give this to A.R.G.U.S.”

“Oliver! What about we find a nice little nook and I show you how appreciative I am of you? Especially thankful of all these workouts you’ve been dedicating to yourself that just came in handy.”

“Felicity, there is time for that later. We’ll just give this to Waller first.” He raises the backpack.

“Babe, didn’t we leave the apartment for some time and space for ourselves?”

“Yes.” He looks around. “Around here there are only empty warehouses and as quiet as it is. It isn’t romantic.” He really wanted to have a nice night with her and finally tell her that he loves her. Like so many times before the moment is spoiled and those words not uttered and its driving him batty for some reason.

“You can candlelit me some other time what I want is purely sinful.”

“Felicity, you deserve more than what you’re asking. I wanted tonight to be special. I also don’t want A.R.G.U.S. coming after us.”

“Amanda will get her jigamathingie when I am done pleasing my man.”

“Is that so?” He finally spurts a smile. She does that to him. No matter how down he is in his thoughts a few mustered words by her and he can’t help himself he needs to smile.

“Yep. You’re the one who was holding me up as I was comfortably grazing junior.”

“Junior?” he shakes his head as she goes in for a kiss. She gives him a pout and tries again only for him to shake his head again. “Baby you got to stop calling my…”

“I like giving it pet names. I mean all the times it gets your attention while the Yamashiro’s were oblivious of my need for you.”

“I think the adults in the room knew exactly…”

“They weren’t the ones I was concerned about.” She winks at him as she tries to get a kiss from him and letting out a happy moan when successful.

“What do you have in mind.” His mind racing in different directions.

Take the gear and follow me. He grabs what he intends to bring and follows her as she leads them into some sort of garage.

“I can’t believe people leave many of these building unlocked.”

“Well they don’t expect people like us to waltz in way after their closed for business.”

“Hmm… well good, wouldn’t want to give them a show on what I have in mind.”

“Should I be scared? You practically skipped here and your oozing with excitement.”

“Side effect of being alive. You know? You were quite antsy when I was bobbing near junior earlier. I know for a fact that he usually is quite excited if I’m in the vicinity.”

“That’s because I was holding on to you for dear life.” He knows there be no strength in him if that part of his anatomy were to truly respond to the vibration she was causing. He had to suck in air and
clear his mind while holding her a good distance from dropping probably not to their deaths but the outcome wouldn’t have been pretty. “As you decided to phrase something to a section of my body that always gets excited around you.”

The garage is a simple automotive shop. It is actually clean and tidy with plenty of car pieces on work benches that are slotted between a few vehicles.

“As I recall we are both standing right here right now and I have some plans Mr. Queen. Filthy, totally dirty plans so babe do as the Mrs. requests and undress.”

Sneaking out of the garage when voices are heard and the stream of light finds its way to the content lovers.

“We need to talk before we head back.”

“Okay? Why? What happened since we woke up in the garage that has you looking at me with that not amused face?”

“Felicity. I don’t want you in the field.”

“What? Why?”

“Would you have survived without me being there by your side?”

“I…” she thinking since running from security and the harrowing of surviving the fall she doubts she would escape unscathed but she would have done her best. “I would have tried my best.”

“I know honey. I don’t trust anyone with your safety. Are you okay with me requesting that you be taken off the field?”

“Wait. Are you asking? I would have surmised you would have beaten your chest and growled what was to be.”

“The longer I’m married to you the more I know that tactic would get me in hot water and your scary when your mad.”

“I’ve only been mad once and it wasn’t even directed at you.”

“I know. I kinda feel for the dude he didn’t see your wrath coming.”

She rolls her eyes but gives him a smile. She’s not going to think of that racist idiot businessman who treated Tatsu and Akio badly. She makes a mental note to check on him maybe start giving him a semblance of his life back.
They head into A.R.G.U.S. after their call in.

Felicity heads to the computer center as Oliver heads to talk to Amanda Waller who is expecting him. The moment the door behind him closes his request he can’t help it but his voice deepens to low growl.

“I want Felicity off any field missions.”

“Mr. Queen.” She was about to rebuttal. She’s seen him in many different facets of control. Its something she respects about this man. He can be aloof at times but when things matter he rises to the occasion. She isn’t a fool thinking he’d behave just with a threat. She used that tactic with him using Agent Yamashiro family which would work but its different with Felicity. She saw a bridged video of him in the cell waiting and not knowing of his lover. His relationship with his wife would not be something she could control. Luckily, she allowed her softer side to win because those two have played a vital part in her efforts in taking some very bad people off the board.

“She almost died tonight and you and I both know darn well if she was with anyone but myself she wouldn’t be alive right now.”

“There are no guarantees in life.”

“That is bull and it’s not flying when it comes to her you know damn well I do whatever it takes.”

“She’s proven her worth.”

“Please, we both know it’s her mind you crave.”

“True, she’s rather exceptional even with her being so demanding.”

“It’s her charm.”

“Who would have thought a playboy would be so reformed?”

“I’m not the same boy who got on the Gambit.”

“No. I believe that boy died and a man who has come to survive and understand what it takes to endure has taken his place.” She walks past him and then turns once more to Oliver. “Ms. Smoak is under no obligation to be here. Everyone thinks she is lost.”

“Then it’s a good thing she is a Queen.”

Amanda Waller observes her charge and lets out a laugh. “Touché. I don’t want anything to happen to her either so you need to think hard with this extraordinary virus that is being pursued how much you’re willing to have her in the vicinity because if you fail. Her demise is imminent.” She leaves him to think.

Felicity is super excited even more so than her date to the grand opening of Emack & Bolio’s new spot she’s had them in Boston so she knew exactly what she hungers for as her date of course wouldn’t mind anything that is gooey and sweet.
Looking at the extra scoop of mint chocolate chip with oozing whipped cream she licks the spoon with a happy sigh as Akio makes his own commentary on his simple yet delicious chocolate chip cookie dough cup filled with hot fudge and caramel delight and a mountain of cream and a cherry that sliding down to mix with gooey concoction.

“This is the best day ever.” Akio happily says as he takes in their surroundings. His parents trust Felicity to keep their son out of trouble. He considers them really good friends because in his mind he can’t think of her as family. He has sort of a crush on her and it be weird otherwise.

“What’s are you thinking my lord?”

“Do you think we can get a bucket of popcorn and a fizzy drink to watch the movie?”

“Hmmm. The adults would say with ice cream and all the delicious buttery morsels how could you eat anything else like veggies?”

“We don’t need to tell them anything. I promise to eat all my veggies.”

“Hmmm. How could I ever say no to my little prince?”

Akio laughs brightly as they continue to enjoy the cold confection before going to watch an animation movie Cloudy with a chance of Meatballs.

While Akio and Felicity are out. Oliver decided to broach the topic of sending their loved ones away.

“Waller brought up a point and I thought we should talk about it.”

“What did that snake say?” Tatsu says as her husband shakes his head to such wording.

In his native tongue, “Tatsu please!” He then looks at Oliver and asks what the subject is about. After a lengthy discussion they know exactly and agree wholeheartedly to what each party will do.

Life in the apartment is seemly quiet as the adults tend to their jobs. Oliver and Maseo are all over the place while Felicity goes into to A.R.G.U.S. every now and then. She kind of misses the hustle but Oliver did win out on his really good speeches she thinks he may someday be a candidate for public office because once he finds sticking points he can persuade easily.

There is no time for romantic gestures which Oliver grumbles about as he falls in bed with his wife and falls asleep to wake up just as tired and go out again on superficial leads.

Tatsu and Felicity have found a comfortable friendship. Felicity is glad that her friend actually has the gift to teach her some basic cooking skills. Nothing crazy she thinks but she is so excited that she can help without butchering anything relevant to the food they get to eat.
Felicity sits up as her body keeps her momentum as she looking down at Oliver’s handsome face. Mornings like these are becoming a rarity with him running around with Maseo unearthing any leads on the ever-present Alpha/Omega Virus that has taken over their world. His hands alternating moving up from her waist to copping feels of her breasts as his own eyes are taking in the sight.

Before they can even hear the front door close and the floor board squeak in the hallway their bedroom door opens and Akio goes in excitedly waving something in his hand as he stops short. His eyes connecting with Oliver’s as he is dragged from the room quickly by his father. Maseo makes a series of apologizes as he closes the door. Felicity is too stunned to even move but still lets out a squeal as she looks for the bedsheets pooled near Oliver’s knees.

Oliver groans as his wife tries to pull off of him and looks mortified at the situation as he finally states. “That door needs a lock.” But his arms have her anchored against him.

“Oh my gosh, my little prince he must be as horrified…”

“He most likely got a sneak peek at some side boob. It will give him wet dreams.”

“Oliver!”

“Relax, he’ll be fine. He’s been crushing on you for a while.”

“He is just a kid.”

“So was I once.”

“You are incorrigible! I should check on him.” She hears her husband whine while adding a likely factor. “He is more likely getting a scolding let’s not interfere.”

Her cheeks are flushed and she leans her body against his. Oliver’s palms smooth against her spine as he flips them and gives her a sloppy kiss. That is all the encouragement she needs to crave their intimacy even with the disruption.

Felicity has profusely apologized to Tatsu over what transpired. She is so embarrassed. Oliver just chalks it up to eh it happened lets just move on category. Even though Oliver has been getting stared down by the youngest member in the house. His buddy seems jealous and has been trying to spend more time with his wife. He’ll play along for now but he does miss the action-packed moments they had it makes him miss his sister even more. Until finally Oliver sees his chance as Maseo is at the base and the ladies go to the food market leaving Akio under his care.

“Hey Akio. Up for a game?”

“Sure. Yes of course. Which one?”

They get to setting up when Akio takes a moment and finally blurts out, “Are you baby-making?”

Oliver is stunned and doesn’t respond quickly enough which has the boy shrug his shoulders.
“I… We are… I… wow babies are lots of work I don’t think we are ready for that yet.”

“But… your practicing.”

“Well…” Oliver is looking at the boy.

“Why else would you two be playing on the bed?”

Oliver almost chokes up but figures this line of conversation was due sometime in his life. He rather thought it be a child of his that would get him stumped but its nice to know any kid can do.

“Well you read and sometime watch TV on the bed. Some people eat on their beds there is a lot of activities done on top of beds other than just sleeping.” and sighs. “You should knock and wait to be allowed into an adult’s bedroom.”

Akio shrugs he got punished for running into their rooms. It was not proper and seeing a man he thinks like a cool older brother laying in bed with his princess. He knows they are married and they do kiss especially the gross kind when they don’t know he is in close proximity.

“Then where do babies come from?”

Oliver actually chokes looking around the small living room for a way out. Finally mutters, “That’s something your dad and mom need to explain.”

“I want a baby brother. Do you think my parents are practicing too?”

Oliver walks into his bedroom to find the bed overthrown with articles of clothing.

“Felicity?”

“Hmm.” She says absentmindedly while going through her clothes.

“Is everything okay?” he hears her say yes. “So, what are you doing?”

“Nothing, maybe Tatsu and I can go bargain shopping for some new clothes.”

“Okay? Anything wrong with these clothes?”

“I think the dyer shrunk some of my things.”

Oliver just stares at her, he doesn’t see any changes and the whole conversation with Akio has him on edge.

“When is the last time you… you know?

“What? What am I supposed to know?”

“Your monthly gift.”

“What? What about it?”
“It’s been awhile. I’m thinking we’ve been very amorous a lot and I don’t remember any breaks in between.”

“What are you talking about?” She stops to think out loud. “Alright… It’s been about four weeks. I should be due; you know I’ve been spotting and have been under plenty of stress. Why the concern?”

“You said your clothes are tight.”

“Yes, I did. Oliver look at this?” She shows him a t-shirt and he does look at it funny. “I know! It did shrink not even Akio can wear this.”

“You right that dyer probably is malfunctioning.”

“So, what is this all about?”

“Well our little buddy asked me something and the thought hasn’t left my mind.”

“Okay. Are you somehow finally going to share because all this talk is making me think about babies.” The look he gives her. “Oh my… this is about babies.”

“Felicity we have never talked about it and it’s a probable possibility.”

“I’ve been on contraceptives since we’ve been together.”

“We’ve also been like rabbits and nothing is fool proof. I just think maybe it’s time we talk.”

“Like now?” She moves some clothing to sit down.

“Yes now. What if you are? Just yesterday you got sick and the day before that you looked like you would’ve gotten ill all because we passed a neighbor cooking a certain dish.”

“Oliver even you made a stink face to that smell.”

“I’m just saying there could be a chance.”

“Fine let’s say there is a chance. What of it?”

“You can’t stay here.”

“Now you’re just being paranoid.”

“No. I’m thinking of one of the most important people in my life carrying our baby and that changes everything.”

“Okay! I though you were okay with me being here?”

“That was before I… before I though you could be pregnant.”

“Well then. When the market opens tomorrow morning I’ll go buy…”

“Fine but we still need to talk about the possibility. Right now, there is a chance and if anything comes up that puts you and our future child in danger you promise me you’ll do whatever it takes to protect her.”

“Her?”
“Or him.”

“T’m not ready to be a mom, Oliver. It so isn’t in my five-year plan.”

“You have a five-year plan?”

“I did until these circumstances. I think I could have lived a life knowing I wasn’t afraid of heights.”

“Okay but I need you to promise.”

“Oliver, we go home together. How can you ask me to leave you here?”

“You know why. Would you really do that to our child? I need you to promise me you’ll go if it comes to that.”

“I promise.”

She never gets a chance to go to the market as A.R.G.U.S. sends them some really good data. They get a lead and it seems very promising one that can change everything. It’s all happening a few miles from here. Oliver gets her backpack and hands it to her there is no more playfulness Oliver is dead serious.

“We have a location of the Omega Virus we need to go now.” Maseo barks out as he gets his on family ready for movement.

“Felicity I want you out of ground zero.”

“If you’re not going I’m…”

“Don’t.” His arm snakes around her waist bringing her closer there is a chance she could be pregnant. They weren’t careful, never mind the unreliable birth control since she’s been here with him in Hong Kong. If there was a chance a mix of them is in the works he’ll do anything in his power to make sure they’d be safe. “We both know.” His fingers lightly graze her middle section. “That there is a possibility and I won’t put a little piece of us in danger. Will you?”

She looks at him resigned, “No.” She doesn’t want to leave him. They’ve been together for incredible number of months and now the thought that he could die has her paralyzed with fear. If she is pregnant she will have to raise this child alone. It’s heartbreaking and Oliver feels her tense in his arms. “Maybe I’m just late. We have been under stress.” She looking up into his warm blue eyes showing her how he feels. “I don’t want to lose you.” She knows she promises him if there is a chance she will protect their unborn so she just nods.

“Go home. I’ll come home as soon as I can.”

“Promise?”

He grabs her chin in his hands and takes her lips in a sweet passionate kiss that may be their last.

“I’ve been trying and failing but under the circumstances I want… I need you to know I love you.”
“Oliver! I… I love you too.”

He places his forehead against hers. Their adventures in these few months have been interesting if not intense to how one petite woman holds the cards to his happiness. Her going home at least takes some weight of his shoulders. If it wasn’t for Akio’s off-hand comment practically saying they were practicing the whole baby-making the thought wouldn’t have crossed his mind and he wouldn’t be trying his hardest to have his family out of danger. He isn’t just thinking of his own family he asked the Yamashiro’s if they wanted to send Akio with his wife but they politely declined he belonged with them and between the three of them they would keep him safe.

Finally, once more kissing her forehead as they break apart it is time. They hear Maseo give them a timeline and goes he grab his satchel he takes one good look at her taking in a reason to succeed in this mission and leaves with Maseo. She quickly hugs Akio as he runs up to her one more time. She hopes to see him soon too he has been a treasure to get to know. Tatsu says her farewell and as they hug she comforts Felicity telling her they’ll keep an eye out on the big lug.

She sits on the second ferry she’s taken and looks out at the now distant panoramic skyscrapers that was home for her for almost five months. She has no idea how she is going to cope without him and try to resume a life back in Starling. She may not even have a home to go to, Tommy may have had her declared missing or even dead. She is so in her thoughts she doesn’t see a man who has been observing her since she sat down. As the boat made another stop more passengers got off then on, leaving just her and the man near a small galley on this vessel. Making his way towards her and confident with a plan he contorted while watching her. He swiftly makes his move coming behind her his right hand gripes her mouth to keep her from yelling out as his other arm overwhelms her body as he drags her to the galley where no one can see them.

She recovers from shock quickly as a mission with Oliver held the same situation. The man was groping her and she knows where this is heading if she doesn’t do something. His lips already making short work of marking her neck. With his arm holding her back towards him she can feel his excitement and that is when she sticks his foot with her heeled shoe and as he moves just enough for her to get a clear kick to his groin she runs and he gives chase. She is now visible to other passengers as the man grabs her. She fights which angers him and he slaps her face hard. Felicity goes down as her back hits the guard railing.

The man hears the commotion as one of the ferry workers comes to investigate and using the woman as a distraction throws her overboard. On her way into the sea her head hits the plastic raft and immediately is unconscious as she hits the water. The ferry worker jumps in as the boat is signaled to come to a stop.

The man makes his escape leaving bystanders to watch the heroic staff save a woman thrown into the Victoria Harbour. People pointing to the water. Plenty of loud shouts to quiet whispers guessing if the woman is alive. Those whom have seen her board or have taken some time to speak to her mortified of this unfolding situation. The passengers clap as the rescuers board the boat. Within moments there is a silent pause as a limp body of a blond is laid out on the deck.

The boat continues on now heading to the next port where emergency personnel are waiting.
Before anyone asks Felicity is not pregnant.
Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

Being back in Starling. Life starts to resume once again. This chapter focuses on Felicity getting to know her friend Thomas Merlyn as he fills her in on their relationship. Donna Smoak makes her cameo. Oliver is but a shadow.

Chapter Notes

Warnings: ***reference of assault***

See the end of the chapter for more notes
The man hears the commotion as one of the ferry workers comes to investigate and using the woman as a distraction throws her overboard. On her way into the sea her head hits the plastic raft and immediately is unconscious as she hits the water. The ferry worker jumps in as the boat is signaled to come to a stop.

The man makes his escape leaving bystanders to watch the heroic staff save a woman thrown into the Victoria Harbour. A limp body of a blond is laid out on the deck. A passenger identifying herself as a nurse helps the worker as onlookers keep their vigil. As Felicity’s chest rises and falls and the word that she’ll survive everyone cheers. People start to talk loudly happy that the lady is saved. Security and Medical emergency personnel are on standby at the next port and ready to take her to the hospital. Even the media is ready to report as the local newscasters are gathering at the seaport.

Moving in the darkness he slips into the room he has entered the last three nights. Unseen by any medical staff as he watches over her. He moves the chair quietly to sit and take her hand into his. The bandages around her head have lessened and he heard her mother is coming in most likely late tomorrow so his chance to see her after this would be slim.

Like all leads on the virus the last one was also empty but it cost him more than he bargained for. With her attack made public she can’t disappear back with him. He now knows she isn’t… well wasn’t pregnant so at least this attack on the ferry didn’t take more from him. He vows to deal with the perpetrator swiftly. Looking at the woman he loves breathing and listening to the steady rhythm from one of the monitors it gives him some peace. She’s alive and this moment that is all that matters.

He misses her voice he has come to find that she does talk in her sleep and with the silence of these few nights he wonders if she’ll still be dreaming of him.

She awakens to voices coming from another room. Her head hurts and tries to remember the reason why she is on a raised bed and tied to some medical machines. As their voices get louder as they enter her room she closes her eyes giving her some time to sort her mind out. The voice that pulls her out of her own head is the man she recently burned her latte on.

She knows they left the coffee shop on good standings. Even taking each other’s numbers but she doesn’t think anything will come from it. Who makes friends with the person that burned them? She gave him blisters. Isn’t that enough of a reminder that he was lucky to escape her presence. She feels terrible. She basically fondled him in a shop now she’ll have to find a new place and she loves their coffee. That makes her sigh out loud and she is busted as the man calls out her name. Her eyes show confusion as he gently moves some strands of hair from her face.

It confuses her even more at his gentle touch as a yearning within is felt. The warmth of being loved
is overwhelming and associating it with this stranger is just too weird. His warm smile is soothing. It
seems they really know each other. Maybe this will be explained to her soon because right now her
head hurts.

He goes and pulls a chair from the corner bringing it near her. His smile gets bigger. “I got to meet
your mother. We might have bonded over stories of you.”

“My mother?” She tries to sit up and a nurse starts to speak in a different language and yet she
understands a word or two. “Why are you here? How are the blisters healing? I’m still so very
sorry.”

“The blisters?” he looks at her funny and she now imagines she must be dreaming. “Felicity? What
do you remember?”

“What do you mean? I remember we just met a few days ago. I know we gave each other our
numbers but I never thought it would go further. I must be dreaming.”

“I’m going to call the doctor.” He is about to leave to get the nurse but her resident physician that is
taking care of her appears with the nurse who spoke to her just moments ago.

“Mr. Merlyn, Ms. Smoak, I see our patient is wide awake.”

“What happened to me?”

The doctor probes a light around her eyes and just smiles. “You’ve been admitted for few days now
since your boating accident. I’ll be right back.” The doctor leaves his patient with her guest.

“Boat? Why would I be on a boat?”

“It was a ferry you were actually traveling to get to the airport.”

She looks at Tommy and nothing makes sense. “We were traveling together?”

“No.” he looks sad.

“Where… I mean what waters in Starling was my accident?”

“You’re not in Starling, You’re actually a continent away.”

“Nothing makes sense. Like we just met why would you be here? Where exactly is here?”

“We are in Hong Kong.” Before she can say a word. “Yes, the country of Hong Kong.” He takes a
seat and takes her hand in his. “We’ve been friends for more than two years and you were hurt I
suppose escaping some sort of trafficking. I’m just so glad you’re okay.”

She trying to take in everything she is saying. “So, I have amnesia?”

“I guess.”

“This only happens in movies. I don’t believe I’m awake.”

“Really?”

“Listen I get you. Your like perfect. I so embarrassed myself with the whole latte scarring a cutie that
I’m doomed to relive that episode over and over.”
“You really can’t get over that whole incident. It happened over two years ago. See…” he pulls his shirt to the side and lets her see that his skin bounced back and her fingers dart out to touch the flesh. He sees that she gets embarrassed and withdraws her hand quickly. “It is okay Licity. We’re friends.”

“It’s Felicity.”

“I know.”

“Now how could we be friends after that embarrassing moment?” The conversation halts as another voice cuts through as a woman rushes in caroling, “Baby girl.” Felicity groans.

“Your mom’s here.”

“Are you sure we’re still friends?”

“Oh, come on, she is awesome.” He whispers to her as her mom moves forward so happy to see her baby is fully awake.

Tommy left the room and went to sit in the visitors’ lounge leaving Donna and Felicity with the doctor. Dr. Armenti goes through a list of things and findings. About her memory loss and some doctors that are well renowned in the United States that could help her.

“We have determined that at least you’re not pregnant, any result that is available shows no diagnosis of sexual transmitted diseases so that is a good sign. Though we did use a rape kit and gathered some specimen.”

Felicity stopped listening along as she withdrew into her mind. All this information was too much too soon. She just wants to go home. She’s rapidly blinks thinking that she may not have a home no longer. Turning to her mother who is asking another question.

“Is there anything we should be worried about?” Donna Smoak asks the doctor.

“I see no other complication. She is well to travel back home with you.”

“Okay. When can she leave?” Donna replies. Felicity has only been listening and wondering what was so grave that everyone around her is so tense talking about her time in Hong Kong.

“I’ll get started on her discharge papers.” He gives a small smile to Felicity and her mom and leaves the room.

“What was that about?” Felicity finally asks her mom now that they are alone.

“Oh sweetheart. Maybe it’s a blessing you don’t remember anything.”

Felicity isn’t too sure about that. She’s someone who puts stock in her mind not having any facts of what happened will always haunt her. She’ll want justice. Everyone so far seems to think her mind is protecting itself and maybe it is but she’s not sure of it. She does know that she feels a deep loss as if not remembering is the worst thing ever.

If she can remember faces and start to place names and events, she’ll go after these tormentors.
“I’m going to get a magazine or two is there anything you want honey?”

“No mom I’m fine.”

Donna left to the duty-free shop leaving Felicity looking out the airport window to observe the tarmac.

“It’s a lovely day.”

Felicity turns in her seat and looks at stranger he has the most amazing eyes and she has to pull herself away from staring. She can see a small smirk appear as she does so. He has a navy cap with a red rocket and she tries to remember what the significance means.

“Going home?” He asks.

“Yes, I guess I am. And you?”

“No not yet, one day soon I hope.” He knows the answer but asks anyway, “Here alone?”

“No.” she looks around. Tommy went to check with the crew before takeoff and her mom is buying some magazines. “My family. They’re here somewhere.” Just as she says that a small report showing her face on a TV mounted in the corner. “Yes, that’s me. Felicity Smoak. I’m going home.”

He extends his hand. “I’m O… Owen by the way.”

She takes his hand. She can feel a pull towards him but shakes it off as she breaks the connection. She can’t help but smile. She doesn’t know why but even the name… she has to ask, “Do I know you?”

He openly answers, “If you did. I think you’d remember.” He looks around to make sure he still has his cover he really doesn’t want to leave her yet. “So, family, that must mean you’re married?”

She looks at him and blurts out. “Yes!”

“Yes, yes your married?”

“I mean no. I don’t think I’m married. I really can’t recall. I actually left the hospital yesterday. I’m really here with a good friend I don’t remember much about him and I think I might surely like him. I mean I have all these feelings I…” she looks at him. “I’m sorry I babble. You don’t need that much info on me.”

“Did you always love him?”

She looks at how sincere he looks. Her heart beats faster. “Honestly?”

“Yes.”

“I just remember burning him as if it were yesterday. We’ve been friends ever since. Of all the romcoms I’ve ever watched I think the girl falls for that guy so maybe…”
“He came here so he must care a lot about you.” He sees her nod. “Or maybe there is another fellow not in the picture that really has your heart.”

“Now that be a cheesy romcom.”

“I like that version better.” He smiles and knows it is time to disappear. “Well you have a safe trip. Hope to see you again.”

She nods and turns her head as she hears her mother call her name and when she looks back to see the handsome stranger he is gone. She shakes her head it’s been a strange few days.

The flight back to Starling is quiet. After fully debriefing the authorities they were able to leave. So many questions asked and she had no straight answers only high emotions of things they thought that could have happened. She saw plenty of mug shots of suspects and she remembers one man’s face in particular but he was arrested by a covert government agency they were not able to clarify.

She didn’t tell them that she remembered dancing with him at some fancy party. How somehow deep in her belly she felt anger because these agents could see it in her face. They perceived all this as her escaping but due to the traumatic injury she could not specify details they so eagerly wanted.

As she sits back on the jet’s comfy chair a tear slides down her face. She doesn’t know the sordid details but she feels she may have met a soul in this mess that she connected to. Someone who made her feel safe and also made her sit on the edge of worriedness that is so hard to explain because her mind is all jumbled. Closing her eyes, she hopes that she won’t be haunted.

She jumps slightly as a hand reaches her shoulder from behind.

“I’m sorry baby. I just wanted to see if you needed a blanket?”

Felicity looking at her mom’s worried face she gives her a small smile. “I’m okay.” Seeing her mom nod but keeping the same expression she grabs her mom’s arm. “Mom, really I’m okay.” Donna takes a seat and tries to smile.

“I just want you to know that I’m here if you need me.”

“Mom, I know I don’t say this enough.” Felicity waits for her mom to look directly at her and stop scanning her body for possible injuries. “I love you.”

“I love you too. I love you so much.”

“I know I haven’t broached the subject but I don’t know if I still have a home in Starling.”

“Oh!”

“I’ve read up on my circumstances and I’ve been gone for a long time. I can’t see the place being affordable for you and I understand if you were able to get out of the lease.”

“Baby! Thomas Merlyn has kept the place up. He even has spent time there in your honor. He says he knows how you would decorate.”

“Really? He says we are friends but why would he do so much more if that is all we are?”
“Oh sweetie, it’s probably because he blames himself.” Donna gives her daughter another small smile and looks around to see where the subject of their conversation is. “You both went abroad looking for his best friend and he barely made it out unscathed but you were taken.”

Felicity makes a surprised noise as that is another tidbit of information she didn’t have. “Did I know his best friend?”

“I doubt it. He had a boating accident way before you moved to Starling.”

“Probably should stay free of boats for the foreseeable future.”

Donna chuckles it good that her daughter retains some humor.

Walking in from the opened front door Felicity can’t stop her surprise as she gasps. She’s taking in how much she loves what she is seeing. Tommy has kept his distance since they left Hong Kong. Her mom tells her because of how much guilt he has he just wants to make sure she okay but doesn’t want to rock the proverbial boat.

“You…” pointing her index finger at him. “You did all this?”

“I know it’s colorful but you always say Color is a power that…”

“…Influences the soul quote by Wassily Kandinsky.” She finishes the saying.

“Right. Anyways the place still has plenty of walls to paint.”

“And the furniture? I didn’t have much.”

“It gave me a reprieve. Sometimes a piece or two would speak to me and whisper your name.”

“Wow! How did I get so lucky to have you as a friend?”

“Licity…”

“It’s Felicity.” She smiles as she corrects him not wanting him to actually call her by her given name.

“I know. Anyways I’m the lucky one. It was my…”

“Stop right there.”

He looks shocked.

“I’m a big girl and I know myself well enough that whatever you said to get me to travel with you I did it on my own accord.”

Donna has made herself comfortable on one of the sofas as she looking at the exchange.

“Still I wasn’t able to keep you safe. Leaving you behind without really turning every stone to get you home safely was cowardly of me.”

“Fine. So, I forgive you.”

“Licity!”
“Your forgiven. I’m home and I just want to start living.”

“Okay. I better be going may I pass by tomorrow?”

“Sure. You know where I live.”

“Yep I sure do.” He gives her a hug and says his goodbyes to her mom and leaves the ladies to get settled.

Life has been a little hectic she has been a social media frenzy of newspapers, networks, if she can name them they have tried relentlessly to get an interview with her. Having the press at her doorstep is not an easy thing to maneuver around.

If it wasn’t for Tommy Merlyn’s friendship she would have to leave her cute place indefinitely where she was just figuring out what to decorate next. She is staying with him away from the media sharks until the next big thing hits and they’ll leave her alone.

She can’t believe latte guy a nickname she has dubbed him is her friend. No matter how many times he tells her the story from his point of view on their easy friendship she just can’t believe it. The feelings of total embarrassment still linger.

Felicity is looking at an abstract painting in the hallway and turns to Tommy who is lazily lounging on the sofa reading a book.

“Thursday night, premier night at the Art Decco an art gallery of a friend. I went with you and you purchased this.”

He looks up from his book and suddenly puts it down as he’s up and walking to where she is standing.

“You remember?”

“I remember being nervous you were trying to set me up on a date with the artist. It was a disaster by the way!”

He shrugs his shoulders. “I tried. You, Ms. Smoak can be a disaster area.”

“At least I didn’t burn him.”

He chuckles, “Not physically but man you smoked him good.”

She closes her eyes and tries to recall more to it. “He was too handsy. He didn’t take no for an answer.”

“Wait! He tried touching you? I would have knocked him senseless.” Tommy looks at her shocked that she kept this info from him. She told him she accidently… she tried to save his friendship with that creep. To think he bought more stuff from him.

“Oh! I didn’t tell you?”
“No. You… Felicity! I…” Tommy is temporally speechless as he shuts his eyes thinking of the right words before saying, “Why did you lie to me? As much as that guy is… probably now was a friend you were mine too.”

“You two had such an easy friendship laughing and making silly jokes I didn’t…”

“Okay, I don’t get it. You allowed me to think he did nothing wrong and that somehow, you’re a walking disaster. If he was inappropriate you could have mentioned it.”

“I don’t know what I was thinking then, I’m sorry.”

Felicity is worried as she looks at him looking at the painting as he sighs she has no idea what is going on in his head. His movement as he takes the picture down and places it against the floorboard surprises her. “I guess it’s time for some new art.”

“But, its good art.”

“Art is subjective Licity, this artist did wrong by a friend.”

“I don’t know what to say.”

“You don’t need to say anything as long as we are good.”

She smiles at her friend. She starting to understand their comfortable friendship but hopes he’ll stop walking on eggshells around her. “Tommy?”

“Yep?”

“I know I don’t remember a lot of stuff but thanks… thanks for making everything easier for me.”

“It’s not hard to do. You may not remember this but you helped me out of some funk you came into my life when I lost my best friend and actually your knack of being sunshine on a cloudy day.”

“Nonetheless you being a good sport when I can barely remember you. Thank you for letting me stay here.”

“No problem Smoak. Especially if you keep away from the kitchen I’m good. So very good.”

“Are you sure I’m not cramping your style? All the ladies…”

He laughs. “Oh, my Gawd you’re so adorable.”

“What? What did I say that is so funny?”

“Your thoughts of me is everything you have picked up from reading, Licity I don’t know if I should laugh or cry but I hope you’ll rediscover that I’m not that guy anymore.” He leads them to the living room so they can sit and talk some more.

“Oh.”

“Indeed Oh. Hmmm but maybe your trying to read more into it.”

“Huh?”

“There are plenty of articles that came out wondering about our involvement being that somehow your sheltered here with me.”
She gets what he is saying. She did wonder. She still wonders what kind of relationship they really share.

“For starters, you want to know if we were romantically involved?”

She nods.

“Like to say it was always strictly platonic but then I would start this conversation in a lie, after everything you have been through you deserve the truth.”

“Thanks.” She moves her legs so she’s comfortably sitting on them as she waits for more.

“I was intrigued after our first meeting. I had your number so I blew caution into the wind. As you may have read plenty about especially because I was that kind of guy.”

“There is a lot of dirt about you.”

“Ha, ya don’t rub it in.” he sways his head and continues, “I got a date out of it so we went out. It went great we had loads of fun until dessert where I had to stick an epi-needle in your outer thigh because you couldn’t find it fast enough. I’m going to add what is it with you ladies and having everything except the kitchen sink in there?”

“Tommy!” she laughs “So what happened?”

“You were getting checked out and you made me promise not to tell your mom about pot brownies which had me all confused because that wasn’t what you ate.”

“Okay…”

“You made me promise. Then I took you home. You just moved there. You had no furniture I mean no furniture and I couldn’t leave you there in such a pathetic state so I took you here and as a bachelor I had only one bed.”

“We slept together?” her eyes are like saucers.

“No!” he makes a horrid face.

“Alright tell me how you really feel?” Felicity says a little hurt.

“I mean no. You were out cold. You slept in my bed nothing happened.”

“What happened that we decided to be just friends and not pursue something more?”

He’s smiling a smile she knows deep in her gut that shows he is really happy. “We talked. I mean we talked just like we are now honest and open and I spilled that I had feeling for a certain woman who was trying to become a lawyer.”

“Oh. That could cock-block romance for another.”

“It was the beginning of our friendship. Never looked back because what we have is better than marking down another failed fling because I knew my heart belonged to another.”

“I think I like you so much more now than I did an hour ago and I thought that guy was great.”
Her mother left back to Vegas as Felicity has promised her she is actually fine. Visiting a renowned specialist before Donna left is the reason Felicity is able to be free of any babysitters.

Felicity is so excited to get a call from Queen Consolidated. With her circumstances they never terminated her position and if she is fit to come back she could get her job back. That is the best news she could ever get because her dreams were getting messy and the name on the side of the building she is glad to associate as a place of employment is tormenting her slowly.

She has never met Oliver Queen, she knows of Oliver Queen, who doesn’t? He is in so many tabloid gossip magazines. Reading and hearing about a famous figure doesn’t mean she knows him personally but she’s waking up slowly thinking of him. She has no clue what to make of it.

Putting down the newspaper after reading the piece of the American woman who is back at home. Safe and sound but with bout of amnesia. He really wants to be happy but how when she doesn’t remember him?

Her smile at the airport meant the world to him. He wanted to wrap her in his arms and never let her go. He knew he was taking a huge chance going to the airport to see her off but it was worth it. Hearing her voice was so worth it.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading!
Part A Felicity

Chapter Summary

PART A
Felicity stuck in whirlwind of dreams and not knowing if her memories of her time away is real or a figment of her imagination. Thomas being there and his birthday party. Oliver making his appearance.

Chapter Notes

I cut this chapter into two parts. From Felicity POV and Part B will be Oliver’s POV which will be posted a few days later. (just trying to clean it up.) In doing this I moved so many parts around but this chapter started to become a hassle and if I just don’t stop revising it will never get posted and so here it is. I hope it's not too confusing.

See the end of the chapter for more notes
Her time back home has been anything but ordinary. Her emotions are all over the place and finding people are truly condescending. She finds that she really doesn’t have that many friends no matter how nice it is to hang out or catch a movie here or there, no one seems to have her back except for the one person who feels guilty that she is going through all this.

She starting to wonder if their friendship is slowly dying as he is being pulled by the Queen family to distance himself at least publicly from the mess she has become. Her name is synonymous with jokes, some quite mild to crazy vulgar sayings. Many think she is bringing this upon herself and it keeps her from turning on any mainstream television. A lack of respect and boundaries have kept her from wanting to even adventure out in public.

_Early one past morning_

Insistent ringing as Tommy finally grabs the phone and answers, “Who the hell calls at 4:30 A.M.? This better be urgent!”

“Mr. Merlyn this is Hank from Starling P.D. we are holding someone who actually has you listed as their primary emergency contact at Starling General.” The officer can hear a woman moan in displeasure as Tommy is up from the bed he is sharing and asking for more detail.

“We got a call from a concerned citizen that a woman was sitting on the edge of a bridge. She was found to be unresponsive to officers on the scene.”

He sucks in a breath scared to ask but the question leaves his lips as he thinks the worst. “Is… Is she okay?”

“She has been evaluated. I am contacting you that she is able to come home under supervision but is required to see a hospital psychologist in a few days to have this matter closed.”

“Umm… I’ll be right there.”

“Just ask for officer Hank Amaral, I’m the one handling this case I’ll be available till 7:00 A.M.”

“Thank you, officer Amaral.” Tommy hears a few more information tidbits as he scrounging for his clothes scattered around the room. After hanging up the woman asks where he is going.

“My friend is in the hospital. She needs me.”

“Oh… a she?”

“Sorry Krystal I gotta bail.”

“Sure.” She shrugs.
Her townhome isn’t that close to the bridge she is said to have sat upon the outer edge looking out onto the reflection of Starling City’s lights on its waterfront. She does not remember walking in some badass pajamas of a unicorn eating cupcakes miles to that particular bridge in the middle of the night.

What she does remember is walking the streets of Hong Kong with a boy and his mother enjoying a nice change of scenery as they trekked the city’s outer banks. As soon as she is out of the daze by the police she forgets the laughter of this adventure of waking from this trance.

When questioned she just speaks of faceless people she spent time with. Her mind remembering things but because it’s such a puzzle putting things together is just a struggle. She notices that speaking about Oliver isn’t what people want to hear. It stumps her why she has a need to put his face on emotions of those months in Hong Kong.

She senses like she being investigated all over again as the same questions are repeated. Nothing really makes sense of her time away. She speaks as if she is in a spy movie. Jumping, climbing, espionage. They look at her as if she is crazy after she happily tells them of an example with her husband which medical staff in turn say they known her personal file and Felicity M. Smoak is regarded as being single. It doesn’t stop Felicity from telling them that she’s married to Oliver Queen.

One moment she’s the brilliant Felicity Smoak who graduated M.I.T. to the crazy Felicity wannabe Queen that have people looking at her with pity. She’s tired of this treatment.

One of the hospital doctors prescribe her medication believing she is beginning to not know reality from fiction. In her case everyone here has heard of Oliver Queen, heard about her circumstances, heard of the recent tabloid story of her supposed time away. Her frustration is seen as a mild psychotic breakdown. Her voice rough from telling them she is not crazy. She isn’t. She remembers most of her past she can still process technology with almighty ease.

She doesn’t know how and why she got to the bridge. Realizing how she felt at peace. Maybe looking out to a city and its lights reflecting of the water’s surface means something.

Whatever happened in Hong Kong good or bad she needs to remember maybe if she lets go of this notion of being a prisoner and embraces that she felt something more, something her unconscious mind wants so she can be free. It doesn’t help that the professionals keep her medicated placating her to understand she needs it. Her sessions have always led back to a man that is dead. Lost at sea and yet she talks of him like he’s a breathing being just out there living a new secret life.

Her statements that somehow gathered attention and has made the matriarchy of the Queen family quite upset. Enough to not be welcomed at the manor no longer. She still works at Queen Consolidated luckily but the gossip is growing. Her job hangs in the balance now. Her knowledge of technology and really being good at it has been seen as an asset by some on the top executive levels which has saved her from unemployment.

Tommy finds her curled up against the farthest wall from the door and he rushes to her side and he feels her grip him in return.

“I’m not crazy, Tommy!”

“Shh… it okay. I’m here to take you home.”
“I don’t know how I got out of bed and landed on the bridge. Maybe if we make sure the door stays locked…”

He brings her face to look at him as she’s still babbling on about what they can do to secure her place.

“We are going to my home. They don’t want you to be alone.”

“You just got rid of me after the whole press thing, I can’t do that to you.” Tears fall freely from her eyes and he slides down against the wall as she sobs in his arms. He doesn’t know what to do. They’ve seen a few specialists already and they land up giving her more bottles for a treatment for different illnesses that could be partaking her fragile mind. They never met the incredible woman beforehand but they point out geniuses could easily loss their way in their own minds. He wants to say hogwash but he is a witness to her struggles one moment she is clear and precise the next she talks about some weird spy missions.

“Felicity, come on. Let’s get out of this joint. Let’s go home. Okay?”

She nods as she finishes wiping her eyes. Anywhere but here is where she wants to be.

Felicity knows Tommy keeps from talking about his on/off relationship with the lawyer. It’s like talking about romance is uncomfortable at the moment between them. He doesn’t ask why she thinks she married to his best friend. He’s got an assessment from an earlier doctor telling him and her mother that any traumatic experience that happened to her in that time frame away she has linked to the man they searched for when she disappeared.

Tommy can’t begrudge her because his own experience with the kidnappers put him on edge and he remembers they knew about her and till this day he shivers on what they did to her. Felicity is such a kind, glass half full kind of girl to him. She is perky and quick to deliver sass to any given situation. He wants his bubbly friend back. The one who joked freely without any miscommunication of what their friendship meant. He always heard it is quite impossible for a deep real friendship of the opposite sexes without one or the other becoming enamored and landing with unrequited feelings. He doesn’t feel that will happen to them. He adores her and she’s filled a void in his world with his best friend’s passing. Just like she relishes his friendship because he is a huge goof and underneath the exterior he fronts to the world he fancies geeky things. They can recite passages of scenes of movies that they seem to need to watch over and over. Inside jokes that continue to make each laugh when people around them just equate that their friendship as quirky.

With his birthday looming he also invited someone who makes his heart drum loudly to his party not knowing if she’ll show up. A newly bar attorney that only comes to Starling once in a while to visit her dad since starting that job in San Francisco but her presence makes him anxiously excited of things that could be. They do have a certain amount of sizzle but she’s coy around him which makes his good friend Felicity scoff at. Especially when he blows Thea or Felicity off to hang with Ms. suit pants …Felicity’s words not his. He can’t help himself he knows if the brunette will have him he’d be whipped.

Felicity and his flame have met and it seems even the girl of his dreams wonders if his relationship with Felicity is platonic. With Felicity’s adorable jabbering of her non-consequential sex life he thinks the issue at hand is not relevant once he agrees that she is super picky; well at least with the
guys he throws at her. Now with Felicity’s mental status the subject doesn’t even resonate with his on/off lover like his blonde friend doesn’t matter to their equation.

He knows how his friend feels on the subject. She knows he is trying for a real relationship and not hookups. It’s weird to talk to Felicity about this since she’s been back. Her questions on Oliver have been inquisitive and he worries if he is adding to her delusions. He wonders what Oliver would think of Felicity, if he could come to really like her and maybe even date her. Oliver’s love life was in turmoil as much as his own. Not like Oliver really had a steady girlfriend, a woman that he himself liked.

He watched them bounce back and forth and now shakes his head that Ollie took the younger sister aboard a doomed voyage. It would have been for the best if his brother would have just ended the farce once and for all. He knew Ollie having a steady girlfriend helped his parents lay off his back which back then was a good idea. He doesn’t have that problem it seems his own father doesn’t even blink an eye about his son’s welfare.

Felicity doesn’t mind the lawyer one bit. It may irk her from memory past that the woman plays with her friend’s heart. Tommy doesn’t deserve the backhanded compliments that the newly minted attorney gives him.

She has been back for some time now and she thinks its adorable how he wants to celebrate the woman’s legal passing of the bar on some romantic getaway but instead remakes his own birthday party in her honor without actually making it about her. Just in case she doesn’t show he isn’t hugely disappointed. Making sure everything she likes from her favorite foods, decorations, music. Inviting any friend of hers just covering all basis. Which made it easy for Felicity to skip she didn’t need to watch him grovel over what seems a one-sided ordeal.

Felicity finds being friends with Tommy couldn’t be easier as her memories of him surface from the past he is exactly like he said. Good with the ladies he has incredible wit and charm. Being a friend of Tommy’s, one gets to meet his dad on occasion. Malcolm Merlyn is as snooty as they come. Highly intelligent when she first met him he looked her up and down and asked what tricks she did to entertain his son. She supposes her response is one that had him briefly take interest in her enough to make Tommy gag and make her realize what was happening until she stammered so many ‘no ways’ in her life.

She likes working for Queen Consolidated they have been fair in letting her come back since her ordeal. Though after next week she’ll be taking some time to head to a medical facility to help with her memories. It’ll be more invasive. It seems her babbling about Oliver has gotten beyond the attention of his mother and Mrs. Queen isn’t someone she really thought would listen to gossip. Between some people not minding their business and having a field day exposing her to some Starling tabloids she is asked kindly to get some medical assistance.

Tonight, is just another typical night as she busies herself with work and her mind is free to drift to all the zeroes and ones as she codes keeping an alarming of hackers trying to get into these systems. She writes up a report that Mr. Steele and Mrs. Queen requested of such incidents and so she stops by the
executive’s offices at least a half hour after they left for dinner. She walks in and for some reason the picture she has seen countless times she just rambles to. Leaving the office glad nobody saw such a creepy display of her talking to a dead man she seems to be obsessed with.

She just can’t figure why she is obsessed with him. Yes, he is good looking but he is so not her type and she knows she is out of his league. That rich boy isn’t… she corrects herself wasn’t someone who invested in lasting relationships. He enjoyed the party life something she never really cared for.

She’s packing up her stuff when another known party boy the friend of the man she just babbled to his picture a few floors over her head is now calling her.

“Hey birthday boy.”

“Hey Izzie.”

“It is actually quite nice you went back to calling me that instead of using half my name.”

“I’m also partial to Licity, I might use it on special occasions.”

“Tommy, I’m about to head out.” Picking up her things. He asks if she’s still at work. Rolling her eyes delivering the line that she’s heading to elevator to get to her vehicle.

She can hear his concerned voice, “Alright. Your parked in a well-lit area?”

“Thomas Merlyn… I am heading to the parking garage I’ll be fine.”

“No, you make sure to ask for a guard to walk you to your car. It’s late.”

She knows that the company does have an escort service in place but she hates the extra paperwork it brings. She huffs “Can you stop being that older brother it is kinda…”

“You’re the second person to remind me I’m not they’re brother today.”

That deflates her sassy attitude as she knows how troubled Thea is by all the tell-tale signs Tommy has pointed out. He worries about Thea. “Oh… I guess you visited Thea.”

“Yeah, she’s hanging on by a thread.”

“Just keep making the effort. In the long run it’s what you both need. For your sakes and for your best friend’s memory.”

“I know; I know… please tell me your coming to my party?” Just like that Tommy changes the tone of their conversation. He sounds upbeat again.

“Tommy, I’m tired and I just want to go home click off my heels and enjoy catching up on some…”

“Fine. Fine there will probably way too many people showing up for us to enjoy each other company anyhow. Though tomorrow night we’ll do a marathon of that show I need to catch up on. You’re not cheating on me?”

“No, I promise I haven’t watched any new episodes without you.”

“Good. I hold you to that promise. My place tomorrow night.”

“Okay, enjoy the party at your dad’s house, can’t believe he’s okay with it.”
He laughs “Things I can get away with by adding another candle on a cake.”

“Did you get my gift?”

“I sure did. Just in case I haven’t said this enough your one of a kind.”

He can hear the amusement in her voice. “Don’t you dare forget it.”

“Bye Smoak.”

The party is going well after Thea bolted leaving them to resume their talking Tommy is enjoying a few minutes of spending time without her rushing off to see her dad when she mentions Felicity and he’s a little apprehensive.

“I know Tommy that you feel responsible to what happened to her but she isn’t your friend. She talks about Ollie as if he was alive. How insensitive of her.”

He sounds a little too defiant, “What if Oliver is alive?”

“Really Tommy. Do you think he would send her back to Starling and not himself?”

“Yea, I know it sounds insane but I just want to believe okay?” He says that to others. He defends Felicity because he cares for her even though he’s careful not to add fuel to her delusions. His best friend is dead. He wishes he isn’t but reasonably he needs to not fall down a rabbit hole.

“Fine, if you need to hold out hope, I understand but I can’t fathom you dissociating reality with a need to live a fantasy world like she is doing.”

“She’s better now the doctor gave her some new medicine.”

“Do you hear yourself? She is on meds because even the doctor doesn’t believe her.”

“I’m still going to check up on her time to time.”

“Okay but don’t think I’ll support this… whatever it is.”

She makes sure that she gets takeout after leaving work because another frozen entrée just would not do for tonight. Even flirting with the cute guy who rings her out at the register. She feels optimistic moving back into her place it just feels right. Finally relaxing on her sofa watching another rerun on whatever is on TVland.

Just happy to not attend one of Tommy’s famous parties. Before their trip overseas he would so guilt her into attending. He is such a social butterfly. Living alone means not seeing him daily. His morning routine more absurd then hers. Both needing coffee to fully interact with the world. Hence tonight at least she isn’t going to dwell on anything as she grabs a spoon and looks between two
pints of ice cream in the freezer and being in a chipper mood she chooses the new banana with huge
chunks of chocolate it was recommended to her by the cutie behind the counter.

She sighs as she’s looking at the love scene playing out on the flat screen and wishes someone loved
her like that. Stuffing another spoonful into her mouth and sighs again before groaning at a
commercial that takes away the happy vibe of the cutesy love scene with a geriatric’s product being
sold.

With the end of the small marathon of the show she is watching it is time to go through her routine
that helps her relax and go to sleep she doesn’t want a repeat episode of waking up by police and not
remembering how she got somewhere else when all she did was go to bed.

Grabbing her medicine bottles and a glass of water she heads to the bathroom to start her nightly
routine. Night time is the worst. She feels so alone. Even being drugged she is starting to believe that
she really does know Oliver in a way that goes against everything the professionals and people
around her have stated. She made the mistake once of telling a woman at work that she remembers a
beach and honeymooning with Oliver. That conversations gets plastered all over the tabloids with
intimate telling that he had a few scars. Learning her lesson, she keeps it to herself as much as
possible and doesn’t need people to think she is even more crazy than they already do. She starts
taking her prescribed medication. She has no idea why she can’t recall what really happened to her.
It just not fair that she can’t control her mind to let the truth set her free.

Looking at a mirror she starts to talk to herself, “Come on! That boy is good looking but why are you
exploiting a dead man? His mom used to like me and now… now my mere existence pains her.
Whatever happened I need to know?”

Popping the last pill, she grabs her toothbrush. “Ugh! I can’t keep living like this!” She looking at the
woman in the mirror looking back at her. She’s thinking that maybe it’s time for a change. New hair
color or just new location start fresh somewhere else. Where no one knows her. “Yea, running away
will so solve my problems… oh wait! My problems are in my head.”

She leans down to spit some toothpaste from her mouth then goes back to looking at herself. After a
moment she can’t help herself as she laughs. Her mind of course brings her to a moment. “Damn too
bad he isn’t real. He is such a good lay.”

Her body finds the right position as she is sleeping it has been awhile since she’s been this
comfortable. She feels safe and the warmth radiating from these moments is unbelievable familiar
and she expresses Oliver’s name in a comforting way. Her body is aware of a presence it has been
missing. Firm yet yielding to her touch. Her senses alert to a scent she hasn’t benefited from for a
long time. A sensation of being home and her mind is tranquil and she mumbles his name once again
against her pillow.

She hears his smooth voice, “I’m here. Everything is fine. Sleep.”

Those words should coax her to keep sleeping but her eyes flutter open and she calls out, “Oliver?” a
few seconds later, “Oliver!”

“Shh… I’m here baby.”

“Oliver!”

“I’ve got you.”
Her lips reach his and feeling his lips is heaven as she lets out a happy moan. She looks at him with desire and says his name again.

“Hey, hey slow down baby. Do you know who I am?”

“Your Oliver Queen.”

“Okay but…”

“Oliver, I need you.” Her hands making short work of getting his shirt off. This touch feels different she actually thinks she feels his skin. The smooth yet scarred skin of his chest her fingertips trace with ingrained knowledge of where the raised skin lies as he helps her back down onto the mattress.

A mix of a dream and some sort of reality takes hold as her lips start to caress his torso.

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Next chapter: PARTB: Oliver’s comes home and it happens to be on Tommy’s birthday party. A.R.G.U.S. is after China White and their adventure is in Starling City.

Thanks for reading!
Part B Oliver

Chapter Summary

Part B
Oliver’s comes home and it happens to be on Tommy’s birthday party. A.R.G.U.S. is after China White and their adventure is in Starling City. Oliver sees his sister, Tommy and his past girlfriend and visits his wife.

Chapter Notes

This chapter is Part B and Oliver’s POV to complete with Felicity’s last part. In doing this I moved so many parts around but this chapter started to become a hassle and if I just don’t stop revising it will never get posted and so here it is. I hope it’s not too confusing. A/B is now complete.
He remembers everything that brought him to this moment. As he looks up at the building before
him. He’s excited but anxious in seeing her again today. He knows he hid in the shadows and he’ll
hide again once he gets into her apartment but has no idea what to say or do. He isn’t thinking that
far ahead he just knows he needs to see her.

Earlier dealings with Maseo and Waller and having to go to Queen Consolidated and seeing his heart
walk in and unable to show himself grips his heart; so close to her yet so far away. He groans to
himself shaking thoughts of what he has seen in the last few hours that he has been home and how
much he left things in a torrid mess before leaving on the Gambit.

It’s just been a long day since arriving in Starling City like a rag doll by Amanda Waller. She really
has it out for him and his particular skill set which makes him always roll his eyes. He can hear
Felicity’s taunting telling him that Waller actually likes him. He’s that adorable puppy which he
always scoffs at with a horrified expression. If that is the case Amanda Waller should never be a pet
owner.

His push back with General Shrieve worked and now they are leaving for China in the morning. He
did it for his own sake. He needs to see Felicity one more time. Seeing her at QC from a hiding spot
wasn’t good enough. He’s trying not to think of his own mother he hasn’t seen yet maybe she would
have been the tipping point of just fully coming home. He does miss his family.

Closing his eyes and letting out a moan of frustration this whole trip home has been nothing more
than moments of cursing his luck throughout the limited hours he has been here. How being back in
Starling and hiding in the shadows from watching his kid sister buy drugs, seeing her give Tommy a
hard time to the building owned by his family and hearing some clicking of heels. At first, he though
his mom would be the one coming through those glass doors even with it getting late in the evening
not like his parents ever knew what decent business hours were.

He takes a glance and of all people that would be in his mom’s office is the woman who haunts his
dreams every night. She has this professional look and his eyes scans her from her polka doted shirt
down those long legs to her sensible black shoes. She talking to a photo of him and his father and
this must be the most unreal thing he has witnessed. He can’t pop out of the shadows like he wants to
and she’s being amazing just being herself. Now he has a chance to see her and tell her he’s coming
home soon.

The party is banging and Thomas Merlyn looks at the mirror and shakes his head as a good friend of
his rather work than come out to play. Even though she’s been getting weirder she remembers
everything with some added twists of thinking she knows his best-friend but he really likes having
her around. It grounds him and she’s actually a good wingman well for a woman, not that he needs
all the help to get a girl she just filters them off better. He makes a quick call doesn’t hurt to ask her
again. The phone is picked up after the second ring.
“Hey birthday boy.”

“Hey Izzie.” He went back to calling her by the nickname since he has known her.

“It is actually quite nice you went back to calling me that instead of using half my name.”

“I’m also partial to Licity, I might use it on special occasions.” Once she started remembering their time together she called him out on why he switched and he coyly said it was one of those things once she started remembering she’d notice and figure she is getting back to her old self.

“Tommy, I’m about to head out.”

“Still at work?”

“Well I’m heading to my car now.”

“Alright. Your parked in a well-lit area?”

“Thomas Merlyn… I am heading to the parking garage I’ll be fine.”

“No, you make sure to ask for a guard to walk you to your car. It’s late.”

“Can you stop being that older brother it is kinda…”

“You’re the second person to remind me I’m not they’re brother today.”

“Oh… I guess you visited Thea.”

“Yeah, she’s hanging on by a thread.”

“Just keep making the effort. In the long run it’s what you both need. For your sakes and for your best friend’s memory.”

“I know; I know… please tell me your coming to my party?”

“Tommy, I’m tired and I just want to go home click off my heels and enjoy catching up on some…”

“Fine. Fine there will probably way too many people showing up for us to enjoy each other company anyhow. Though tomorrow night we’ll do a marathon of that show I need to catch up on. You’re not cheating on me?”

“No, I promise I haven’t watched any new episodes without you.”

“Good. I hold you to that promise. My place tomorrow night.”

“Okay, enjoy the party at your dad’s house, can’t believe he’s okay with it.”

He laughs “Things I can get away with by adding another candle on a cake.”

“Did you get my gift?” It the perfect Felicity gifting idea. She knows he well in the time they have been in each other’s orbit. He knows he is one lucky guy.

“I sure did. Just in case I haven’t said this enough your one of a kind.”

He can hear the amusement in her voice. “Don’t you dare forget it.”

He laughs “Bye Smoak.”
As the party is heating up, Tommy is looking at a very attractive woman: Do you like Sushi?” “The woman looks interested but another chick comes into their orbit. “Have you ever had anyone eat some off of you? I promise not to use chopsticks.” Tommy now notices the other woman as the woman he was talking to scampers off.

Oliver hides almost in plain sight but he keeps his head down and observes Tommy and his guests even seeing a woman he doesn’t know how to ever apologize for basically being responsible for her sister’s death. That’ll be something to repent once he comes back home. He has a lot to make up for to all those he cares for or hurt.

“Are you still using that line? Well, it looks like I scared her off.”

“Oh, that's all right, she's vegan, anyway. What are you doing here? I heard you decided to go corporate in San Francisco instead of saving the world in Starling City.”

“I realized that maybe the world can't be saved. What is it?”

“I just don't believe who's here.” Now walking over to Thea Queen. “I thought I told you this party is 21 and over.”

“No worries. I came prepared. Fake ID.” Looking at the old love of her brother “How are you?”

“I'm handling.”

“How's school?”

“Straight "A" student. I'm going to go grab a drink. Not alcoholic, I swear.” She chuckles “Not.”

From Oliver’s observation spot he looks at Thea go and watches the same dude from earlier this boy needs to learn a lesson he thinks.

Maseo grabs Oliver “What were you thinking? Anyone at that party could have seen you!”

“Yeah, I pulled the hoodie down to cover my face.”

“That disguise wouldn't work even if you smeared grease paint all over your face.”

“So, what, you came to chastise me at gunpoint?”

“We got the auction location from the scraper program. Kang's using a defunct steel factory owned by your family's company.”

“I… I don't care. I'm done with the mission.”

“Oliver…”

“No, coming back here, Maseo, has shown me all the wreckage that I have left behind. And if I go with you tonight and I get killed, then I lose any chance I've ever had of fixing all of the things that I
broke.”

“You don't have that chance! Waller will kill you!”

“My family's resourceful; We have connections in the media. There has to be a way to shelter us from whatever Waller does.”

“Look, Oliver, if you want redemption, start with all the lives Chien Na Wei's bio weapon could end.”

“Those people are strangers to me. These people... They're my friends and my family. A wife who doesn’t even remember me.”

“And they will be ashamed of this selfish choice you're making.”

“They're already ashamed of me. Good-bye, Maseo.” Oliver pulls out his hand and Maseo looks at him and brushes him off as he enters the car as Oliver leaves on foot.

Using a cab with the stolen money he took off the drug dealer he is dropped off not far from the outskirt of the Queen estate he climbs a stone wall and jumps onto his family’s land. Making sure not to be seen he walks to the front door a little perplexed that security at his mom’s house is very lax.

He takes a moment in each room he passes as he lands in the visitor’s sitting room. Walking in fully and seeing an electronical pad he grabs it as he takes a seat. It feels weird being in his family’s home as he takes a USB Flash Drive from his jacket pocket handling it idly in his hands before inserting it to the pad. He watches at the screen shows his dad’s face and listens to the recording.

“Hello, Oliver.” He can’t help but smile at his father’s greeting. “I told myself I was recording this message in case I died suddenly, but I wonder if it isn’t just easier to say what I have to say to a video camera.” Oliver taking in his father’s words glad to hear his voice. “I'm not the man you think I am, Oliver. I didn't save our city, I failed it. I did something terrible, and in my efforts to make it right, I ignored my conscience and made alliances with terrible people.” Oliver feels trepidation as his dad’s continues “There's a book. A book with a list of all their names. And with these people, I always told myself that everything I did, I did for my family. That's a lie.” He thinks about what is about to go down at the steel factory. “Because what good is a family without a soul? You can right my wrongs. You... Can be better than I was. You can save this city. I love you.”

Grabbing the flash drive he knows what he must do. Help Maseo and finish this Alpha-Omega Virus thing once and for all.

Oliver talking to Waller in a rented room. “Thanks for the trip home. Have a nice flight back to Hong Kong.” Maseo standing near Amanda watching the exchange.

“I'm afraid it's not that simple, Mr. Queen.”
“The hell it's not. You have the Omega. You have Chien Na Wei. It's over.”

“I'm sorry to say, that's not up to either one of us.”

A man in a camouflage uniform enters the room. “This him?”

The man introduces himself, “General Matthew Shrieve. You've done your country quite a service today, Mr. Queen. That said, I've got some news you're not going to want to hear.”

“Well, General, I'm used to that by now.”

“We're going to need to debrief you. Back in China. Once that's accomplished and the Omega's secured, I'll make sure you go any place in the world you want to go. Sound fair?”

“Fine, but tonight I’m staying in Starling. We can leave back tomorrow morning or no deal.”

“Mr. Queen.”

“I’ll be here tomorrow morning, you can handle a few hours without me. If not, you can hunt me down but tonight I’m a free man.” Oliver walks out of the room.

Scaling the building to get to her second floor is easy enough he shouldn’t be thrilled that he is getting good at this but with how his life keeps turning to spy adventures he is at least grateful for mastering some skills.

He keeps himself from letting out a grunt of displeasure that her windows are unlocked. Even the one on the fire escape is pulled open. Sliding in unseen he takes a moment to observe her home. He knows this is her second apartment since she moved to Starling City from her college days. This actual two floor townhouse has some of Tommy’s touches. He knows during Tommy’s hostage situation that if he was truthful to actually paint some of these walls here.

He won’t lie. He’s a little worried on any progression of Tommy and her relationship with her admitting to him that she cares a lot more for her friend. That the poignant feelings for him were now attached to another really has made him doubt their relationship while he is a continent away.

He feels more at ease when seeing Tommy trying to get into a really pretty girl’s panties it helps him not feel so jealous of his friendship with his woman. Even seeing a past relationship stand by Tommy and just feeling nothing until his baby sister comes through those doors.

He did see them earlier that day near two tombstones talking he couldn’t hear much of what was said but seeing his best friend looking out for his kid sister means a lot to him even when he feels like a creeper observing them from afar. So much has happened since landing back in Starling City.

From seeing Felicity hours ago before seeing his sister and Tommy at the party and then his father’s video just held so much emotion. He knows he should have left with Maseo to that motel but he needs to see his wife one more time. She is his drug and he is so addicted.

As much as he loves his mother and sister he knows they can live without him. Parents and siblings’ live miles apart in many families so it not rare to be apart even though his circumstances they think he is dead. Right now, they are better off thinking that. His wife on the other hand, they belong together. He made a mistake letting her go. He’s regretted it ever since.
He wants a life with her. Like he already knows he is hooked and so not running from this even if he is miles apart. He supposes it is like the old saying once you find the right person you just know. With how crazy his life is at the moment he isn’t ready for fatherhood but he won’t lie to himself either. Having a child with her would be something he could welcome instantly. They day she confirms such notions he would be ecstatic no matter where he is in hell. He would definitely want to be back from the dead when his family grows so now is far from ideal and he wishes he could stop thinking in those lines.

An opportunity after taking down China White, things quickly move in motion and he makes sure that he stresses that he needs to tend to one more thing before heading back to China. He takes the gamble and here he is at her place.

Entering by the long window in the bathroom he notices the many prescription bottles lined against the small vanity. After looking at a few and memorizing the drugs names he makes his way to what he presumes is her room. The door isn’t fully closed so he can see the silhouette of a body on the bed. He goes against reason and takes off his jacket and shoes. He doesn’t want the rustling of his jacket to wake her up and of course walking in socks is a lot quieter if he is going to camp out and observe her sleeping. He hopes she’ll tell him what she’s dreaming about. He loves her sleep talk it’s one thing that has helped him relax when they slept together and hearing her voice is something that he craves.

He’s surprised as she starts to thrash about in bed and he leaves his spot near the corner he is using to rest as he guards over her. His name leaves her lips as she moans his name over and over. It’s a nightmare. She’s weeping for him and he can’t take her cries as he sits on the bed and takes her into his arms. His voice low and soothing telling her everything is okay. He’s here and she’s okay. He’s okay. She doesn’t wake but settles down a bit. They stay like that for short while.

Adjusting the alarm on his watch he allows himself to get comfortable beside her. Her body is curled around his. He can’t help himself as he rubs her back feeling the luscious skin that is exposed. His name is uttered out again but not in pain. He feels that she has finally calm down now being in his arms since he first saw her tonight.

Whispering to her that she is fine that she’ll be okay leads to her waking up.

“Oliver!”

“Shh… I’m here baby.”

“Oliver!”

“I’ve got you.”

Her lips reach his and he is content to kiss her back. She looks at him with desire and says his name again.

“Hey, hey slow down baby. Do you know who I am?”

“Your Oliver Queen.”

“Okay but…”

“Oliver, I need you.” Her hands making short work of getting his shirt off. He doesn’t fight her need to feel him just moments ago he did the same. She tries to take it further and he can’t encourage this.
It would ultimately be taking advantage of her in this situation and he would never do that to her.

He is tired of losing weeks or months or even years since his ordeal of being lost on the Gambit. He wants to just stop the madness but right now he wants to focus on the woman who needs him as much as he finds himself needing her. He helps her lay down and finds a good resting spot as his arms hold her to him.

“I love you.” He lets her know before drifting off to sleep again. Her words a melody to his ears as she tells him the same. He takes in her scent before he also falls into a dreamless slumber.

A beep on his watch gets him to rouse and he doesn’t leave before waking her up and telling her that he needs to go but he’ll be back because there is no way he can keep away from her. She looking at him a little lost somewhat unfocused and she just nods to his words before she dozes off to sleep. That doesn’t sit well with him as he stirs her again and she opens her eyes and looks at him like she never seen him before. She doesn’t react because she thinks he is a figment of her imagination. She has been dreaming of him every night for weeks and seeing him again is no big deal.

“Hmm… to early.”

“Felicity?”

“Mm yes?”

“You know it’s me, right? I’m really here.” He tells her a little worried now.

She looks at him and shrugs. “Okay.”

“I need to leave but I promise I’ll be back. I’ll come back to you.”

She mumbles “Okay.” onto her pillow.

He’s looking at her trying to fall back asleep. “Baby I promise to come back as soon as I can.”

She lets out another standard reply and he hates to leave her but he made a deal and needs to return to China.

After returning back to Hong Kong time just sped up as the family he has come to care for and himself are under attack by General Shrieve and his men. He is surprised by meeting up with Shado’s twin sister. Confessing that her father and sister are gone. A piece of him broken again as he relieves their deaths. He doesn’t tell her anything about how they died just that they are gone. Leaving a woman to now begin healing knowing the truth hopefully he set her free.

Finding Waller as she was abducted by the general. Finding that all the work he and Maseo did to get the Alpha-Omega Virus was just handing to a rogue military operative bent on killing. Here he is back at the beginning having to track the virus all over again once the Yamashiro’s weren’t leaving after inoculating themselves against the virus. It is all coming to an end when the virus was released and so many people were killed. Watching Akio die was more than he could handle and he needed
to exact revenge on the man responsible. Seeing the Yamashiro’s family break apart couldn’t be any more heartbreaking.

After saying goodbye to Tatsu they make their exists and he boards the vessel heading back to the United States. He isn’t ready to go home after what he did and allowed himself to be a monster. Listening to their exchange and Tatsu telling her husband he’d be without a soul if he abandons his wife. Oliver knows he would at least go see Felicity. She deserves to know she isn’t crazy and her husband is very much alive.

He’s at her door and is actually quite nervous. He knows that so many things have changed in the months since she’s been back. He almost doesn’t bother coming here since his last visit. It is the information online that helped him decide to not chicken out. Once he enters U.S. soil and is able to gather intel on Felicity Smoak’s condition he knows he has to set things straight.

He takes in a breath as he rings her doorbell. His baseball Astros cap with a dark hoodie basically covering his face trying not to be seen by the outside world. His world is about to change again. Ready or not a voice behind the door tells him all he needs to know. Any dreams that led to this moment doesn’t measure up to reality as he feels himself ready to burst through this door and wrap her into his arms.
Chapter 12

Chapter Summary

Oliver goes back to Starling for Felicity. He’s able to get her to move with him to Coast City and they start to live their lives as best as possible. It’s a bumpy road at first… Felicity actually has to believe it really is Oliver Queen in the flesh.

Chapter Notes

Thanks for reading! This chapter and the next should be more fluff based until we all know what is around the corner. It is inevitable!
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He takes in a breath as he rings her doorbell. His baseball Astros cap with a dark hoodie basically covering his face trying not to be seen by the outside world. His world is about to change again. Ready or not a voice behind the door tells him all he needs to know. Any dreams that led to this moment doesn’t measure up to reality as he feels himself ready to burst through this door and wrap her into his arms.

He hears her voice asking who’s behind the door and instead of answering he freezes. Getting to Starling undetected was his main priority. Now he feels like a darn fool once again not thinking something through. He hasn’t figured on how she’ll handle seeing him. He doubts with what he’s read up on her that she’ll be ecstatic to see him.

Even without answering she opens the door and he wants to reprimand her for being foolish but the sight of her takes his breath away. She’s looking at him as if seeing him is no big deal.

“Surprise you now knock. That’s a new one.”

He shows his confusion.

“Oh, come on Ollie, why are you doing this?”
With his confusion now overwhelming showing he blurts out. “You’ve never called me Ollie.”

“Please we’ve been best of friends.” She taps her head “You seem to never go far away.” Closing the door behind him she walks deeper into her home expecting him to follow.

“Excuse me?”

“The new meds are really not helping. You seem to not know me anymore.”

“Felicity, I’m not a figment of your imagination.”

“Sure, that is highly what I expect you to say. Dr. Summers says that I’ll still get episodes of you.”

“Have you ever wondered why it was only me you ever conjured up?” He’s been thinking about this. Why everyone keeps telling her that anything to do with him is false.

“Because… because I went overseas to help find you. Tommy was kidnapped and… and I don’t remember what they did to me.”

He sighs. He figures that this would be the outcome he read the speculations of what happened to her. All of it fake. None of it is actually fact. She was with him until he implored her to leave thinking if there was a chance of her carrying their unborn child he wanted her as far away from the virus he and Maseo were hunting down.

“Fe-li-ci-ty!”

“Oh my God, I am hallucinating again.” She says wide-eyed looking at a man of her occurring dreams.

“Baby its me.”

“You’re not real.” Shaking her head “No. You’re a lie that I made up because…because I was trafficked and my mind needs to cope.”

“What do you remember?”

“Dr. Summers says when I have an episode to take my medication. Yes. I need my meds.” She thinks she can go through him like all the other times she’s conjured him up only to hit a solid body. “Whoa, you’re a solid hallucination. Wow! I must be going nuts.”

“You’re not crazy. I am really here. I came back to you as I promised.” He is looking down at her glossy eyes he can tell she isn’t herself whatever medication she is taking is removing her from reality. “You need to stop taking these pills.”

“Isn’t that what a crazy person would say?” she smiles as she heads to where the pill bottle is and before she can grasp it he takes the bottle and looks at its name.

“Felicity, do you still have your tablet?”

“You know it was stolen on a ferry by a scary really scary man.”

“Okay.”

“He had heavy hands, his breathe was against my ear he made me go fish and then I woke up. Thank goodness for Tommy he’s been a lifesaver you know Tommy, right? Of course, you do you’re in my head.” She tries to get the pills from her imaginary lover. “Okay. This is just silly.
Felicity Megan Smoak you need your medicine so stop playing.”

“Actually, your name is Felicity Queen and I swear to you that man will never come near you again.”

“Please, only way that promise could be true is if he was…”

“Dead.” He shrugs in a brusque manner “I found him and took care of the man who hurt my wife.”

“I can’t say your methods are chilling because I recall how taking out a room full of men to save me was fierce.” She shakes her head. How is recalling anything to do with a man who died about three years ago? “Okay figment of my really overactive brain. I know you aren’t here so buzz off.” She shoos at him.

“Felicity, baby listen to me.” He stops her movements by holding her arms in a particular way that forces her to look up or just stare at his chest. She does look up at him. “I need you to listen. I want you to stop taking these. You aren’t crazy. I didn’t die on the Gambit and you know that’s true.”

“But…”

“You’re not crazy.” He kisses her forehead “Baby, you’re not crazy.” He waits a moment as he lets her close her eyes and take him in before he continues, “Remember our honeymoon on the beach? I told you after my dealings with Waller we were going home to Starling. How with the Alpha-Omega Virus I needed you safe?”

“I helped track down the woman with white hair.”

“China White also known as Chien Na Wei.”

“Did you stop her?”

“The operation didn’t go as planned with General Shrieve being an actual culprit I’m glad you listened and got out of Hong Kong.”

“This all sounds so real to me.” She goes to sit on her favorite chair nearby and holds her head trying to digest this episode.

“I’m getting rid of some of these pills and weening you off the rest and I need you to stop talking to this psychiatrist. He isn’t helping you at all.”

Her head pops up from where she had it resting on her knees looking at Oliver freaking Queen in her townhouse throwing out pills that are supposed to keep the man from emerging from her subconscious. It not like the pills are working anyhow and Dr. Summers makes her feel like she is crazy.

“If you are real. Are you home for good?” She looks so innocent as if his words meant the world and she would take it at face value and do her best to believe his presence.

He turns from the garbage disposal and looks at his wife. He has missed her so very much and when he heard about her accident he was in the middle of finding Tatsu and not getting killed that he was unable to get to her. Actually, kidnapping her at the hospital would have put her at risk so he watched from a distance as Tommy and he presumes Felicity’s mother brought her back to the States.

“I think you and I need some time away before I come back to Starling permanently.”
“You want me to go with you?”

“Why not. Your unemployed and I hate the fact that people are shoving drugs and telling you that your crazy.” He takes her hand “You need to get away for a while. We can stopover in Coast City, I want you to come with me. We can figure out together how to detox your system safely. I’m not losing you.”

“Now this sounds insane. I’ve been told repeatedly that my mind conjured you up. That we never met that the fragments of my stories were to help with what really happened to me.”

“Do you believe that?”

She takes a minute and looks back at the man she hopes is real. “I’m pretty drugged up right now. I want to believe I’m not insane and all that.”

“Then come with me. No drugs. No lies. Just us away from everything. We can reconnect because I’ve dreamed of this moment since you left Hong Kong.”

She feels excitement bubbling deep in her gut. She can’t trust her emotions or many other factors being heavily under prescription medicine. She trusts her heart and nods to her Oliver.

“Okay. What should I pack?”

“Just the necessities.” She nods and is about to pass him to go pack when he stops her and has this pressing urge to tell her. “Not leaving you behind. I am not walking away. Not going to lose you again.”

“You promise?”

He grabs her chin in his hands like the moment he knew he sent her away and takes her lips once again in a sweet passionate kiss that now holds hope for a future.

Her head is fuzzy “Mmm. If this isn’t real, I have no idea if I want to live in reality.”

Passing the billboard as they enter Coast City Felicity reads it out loud, “In brightest day, in blackest night, come to Coast City, when money is tight” it takes her a second later, “It’s as if they truly are talking to us. I can barely see anything out this window and I do believe this ride is so not legit. You do know I have a car, right?”

“If you call that small tuna can a vehicle.”

“Okay maybe it’s a little small for you but the lease doesn’t expire for another 18 months.”

“I’m not going to drive around in a clown car this one will do.”

“Is it stolen? Where did you get the cash for this?”

“It isn’t stolen. The guy I renting the place we’re staying at lent me this car, and for your information I got some money working on a freight vessel.”
“Oliver Queen working on a boat that’s rich.”

“Actually, Owen Smoak did all the work.”

“No sah. You are so pulling my leg.”

“I was a stowaway and well the captain knows the truth, it really isn’t much story to it. I did my fair share and the rest of the guys didn’t give a shit who I was.”

“So, do I get to be Mrs. Queen?” she let out a chuckle.

“Babe, I have documents that need to be filed and we’ll do it here in Coast City but for now let’s stick to living under the radar.”

“Wow! I’m really your wife.”

“I hope you can say that with as much enthusiasm when I do something stupid.”

“Your too much! So, how much longer till we are home?”

Now that they are in the city. It’s a lot brighter and he points to a bridge in the distance. “Just over that bridge. We’ll be living over a pizza joint.”

Almost a week passes as Oliver and Felicity have moved in and Felicity is feeling like her old self again. There were a few days, she was severely ill and her had face time with the porcelain commode as she got some withdrawal effect out of her system. There is at least one medication that hasn’t been cut totally out yet but that because it’s a powerful dose of an anti-psychotic that could hurt more by stopping cold turkey. Seeing how Oliver is resourceful and got her some Intravenous drips has her wonder what kind of mastermind he really is.

Oliver’s is sharpening some of his tools when he hears her voice behind him. He doesn’t yet turn because her being around is background noise to him as in the usual occurrence.

“Oliver?”

“Hmm, what’s up?” He puts down the device he’s working on and turns around he doesn’t expect this as he’s purely in shock but recovers fast as he gets up and walks closer to her but still keeps a small distance so he can appreciate what she is displaying.

“Wow. You look incredible.”

“I feel amazing. I also miss you. I do have my dreams to contend with but I know for a fact the real deal is so much better.” She gives him a small smile. “You’ve been overly cautious not to cross any lines with me.” She sees he is about to protest. “I know you said I needed to be well to enter into our relationship in a more amorous way.”

He closes the gap. “I’ve missed you too baby. Felicity, you are so beautiful. Mind, body and soul.” His finger pulls a runaway strand of her hair behind her ear. It’s been a rough couple of days seeing her physically unwell. He hasn’t left her alone afraid she might choke on vomit as some of the drug’s side effects were drowsiness. He is lucky that Lucy from the pizzeria is also a registered nurse and
able to hook him up with substance abuse clinic that has helped him so much.

“Thank you for coming back for me.” She goes on her tip of her toes for a kiss and when he meets her lips the kiss leads him to pick her up as their kisses heat up. He hasn’t had the pleasure to have his wife the way he dreamed about in months. With her coming to her senses he doesn’t feel the need to hold back and protect her from herself. He doesn’t want to come off presumptuous having her in a fragile state thinking she owed him anything. He deposits her on the nearest couch and the kneels before her.

“Felicity, there is still so much more healing to do.” He sees her pout. “Stop that, I do want you. I want you so much. But…”

“I hate buts.”

“Felicity, you remember what that person said in the clinic yesterday?”

“Yes, maybe, what if I say no?”

“Cute but no, we need to start from ground zero when it comes to rebuilding the most important relationships in our lives.”

“But I like sex.”

He laughs, “No arguments there, I don’t want to trade one addiction for another.”

“But I’m really not an addict.”

“Not in the sense that you got high but your mind is coming off a lot of chemical effects. While you’ve been resting I’ve read up on what I can do to help.”

“Oh my gosh! I’m never having sex again.”

“What? That’s the conclusion you’re getting?”

“Well yea! My husband rather read than have sex with his wife when she wearing this.” She points to her very alluring lingerie. “I know we have been away…” she counting on her fingers but loses count. “From each other in a long time. You’re not attracted to me anymore.” She puts her hands over her face as the horror of her words hits her.

Oliver pushes her hands apart to look at her face. “Well that escalated quickly.”

“Ah!”

“Felicity! Your overreacting!”

She starts to cry. Oliver gets up and moves to sit beside her and when she tries to get up he puts her over his lap.

“Felicity please listen; I love you but I’m taking this seriously.” He kisses her temple “You came out of a bout of amnesia and when your tale of remembrance didn’t fit everyone else’s you allowed yourself even if you didn’t mean to but it doesn’t matter you’ve been drugged up for months.” He looks into her eyes as she’s following along with his words. “A few days won’t cure you as much as I wish it would.”

“But I want you Oliver. I want to feel that special bond that my mind says is real.”
“I know baby, I know. Not taking you to our bed is killing me softly but it’s the right thing to do. We need to take this slow, focus on your recovery, rushing into love making could do some unforeseen damage.”

“What about making out?”

“Felicity!”

“I mean intimacy you know holding hands and all that mumbo jumbo.”

“It’ll be a good idea but not at the moment while you’re so horny.”

“You really are a killjoy. How can I love you so?”

“You can live like me and learn to appreciate cold showers.”

“You really aren’t making this any easier.”

He has been casing out locations of crime hot spots. It is an activity he finds that both Felicity and him can really agree on. She really is a good partner in all this. He finds that it helps them gain a new perspective on each other. He’s heading home and can’t wait to see her. He doesn’t want to be seen in this getup heading up the stairs of a busy pizza place so he jumps for the neighboring building onto the patio in the back where he slides into a narrow window panel. Pulling off his hood he walks into their small kitchen and opens up the fridge for a drink. He can hear Felicity humming along to a song playing on the radio. He loves these moments.

She’s pegging a board of hot spots of the latest reports of muggings. She’s just wearing a Coast City Clippers jersey they purchased on their first date night weeks ago. Before she notices he is home. He stands off the kitchen and doesn’t make his appearance known yet as a smile and dreamy look on his face tells a story that he is reminiscing that specific night.

The night at the stadium is buzzing with excitement the home team on a winning streak and Oliver silently hoping they lose tonight. It’s a jerky thing to say but he doesn’t care only Felicity knows those exact wishes because he mumbled them to her as he bought the tickets. His team is playing against the Clippers and it wouldn’t be right for him to cheer the better team this season against a lifelong emotional connection he had with a sports team.

Felicity didn’t care either way she is so much more into science fiction fandom wars which he is totally oblivious too. That’s a dark deep pot he doesn’t ever need to stir keeping those waters calm. If he needs to feign interest he is so prepared to do so.

Leaving her to go to the restroom with a simple kiss to her cheek. He’s is working hard to keep things platonic. He hopes tonight sets a new layer that leads to them reconnecting in the best way possible. He just knows his sassy girl is back by how she gives him stats on the Starling City Light’s players and talking about basketballs games she has gotten to see with Tommy.

This whole taking things slow has been anguishing but it is the right thing at that this time. Just keeping things nonphysical for a bit got them to figure out some stuff. Since the moment they met in Hong Kong everything went from zero to a hundred. He’s a married man. A married man. Not something in a million years the boy that ran away to the Gambit would revel in. He so wants this
specific relationship to work. It’s like he feels alive for the first time in his life. He is scared shitless nonetheless though for the first time his needs aren’t his first priority, hers is.

He gets to tell her he loves her with no agenda but being there. Taking her to this game is the first time they go out in public even though he trying to be invisible. He is also unable to work a legit job while she works the registers at the pizza place. Owen Smoak doesn’t really exist on paper so his buddy hooks him up with odd jobs that pay cash.

She is happily chatting with two men about the game and they don’t notice him observing them. They are so out of her league as they start to assert themselves with machoism and how well they could take care of her. His woman is no pushover as she takes the reigns back and wow seeing her put two boys in their place without them really knowing how it happened is magnificent but he knows how little boys that get taken off their game start to be rude or violent and there is no way he’s going to see that happen. He makes his presence known as he slides his arm around her. Bringing her focus back to the jerseys.

“Have you seen anything you’d like.” He isn’t even giving the men a second look as Felicity’s showing her delight once again. The person behind the counter says who’s next and his wife screams out the word me.

“Well more for my husband here. The Starling… wait no give me a Clippers one. Please.”

“Felicity?”

She wraps her arms around him and hums out into his ear. “Just in case you’ll need a pick me up after the game you can shred it off me.” She finishes by giving her husband a peck against his ear.

“Get a room.” One of the men say from behind them.

She turns around to face them and blows them a kiss. “You bet your sweet asses we’ll be getting a room later.”

Oliver is paying for his or is it her jersey and takes her hand pushing them through the crowd to watch the game.

“Wait Oliver!”

He short stops and she crashes into his body. “What? What’s wrong?”

“Oliver, I just had a terrible thought?” she says that and says nothing more.

“Babe, we are in the middle of the herd of people.”

She looks around and says sorry as she maneuvers them to the side. Still not saying anything he asks what is wrong.

“Umm… It isn’t important. Let’s go sit down.”

Oliver doesn’t bulge now. “Felicity, what is going on in that mind of yours?”

She huffs at her stupidity. “I… do we need to wait for a third date to have sex?”

Of all the things she could have fretted about that never registered in his mind. He is so perplexed by this beauty but he doesn’t get to answer as a few ladies that overhear what she just said do some talking.
“Earth to Oliver.” Felicity waving her hand slightly before his face.

He comes to and just replies “Hey you.” Before taking her into his arms.

“I guess everything went well tonight?”

“I did a lot of observing tonight except for that one mugging where that jerk is going to need a cast.”

“Serves him right, attacking an 80-year-old.” She leans in to his lips for a kiss. “Now are you going to tell me where you were a few minutes ago?”

“Hmm… I never did get to shred this monstrosity off you.”

“How dare you attack the Clippers like that! They are, they are the champions… Eek… put me down!”

He has her over his shoulder as he walks backwards towards their bed. Dropping her hard on the bed where she bounces and amusedly looks at him with big blue eyes. The moment she realizes he is actually slicing the jersey with a fléchette of all things she is actually flabbergasted.

“Really?” is all she can say.

He looks down at her now exposed body with a glint of amusement which quickly follows a deep state of desire.

“The jersey looks better this way.” He’s taking off his own clothing as he continues talking, “I also recall that night you did say you specifically bought it with this in mind.”

“I did. Weeks ago.” She’s enjoying watching him undress as she counters him. “Like I wear… I mean wore this beauty multiple times already.”

“Well that night I was too busy helping my wife remember what it was like to have me between her legs.” She bites her lower lips as he already pushing her thighs apart. “Do you think I may have to remind her once again?”

She nods as he situates himself and his thumb slowly glides against her eliciting a moan.

In-between their loving making sessions they have ventured into a world of vigilantism. With Oliver learning to take to the street and fight he hasn’t perfected his technique yet nor has Felicity handle on what is needed to help her husband. All the basics are covered but Felicity isn’t happy with just good her husband’s life is in the balance so rigging a system that will be the best is what she is aiming for.

While he crafts his tools, she’s scouting for the tech needed to start this adventure. He doesn’t want her in the middle of any action and as much as she tries to embark in such talk he shuts her down.

“I can’t always be coddled Oliver.”

“What we are doing is dangerous, I can’t… I won’t allow…”
“Hey, you’re not the boss of me.” She not going to let his need to be the protector brace her from living her life the way she sees fit.

“Fe-li-ci-ty!” He draws out trying to get her to see his case.

“Nope. Those puppy eyes won’t work.” She won’t have it. “I know how you feel with what you’ve lost but I will not be put on a pedestal. I won’t!”

“I can’t go out there knowing that you’re in any danger here.”

“Oliver, trust me I don’t want to invite any peril but all this is a risk. You can’t ask me to be defenseless either.”

“Fine.” He takes a moment. “Your right I know I can’t ask you to be vulnerable it be crazy with what we are starting. I just want to make sure you don’t put yourself in harm’s way.”

“Great, fine I concur now let’s talk about your self-risk assessment.” She can see him waver his composure to what he thinks is a risk. “No jumping off buildings thinking you can fly.”

“What? What are you talking about?”

“Oh please, don’t think I haven’t seen you glide here from the building next door. You’re basically somersaulting to the small patio out back. What if you miss your landing?”

“I’m just practicing some parkour moves.”

“Hmm… well you can park your ass without doing anything that can get you knocked out in the back. I don’t need to find you unconscious because of a cannonball move.”

“No really Felicity, it’s just parkour you can even check it out online. It’s a real deal.”

“It still looks dangerous.”

“I… Baby I promise not do anything crazy that I can’t handle.”

“Why do I feel like I married an adrenaline junkie?” He gives her an innocent look and shrugs off this conversation.

“Come here babe.” She keeps from rolling her eyes as she goes into his arms. His hugs are so addictive and she loves being in them. “Where would you like eat tonight?”

“That sushi place down the street.”

“Should have guessed.” He laughs. She lightly smacks his bicep as his laugher gets deeper. As she goes to smack him again he gets of hold of her fist. “Babe, my little firecracker.” He takes her hand to his lips. “The street thugs have nothing on you when it comes to bruising me.” He inspecting her hands, “These keyboard warriors pack a good wallop.”

“Maybe I should take on boxing.” She jokes thinking he’d laugh at her statement.

He looks at her and that actually sounds good. “Actually, I think that may be a swell idea. Kickboxing is a good exercise and I can see you excelling at it.”

“Really?”

“Oh yea, you may have a petite frame but you can be a powerhouse.”
She’s looking at him wondering if he is just playing with her. She isn’t much of a gym fan. She can count on one hand the times she actually just thought of getting a solid workout.

“Really Felicity, don’t question yourself on this. I think it’s a good idea.”

“Really? This doesn’t have anything with me polishing off the last of the donuts?”

He looks at her and stops himself from laughing because she looks so serious. “Fe-li-ci-ty, it’s not the first time you indulged and I love your appetite and don’t you for a second believe I could love you less especially that your back to a healthy normal weight and not skin and bones.”

“I… I… Really?” She knows he’s caught her looking at a beauty magazine looking at a runway model and then at a mirror since she got off the medications. She gained weight but she was… is afraid to talk about this issue. She can see him take in the gravity of the subject matter and just like when he was overprotective with her during the beginning of her recovery he has that look. He’s always been conscience to tell her he loves her and how beautiful she is and those simple words meant the world to her she is thankful that at least one of them was so leveled headed during these times.

“Your beautiful and this whole conversation about any kind of boxing is only talk you don’t have to do any of it. Your perfect the way you are.”

“I can at least check it out.”

“Right. There is nothing wrong with that.” He brings her close. “Though your ability to flip me over would be a turn on.”

“Really? Didn’t you just whine about the bruises?”

His lips peck just above her earlobe and having her close he whispers, “For you any bruise is a badge of honor.”
Chapter 13

Chapter Summary

This is a step into their daily lives. They actually creating roots in Coast City as Oliver learns to put some of his skills to the test. Baby steps into vigilantism for the Queens… I mean The Smoaks. They aren’t hermits so they have social lives.

Chapter Notes

Hope you enjoy. I guess this chapter falls under fluff. Yep plain lovey dovey filler fluff.

See the end of the chapter for more notes
“It’s so nice to have a glass of wine again.” Felicity admits happily now that that she is free of any medication. Having a girl’s night after a long day at the pizza shop downstairs as the guys are also out having a boy’s night down a few blocks at a pub playing darts and rounds of pool.

Lucy is laughing as she looks at her friend amused. “Well.” She makes a funny face “Hope you don’t get to use this by the way you and Owen are going at it like rabbits.”

Felicity cheeks turn red as the other ladies in the room start laughing. Finding out that with the bedroom window opened those in the pizza kitchen downstairs could hear some antics going on. Felicity can’t believe they kept this information from her. Thinking back to all the moments of passion with Oliver, she is now mortified especially when Lucy finally admitted this to her before the ladies all gathered in her apartment.

“Wait. Lucy! Do tell?” says one of the guests.

Felicity squeaks out, “No. No. No one else really needs to know.”

Most of the ladies call her out. Especially Lucy’s sister Jillian a pilot for the air force. “Oh no. This sounds to juicy to not hear. Spill it Lucy.”

“You have all met Owen?”

All the ladies either say yes or shake their head to confirm a yes.

“What this red-faced beauty found out today is the downstairs office by the kitchen can hear all that loving that goes on between them and let’s say their sex isn’t all that vanilla girls.”

Felicity could die of embarrassment as she takes in their faces some just plain ecstatic of her love life.

“You’re such a lucky woman Felicity.” One woman said which got a few replies of agreement.

“Are you guys trying for a baby?” asked another.

Felicity is speechless as she is taking in their conversation still not over being the center of discussion.

Another friend says, “You two would have such beautiful babies.”

Finally, Felicity finds her voice, “Thanks Emilia. As for having a baby no we aren’t actively trying.”

“Really the bunny noises say otherwise.” Lucy adds with a devious smile.

“Lucy! I thought we were friends.” Felicity elbows her.

“We are. Come on a little egging on here you’re a healthy married woman and your husband is hot.”

Felicity can’t believe she’s talking about her love life and apparently its front and center topic of discussion. She’s had her love life under a microscope for months when people made her feel crazy. It does feel different now. At least these ladies aren’t being vicious but playful they only know she is a married woman working at a pizza joint and her husband is a handyman.

“I think Owen would be delighted to be a father as for myself I think once it becomes a reality I would be happy also but we aren’t ready.”

One of the older ladies that has been in this conversation says, “You both seem young. Enjoy the good sex and freedom, there is no rush.”
That got the reaction of the room and began leading to other topics freeing Felicity of any more wanting to disappear moments.

A few blocks away the guys are enjoying another round of beers as Oliver and Hal play a round of pool. The rest of the guys playing darts and being rowdy.

“So, how long have you been married?”

“It feels like days ago but it’s been months.”

“Still in that happy bubble?”

Oliver shrugs as he hits the white ball again.

“Really, how rough has it been?”

“Not rough, I’ve been away and it’s been a reality check coming back home.”

“I know it’s not my place but I heard from Lucy that she was an addict.”

Oliver stops playing and looks at Hal. They actually have hit it off in the friendship zone since meeting a few weeks ago. His girlfriend being Lucy’s sister. “Let’s just call it a mental breakdown and the doctors overprescribed narcotics.”

“Well in my opinion she seems very cheery and bright. So being away from it all is doing you both good.”

Oliver sinks another ball as he says, “We’ll have to go back home eventually but I need her to be of sound mind.”

“At least you two love each other.”

“She means the world to me. What about you and Jillian Pearlman?”

“We met at the Edwards Air Force Base. We were attracted to each other. We take it a day at a time.”

“That good huh?” Oliver smiles.

“She’s amazing in bed but the actual commitment part, we work and play together it could be a disaster.”

Oliver laughs getting the other guys attention but they’re still finishing off a game of darts to come around.

“Can’t argue with you there. Before Felicity I was sure to bed hop and now I only have eyes for her. It’s a wild ride, man.”

Their conversation comes to a halt as they hear one of their pals speak out. “Yo Smoak, Jordan what are you two old ladies yapping about?”
As most guests leave Felicity’s apartment only Lucy and her sister remain. They are cleaning up a little putting food away as they chit chat. The mention of Oliver, Felicity admits, “It’s nice to see Owen actually out having fun he’s always on autopilot finding odds-and-ends jobs.”

Lucy says looking at her sister “Hopefully Hal won’t inspire him to join the air force.”

“Hey. I know my dear sister has a thing against the USAF but I love my life.” Jillian looks at Felicity as she says this. She really loves being in the air force. “Though maybe Owen can be a model he’s got the bone structure.”

Lucy agrees and Felicity just shrugs she knows that would not be impossible. Owen Smoak doesn’t exist and the man Oliver Queen could have potential but he is weary of those scars even though to her they are sexy any part of him is sexy to her.

“Excuse me ladies. He’s a married man and no, I won’t share.”

Jillian adds, “Want to know something? Doesn’t Owen look like a doppelgänger of like Oliver Queen.”

Lucy looks at Felicity she knows that Owen isn’t really his first name not when Felicity calls him Oliver in the throes of passion.

Felicity sees that Lucy is looking at her inquisitively but says, “I suppose. You know it’s too bad Queen died some years ago.”

Lucy replies, “Right. What a shame.” She hears her sister agree.

Just as the last platter is wrapped and placed in the refrigerator they can hear the rest of the men coming up the stairs.

Lucy is already heading to the door. “I guess our boys are also calling it a night.”

The room is getting brighter as the sun’s rays fix its bright shine to stir the couple intertwined on the standard size bed cocooned in each other two bodies that are about to wake up.

He wakes up first with a low grunt as the woman on top of him moans as she moves her head slightly with her breathe tingling his skin. Her eyes flutter open when she feels a hand brush against her side raising the small hairs on her skin.

“We must have had a lot of alcohol to forget to put the shades down last night.” His voice a little off from screaming at a television set with the guys. He had way too much fun and his body is screaming at him like old times.

Positioning her head to look at his face better has her slightly moving and that’s enough to get Oliver to move his hands down her back slowly so he can palm her backside. With the sun’s rays he gets a flashback to a time this view happened and he lets out a small rumble of mirth.
“What is it?” Felicity still basically talking to his chest.

“I just had a flashback of seeing us like this an eon ago before we were rudely interrupted.”

It takes her a small moment to catch up to what he is saying until it clicks and she responds, “The day after our fake wedding. Hmm romantic thinking of Maseo’s first time walking in on us post coital.”

“Well the fact that he walked into more intimate scenarios at more than a handful of times…”

Felicity laughs as she is peppering his chest with small kisses. “Either he had bad timing or free porn was his thing.”

“Eww Felicity!”

“Oh, come on you probably thought something more sinister.”

“Maybe… but right now I have this hot naked chick on top of me and I prefer to enjoy the moment without adding more people into this bed.”

“I don’t think I could share you ever?” she admits.

“Good. Because the feeling is mutual. Your it for me.”

Her palm is flat against his chest with her fingers tapping softly against his skin as his are still firm against her booty as he periodically squeezes them gently while talking to her. They aren’t in a hurry to get out of bed especially with both assuming a night with friends and alcohol would probably have them right in the place they are in. Comfortably being together with no work scheduled or any other gathering except what they decide to do with their free time. There is plenty of left-over goodies from last night so even heading out for food is optional.

Her lips are back to caressing his skin as she brings her knees up to straddle his own hips as Oliver’s hands move from her backside down the back of her thighs and up once again.

“I thought of this exact moment countless times.” Her voice throaty as she stops to lick his collar bone. “Having you just under me as I kissed and licked to my heart’s content before I would wake up and…”

Any words unable to form he doesn’t want her to stop her story he could see she has something to say as her eyes looked into his an instant ago before she started to caress his skin with her mouth.

“Before I would wake up and wonder if you were my damnation for eternity and I’m Jewish.” Her fingers sprawl upwards towards his shoulders as she now kisses his jawline. “My mind would always come up with ways that had me lose myself as you are a very generous lover.” Her lips just over his as she slowly descents for a kiss and he doesn’t react he just knows she not done talking. With another peck to his lips and their eyes now digesting each other. “I would scream your name.”

“Felicity…”

“I would scream it out barely ever more than three times. It would leave me breathless and so damn wet.” He has no idea how his hands are just now cradling her face but he brings her down to meet his own lips and he needs to feel her as much as she seems to take in that he is real. They are real.

Lost in their kiss Oliver barely notices how she grips him perfectly as she sinks down making him let out a moan against her inviting mouth. Using his shoulder for leverage as she slowly moves against him.
She’s done talking and any words uttered between them are many forms of erotic noises and perfect enunciation of their names. They happily get lost in each other for the time being.

Like many of their days in Coast City. Oliver spends his extra time sharpening his tools he seems to prefer the bow and arrow but she does remind him on occasion to keep his craft on the down low. Until he is ready to be that person in their own city taking down names on a list it be wise to not bring any light to their activities. He answers by giving her kisses.

She isn’t able to get the top-notch equipment to make their lifestyle doable in her opinion. She’s not comfortable gambling his life and he feels the same with her by his side he doesn’t want her to suffer he’s seen her at her lowest and will do anything in his power to never see that happen again. He wonders if he’d be suicidal if she wasn’t in his life because he knows he’d probably be into writing off names in the book and not thinking of an endgame where he would want to have a family.

The second he comes home with bruises she asks him straight out what do these men have that get the advantage over him. He is surprised that she doesn’t ask him to stop. Instead she has him think of ways to improve his style. Though one night out of the blue he asks, “Are you okay that I’m doing this?”

She sighs putting her book down he watching an old classic karate-based movie and their comfortable sitting on the couch enjoying each other company. “Do I like seeing you get hurt? No. Do I think this is just a tad much? Yes. Do I want you to stop? No. This is who you are. There is a reason Waller wanted you and it’s because somewhere…” she taps his heart “You are a man of action.”

“You seriously okay with this?”

“Not okay with you getting hurt.” She moves and he makes room for her to sit on his lap with her body facing his. “Asking you to even consider giving this up is like you asking me to give up technology.” Her fingers press through his long shaggy hair. “You know my passions and I know yours.”

“Even something archaic like archery?”

“Hmmm. Maybe once I could have seen the whole bow and arrow technique as ridiculous.” She leans down bringing him back against the cushions of the couch as she kisses him. “I think you’ve made me a fan.”

They’re at war surplus store near a veteran’s club and Felicity is looking at some of the antiques on the shelf before she joins her husband in looking at face paint. A man comes out from the stock room and notices her. Her interest in a Pop-Up Bivy gets her to stop before heading towards her husband and it gets the clerk to ask if she going camping.

“Um, no. No camping for me I just thought it was cool with the netting better than just a sleeping bag, right?”

“I suppose, are you here looking for anything particular?” he already thinks she’s a flake and came
The man notices Oliver for the first time. “That makes a lot more sense missy. Just come up front when your man is ready to check out.”

“Thanks, will do.” She says out loud and then turns a corner as she mumbles under her breathe “Ya! Sure, you miserable misogynist ass.”

“What?”

“Nothing.”

“Okay. Anyhow I found the olive-green face paint. That will do.” He shows her the stick. “While I’m here I might look at some knives.”

“The clerk did mention shoes maybe we should look at some good traction boots.”

“You really are afraid of me falling off a roof, huh?”

“Yes Mr. Grasshopper. Your funny moves get me to have mini heart attacks so humor me.”

“Okay, I think I passed some.” He says as he turns to where he saw what she asking them to look at. She follows him to the small display of a handful of boots.

Felicity watches as he puts his getup on and she claps her approval as he turns to the mirror and the Yao Fei’s hood which has special meaning to him has yet to cover his head.

“Do you want to be the first to apply the cream on me?”

“Sure, it be nice not to be the only receiver of getting creamed. Not that I mind when you… you know finish like that it’s just messy. Like this looks messy…” she’s now looking at the tube in her hands and her thumb playing with its tip.

“Babe, I trying to get ready to go out. You’re not helping.”

“Umm, sorry. Aptly this just goes around or just under your eyes?”

“Let’s start with under.” He’s looking at her move closer to him. Her back to the mirror as he watches her from the mirror’s view as she applies the camouflage paint to his face.

“It moves with ease. Not bad but you’ll use my eye makeup remover and pads to get this gunk off. I just bought those towels, we don’t have money to waste.”

“Felicity, this says their machine washable.”

“Please, its oil based it will leave residue.”

“Fine, those pads will do.”

“Okay. All set. I just thought the top needed some covering.” She secures the cap back on the tube as
he hoists the hood over his head. “Oh wow, you look fierce. Wouldn’t want to meet you in a dark alley.”

He doesn’t comment but looks at his visual. It will do. “Alright I’m going to bust some drug dealing heads I’ll see you once I get the information for you to trace down that dealer.”

Felicity looks at the clock. They have a set time if he can’t get the information tonight he’ll try again tomorrow and so forth. They are cautious. Sometimes it best to play a game that is straightforward he knows this is practice and doesn’t need to be cocky. He has a wife he really wants to come home to. Even if he forgets to use the pads and uses one of those newer towels he wants to be alive enough to hear her loud voice. Even though she can be scary when mad. He lives for all sides that make Felicity the passionate woman she is.

Chapter End Notes

Jillian “Cowgirl” Pearlman was/is a romantic interest for Hal Jordan a.k.a. Green Lantern. She is an United States Air Force pilot first appearance in GL vol4#1
Chapter 14

Chapter Summary

Good old Amanda Waller is back again. Coast City living for Felicity and Oliver end in different ways.

Chapter Notes

It's been awhile... since 9/28/18 Thanks for those who had patience for this new chapter. They're lives in Coast City comes to an end and sad to say they're apart again :( Waller really doesn't leave poor Oliver alone.
Felicity is more than fine with not always being by her husband’s side they have their own interests and creativity spaces and it is all good she thinks. Healthy and normal to have some distance in a relationship. He uses his time to enhance his body which she can’t fault him there. She uses hers to catch up on what she’s been missing out on. So much to read and learn, technology never takes a holiday especially when she was cooped up and drugged.

Getting lost for hours geeking out at a tech store while Oliver would be bored senseless after asking what the difference with processing speed meant and what’s with all this jargon in information data transfer rates. It’s just all so… so boring to him and a little over his head. He gladly thinks a simple way would just be to pick one and be done.

Though the downside of not being in your spouse’s presence are moments when they decide to do something that can undermine the peace in the household. Oliver’s been out of the house for a while and after a phone call where Felicity gets some gossip she decides to see if he has returned home once again.

Looking out the window that has direct access to where the little nook off the side of their living quarters where cars are kept she sees him bent over looking at something but the view is constricted. Leaving the apartment and catching a nice glimpse of muscles being flexed she is both bothered and deeply excited but she needs to regain herself before she calls out his name.

“Oliver!”

“Yes?” He looks at her while wiping his hands on a rag.

“What exactly is that?”

“Felicity, it’s a motorcycle.”

“Thanks… I know very well what that metal contraption is. Why are you working on it? Wait are you learning to be a mechanic?”

“No. It’s my bike.”

“Your bike?”

“I feel like we are talking in circles. Why are you looking at me like that?”

She has her hands on her hips as she looks at her husband who with no doubt went behind her back to spend money on something shiny while she’s been trying her hardest to scrap cash to buy at least one of the best trackers available.

“How much did this toy set us back?”

“Baby…”

“Don’t you dare baby me.” She looks around because she is going to use his whole name and doesn’t need any bystander hearing more than they should. “Ol-li-vrrr Jo-nas Queen, how much?”

“Are you planning my death?”

“You’re already dead.”
“Ha funny.”

“I’m planning if you should sleep with it tonight.”

“Really your putting me in the dog house?”

“Technology costs money and no… a tracking device from the local superstore doesn’t cut it.”

“Okay!” he has his hands up in surrender. “Okay but in my defense, I really got a good deal.”

“Really? You just came upon such a deal? Nothing else happened?”

“No. I just couldn’t pass up such a bargain.”

He can clearly see her debating something as she presses her lips together. Right now, he thinks of how much she’s reminding him of his own mother.

Clearly, she knows he isn’t going to be forthright with her. He clearly doesn’t want her to know of his loss to his buddy he works at the docks with. He is looking at her as he clearly wonders if he is going to the dog house tonight. She finally sighs and gives in to what she knows. “So, when are you going to admit Cliff got one over you?”

His squinted his eyes when he figures out she has actually been interrogating him. “You! You’ve been grilling me knowing the truth all along? That’s just so… I knew you spending time with Waller was a mistake.”

“Oh yes blame Amanda for your roundabout lies.”

“Oh, so it’s a first name bases with that witch?”

“Oh please! I didn’t pick up the Oliver Queen digest from her I have my own copy and side annotations.”

“Is that so?”

She using her index fingers as she points at herself. “Hey genius remember?” and she looks at him rolling his eyes. “Anyways we never talked about you when we were having our hair done.”

“I… I don’t need any more visuals on that woman which I hope to never see again in my life.”

“I get it. The name is synonymous with grief and hell of a lot of pain. And… for this sake of this argument you’re the one who brought her up first!”

“Fine.” He says clipped because as much as she is right he can’t say so without this moment going into some invisible binder of check marks of she’s right he is wrong folder. “Okay, I may have gotten over my head with Cliff but look at this baby, she’s a beauty.”

“Ah hem. Well this…”

“It’s a Ducati.”

“This Ducati needs lots of love. I’m not going to begrudge you a hobby but when it is all set and done I’d want a proper ride on it.”

He needs to know how long she has been playing him. She was fine with him this morning so hopeful not before than because he really trusts her and if she can hold back from him it will creates
some doubt on his trust issues. “Okay but how long were you okay with this?”

“Since Camille called me and told me the story of our boneheaded husbands early this morning.”

He makes a grunt sound but is relieved even though he is the one to mess up he doesn’t lose the trust that been built between them. No matter how silly it is, the fear of being backstabbed is an undercurrent. It is something he needs to override because he really wants to wholeheartedly trust the woman who can break him. Not that he doesn’t trust her because he does. He just knows himself enough to know something will go wrong and doubting himself becomes second nature it’s something that becomes an overshadow to reason. “I should know by now not to keep things from you.”

“Right because us ladies will so tell on you boys. I’m liking this Coast City living.”

“Don’t get to use to it.”

“Well Mr. Smoak until otherwise noted.” She sticks out her tongue and turns to walk back into the apartment.

“Real mature.” He calls back to her.

He has no idea what turned Felicity on so rapidly that he doesn’t even have a chance to register what is happening but he’s against the wall just outside their bedroom. She is already peeling his pants down just as he comes off their bathroom from putting grease paint on his face. His shirt still in his hand. He has a dealer that is responsible for six deaths to handle but with her doing what she’s doing to his neither region he wonders why he is even thinking of anything else. The shirt falls from his grasp as his hand moves to grasp her hair. She makes a mewling sound that makes him even harder for her touch.

Just as quickly his mind fizzles out as time gets away from him leaving the sensations of what she just did to him electrifying buzzing his whole body and he wonders where he held the strength to stand and not just float down like goo to the vinyl wood looking floor.

She looking at him smugly. Satisfied of her actions. Her words make no sense to him but he hears her pleased tone as something of a challenge.

He’s to stunned but not willing to break this spell he is under. They’ve had plenty of hot and heavy sexy times and each one of them from giving to receiving the orgasms have been glorious. Finding that her pleasure only makes his own explosive ending twice as good.

They have the chemistry and what he didn’t learn from his poor educational excuses as a bad student he learned readily as he worships this woman that appreciates science and all things mathematical that has actually come in handy not that he didn’t think it wouldn’t come in handy in his line of criminal vices of playing vigilante. The whole process of why he is even thinking of math and science while she is leading them to their shared bed is already puzzling to him. He really needs to get a grasp they had sex just this afternoon after he came back into the apartment and grovel to his woman not to kick him to the proverbial doghouse.

“I may have to send the editor a ‘you are absolutely right’ card.”

“Huh?” he finally manages to spit out one single word.
She taps her head, “You really don’t need a run down of what I’m thinking.”

He’s looking at her lost like yes, he’ll do anything to know what the turning wheels of her mind is casting out now. She just blew him away. He’s totally experiencing an out of his body kind of occurrence looking at himself relatively speaking. A part of him wants to know how and why and can they do this again but in a different way or ways or whatever.

“Oliver, you are to adorable when you’re a lost puppy.” She kisses him and he finally gets to sit on the edge of the bed just looking at his wife in awe. Moving his hand on the bed his fingers glaze what feels like a book or magazine and he sees the large print on the article and he grabs it and looks at Felicity as everything starts to make sense. Throwing it on a nearby dresser as he fully regains his cognizance and needs to show her how these few minutes blew his mind. Tonight, the dealer is forgotten.

Running against the rooftop after chasing this creep down the alley once he had the information on this dealer from his wife. She had a small compile on this monster who is responsible of a few deaths.

“Back off, psycho.”

“Six people have died from the crank you’ve been pushing.” He says with more anger in his voice “Four of them were kids!” the man goes to shot and he is a little off the game and throws down the bow and hides behind an air conditioning unit.

With the gun out of ammo Oliver goes in for the attack but tonight he isn’t wearing the traction boots and he is pushed easily.

Tonight, Felicity is working longer at the pizza place and he just went downstairs and gave her a kiss before getting his hood and not even putting on any gear she pushes him to wear and leaves the bloody boots at home and wears basic sneakers.

Falling off the roof he lucks out as electric wires breaks his fall and he can hear his wife’s voice loud a clear in his head about him being a grasshopper but hanging upside down he sees a woman that makes him moan miserably after saying, “Aah!”

“You’ve certainly chosen an unusual hobby, Mr. Queen.”

He begins to un-lodge himself as she just stands there observing him coolly. He knows he should run, run as fast as possible away from her. Does he? No. He lets curiosity get him. She points to a bar. He follows and enters and is surprised as his buddy is leaving with a few other patrons that he knows frequent this place to late in the evening.
Hal looks between Waller and his friend, “Hey Owen, I’m actually on my way out.”

“Just ran into an old acquaintance.” Oliver looks at Waller.

“Right. Well goodnight buddy.”

“Yea, night.”

Oliver sits beside Amanda Waller at the bar as they order their drinks.

“How did you find me?

“The world’s too small for someone like Oliver Queen to disappear. Truth be told, I expected to find you in Starling City.”

“I don’t want to be near my family.”

“Well you at least brought one back here.”

“That is different and you know it.”

“My apologizes for what happened to her.”

“Sure, my love life isn’t a reason for you to be here handling me and you now know I’m not ready to head back to Starling.”

“Because of what you did to Shrieve? I read his autopsy report. I knew you had a capacity for the unfathomable, but I actually underestimated you.”

“What do you want, Amanda?”

“To help you.”

He can’t help but chuckle.

“You haven’t returned home because you feel you’re a monster. You're trying to deny it, channeling your killer instinct into something productive. But you can’t change who you are in your bones.”

“I don’t need a therapist. It seems they love to throws pills at the subject.”

“The hood and eye makeup may suggest otherwise. Though I suppose Felicity is well again?”

“Leave her out of this conversation.”

“Fine.” She takes a small moment before continuing, “Stop trying to run from your inner darkness. Embrace it. Let it run its course. Oftentimes, the only way out is through.”

“Through what?” Just like that he notices his surroundings he been drugged and his mind is hazy and last thing he says, “A.R.G.U.S agents.”

He starting to blackout as the woman who has been a thorn to his side says, “When you wake up, just remember that I'm trying to help you.” He is out cold.
Opening the door to the surprise guest. Like always she is dressed well and has that air of confidence. If she wasn’t a woman with enormity for darkness Felicity would so be in awe.

“What do I owe the pleasure of you coming here? Oliver isn’t home yet.” Felicity opens the door wide allowing Amanda Waller to walk in to her abode. “I would offer you some of that…” Felicity points to the undercooked bread dish. “But ah… my skill in the kitchen is um rough.” She’s gotten off work about an hour ago, she knows Oliver is out training his skill.

“A step up from needing firemen, it is impressive.”

Felicity looks at the door she’s holding open. “Any more cracks about my lack of cooking skills and I might close this door on your tush on your way out.”

Amanda just looks at the sassy Queen. “You and Oliver are so meant for one another.” She looks around the quaint apartment. “I would expect you both to be in Starling surrounded by paparazzi but instead you two are living low.” Amanda watches Felicity for a minute before continuing, “At least the paperwork is on its way to being filed in American soil for a moment there I though romance was heading to splitsville.”

“Imagine that… though I am considered that city’s crazy loon.”

“I’m sorry to hear about what happened to you.” Amanda finishes up by saying, “Truly Felicity I am.”

“Okay. Thanks, but I doubt you’d come all the way here just to say that.”

“Oliver’s service has been requested.”

Felicity looks at her suspiciously. “Where is he?”

“Over the Pacific Ocean.”

“Hong Kong?”

“Actually, somewhere else he has been before.”

“Your leaving my husband on Lian Yu? Isn’t it a deserted island?” Felicity huffs “It isn’t. Why else would you need him…? You’re throwing him there because he knows the landscape.” Felicity rolls her eyes. “For how long?”

Amanda’s relishing Felicity’s ramble of deduction. “It seems you can answer your own questions. What I need from you.” She can see Felicity’s annoyance but like her husband she’s going to roll with it. These two are formidable people and she can see great things come from them once they have a directive to accomplish. Oliver alone would only be short sighted at any potential but with his mate he’d find purpose. Waller feels a little jealous of that but shakes those thoughts away as Felicity’s voice permeates the room.

“Please come right out and tell me. Though asking would have been preferred.”

“You seem to have taken an interest in vigilantism.” Felicity just waits for Waller to continue “I need you to set up something for me. A vision I have.”

“You know I won’t do anything that will purposely get anyone killed.”

“Not asking for you to lower your ethics what I need is for you to create a program that can help lead
a small squad into dire situations and get the goal done. With little to no causalities.”

“I’m okay with that at least you’re not asking people to be suicidal.”

High altitude over the Pacific Ocean three men in the back of a military plane one is waking up while the two men wait for him.

“Nice nap?” Two men looking at him only one talks.

“I wasn't napping. I was drugged.” He notices his on an aircraft. “Where's Waller?”

“Back in Coast City sleeping off the scotch.”

“Wake her up. I want to know what I'm doing here.”

“Director Waller has asked me to thank you for agreeing to take on this mission.” Two bags thrown towards him.

“I didn't agree to take on any…”

The man pulls out a gun and says, “Sorry. We're in a bit of a clock here. Now, you're getting off this plane. You can do that with a chute on your back or a bullet in your head. Your call.”

“Why is Waller doing this?”

“Guess she likes you. I didn't think Waller could like anybody. Plus, you know the terrain.”

“What terrain?”

“Your job is to infiltrate the area, assess the threat, and report back. You have AES-encrypted communication gear in your pack.” He pulls a level and the back door opens. “Now, according to our Intel, your target may be radar capable, so you'll have to HALO in. So, when you think you're about to splat, only then do you pull the shoot.”

“Wait, is that…” As he looks back he gets kicked in the back of the head out the plane.

“No. No thanks. Oliver would lose a gasket if I even entertained the idea.” Waller is about to respond. “Don’t look at me and think feminism and I am my own woman so don’t play me on those cards that oppose his feelings. It is no secret that he was… as apparently is still being used.”

“Very well. I’ll need a pen also.”
After a short while and both women seem to agree to each term, Amanda Waller leaves and Felicity sighs as she looks around the apartment. “I am so going to miss this place.”
To the island

Chapter Summary

Felicity comes back to Starling briefly and has a visitor before she flies off to a remote location in the North China Sea.

Chapter Notes

Setup chapter for Season 4 flashbacks

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The quietness surrounding the townhouse is interrupted when the door opens. Felicity looks up slightly seeing her guest enter as she continues with what she is doing.
“Where have you been?” The male voice sounding upset.

Felicity still is gathering a few personal things into a pouch as she turns her head again to the intruder. The man looks unnerved and she’s never seen him direct such worry towards her. “Hi Tommy.” Looking at him place his spare key set on the entry table before closing the front door.

“You’ve been gone for several months. If it wasn’t for the note saying you’re out finding yourself, I would have hired someone to find you, shoot I almost did anyway.”

That got her to stop rummaging around the apartment and really look at the man who somehow knew she is back in Starling. “How did you find out I was back in the city?”

“I asked the nice lady that is basically the neighborhood observer of the block.”

“Oh.” She shakes her head. “Right.”

“Well?” he asks again without sounding upset. “Where have you been?”

“Coast City.”

When that is all she replies with Tommy arcs his eyebrows and huffs. “Why? What’s in Coast City that Starling didn’t have?”

“I’m off all the medication.”

“Okay, you were at a rehab place?”

“Tommy? Can we just let this go? The truth isn’t something you’d be happy with.”

“Felicity, you have had me worry about you.” He raises his arms in defeat. He is utterly clueless and really would like some answers. “You know I care about you. There is no reason I couldn’t visit you at this rehabilitation center.”

“I wasn’t at no center.” He looks at him before she decides to tell him the truth and let the chips fall as they may. “I was with Oliver Queen, you know your best friend.”

“He’s dead.”

She turns from him and grabs the pouch and places it in the suitcase.

“Wait are you leaving again?” Tommy is so confused but he needs answers, “Felicity if Oliver, your supposed Oliver is alive, where is he?”

“Long story.” She turns back facing Thomas Merlyn with a smile. “I know you may think I’m nuts. It’s okay, you’ve been put into a weird position. His mom thinks I’m certifiably nuts. Are you still seeing that Lance girl?”

“She’s finishing her studies, going to take the bar exam soon.” Tommy than sits on the available two-seater. “It’s complicated.”

“Good for her and why is it so complex?”

“Because she has a one-track mind, right now she’s working to be a lawyer and I’m just coasting along.”

“Tommy? I know you deeply care for her. I’m sorry I haven’t been around for you to whine and
showcase how she makes you feel. I mean you still have feelings for her?”

He gives her a sad smile.

“I’ll take that smile as a yes. Listen, you know I’m not the best at this relationship guidance thing I only know you and I also know she doesn’t care for me.” Thinking more of it. “That may be an understatement she did call me a loon.”

“She’s a realist. One of the most pragmatic people I know. Not counting my dad.”

Felicity nods knowing the woman who told her that she’s crazy. That someone like Oliver wouldn’t attach himself to the likes of her. Yet, he has. That her friendship with Tommy is more of annoyance to that woman.

“She doesn’t like our friendship.”

“I know.” He rolls his eyes because he knows he’s heard the arguments against being friends with this woman he really cares for. “Like I told her. I’m your friend. I’m the one who endangered your life the reason…”

“Tommy! Stop!” Felicity sits now across from him. “I went along for the trip. I’m a big girl. Whatever guilt you hold let it go. If you need forgiveness. Fine you’re absolved of any wrongdoings.”

“Thanks, but I won’t take myself off the hook so easily. I do feel guilt.”

“Why?” she looking at him as she can see the pain in his eyes. He keeps apologizing for putting her in harms way. She partially understands but if she didn’t go with him to Hong Kong, she wouldn’t have found herself madly in love with his best friend.

“Because… because I used you to help me find Oliver. I was told he was dead. You keep talking as if he is alive and well. It’s all my fault.”

She’s off the couch and now kneeling at his feet as she reaches for his hands. He doesn’t fight her as she takes his larger ones into her small warm hands.

“Tommy, I’m leaving to the pacific. What I am about to tell you is the truth. What I’ll need of you is to not tell another soul. Oliver and my life will be in jeopardy.”

“Felicity?” He takes his hands from her and pats the cushion beside him. Getting up from off her knees she takes the seat and they face one another.

“I remember everything. My mind is clear and I trust you to keep this a secret.”

“Okay, I promise I won’t tell anyone.”

She gives him a look.

“Not even Laurel. I swear.”

She tells him the tale and gets interrupted a lot to answer his questions. They start on the two-seater but soon Tommy is walking around the small apartment taking in a story that just sounds so unbelievable but he knows it is most likely the truth. She gives him a small photobook and as he flips through it at first its just a guy that looks like Oliver but after really taking in the photos and the story behind everything, he looks at her. Really looks at her. Placing the book down and taking the phone
“So, he is alive. He’s enduring a lot of shit. Felicity, we need to get him home.”

“No. There is no we. I am going to be working off a remote location not far from where he is. He has some gear that was provided. I’m going to see if I can do more and help him as much as I can.”

“That’s crazy, you leaving its just crazy.”

“I’m in love with him. I can’t stay here when my services can help.”

“It’s dangerous right?”

She nods. “Tommy I was dragged into this. You were spared. Don’t you dare do anything when Oliver did what he could to keep you alive.”

“How can you calmly say all this?”

“I’m scared, I don’t know what he is up against.”

“I could help. I know this Waller woman sounds…”

“You will do nothing.” Her voice loud and Tommy has never heard her so authoritarian before. “You’re not just Oliver’s friend your also mine. Please don’t make me regret telling you all this.”

“Fine, but you need to find a way to keep me informed because…”

“I know you’re as hard headed as Oliver.”

“Thanks, I’m taking that as a compliment.”

“I do need something from you.” She hands him a key to the storage unit she rented out.

Looking at the key curiously before asking, “What is it? Tell me and I’ll do it.”

“I have some stuff being shipped from Coast City to arrive but I would like to jump on the next flight out of here. I was hoping if you can put those things in storage for me.”

“Okay. I can do that.”

“This will be your room.” The soldier opens her door to allow the blond to enter. “O600 we depart, I’ll show you then where you’ll be stationed.” He gives her a nod and closes the door leaving.
Felicity to look at her quarters.

The flight was long and all she wants to do is shower in the smallest shower stall she’s ever seen. She needs to call Tommy and tell him she made it here safe and remind him of a promise.

Looking at report after report as she digs into the mainframe, she finally looks up to see someone from her past as the soldier is standing by the door. She knows beforehand she’d have her own A.R.G.U.S detail assigned to her. Not remembering this man’s particular name as the incident at the gym in Honk Kong is enough to make her weary.

“You’re the one Mills taught some moves.”

“He helped my husband and I out.”

He takes his time looking her up and down again as he states, “Still no ring?"

“I don’t need one and I’m also not a possession.”

He huffs as his words are supposed to mean something, “You’re in a base full of men.” Looking at her with some interest. “Maybe you just need a real guy to handle you just right.”

“My hubby handles me just fine.”

He sneers but keeps his stance near the door. “Where is loverboy?”

“On assignment.”

“So… you’re lonely then?” She doesn’t give him an answer knowing it’ll just add to more absurd talk with this jerk. Wanting to know more about this muscle-head dirtbag. “Have you been standing there long?”

“A few hours, you seemed to be in a trance and you’re actually not bad to look at. Makes my job of babysitting a civilian easier.”

“Listen here, soldier boy.”

“Craig.”

“Whatever, from this point on you keep any lousy comments to yourself and we’ll get along.”

He doesn’t laugh but sports a smile. “Is that so?”

“Waller may have used my husband’s comprehension of some terrain of a nearby island.” She snaps her fingers. “She has also used me to destroy little men like bugs.” Felicity is up from her seated spot and looks at Craig. “From this point on. Don’t make me angry.” She waits for him to say something and when he just keeps his glare without another word she supplies, “So, you’re aware of my frustrations like you mentioned my dear husband, I get off being that lovesick bitch who deeply misses her man. I just want this job done. Understood?” Her tone not totally unpleasant but it holds a certain threat. He knows she wouldn’t be on base if she were just some damsel waiting on her husband. He also knows that if Waller appointed her and her husband on some mission better not to screw up.

“Fine, I am part of your detail. Keeping you safe as you do whatever you are here to do.”
“Tell me if you know anything of Baron Reiter?”

“He has worked with some off the grid dangerous criminals.”

Looking at the man she nods as she goes back to sit down and move some files as she pulls the one, she is looking for on top and opens to a mug shot of the man in question. It also seems Craig here is being more cooperative as he comes to look at the folders and yet waits for her lead.

“He has covered his malicious tracks well.”

“No one knows why he is on that island. He usually is out seeking artifacts, this new pursuit for drugs is not his M.O.”

“Your right, the drugs are a cover. He’s looking for something.” Felicity doesn’t say she met a man on the connecting flight to this area. He was a charming British man who invited her to his House of Mystery for a nightcap she declined sweetly but did go out for a drink before parting ways. He let on about some dark situations he has been on and it all sounded so fake but she urged the man on who earlier introduced himself as John Constantine with a business card. Somehow, he was meant to meet her.

Back at her room she quickly grabs a book she stored the folded parchment paper and sets it on the table before her. It was blank this morning as she left to gather information on Reiter.

“I must be crazy, taking the words of a stranger to heart.” She implies to herself but still takes the folded paper and begins to unwrap it hoping for the impossible. She just lets out a gasp at what she sees.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading!
Chapter 16

Chapter Summary

This chapter focuses on Oliver on Lian Yu again. Tommy being a little more assertive in placing himself in tending to his amazing good friend's wishes who is married to his best friend.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

He wonders if Felicity thinks he just walked out on her. The last words spoken would have been ‘going out don’t wait up.’ How could those be the last words and not ‘baby I love you’. He went after the drug dealer guy and landed falling off the roof into Waller’s hands. Of all the nights that woman comes to town and he messes up big.
He looks up at the tent he’s bunked in for the night he’ll need at least some sleep before he’s out there guarding against whatever it is as he holds a gun to the enslaved people in the field that grow, cultivate, and harvest the plants required to make a particularly potent drug called Slam.

He had a nice thing going in Coast City. A preamble of the life he wants to continue back in Starling soon enough. It’s amazing how his whole journey began because he needed to get away from the last thing he wanted and that was commitment so easily taking a sister of the woman he left behind on a voyage and without even thinking things through he hooks up with an incredible woman he refuses to pull the trigger on.

A night of swaying with the music that leads to mind-blowing moments and waking to finding himself losing all caution to the wind as he places his body in front of hers. He remembers these things fondly now. She has become his everything.

He has it good, a warm bed he shares with a hot blond. Precious moments he finds himself unguarded sharing some aspirations as if that alone is cool enough. Just remembering all the things, she does for him. Those ruby lips heated against his skin as she will pepper his body with kisses. Her fingernails short but primed to elicit goosebumps where they travel. Her hot breath against his skin always has him barely hanging on as she’ll tease him to the point where he will start to waver on any self-control. It is the deep stare she can give him that speaks volumes as their souls continually seek this connection. A voice that has him smile from a long day at the docks. She makes everything better.

His eyes drift close thinking of her. How her scent always makes for good dreams. On one certain occasion just after her body and mind are free of overprescribed medication. They get to know each other she tells him of her gothic stage. He is intrigued to say the least. His imagination takes a hold of that information and being there are no pictures of this time period as it lays in a box in her townhome back in Starling. It only takes days for her sultry surprise.

She surprises him in some black long stocking that stretch up to her mid-thighs. With cutesy bows on each leg. How she finds these matching erotic gothic plaid undies he’ll never be sure all he knows as his mind recalls these events they are at a mall, he turns around to purchase a undershirt to wear under his hood and she slides this two piece to the cashier and as the lady rings it up Felicity hands over what seems like a pantyhose bag and for some reason he becomes a dork, one of those married men who have no clue.

“Why do you need the leggings they’ll only land up on the floor?”

Felicity just smiles at the woman before them and pats his arm. “Humor me.”

He shrugs. If his wife wants hosiery he isn’t going to argue further. They have a few more shops to head to on a lazy Sunday before heading back. What he doesn’t figure is the sight of her coming from the bedroom as he’s just finishing up his arrow collection and he is brought back to the intense moment when his wife wanted him before the whole detox situation.

“Hi.” She says as he’s looking at how magnificent she looks.

“I so take my comment back, those stocking are so staying on.”

“Glad you approve.”

He nods as he moves whatever he is working on to the side and heads to meet his sultry wife. “Is that hair dye?” He is looking at her darkened hair.
“Wash and go. Hoping you’ll help me wash it off later.”

“You must have been a total knockout at MIT. I’m already not liking any guy that had the privilege…”

She places a finger against her lips to emphasize “Shhh. I’d prefer to know what you’ll do to me in this getup?”

He places his hands on her hips bringing her closer and loves the deep burgundy on her lips. “I may enjoy this look of yours in a way I’ve never conceived before so hopefully you’ll indulge my fantasies of a gothic chic in my bed here and there.”

“I almost went with pigtails I thought that would be too out there.”

That comment has him close his eyes for a moment to gather himself as he already feels the rush of blood heading south leaving him to just grunt. Damn this woman’s per chance to have him drool over memories. Playing princess in Hong Kong sired into his mind. “Woman do you really want to kill me?”

“Oh baby.” She kisses the underside of his chin. His grip on her hips held her from raising on her tippy toes. “Now are you going to tend to the problem at hand?” her knee moves to graze the bulge he is sporting. Just as it is getting hot, he walks her backwards as they start to dirty talk his mind finds itself in the gutter, he grumbles a moan as he recalls he is back on Lian Yu. Eyes open wide and he wants to hit something as he’s still sporting the hardon and leaves the cot he’s on to find some privacy. He curses Amanda Waller before finding a perfect spot and forgets about the witch as he thinks about his lovely wife most likely lonely and confused back at home.

The days are the same, he keeps his gun trained on the workers and he does his part in keeping himself busy as he gathers intel on the operation. So far there is nothing of special circumstances. Nothing that would keep A.R.G.U.S. from breaking Reiter’s camp so he stays as the long days becomes a few weeks.

That is when all hell breaks loose while he stops to talk to a woman whom seems to be a leader for these people a man makes an attempt to flee. He hears Conklin’s “We have a runner.” Oliver makes a run to tackle the man down.

“Hey, come on man there is an easier way.” He says as he brings the man up onto his knees. Conklin runs up with some excitement.

“Yea, that’s the way.” Conklin looks at a passive Oliver and adds, “Well, what’cya going to do talking him into surrender?” he then headbutts the man with his assault rifle. Smiling at Oliver “That’s how you do it.” Now they both carry the unconscious man. Oliver listens to what Slam is made of when they discover a whole cake is missing.

Listening to Conklin go on and on about the missing product and after killing the first man Oliver changes the game a little. He tortures a man for information. Oliver needs to play the game. It’s better than the man dying.

Hearing the man screaming Conklin seems impressed.

“Which fancy private school did you pick this up in?”

Oliver just looks up at him while his hand is on the knife, “Learned it here.” He looks back at the
man he is torturing and says, “Three years on this island and I have been hurt in every way you can imagine. I know what kills. I know what cripples and what just hurts.” The man screams in pain as Oliver moves the blade.

They all hear the woman who the workers look up to cry out to stop the torture as she admits she’s the one who took the drugs. Oliver pulls the knife from the man’s thigh. Oliver stops Conklin from killing her as he can’t watch someone who is helping others be killed off. Forming a somewhat fly by plan. He tells Conklin he already killed one worker and it be better for her to disappear. It buys him time and he’ll need to exam himself with why he has this need to help people. When a voice he’s come to love vibrates in his mind since she became his orbit ‘you’re a destined hero.’

They walk through the forest as she’s spurting out how much of what he is doing is wrong and its somewhat irritating because he is doing this to save her life. He’s pushing her along as he is trying to put distance from the guard as they’re about to cross a live landmine and he needs to get them far enough away from the blast.

Her need to tell him how much he enjoys torturing a man isn’t too far off but he did it to save the guy’s life. He’s known Conklin for a short while but he knows that type, killing people is just a way to a means and people don’t matter. Oliver on the other hand feels too much. It’s something that can be used as a weapon like Waller’s has been known to do. Even so he is helping this woman named Taiana on an island that holds dark memories.

Her endless talk as she drones on about the man he tortured, “You don’t even know what his name is.”

“Walk faster.” He pushes her off the well-traveled path into rougher terrain.

“Elias.” She rambles on. “That was his name. Elias.”

“Faster.”

“I’m in no rush to get to my death.”

He’s now pushing her with some force as he says, “I’m trying to put some distance between us.” The mercenary behind them begins a sprint to get closer.

“Between us and…”

“No between us and…” and a landmine explodes killing Richards. Oliver than unties her hands. “Between us and the landmine. Listen to me I am not going to kill you but you need to trust me or we are both dead. Do you understand?”

She shakes her head, “Y…yes.”

“Okay.”

He takes her to a shelter he’s used and gets her situated and then goes back to camp. Only to go back to the enclosure and show Conklin the supposed dead body. The small talk about having a darkness inside worries Oliver a bit for he does feel it at times. Being left alone to get rid of the body Oliver brings her back to the land of the living.

“Hey” he watches her come to. “It’s okay.” He adds, “You’re okay.”

Gaspng she asks, “How did you… Where did you learn to do that?”
“I learned it here. I haven't always been alone on this island.”

He goes over some ways to live undetected and when he finally feels like he can go he gives her one last look before leaving to go back to camp. If things couldn’t get better Conklin now is accusing him of what he really is doing on the island. Being brought to Reiter’s main tent.

Conklin holding the backpack upwards for Baron to see.

Baron just finishes back hands a man when he looks up to see Oliver and Conklin disturb him. “I don’t appreciate the intrusion gentlemen.”

Conklin holds up the backpack. “There is communications gear in here. We got ourselves a mole.”

“You believe it’s Mr. Queen?”

“Look we have been on this island for eight months without a single problem. He shows up and suddenly two guys find landmines and a bunch of drugs go missing.”

“Yea, Conklin, you got me. I didn’t wash up on shore after a boating accident. I parachuted in on a secret spy mission.”

“You want to die a liar that is fine by me.”

Oliver raises his hand as a whatever gesture. “Oh, that’s enough.”

“Enough! There more pressing matters at hand.” He pauses and then continues, “Perhaps you were focused more on external threats rather than witch hunts you would have caught this man spying us on the field.”

The man in question speaks, “No I wasn’t spying mate.” Baron wings a good punch to the man’s jaw. The man has blood in his mouth but yet is cocky.

“Any of you squabblers got a cigarette?”

Oliver asks, “Whose he?”

The man looking up at Oliver answers, “John Constantine. Says so on the business card your boss took from me.”

Back in Starling City, Tommy looks at the entrance of an autobody shop before making his presence know. He is in possession of a really badly beat-up motorcycle, he recalls how Oliver was talking to Felicity that once the bike is ready to make a journey back to his home city, he’d be ready to come home. The thought that if this Ducati was already in perfect working order his best friend after his latest adventure he’d come back.

There are some things in life that can’t be broken and, in his gut, his longtime friendship is just that. He personally feels vindicated that he now went to Hong Kong looking for his brother. He is alive and now back somewhere in the Pacific Ocean where all the tragedy began. He wishes he could do more but he promised Felicity not to look into any of this. Her words of telling him that these people
have no problem sending in a hitman, mercenary, or an assassin to tend to a problem. He really isn’t that good with technology so he takes her warning to heart.

That doesn’t mean that he can’t fix a bike or put effort into finding them a love nest. There be no way Felicity will move into the Queen mansion not after Moira pretty much barred her from any Queen establishment. He doubts Oliver will keep from seeing his now wife so finding them a place can be his task.

A short bald man looks at him as he walks into the shop.

“Need something buddy?”

“I heard this place is the best, very discreet, and gets miracles done.”

“Where you hear such bullshit?”

Tommy’s been a little more occupied then he thought when he took the key from Felicity. He didn’t just take the shipment into storage he may have spied; his best friends were a distance away living a life that now held his peak interest. Finding different arrays of arrows some put together but most unfinished. Notes of drug dealers in Oliver’s handwriting. Newspaper clipping of dead people due to a recent drug hitting the street. He has a list and bets Felicity had a hand in whatever Oliver is working on. His friends were unto something and well whatever it is he wants in. “Word on the street for the right price. Is that one of your boys dabbles in military upgrades on civilian toys.”

“Well whatever you heard…”

Tommy takes out an envelop and smoothly hands it to the man. In short order the man looks up at him and sees that the customer is serious.

“What do you want done?”

“Bike that needs an upgrade.”

They talk and Tommy gets to deal with the mechanic personally making sure before he leaves that this bike will be one of a kind and handled in the upmost secrecy as if whatever makes it special won’t ever make it to street level chatter. It’ll take some time and he’s fine with the deadline.

Getting into his Audi he pulls his phone out and lets out a chuckle as he has two missed texts. One from a brunette who is finally giving him a chance, and he can now sigh a breath of relief because even though he doesn’t have Oliver’s blessing he knows the man is totally involved with another.

The other text is to inform him about how hot the weather is and that she is fine which makes him shake his head and he texts back his usual be safe, miss you, before he deletes the texts and texts the first person if she wants to grab something to eat. Then just as simply makes a call to a realtor and begins the next project on his own to-do-list that’s sitting on the passenger seat. On the open little notebook there lies a list of things Thomas Merlyn wants to do. Right after number five of calling the realtor is making an appointment to the local Archery range.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter: Seeing Felicity living on a remote base. A look into John Constantine and Felicity’s little encounter. Oliver gets a crash course in magic.
Chapter 17

Chapter Summary

Oliver’s life on Lian Yu continues and how time flies on a remote island for Felicity.

Chapter Notes

John Constantine is on the island and his appearances in both Felicity and Oliver's world as magic becomes a real ailment in their lives now. They’ll both deal with magic differently because there is always a price.

See the end of the chapter for more notes
Looking at the British guy Oliver and Conklin look at the man as Reiter grabs a map that he took from the man. “He had this on his person as well.” Looking at Oliver, “Do you recognize these landmarks?”

“Yea.” Oliver says looking at the map.

“Good, whatever it is Mr. Constantine is looking for I want you to find it and bring it back to me.”

Conklin pipes up, “Oh! Come on you can’t trust him.”

“Then you can follow him.”

Constantine starts to sound out words what sounds like a prayer.

Conklin gets to sound happy as he looks at the man “What are you doing? You actually praying?”

“No, these aren’t prayers mate.” John looks up at Conklin and shows him his hands before throwing a punch. John knocks him down and Reiter reaches for gun when he pulls out one on Oliver. “Ah, ah, ah! In less you want to redecorate your lovely hunt with his brains I suggest you drop your weapon.” Reiter pulls back on the gun and extends his arms in show he won’t attack. Constantine whistle and adds, “On the floor.”

“You won’t escape this island.”

“I don’t intend on leaving just yet.” He grabs Oliver and heads out of the hut to a parked Humvee. Looking at Oliver out of the hut, “You really know the place on that map?”

“Yes.”

“You do?”

“Yes!”

“Good you’re going to show me.” He then shoots the tires of the other standby vehicle “Now drive!”

They drive a distance and John is surmising if the bloke is the husband of a certain blond he recently met. He decides to see what Oliver will take him before any talk will be had. Not trusting anyone who works with Baron Reiter just yet. He came here for something and he intends to get it. As Oliver stops the vehicle John tells him to get out. “You’re sure this is the place?”

“It’s the place.” Raising his arms and looking bewildered at the man holding the gun at him, “What’s going on, who are you?”

“How much do you know about what your boss is really doing on this island, mate?”

“He’s making drugs.”

That makes John chuckle. “If only. Your friend Reiter, he’s the dangerous sort.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“It means there are things on this island that bad people shouldn’t have access to.”

“Says the guy with a gun pointed at my head.”

“Ah. I’m not a bad guy.” He puts the gun down and tucks it into his pants. “A little hard scrabble,
Felicity can’t quite figure out what she is seeing but she is in total awe of the situation. Remembering the last leg of her travel in taking a small aircraft to a remote island and having a rather charming man keep her company. Maybe the British man who entertained her with cool stories and small talk of the world unseen. John Constantine held an air of mystery which somewhat bugged her slightly but she wasn’t interested in unraveling the man not when he has such a good ear in conversation. How her own words of her own life coming out to sound like science fiction but they had common goals on the island that held both their interests. She spoke of her husband and how he is roped into tending to a task against his will. His only irritation stemmed from not being able to light up a cigarette in an aircraft.

Meeting the British man is imprinted into her mind as he represents that there is so much out there in the world to see and do. It’s amazing to think that magic exists and not some tall tale written in books. His words stick with her as she understands completely about using knowledge as the best defense.

Thinking back to their encounter which brings an air of fantasy. It sure wasn’t a boring flight and time flew quickly and making a friend along the way is always a bonus.

John looks at her as he takes a sip of his drink, “Many think spells are the all-encompassing way to take down foes but I disagree.” He gives her a wink which makes her shake her head, “It’s the wit, being cunning, quick-thinking during fights, and vast knowledge of an opponent even allies that makes the difference.”

“So, no flashy magic say-a-mah-gig that stops an evil doer?”

“Never said magic doesn’t help. But the skills behind the man are often more useful than magical ones.”

“Good to know. If I ever have to deal with magic.”

He lets out a small huff in laughter, “Tis no shame to be rely on logic when its concrete. You see the world comprised of formulas and man-made facts. I see beyond the gray.”

They stop talking when the pilot comes over the intercom and tells the passengers that they’ll be descending and to make sure everything is secure for landing.
Exiting the small plane Felicity can feel the hot humid air she can already tell she’ll have to get use to some curls and frizz if she doesn’t apply hair serum. She looks at the passenger she had the fortune of sitting next to as he scans the area.

“Are you waiting on anyone?” he asks as he pulls a cigarette from his person.

“It seems we made it in good time.”

“My offer to show you the House of Mystery still stands.”

She gives him a sincere smile but counteroffers, “How about that little place…” she points at a sign she can’t read but it has a cup picture on the sign. “That baijiu place.” He agrees and they proceed to spend some time before he would head off to see on a boat.

The army men picking her up were brisk and right to the point of getting her to the location without any delay. Saying goodbye to her traveling companion is just fleeting as the men already tossed her one bag into a jeep. “Wow!” she mumbles before looking back at John.

“Friendly blokes, it is charming all the same good luck to you.”

“Same to you John, hope you find what you came for.”

They embrace quickly as the men already calling for her to enter the vehicle. Leaving John to become a memory. As she arrives to the base from a long tiring day of travels, she just wants to wash the grim off her skin and lay down and sleep.

They walk a few feet as John lights a placed wall lantern.

“I don’t understand. How did you…” John has his gun out as he moves it to signify for Oliver to move.

“Well, that’s the great thing about magic. Can’t be explained. There are places in this world as old as the world. Places of Nexus, draw bad people to them. This island is such place. It’s no accident that you’re here.”

The come across a plank with symbols.

“Let me guess… Do not enter.”

“More like, only for the pure of heart.” Shackling Oliver to a post. “That’s not you, mate.” He walks into the center of a cavern. “There you are, my pretty girl.”

“How do you know it’s a girl?” John looks at the man. “I can do that trick, too.”

Looking a little annoyed, “Clever boy. I’d usually be more artful, but I’m on something of a clock.” Grunts as he pulls the staff from the pillar. Oliver sees the falling defense of a trap heading for John and pulls the man to safety.
“I’m not a bad guy, either.” That is when John realizes the man is one and the same of line of short stories Felicity shared with him. As they head back to the outside world.

“As I said to a beauty, I had the pleasure of becoming an acquaintance to recently, magic is an ancient practice.” Smirking at the man beside him “As alluring as she is, she spoke so intriguingly of her old man. Damn bloke sounded perfect.”

“Okay.” Oliver says wondering where this is going.

“Hair of gold, ruby lips and a way of conversation that tethers in glorious innuendos.” John shakes his head, “She’s one of a kind mate, fiery spirit and also dabbles in technology. Though her husband she adores sounds like a sap. A real do-gooder”

Oliver wonders why he’s going on about this married woman which is piquing his interest because he also is married to a blond, feisty technology savvy woman. “Does she have a name?

“Her name literally means happiness.”

“No.” Oliver shakes his head. “She didn’t. She couldn’t…”

John looking amused at the emotions crossing this man’s face. “If you mean the lovely Felicity Smoak who might have blushed a bit adding Queen to the mix than yes her.”

“You met my wife? When? Where?”

“Come down cowboy. You Americans are all the same. Pushy and have endless questions.”

Oliver rolled his eyes but gave the man a ‘come on spill’ look.

“Defiantly your better half, we spent time coming to these dreary islands.”

“She is here?” Oliver looking at the man and holding his breath this place is too dangerous for her.

“Nah mate we parted ways after a few tales and a pint.”

Oliver visibly relaxes even though she is probably close by on another island right now he can live with that. They make it outside as they close the hatch.

“Thanks, mate. I owe you one.”

“What the hell is all this?”


“And, uh, what are you going to do with it?”

“Same as I do with all the other mystical objects, I find… I keep them in a safe place, away from the Baron Reiters of this world. Remember what I told you about this island, mate. This Reiter bloke is not only here for the narcotics. But then again, it’s not your problem, is it? Come back with me. I’ve got a boat on the southern shore.”

“You saw those people at camp.” Oliver shaking his head “I can’t leave them behind.” As much as he misses Felicity, he also knows how disappointed she’d be.

“Well, aren’t you the hero?” He guesses this man’s wife knows him well. A hero in training. “Your
wife surmised that you’d do what you can. It’s actually noble.”

Oliver gives the man another chuckle, the mention of his wife and being the hero, she’s believes him to be or that hero in training she’s let on about during their solid time in Coast City. Scoffing at what he is about to say. “I also can’t come back empty-handed. Conklin suspects me enough as it is.”

“Fair enough.” He uses the sharp exterior of the bumper to break the staff. “Here. Goons like Reiter, they’re only interested in the sparkly bits, anyway. The real power is in the spell. Here. Here, I’ll show you. Yateeka masaha la hasra laha watahseen hayda albaleed almodeef... Lift up your shirt, mate?”

“What?”

“Mah qoo-wat min aldaw alzalam.”

“What the hell did you just do?”

“I gave you some insurance against Reiter. And when the time comes, you’ll know how to use it.” He lets out a chuckle as Oliver looks at the tattoo. “It also helps with the parlor trick on a piece of parchment paper a certain blond will now believe with her eyes as well.”

“Do I even want to know?”

“Insurance that we have met. A promise now kept as we have crossed paths.” John extends his hand as he says, “Now, I believe, that concludes our business.”

Stammering his words before actually asking “I...I need you to punch me in the face.”

“Right. My, uh, escape attempt left a bruise, right? All right. I must warn you, I’ve got a hell of a right hook.”

She grasps the parchment paper. “I must be crazy, taking the words of a stranger to heart.” She implies to herself but still takes the folded paper and begins to unwrap it hoping for the impossible. She just lets out a gasp at what she sees.

The parchment paper comes alive before her eyes as a unique 3d map is practically dancing in front of her and just as suddenly it changes to become like any other map she’s seen. “Magic is real!” She excitedly exclaims then shortly after she hears a bang on the wall. “Sorry.” Her neighbors aren’t as vocal as she is.

Seeing peaks of mountains and water lines that end in a lake she just lets out a surprised “Whoa” then after a long period of time she isn’t really paying attention the picture starts to fade but she can still see the object of her worries briefly before everything vanishes.

Folding the paper up and just placing it on dinette table before her she is in total shock. John Constantine is a true enigma; she is truly grateful to him. His words were not an empty promise as he showed her a trick as symbols appeared on his forearm in her mind, she believed he just removed some makeup placed upon his skin covering an old tattoo but it really is magic.
She undresses to take a shower to begin her nightly ritual so she can start another long day again tomorrow. Every day feels longer than the next as she gathers intel but it leads nowhere because any and all information is on that dreaded island and she is a few miles away. Unclasping the necklace, she starts wearing just before leaving Starling to come here, she turns to adjoining room where her cot and a dinette table with two chairs are.

Felicity feels like one more peek at the map will bring her anxiety down and she takes a few small steps grabbing the paper and is in front of one the only mirrors in her quarters that is when she finally notices a small symbol glowing. Her fingers touch the smooth skin nothing feels different but as soon as she releases the map and necklace onto the little dining table the glow stops. She doesn’t understand what this means but she is told magic does have a price. It’s still so puzzling even though seeing is believing her logical mind just frets over the possibility.

Maybe it isn’t wise to keep looking at the map just because it is doable in her private quarters away from prying eyes. It’ll need to be more specific reasons because tempting fate isn’t something, she is willing to do. Not when its Oliver’s life in the balance. One thing is for sure she hasn’t and will not inform anyone of Constantine’s presence. Knowing that upon John meeting with Oliver the map magically came alive.

This gives her a peace of mind she has so been needing. Now laying on the cot her thoughts of the intriguing map brings a vision surely it means her husband is alive and that is a totally good thing as she moves her head on the pillow that faintly holds the cologne he uses. She can sleep soundly tonight. A smile crosses her lips she would have loved to see that exchange, John placing a tattoo on her husband must have been an interesting sight.

Chapter End Notes

next chapter: Felicity will decide to head to Lian Yu sneaking out of A.R.G.U.S. protection. Oliver deals with a fallout of betraying Reiter especially by Conklin. Thanks for reading!
Chapter 18

Chapter Summary

This chapter is just to push the story to where Felicity has reason to go to Lian Yu. Oliver has been found out and is in the hands of the enemy. Dire need of help as his body is in a fevered state and his mind compensating within a hallucination.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

“Frack, frack, frak…” hitting the desktop as she sighs “…Frak!” She looks at the screen again not expecting any changes and lets out another sigh. Well if things are going this unwell for her, she
hopes her husband is faring better. It’s been seven weeks without hearing his voice. She misses him so much. Their anniversary looming in a barely two weeks from now.

It’s terrible that she manages to use a stuffy military issued pillow as her comfort. Having his favorite cologne imported just so she can miserably imagine him near. She hopes no one notices the masculine scent when she drags herself into this control room to observe yesterday’s satellite feed.

It’s usually the same area shots. Loads of trees and military camouflage obscuring any good views of Reiter’s compound. Some views of the fields where she knows there is an amount of enslaved workforce that deserves their freedom but being in a Chinese’s territory A.R.G.U.S. has to tread carefully.

She calls it a night and waits for Craig to come by and escort her off this facility to a base a mile away. For a small island there is sure is a lot of traveling. She misses simple things like taking a bath, good wine, and her favorite ice cream. As much as those things are missed, they really are just conveniences that are gratifying but unlike indulging of the body and mind there is a man she flew all this way to make sure he is more than just okay. He doesn’t deserve to be thrown into this situation head on without some sort agreement her husband isn’t some toy soldier for special military force to use at will. He still carries the weight of what happened in Hong Kong. One of the many reasons he isn’t ready to go home to his family. A persistent ache in her chest and gut is telling her that he is in a world of trouble. This Reiter character is mysterious which makes him an unknown kind of danger.

When Craig shows up, he knocks and takes her out of her thoughts. He’s actually not the worst of company and has helped in keeping some overeager lonely men from approaching her.

“Ready to go?”

She nods as she grabs her stuff and heads to leave with him.

“Learn anything new?”

“Nothing of relevance to Reiter if that is what you’re asking?”

“Suppose it is a good thing Waller’s pet project keeps you busy.”

She is bored in her quarters especially with nothing to do and she doesn’t feel like rereading any books she brought with her so she decides to go for a walk check out the security of the place do anything other than stare at an empty piece of paper. It seems the map only lasts for as long as it needs to and then is only accessible after at descent amount of its last use. Magic is so fussy.

Exiting through the front door of where she is staying slowly waking and looking at where the camera feeds are. She makes it to the next door that leads back into the structure when she hears a voice, “This is an unauthorized venture out of the building.” Looking at the man she has been working with she sighs as Craig continues, “What do you think you are doing?”

“I… I just need some air.”

He looks at her like it’s the most unbelievable thing in the world.

“What? Can’t somebody just need fresh air?” She rolls her eyes. “I also don’t need a babysitter.” She gathered all the information she needed tonight and if need arises, she’ll know how to leave the camp and make her journey to Lian Yu.
“Sure, whatever but so you know. Security paged me when your badge left your room. They have a strict policy here I suggest we get you back into your quarters for the night.”

“Are you sure it’s not a jail cell?”

It’s his turn to roll his eyes as he helps trek her back to her room for the night.

“I have walked to the fishing docks just a quarter of a mile from here why is the nighttime so different?” She knows tonight is different for her getting the setup of areas, minding every corner that has a security camera. Tonight, she will graph and plan a way to slip through and get herself on the dreaded island without much hassle when the need arises.

“Less people on guard. Now go rest that pretty little head of yours and leave the big boys to keep you safe.”

The next day…

Oliver is standing within a circle of men. Conklin happily whipping Oliver in the back. Until his tattoo glows and Baron Reiter stops the attack against Oliver. After everything Oliver places a gun under his chin as Conklin tells him he can’t run.

“I’m not running.” Holding the nozzle tightly against his chin.

“He’s bluffing” Conklin dismisses what Oliver is doing.

“Reiter, I can help you find what you need. In one condition.”

“What do you want?”

“I want Taiana safety.” Taiana looks at him lost. “So long as she is alive, I’ll cooperate.”

Conklin disgusted, “He is manipulating you.” As Baron walks forward. Conklin keeps talking, “What do you think he has been doing this whole time? You give him what he wants he is going to turn on you?”

“Do we have a deal or not?” Baron nods and Oliver gives up the gun.

Baron speaks to his men, “Take them both to prison.”

“You can’t trust him.”

“Remember Conklin there is no part of my plan that requires you to be alive.”

For weeks she’s been working and living in undisclosed A.R.G.U.S. bunker before given the green light to travel to this remote island. She is really sick of the ominous clothing she’s stuck wearing.
Not wanting to be flashy in jeans and cute blouses she’s taken to authorized military fashion. How exciting her life has become? Yet, still missing the man she wants more than anything to be reunited with.

Getting daily briefings of no news but what satellite imaging has captured has reached its course to make her grumble. Probably why the transfer to an island only few miles from Lian Yu is granted shortly after her dispute with a leading official. This initiative for Waller has taken a large chunk of her time. Creating programs that are turned into live scenarios as a few soldiers start to assemble and train it may have been cool to see the fruit of her labor be realized if her mind wasn’t stuck on Oliver’s welfare.

Hopefully John got what he wanted from that dreaded island. Lying upon the cot and observing that her husband has been stagnant for so long makes her worry. Just as she’s about to fold the parchment and put away the paper to get some shut eye she sees a wavy line and a tiny shark’s dorsal fin.

“What?” she looks at how it disappears and a light skull takes its place she’s sits up on the mattress and feels a dread over take her. Is Oliver okay? Her heart is racing as thoughts of the man she loves is attacked by what appears to be a shark. Why is he in the water?

It always freaks her out when he gets close to any signs that probably represent death throughout the moving map. She might have to give him a talking to about his risk assessment that leads her to gasp in horror. Even if she encourages him to be that man who takes risks, their whole vigilante in training is proof of that she doesn’t want to see him hurt. Maybe when he comes back home, they can talk about all this.

Today she doesn’t go to work on the base as her mind reels in how she needs to get to Lian Yu. Planning on using the knowledge she’s collected on this base to make a getaway in the early morning hours.

They walk to where there are prison cells.

“Chinese used this island as a prison. Bet you didn’t know that. Said being sentenced here was worse than any hell. I guess I’ll have to see if I give those Chinese a run for their money.” Opening up a cell door for Tiana to help Oliver enter another guard pointing a gun at them both.

Tiana helps on cleaning the wounds on Oliver’s back. While Oliver is in a deep state of shock on his body do to his injuries. He doesn’t know he’s hallucinating as Baron Reiter is electrocuting him. Within his mind it all stops as arrows fly around the prison and kill some man including Reiter. As he looks up, he sees a familiar presence and when the hood is pulled back, he sees Shado.

Her smile the way he remembers it as she states, “Hello Oliver, it’s good to see you again.” Watching her come down to where he is and unshackling him, he asks, “Mae?”

“Shado.”

He can’t believe it. “Shado is dead.”

“I know; you’re having a vision. The results of your injuries” Oliver looking around.

“You are not real.”
“No. But what I come to tell you is.”

“What have you come to tell me?”

“You need to forgive yourself for what you have done.”

“Unfortunately, you’re going to have to be a little more specific.”

“You had the chance to leave this island, return to your family. They miss you terribly.”

“Can’t go back to my family. Not the way I am now. I’m trying to get there. I have someone who is making it worthwhile.”

“Then it’s time to start changing.”

She grabs a small satchel and places some first aid supplies and an extra pair of male clothes just in case Oliver will need them. Totally determined to find him. She is not going to sit by and let her imagination get the best of her. Sneaking out of the base isn’t an easy feat. Luckily the overuse of technology plays in her favor as she bypasses certain security spots. Now she’s leaning against a post waiting for some men on duty to walk away from their spots so she can hightail it into the woods.

Seeing her chance, she makes a run for it and keeps going until she gets to that trail that leads to the local fishermen’s port. Security on this base is light right before dawn as the shift changes but it doesn’t mean that they aren’t vigil. One thing she has learned from Oliver is to be aware of her surroundings even though half the time she spaces out when she is comfortable in his zone. Knowing he’ll keep her safe.

It’s what made their time in Coast City special, they were just a couple in love not worrying about some virus, being restrained by a secret military operation, or just plainly staying alive. Even with the drug addiction she fancies being near him, touching him is a really good bonus and how he makes her feel… like a schoolgirl having the best crush ever as they could find themselves having some great make-out sessions. Everything between them runs so smoothly even when they aren’t on the same page. It’s surprising how well they mesh and the underlining respect for one another.

She’s never felt this undeniable trust for another person like she has placed with him. Her time recovering from months of being under a psychologist’s thumb of being told she isn’t alright and clearly delusional. Not even her friend Tommy who tried being there for her understood how much pain it is to believe in her dreams of his dead best friend.

The fog lifting as Oliver’s words of encouragement and finding he has this huge heart standing by her as Felicity begins to heal. It surely isn’t a pleasurable experience but luckily having warm arms to fall into as he whispers that she isn’t alone, he is here every part of the way. That when she truly can sense a shift within herself as all the while getting to know her husband in the process. Love isn’t a big enough word for what she feels for him.

It’s strange how a trip with a friend to go across the ocean to look at a log-in information on an email in Hong Kong location could lead her life in a new direction. How her life became some sort of action movie where she gladly did some bizarre stunts to save her husband and family friend. Not in
a million years would she ever think this could be her life. A life she wants with him more than anything else. Yet, Felicity can pinpoint just one freak out moment in their relationship when he brought up the conversation on kids.

He calmly listened to her babbles that sounded a lot like a mix of distraught sounds. It shows her the in-depth realization of the man he is. Her mind forgetting all she knows of the Ollie Queen of Starling City and a.k.a. best friend to Tommy ‘let’s paint the town red’ Merlyn.

Coming into his bed at that one special night in Hong Kong where she met him, she thought nothing would compose itself other than being another notch on his bedpost and maybe that would have been the case if Maseo didn’t barge into the room and cement Oliver into declaring his marriage. Talk about a playboy losing his way. She meant nothing to him and yet he risked his life for her.

“Don’t you think it’s wise to talk about it now?” he mumbles against her neck as she’s comfortably wrapped to his side on the large couch as their barely paying any attention to the show on the TV.

She groans, “But… I’m not ready.”

“It usually happens to those who are especially not ready.” He’s just stroking her hair as he hears her rumble in protest.

“We are still on year one of my five-year plan. So…”

He pushes them upward and her comfortable spot is now gone as he gets them into a sitting position. Her protest of little whiny grunts is heard but he ignores it.

“You’ve mentioned this five-year plan and now I’m curious on what it means. What does it mean? Where do I stand?” He can see how uncomfortable this is making her. Her eyes dart anywhere else but, on his face, as he’s regarding her. “Do you want children?” He hears her sigh. Though he isn’t going to let this go without more prodding. He wants kids with her. Not right this moment. He wants to live in the land of the living and not hide like they are doing. Having a child would impact their Coast City lifestyle. He’d have to be reinstated into society as Oliver Queen, he’s legally pronounced dead to the world.

After a quiet moment between them she answers, “I’ve never really thought about it before you.” She doesn’t want to look at his disappointment but it seems he isn’t going to let this go. “In Hong Kong I wasn’t happy or excited with the prospect of being pregnant.” She can see the info she’s giving him is starting to take hold. “You sent me away. I didn’t want to leave you.” Now that she’s speaking the words find themselves, “I stopped mattering the moment you thought… The moment you thought I was carrying your child, he or she mattered more than what I needed.” Felicity is off the couch she doesn’t need to see what society already plasters all over on his face. “Never mind it really doesn’t matter, I just thought… I just never planned on being a mom.”

He lets her go for now. Letting her go in Hong Kong was a mistake even though the whole outbreak and seeing two people he came to care for break apart as he already broke up his own world. She had amnesia. She got to live in a world who didn’t believe her and he gets a chill thinking of what if he didn’t come back. She’d think she was crazy. Now what if she doesn’t ever want to have kids? It’ll be something they’ll have to also talk about. Getting up from the couch he goes to their room where she’s staring at a picture of the Yamashiros with them in it.

“I can’t believe Akio is really gone.”

“Yea.” He says from the threshold into the room as he’s now thinks back to their little buddy.
“Oliver it’s not that I don’t want to have your baby. I’m just…”

“Not ready.” He takes a few steps to slide on the bed beside her. “Honey I’m not ready either.”

“You’re not?”

He lets out a breath he didn’t think he is holding. “Felicity, in all honesty, I’m not at the place to be a dad even without this 5-year plan you so admirable made for yourself. I’m dead to the world. If it weren’t for that baby commercial the thought of babies wouldn’t have entered my mind to ask you a few moments ago about adding to our family.”

“So…”

He can see her about to change the subject he’s learned the signs and cuts her off because this subject is important especially with their lifestyle and how they really are like bunnies not just in the bedroom. “Felicity, seriously honey don’t you think this subject is important it’s not like we are celibate.” He hears her huff as she turns the picture over and places back on the nightstand.

“We were and I hated it.”

“You know that was as hard for me as it was for you.” Taking her hand “But it was worth it. We survived.” Kissing her palm. “And… If one day you do get pregnant, I’m all in. I guess this is what I wanted to say since that baby showed up on the TV screen.”

“Oh, I just presumed…” she stops mid-sentence not wanting to tell him that she feared he wants to father a child immediately even when she isn’t ready.

“Presumed?” he slips his hand from hers but places both his hands on her face tilting it gently so he can look into her eyes. “I wouldn’t coerce you into such a life altering decision.” Her hand finds his to intertwine she guesses he is right to bring this topic up. She’s totally embarrassed but the way he is looking at her as if little things like this are natural. “Having a baby with you would make me the happiest man alive and that is only because it’ll be our baby.”

Felicity turns to him, “I’m sorry that I put that on you, and the thing about Hong Kong I know you wanted what was best…”

“Felicity, I’m not going to ever apologize about wanting to keep you and any envisioned child safe. But I do understand the undercurrent of your words. Believe me if I wasn’t so in love with you where the thought of you dying would just be another day, I could muster pretending but you’ve become my whole world. I love you.” Those words still ring through her mind. She believes him and believes in their love. There is no way she won’t travel to that island and make sure he is okay. He is her whole world.

Dawn is less than an hour away and as she reaches where the fisherman is expected to meet her, she gets pulled back into the shadows. Her heart is racing. The fear amassing as this moment brings her back to the boat incident that left her with amnesia. She doesn’t let out a scream as a gloved hand is resting over her mouth. The fight in her starts to take hold as she pushes back and ready to stand her
ground against this perpetrator.

“It’s me. Calm down.”

“What the hell?” she turns to her assailant. “Craig!”

“Hey, you’re the one who instigated all this, your tracker went live the moment you left your room.” Damn she thinks so A.R.G.U.S. has put a secondary tracking on her.

“You’ve been following me?”

He shrugs.

“I’m not going back.”

“I figured that much.” Looking at where the man is pulling his fishing gear onboard. “What exactly are you doing?”

“I’m going to Lian Yu.”

“Let me rephrase that. What exactly is your plan? Because heading to an island with well-armed men is pretty stupid.”

“I’m not worried about Shadowspire.”

“Really? The way I see it.” He hears her sigh. “You’re a civilian who could put Waller’s operation in jeopardy.”

“How exactly?”

“Isn’t the reason Waller is using your husband is for his extent knowledge of the island?” She nods. “What would your husband do if he saw you?” She gives him a whatever look. “He would refrain from completing his mission.”

“You aren’t going to change my mind.”

“Why are you so stubborn?”

“Why are you such a jerk?”

“Being a jerk doesn’t get people killed not like some rabid woman who feels she can just waltz around and snap her fingers.”

Her index finger just pokes his chest. “I am going to help my husband.”

“No.” He swaps her hand away. “I am going to help the idiot who married you. This way you don’t mess things up.”

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter: Felicity finds herself in a world of trouble. The harshness of reality as she tries to survive Lian Yu. The island really is purgatory. (Also warning: next chapter will have some Graphic Depictions Of Violence.)
Also: I'm using Zach McGowan as inspiration for Craig! He's done some characters that are noteworthy.
Chapter 19

Chapter Summary

Felicity and Craig are on Lian Yu. Tommy is still looking for a suitable home for his friends as he starts to work his way into the world of the unknown vigilantism.

Chapter Notes

There is forced violence in this chapter so be forewarned.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.
It's a beautiful morning in Starling, the sunlight hits off the high-rise windows just right but the place just doesn't have the vibe he's looking for. He isn't looking for a bachelor pad like the realtor most likely assumes. The place isn't even for him but he won't tell the man that. Nothing like telling a stranger on commission that he's looking for a place for his dead best friend and his wife whom he adores. That would be bought up by the tabloids and they'll say he is crazy by association, how his petite friend turned him into a loon. He doesn’t need to look to far to know his father would have his mental stability checked out. Yea, he isn't going to be foolish enough to say anything to different than what people expect from a trust fund baby.

“We can keep looking Mr. Merlyn.”

“Yes, let’s do that.” Tommy looks at the realtor as they leave the property.

“They do have that new construction going on after that mill fire. Luxury condominiums are set to be built there.”

“Do you have any building plans to the place?”

“I can get them and meet up with you.”

Tommy nods at the man and they part ways. Grabbing his phone to call the beautiful archery instructor he’s just recently been seeing. He has to admit he thought the whole thing was ridiculous at first. Archery has actually been a hoot. At the first ring tone she answers.

“You don’t waste any time, do you?”

“How could I? Not when an elite gold metal Olympian star is showing me the ropes.” After a good amount of learning from the owner and then meeting this woman who actually makes archery lessons interesting.

“Flattery… gets you everything.”

“Dinner with me tonight?”

She lets out a chuckle as she responds, “And how will that improve your aim?”

“It’ll probably make it worse but who can say no to good food and wine?”

“Well if you say it in those terms, no way I can say no.” Her laughter contagious as the plans are discussed. She is very attractive, single, and he is tired of the run around with a barrister who can’t make the time for him.

They trek a few miles into the island being careful of any traps or landmines. Felicity rests against a large boulder as Craig who has seemly been quieter since they’ve arrived.

“You didn’t need to come. As you can see, I have a map and I would have…”

“A map you haven’t even looked at.” He is looking at her suspiciously.
“I memorized a good chunk.”

“Ah hum.” Not buying what she is saying. She’s been to reserved and that already tells him that she is onto something. “You live to gather intel and yet have nothing to say.”

“Nothing concrete. I just know I need to be here.” She shrugs because a part of that is true, she knows she needs to find her husband who is injured.

“I know you think beyond any of this is just a drug operation that Reiter has set up but haven’t actually spoken a word to anyone of your suspective theories.”

“I have nothing to add.”

His words next surprise her, “How much do you know about magic?”

She gives a weak laugh thinking of parlor tricks she has ever seen. Craig has been there seeing how she’s processed things from the shadows sometimes catching him observing her when she thought she is alone. Giving some of it away that she doesn’t trust this man but then she answers as truthfully as she can. Trying to act as if this question is out of the blue with her response, “Just what I learned in Vegas and not that there is such a thing like real magic. Because real magic doesn’t exist.”

He nods but already surmised she is lying. She knows something. “It exists. Things outside your perfect little manicured life.”

“Why do you…”

“Because you’re a princess who happens to be really smart. It makes you more dangerous.”

“Excuse me?”

“You heard me. All you do is gather information and then relay it never having to do the dirty work.” He gives her a dubious look. “Then you prance around being a tease and snap at us guys when you’ve gathered the so-called unwanted attention.”

She’s baffled because the innuendos by him stopped weeks ago but she tells him, “I’m wearing military attire and not broadcasting anything. You’re just a chauvinist jerk.”

“I for one have expressed interest.”

“Not interested, even so I’m married.” Felicity is looking at how his demeanor is changing.

“I find you pleasing to the eyes even though you think too much for my taste. I could see you on your knees relieving any tension between us.”

“It’s not going to happen.”

She’s off the boulder and walking back onto the path. She rolls her eyes as she hears his comment. “Your husband isn’t here to satisfy your needs.” She thinks to herself that this jerk wouldn’t be able to satisfy anyone with his egotistic attitude anyways. “I’m talking to you.” And with her continuing to walk away she feels her body jerk back as he grabs her. “I’m talking bitch.” She stumbles and falls onto a light brush of windblown leaves. He’s is looking at her and she can’t make out what he is thinking. Her fingers move around her back for any sort of weapon. “Shit!” He says angrily. She can see how he’s looking at her and then he takes his environment into play before speaking again, “I…” he pauses slightly but then continues, “We need to move. Give me the map.”
“I’m not going anywhere with you.”

“Felicity don’t be stupid. You’d never survive out here by yourself.”

“I can make do. Just go back to the pickup site. Leave.”

“I’m sorry I can’t do that.” He then ends all pretenses as he adds, “Not when Reiter gets wind of you. Your mind may be what he needs.”

She knew deep down as her gut warned that there is something off with this scum bag. “You work for…”

“Shadowspire. It’s a lucrative endeavor.”

“You’ve been playing Waller?”

“Oh, sweet cheeks I had you in the palm of my hand half the time.”

“I always had a feeling especially with your certain questions regarding the island.”

He shrugs. He looks around the forest where there are light footpaths along the way. “Yet here we are. Now give me the map!”

“No!”

He doesn’t ask again as he takes the folded paper out of her hand. Unwrapping it and being surprised at the blankness. “What the…”

She steps away and knowing a trick of her own decides this is the moment. “Maybe so but I never trusted you. As Constantine worded it Zama de Ne oomf da” As she says that she sees the map he took from her glow and he hits the ground unconscious. “Whoa, I owe John a huge thank you!”

““I must say Tommy; this wine is exquisite.”

He raises his cup and she follows suit. “To good food and delightful company.” Clinking their cups together before they take a sip.

“You really know how to make a girl feel welcome.”

“Does that mean you’ll teach me some of those tricks?”

“The night is still young. Who knows? There is an archer in you.”

“Dirty talk before dessert, hmm this night can’t get any better.”

“Why don’t we get out of here.” At her suggestion he already indicates to the waiter for the check. When he sees an old buddy. He thumbs his finger to a couple that just walked in.

“I see an old friend let me just go say hi and then we can skedaddle.” She nods and he winks at her before heading to his friends table. As he is in the midst of a conversation, he hears his name and as
he turns, he sees Moira and her husband Walter. After a quick hug to Moira and a firm handshake to Walter he leaves them to return to his date.

“You seem like a popular fella tonight.”

He shrugs but puts out his arm for her to take. “Let’s get out of here.”

“Lead the way.”

“When you draw the bow string back, your elbow will need to be level with your shoulder in order to maintain this balance in your hand. Your wrist should never be forced to flex during the process, and you should keep as much pressure as possible out of your arm muscles.” She tells Tommy as she’s looking up at him. The last blanket on the bed now barely covering them.

“Any more pointers or can I finally kiss you again?”

“If you can master archery like how you…” her words swallowed mid-sentence as his lips have her forgetting any eligible words once again. Showing her a great time before her departure to go back to archery competitions in Australia.

He’s keeping busy with adding tasks of seeing the city in a different light. Who knew there is a whole undercurrent of illegal activities just in reach? His pampered lifestyle keeps him from such discoveries. When he wants some action like drugs there are always someone within his circle but he never takes the time to connect the dots. Not until now.

Being a spoiled rich boy has held him on some pedestal away from the darkness just festering around his feet. The underworld of Starling is wild and he begins taking note of some of the more despicable things. He believes his friends are onto something. Maybe learning to protect himself in a more earnest way. His father always has him thrown into some rather indulgent self defense quips as tutors of these arts spent time with him. He didn’t put that much effort in but now maybe enhancing his physique would be wise.

There are at least two people who he sees as a good investment in teaching him to get his body honed and maybe start looking to the underbelly of the city without rousing suspicion because he may be interested but he is no fool to think he can do any of this alone.

Taking the time to register that he wants this after snooping around Felicity and Oliver’s stuff he sees a picture of some sort of vigilantism. It all sounds like science fiction but he really is intrigued and so far, it has brought a sense of self awareness and complete need to find something more to his life than coasting along.

Felicity hikes as fast as she can until she finds herself on a high point off a cliff. Fortunately, she isn’t
running or it would have not ended well. Looking down as little pebbles fall off the side to an abyss of what looks like a jungle. She gulps as she moves back a few steps. There is no way to cross this canyon. Looking around the very dense forest she takes out the map and with a steady breath opening to discover that she isn’t too far from where she wants to be. Her husband still hasn’t moved from his spot. She hopes he’s just resting and not dying. She needs to get to him.

She sees the enclosure on the map where Oliver must be in. The place just a few miles east from here but she needs to be on the other side. Luckily, she remembers there is a broken log that crosses the river she passed. Heading back to continue her journey. She knows this is all so crazy. Life isn’t an action film with reality not being so forgiving, going to have to chance it and play some sort of hero. Knowing Craig must already be on her trail her movements are hurried and she frets now that she just put Oliver in more danger.

She finally can hear Craig’s taunts clearer and she makes her way to getting to the spot she needs to be. His verbal animosity only getting worse until complete silence and she can feel his eyes on her. Not knowing where he is. A fear envelops her and keeps her on the edge. That when she sees him it’s too late. He runs at her and within minutes is brought down to her knees. Her face being held against the ground with his foot.

“You! Feisty bitch.” He’s wrapping her hands together with the rope he brought along, “I’m am going to enjoy gutting you.” Pushing her upward to stay on her knees. He’s looking at her with some sort of pity. A bruise on her face already darkening as he traces his fingers down her dirty face. She moves her head to the side away from his fingers which makes him chuckle. “I fantasized about you.”

“You’re just sick.”

He brings her face up with a strong hold as his licks his lips. Her foot finds his ankle as she hits down hard. It gets him to move his hand off her chin quickly and suddenly backhands her. With such force she easily falls to the side. “Never met a woman who put up such a fight.” She sneers but refrains from commenting. She rolls to a sit-up position as he moves to tower over her. Grabbing her by her shirt bringing her up towards him just as suddenly letting her drop and being satisfied at how she lands hard and is muddled before him.

“There is no one here to help you.”

“I’m not the one that needs help.” That gets him to let out a disturbing laugh that has some birds fly off in fright. The sun’s rays barely make it to where they are but even with how afraid she is Felicity isn’t going to make anything easy for this creep. He begins to untie his belt as his eyes hold hers. She’s begins to move back and it only brings a leer to his face. Within moments he has her just under him as his knees hold her down.

She feels like a ragdoll as he easily maneuvers her unto this position. Pulling out a blade to effortlessly slice at her military camisole to his liking. Enjoying the sight of her palpitating chest. Her quivering body under him a turn on. His hand squeezing one breast through her simple cotton brassiere. He wants more as he pulls down on the trousers she wiggles around now as his weight is slightly off. Raising his hand to slap her once more she moves her elbow to cover her face.

“Stop struggling and it be all over.”

“No!” she yells out “No. Get off me.” She moves her tied hands to hit him and he grabs them easily untying the knot and bringing her hands behind her back as he ties them tighter, he has no problem jerking the gold ring off her finger. Satisfied at how she is looking lost now.
“A wedding ring?” He places it in his pocket. “How quaint. So that husband of yours actually did claim your worthless hide.” He is showing how thrilled he is now as he enjoys the view. “All those moments you were zoned out looking at Baron Reiter’s operation.” He pulls his zipper down “You never noticed me in the corner observing.” Felicity’s moves inches backwards as he’s towering over her undressing and her back is now against a tree, she lets her eyes scan the area before looking up at a man devoid of reason.

“You don’t have to do this.”

“Don’t I?”

“Craig please just…”

“Craig this! Craig that! Always so demanding well now it’s my turn.” He’s reaching for her.

Legs dart up hitting him hard against his crotch enough for him to waiver back. Using the branch under her for leverage to grab as her foot kicks a rotten log he is using for some balance and it moves helping her enough as he trips on some tree roots making him fall and being somewhat entangled within his own clothing. She knows this move will turn him violent so she’s up and moving from his reach.

Darting to where the log is reaching deep across the river and needing to be on the other side to continue her quest. Unable to use her hands to move past branches she shoves onward using her body and she can feel some branches whipping back at her harshly. Stopping to catch her breath as she lets out a cry as one of the branches inflicts pain. It’s just too much exertion but she pushes on moving using her torso to progress further through thick bushes knowing her exposed skin is being whittled. She hears him cursing her name not far behind but enough to give her some leeway. Reaching the old log, she places one step and it moves slightly so she carefully placing the other foot inching forward as she feels the wind on her back carrying enough strength to drive her forward almost into the river if she isn’t steady. Making it half way with no idea where her attacker is.

She decides it is better to begin a sprint to cross when Craig jumps at her tumbling them both into the fast pace water. At first, she tries to move her arms with no avail. She is powerless in this situation as the forceful current pushes her in various circles luckily hitting no jagged rocks. As she barely has her head out of the water, she encounters Craig and he latches his body around hers as his hands force her under. He means to drown her before he looks to escape this wretched circumstance. Hitting a shallower pocket their bodies suspend there a few minutes. He isn’t pushing her under anymore as she’s against a boulder and he’s pressed up on her. Her chest exposed to him and it seems his idea to finish her can wait until he’s had his fill. She doesn’t wait as her head smacks against his and that yanks them from the swell as their bodies are back freely moving with the current.

Before his latest capture she knows that there is no more running room from the cliff’s edge nearby meaning the waterfall is coming she embraces herself against his frame as the water moves sporadically and off, they go downwards rapidly as millions of gallons of water propel them into a deep trench of water at the basin.

Craig must have let go of her bag when he flew at her that it passes them on its course into a large gulf of water. Her scream against his torso nulled by the roar of the rushing water.

She loses him as he is also overwhelmed deep underwater and she luckily sees some light and progresses upwards before her lungs have her gasping for air. She pants as she emerges from her turmoil finding her backpack as a floatation device and begins peddling her legs to the closest shore.
Reaching the rocky cove, she doesn’t stop to see if Craig is near as she takes off towards where Oliver is.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter:

Oliver is with Shado but wakes to a possibility of a new fevered dream as he sees the eyes of the woman he loves. Felicity has found what she’s looking for at some price.
Chapter 20

Chapter Summary

Oliver is with Shado but wakes to a possibility of a new fevered dream as he sees the eyes of the woman he loves. Felicity has found where she needs to be. Baron Reiter has a price he sees fit for the Queens.

Chapter Notes

Felicity and Oliver are finally together sharing a nice cell with a roommate.

See the end of the chapter for more notes
Oliver knows he is having a hallucination unfortunately this island has taught him that when the body is over-stressed the mind overcompensates so hopefully his body is healing or his is doomed. Letting his mind bring Shado into the mix is a bittersweet occurrence and he is going to ride it out.

Shado telling him it’s time to start changing and he listens for the lesson his mind is trying to teach him. She continues, “The only way out is through, Oliver.”

“That is what Amanda Waller said.” Looking at Shado he asks, “Through what?”

“Through your own darkness. Let it go.” He shakes his head in turmoil.

“I don’t know how.”

“Then I will teach you.” Leaving him to nod yes. As they setup both looking at each other with their eyes closed. These moments happened frequently when Shado was alive teaching him basic survival. He owes her a lot and using her in this hallucination helps his mind ease itself as all the teachings of the past just are easier to handle. “Your darkness is guilt. You have taken many lives. Life of your love’s brother most recently.”

Oliver shakes his head still keeping his eyes closed as he lets out, “I… I’m not in love with Taiana.” Not every woman that helps him is someone he already needs to love. He’ll need to understand why his mind went there later if he still remembers this ordeal. Hopefully he’ll be safe and in the arms of the woman he truly loves.

“She helped you recover the maps of the Amazo. She’s nursing you back to health and all she received from you in return is a lie.” Now Oliver doesn’t respond because he knows deep down his self-conscience is playing the devil advocate. Somehow, he feels another presence that is giving him strength. He doesn’t love Taiana because he loves another. He owes Taiana nothing, he knows he did his best to protect her and yes, he killed her brother but not willingly. Her brother gave him no choice as he fought to survive. He will tell her that he is the responsible party of Vlad’s death because he needs to do what is right. He feels something being place in his hand. Shado’s voice tells him “Open your eyes.” And he sees a rock with inscribed symbols.

“What’s this?” and as quickly Shado disappears making him look around his surroundings. He feels a pull to awaken but a voice he trusts tells him she’s there. He says some words but allows sleep to overtake him.

His eyes drift slightly open as he’s been feeling fingers smoothly go through his hair even lightly scraping his scalp. Awaking slowly. Leaving Shado behind he isn’t sure what craziness is waiting for him. Adjusting to seeing what he supposes is a figment of his imagination.

“Fa, Fa…”

“Shh. Yes, it’s me Felicity.” Looking at the woman who was introduced to her as Taiana Venediktov that is sharing a cell with them and motions for a glass of water. Taiana grabs the water jug and proceeds to fill it handing it over to Oliver’s wife.

“Here. Take a sip of water it will help a little.” She raises his head as he takes a gulp and gives the other woman the cup back. “I’m here baby. You’re going to be okay.”

“Dreaming?”
She kisses his forehead happy it’s not as hot as when he was running a fever. “Rest Oliver, you’ll need your strength.” It doesn’t take much as he closes his eyes and falls back into a fitful slumber. Her fingers slowly relaxing against his scalp letting him sleep in peace.

“He trusts you.”

Felicity looks at the woman and firmly nods.

“Here in this horrible island trust is not easily found, some will help then the next moment they shamelessly give you up. This man has saved me twice.”

“He has a big heart.”

“Yes, he is a good man. My brother would have liked him.”

“Is he on this island?”

“He is dead, Conklin killed him.”

“Oh, I’m sorry.”

“Before I was a prisoner on this island I was working on a yacht as a dive instructor. My brother Vlad and I were the only survivors.” Felicity stays silent as Taiana goes into detail about her life.

Oliver stirs once more taking Felicity’s attention from the other woman’s rambles. “He’s been through a lot.” She caresses his face. “Taiana, how did he get bit by a shark?”

The noise of the prison doors cut off their conversation. They can hear the heavy footsteps that precede their way coming to a halt before their cell. Baron Reiter observes the scene. He entertains a new guest as she proves her worth to him. Able to read some of the lay lines of a certain map he recently acquired into his possession. She seems to understand an underlining theme and it makes him curious of what her skills might mean in all this so he keeps her close.

There is a fiery temperament with her as she holds his stare, it’s rare to meet people who hold such passion and he’s met another like her as he lays in a prison in a delirious state. Would it all be just coincidence or some divine arbitration that these two are here at the time when everything points to what is needed to continue this exploration that is yearned for. No. He doesn’t believe in coincidences without reason. If she is telling the truth. She is Oliver Queen’s wife and more than a hostage that wondered onto the borders of the campsite.

Feeding and having her wounds tended before allowing her request to be sent to the prison to care for the man she says is her husband. He doesn’t know what to make of her brief story that they were living together and a government agency captured him and brought him back to this island. Maybe they are half-truths but she seems to also be a key he may need to get what he is searching for.

“Mrs. Queen, I see you have been tending to the patient.” Oliver’s body lays prone on the cot with his head in her lap as she been cradling it softly. He looks at one of his men, “Open the cell door and give her the backpack with the added medical aid she has brought.” As fast as he came, he left and the cell door is shut again. Leaving the prisoners to whisper amongst themselves again.

She hasn’t taken the newer dressings off the shark bite because there is nothing in this cell to help disinfect. Using the alcohol given to clean around the upper back near his shoulder. Now with the newly acquired backpack she can look at the bite and hopefully mend it. They continue their discussion.
Taiana looks at the side of where her friend was bit by a shark. “He went looking for maps under a sunken ship.”

“To the sunken Amazo?”

Taiana nods.

“The wounds on his back?” which she keeps his side propped up not to touch any surface.

“Conklin whipped him.” That makes Felicity wince. She may need to chew out Waller for throwing her husband to the wolves. Her cell mate moves to where the backpack is. Moving the rags in the cell to cover the dirty ground she takes out what Felicity’s preparations that could fit to bring here. “He’s been out a few hours now. Is his fever back?”

“No. His body is healing. Just lightly sleeping.” She looks at his quiescent expression she knows he’s not really sleeping anymore but resting allowing his body not to feel every little scratch by moving around.

“How did you two meet?”

Felicity gives Taiana a dreamy smile and decides to give an abridged story “We met at a wedding. One thing led to another and shortly from there I became his wife.”

“I only heard stories of the man, born of wealth and life of mistakes.” She can tell Felicity doesn’t know how to take that comment. “Are you also from an influential family?”

“If you think being raised by a single mom who tried her best to give me what she could. I’m a damn princess.”

“Hmm. I came from a village where power and wealth have stripped families’ dignities.”

“Where are you from?”

“A village of Krasnoyarsk, being run by Konstantin Kovar.”

“Where is that located? Ukraine?”

“No. Russia.”

“Oh!” before Felicity can ask another question, she feels her husband making an attempt to sit up. “Oliver! Slowly!” hearing his grunt for a response. He sits up and looks at Taiana before looking at the woman who shouldn’t be here.

“Before you start. In my gut I knew I had to be here.”

“Imprisoned with me?” He notices the dark bruising sporadically over any visible skin.

“Better than stewing in crazy thoughts that you were alone and hurt.”

“You could have been killed. What…”

“I’m here safe.” She tries but his fingers trace the bruise on her cheekbones.

“Who slapped you?”

“What?”
“That’s a fingermak.”

“I lost him in the woods after we went over the waterfall.” She looks at the darkened bruises on her arms. “That is where most of my bruises stem from.”

“You shouldn’t be here.”

“Oliver, my place is wherever you are.” She can feel the rebuke coming but he deflates letting go of the anger.

“I only ever want you safe.” His hands framing her as he kisses her. “Even if I am glad you are here.” She gives him a bright smile she really thought he would give her a hard time.

“I know its unorthodox but with our one year…” Felicity is quieted by his lips once again. Remembering their sharing a cell with another they pull apart. Both whispering their ‘love yous’ to each other.

Oliver already becoming somber realizing he needs to tell Taiana the truth bracing himself. He tells her that he is the one who actually killed her brother and that makes the woman become hostile. All the pleasantries of the last few hours gone.

“Whoa, come down.” Felicity says.

“He is a monster and you’re a wretch to…”

“There must be a good reason he wouldn’t just kill a man.”

“There is nothing he can say to make it right.”

“I’m sorry. Conklin…”

“The darkness in your eyes. You’re a killer!”

Felicity is up in front of her husband. “Oliver has faced more adversaries than your righteous…”

“Felicity, she is right! I killed the man even if he was trying to kill me, I ended his life.”

“Oliver!”

He doesn’t look to his wife because he practically can see her in his mind but he needs to tell Taiana how sorry he is.

“No Oliver!” Felicity is firm as she pushes him, she isn’t letting this go. “He saved you twice. Yet, here you are throwing such accusations. Yes, he is the one who killed Vlad. He wouldn’t have done it without reason. The camp did think Oliver killed you so it’s not a stretch he’d want revenge.”

“Vlad, wouldn’t do that. He was a good man.”

“Compared to Oliver? This man who put his life at risk to save you?”

“Felicity, she has a right to be angry.” He whirls his wife to look at him. One hand on her shoulder. “Please?”

She looks at him seeking out something and when she finds it, she nods. She lets the woman vent, understanding she is upset. When Oliver talks about how Taiana must feel it escalates the hostility in the atmosphere. That she calls out for Baron Reiter holding the stone Oliver showed them and he
gave to her and not his wife. Reiter was a little upset by being called for by a prisoner but leaves happily with the stone.

Oliver pleads once more with Taiana when she scolds him, “Don’t you dare help me mourn my brother that you took from me.”

Oliver whispers, “If you just listen.” Felicity puts her hands on his arm keeping him still. She may have told him that she’s let the woman mourn but there are limits and she feels it’s almost there.

“You know nothing about how I feel.” She turns from the couple and adds, “A man with a heart as small as yours isn’t capable of such things.”

“Enough!” Oliver turns his head to Felicity as his wife is off the cot. “Oliver isn’t perfect but the one thing I have learned is how huge his heart is. How he saved me when I was targeted for death, how a little boy we both loved died because of a virus that Oliver went to the ends of the Earth to provide an antigenic and yet having to watch him die because his young immune system couldn’t handle it. How…”

Oliver interrupts sharing something to both women, “My father sacrificed himself so I could survive. So, I could right his wrongs. He did it by pulling out a gun and shooting himself in the head not three feet from me.” Felicity eyes are shiny with tears she doesn’t go to him yet because he needs this space to talk. “Since that day I have lost 4 more people that I loved, that I cared so much about. It never gets easier ever.”

Felicity watches the exchange it something that needs to happen as much as her heart yearns to run and hold him his look tells her to let him deal with this.

“I could see it in your eyes from the moment we first met.”

“That I was good?”

“No. That you were lost, shattered.” Felicity tries to contain her disagreement but makes a low snarl. “There is a Russian saying…” she repeats it in English, “The same hammer that shatters glass forges steel.” Looking at Oliver and ignoring Felicity, “If you want to be the man that your father wishes you to be, then this is how you’ll get there. You save us from Reiter, but you cannot do that shattered.”

She gives the medication the guard gave her before Oliver’s confession. He takes it. He then looks at Felicity who witnessed this whole ordeal. A part of him afraid how she’ll see him. Weak and broken. He is so tired but makes no move to rest. He plans to just stare into the abyss by losing himself while looking at his joined hands when he feels the palm of the woman who has been his rock. She says nothing but sits by his side with her hand now reaching for his.

No matter how much he tries to fight it his body betrays him and his wife makes sure that he is as comfortable as possible as he falls asleep letting the medication work.

The cell door opens up once again. As Oliver is out cold Felicity is dragged out to help Reiter in his compound nearby.
The elevator comes to a halt and stepping out Thomas Merlyn looks at the only apartment door on this floor. The realtor beside him uses a key after entering a code and let’s his client enter the posh place of residence. It has long ceiling to floor windows. Overlooking the vast city. It’s actually quite a nice view.

“It has two main bedrooms on this floor but using the spiral staircase there are two more with matching bathrooms upstairs.”

They walk to the gourmet kitchen. There is no way Felicity will use this splendor and he can’t see Oliver cooking but it is really nice.

“I know you want this sale to be extremely quiet but anyone you entertain here will love some of the amenities. There is a private pool off the back which we’ll pass but look at how grand these two rooms are.”

“Hmm. Give me a moment to feel out the place.”

“I’ll be in the living room, sir.” The realtor leaves Tommy to wait for his client to hopefully purchase this exquisite place.

He really can see this place working to being a good place for his friends. Many private amenities and literally close to the city. Good place to build a life and hide their extra endeavors from prying eyes. Probably be best to have another area for vigilantism away from a living residence but he’ll let them scope out any further territory.

Now it’s time to sign some papers and then sell the townhouse that has caused some issues not only with his father but a woman that has him hanging. His father wonders if Felicity Smoak is manipulating him with her feminine charm. As much as his friend is charming, he enjoys their platonic relationship of snorting at jokes, laughing like hyenas at wild moments they’ve shared, and even the tears of despair from her memory loss and his guilt. Relationship built like theirs is something that isn’t easily to throw away just because people on the outside can’t understand how solid their friendship is.

It’s harder to explain to Laurel how much Felicity means to him. How the IT blonde fulfilled a piece of him that was lost. How adorable Felicity is and how she can turn to an overprotective best buddy. Talk about using her as a wingman. Gosh now that he thinks of it, he feels for those poor ladies that didn’t meet her standards. Admitting only to himself that any date that was Smoak approved held some really good memories. Strange as it sounds, he went with it because he had to prove to her that he was serious in looking for true companionship. Not to say it wasn’t vice versa because he helped her in that department when she’d rather watch another run of Star Wars in her fuzzy pajamas on a festive weekend night. He couldn’t stand for that. She was a hot ticket and should be shown the world. Couldn’t these fools see how hot and damn perfect she was? He supposes their fights in front of potential love interests always had them run away citing that they just hook up and stop fooling themselves. Yea, he doesn’t think telling Laurel all that would make Felicity more endearing.

They both lost Oliver but he knows that as much as Laurel was a constant in basically both their young adult lives. What is there to say? Bringing along Sara to the Gambit and he wasn’t even surprised. The small chat he had when advised of the long trip with Mr. Queen makes total sense when the soon-to-be-ex… because how is there anything to ever compensate for taking someone’s sibling along? It all making sense when she tells him that they were making plans to move in. Yikes!

Even he with commitment issues would never have done that to someone he supposedly loved. Now she’s still angry about that. Nowadays the man he considers a brother is married to the woman he knows she despises. Heck he even lied to Felicity saying that, ‘Laurel is just annoyed at best.’
The tough negotiating cookie he has been trying to crumble has a few buttons and one is detesting of certain things like sharing. Hence his dilemma with being friends with Felicity.

Never mind the button that Oliver can push. The relationship between those two has always been a merry-go-around and shit he’s afraid to enter a triangle where Laurel will be furious enough to demand he choose between herself or his best friend. That wouldn’t be fair. He feels different around her. When she allows him near. Though he doesn’t hold a candle to Oliver it seems. He wishes he didn’t like her so much it would make all this easier.

It’s not like she doesn’t know he traveled the world to locate the man. What she has no clue is he found him, but not the Ollie he knows but a man who kidnapped him. A man making him cower in a high stressful situation of blindfolds and telling him he’d never see his female friend again. That in itself is so surreal. Now having its own story he’d like to hear personally but, in the end, he provided his bestie the love of his life. He doesn’t think Laurel would take that information to kindly.

He doubts the man in question somewhere in the Pacific Ocean right now will want to hurt Laurel but the news will hurt her all the same. His best friend simply didn’t do complicated communication if he did, he wouldn’t have sabotaged his relationship with Laurel in such a carelessness blunder. He cared enough about her but he thinks it was more to placate the mom who loved the idea of a future lawyer for a daughter-in-law. He knows between those two there were genuine feelings there but Ollie never truly loved her. Things will not go well once Oliver is back in the picture and a fundamental truth is found out. Oliver Queen is alive and married, and if those videos on Felicity’s phone is any indication. Happily married.

Might as well start to move her stuff here. He already knows what belongings are her prized possessions and what-nots. He does feel that maybe he is overstepping but if they are a continent away being some heroes in the pacific. He is more than welcome to kick start a journey for himself that hopefully includes these two. They better not get themselves killed. He’d be royally pissed.

Moving out of the room to meet with the realtor. He already shows the man how interested he is by the smile on his face.

“All right Ronald, where do I sign?”

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter: Reiter sees his end goal coming and he couldn’t be happier. Felicity and Oliver find themselves in a world of crazy and some light SMUT.
He feels the chill in the air first as he begins to wake from a haze. Waking from a bizarre dream where an old friend states he is in love with Taiana. He can’t shake the feeling that he was in the grasps of the woman he truly loves. He needs to get his bearings and come to terms that Felicity was
just a hallucination as he clearly can only see his cell mate who is looking intently at her palms.

A deep groan penetrates the air as he shifts and can feel some sutures from where he got bit from a shark rub against some cloth. His hand moves to where it aches and he hears the woman he needs to talk to about her brother. Tell her he is the one who killed Vlad and then try to make amends.

“Oliver, stop you’re bleeding.” Taiana’s already pressing a spare cloth to his side. “You need to get your strength if you are to do what is needed.”

Oliver looks at her strangely wondering what she is talking about, waking from a fevered dream is really playing with his head. He needs to tell her now. Get it off his conscience. “Taiana, I need to tell you something about your brother. I… I…” the words form on the tip of his tongue before a look on her face has him stop talking.

A puzzled expression contours her face as she takes the man in. He seems disoriented. “I know.” Her face is now pensive before she speaks, “I know this and that is why you need your strength to avenge his murder.”

He shakes his head. Did they already talk about this? He expects her to be deeply upset. “I don’t understand? I’m his killer. Why aren’t you angry?”

She understands now. He doesn’t remember probably thinks everything is from a lucid nightmare stemming from the fever. “Oliver, you told me all this once you woke up hours ago. I know of Vlad’s death. You promised me we would set things right. Get these people off the island.”

“I don’t know how I am going to do that.”

“I know I said you were shattered, but I see a fire in your eyes especially where it concerns your wife and I know you have what it takes.”

“My wife?”

“She is here.”

Oliver looks around seeing what he can into other cells but Taiana touch brings him back to face her.

“Reiter has her. Using her to help decipher the maps you got from the Amazo.”

“She is here?” he asks just needing reconfirmation from his own mind.

“Yes. With Reiter.”

Oliver wobbles back to the cell’s cot and sits taking in all the information. Felicity is really here. Her hold on him earlier wasn’t his mind cruelly taunting him. Grumbling that she shouldn’t be here. Allowing himself to think that he isn’t as alone as he feels. Laying back down he just lets his mind wonder to a better time and knowing he needs to get some strength back. Hopefully he’ll get some nourishment that his body needs. Closing his eyes.

It’s her giggles that has him upright. She’s wearing that specific skirt that just does wonders. She knows it too and uses it to tease him. He can’t help it, how his body responds to her.

The smell of dough rising and freshly made pizzas from the pizzeria down below fills the room and making them aware it is almost noon since the shop opens at eleven in the morning. The simple fragrance he got for her on one of their shopping ventures has intoxicated his senses. He’d like to bury his nose just under her ear where he saw her fingers lightly dap the application of the flowery
liquid. Start there and kiss her smooth skin to her navel as she is lazily dressing before him. He can’t help the groan he makes. Another piece of her delectable skin covered. He tries yet again to coax her into bed. His promises of what’s to come has her smiling that smile that gets his big brain to shut off. Oh, he so wants to indulge in this moment. With a sensuous laugh she slaps his advances aside telling him he’s held her cooped up long enough and she yearns to actual spend time with people in their circle.

Does that stop him from trying once again to keep her for himself? Or course not! He needs to step up his game and well he’s going to try to get her with one of her weaknesses. Her love of sugary sweets and a batch of fresh coffee beans he got along what is supposed to be dessert. “So, are you and the gals going to Margret’s to top off the fun you seem anxious to have?”

She turns from the closet where she has two choices now a cutesy button-down shirt or a flowery camisole. “I don’t think so, basically everyone is on some type of diet.”

“Really?”

“Yes, and you know that. I told you they even made me feel guilty about approaching the subject of ice cream.”

He is off the bed and Felicity turns her face slightly because he can just rise off the bed and look like some deity.

“I’d have no qualms about you licking any succulent delicacies off me.”

“Oliver, maybe on my way home I can buy…” his hands meet her thighs and he pushes her back towards his rigid body.

“You don’t have to go far.” His lips find the spot he’s been aching to touch with his mouth. “It’s already bought and paid for even with your name across the cover of the box.” He can feel her body respond to his but he still knows he doesn’t have her yet. “I for one would love to know how the sweetness of the coffee inspired cream cake specular sold out dessert you’ve been dying to have would taste with my head between your legs.”

“Oliver!” she says with lackluster will to fight him. “That’s not fair, and to tease me about something I tried to get by calling the bakery every morning for the past…”

“It’s in the fridge behind the leftover pizza.”

She turns in his hold. Looking to see if he is lying just playing with her to get her to crumble and get his wish of keeping her to himself.

“So… you’re telling me. You bought a dessert that is limited, no one can get their grubby hands on and have it in the fridge waiting for…”

“I love you, Felicity Smoak Queen.” He gives her a huge smile. He actually had a lot more planned like dinner, maybe a sappy movie rental and them talking about actually having a real intimate wedding ordeal where they could create their own vows to each other. The money he’s kept on the side from some of his hard-working jobs would cover the ring he wants her to have. He can wear a plastic toy ring for all he cares as long as she knows how much she means to him. It would be worth it. “The way you make me feel is the highlight of all my days. I would like to marry you in front of our family and friends and make our way back to Starling.”

All she can choke out is, “Oh!”
“Dessert or no dessert I want this with you forever!”

“Wait… so there isn’t any dessert in the fridge?”

“That is what you take from my speech?”

“I… No of course not. You mean we…” she points between them. “We are going to Starling? Are we ready?”

“As much as I’m enjoying our life here. Mr. and Mrs. Smoak which has a sweet ring to it, but you and I both deserve more. I’d like to be brought back from the dead for one…”

Noticing now that they are just in the weirdest position talking about their future like its some normal yesterday problem. “Oliver! Are we having a serious conversation with you naked?”

“You haven’t ever had a problem with my…” He thinks of the words, “Birthday suit before.”

“It’s just that a part of me wants to be serious while the other part wants to jump you.”

“Okay I could work with the latter. Felicity we have time to sort everything out. I’m yours for as long as you want me.”

“I want you.” She on him quicker than he realizes as his body walks backwards and hits the bedframe and falls onto the bed with a very ferocious lover already kissing him hungrily maybe he won’t have to get all messy with the sweet dessert in the fridge. “You are the best. I have no idea how you got exclusive cake but I want to devour it on you.”

“Does that mean no to going out?”

“We would be talking about our husbands. Droning on about if he only picked up after himself, if only he didn’t act like one of the kids, but then it would come to my complaint I’d just have to share how he couldn’t get enough of eating his breakfast in bed to let me go out with the gals.”

He knows he doesn’t need to say it but does anyhow, “You’re the breakfast?”

“Oliver, you ate till your hearts content. Not that I’m complaining I loved every moment.” He moves to be over her.

“A man needs to eat. I will always be famished.”

“Oliver!”

“Hmm?” He moves trying to tug back to his languid happy place. He’s about to enjoy his satisfying dessert.

“Oliver! Baby, wake up!” It’s her soft voice that gets him to corporate even when his subconscious is pulling him the other way. “Oliver, I brought you something to eat. I need you to eat.” She can feel the change instantly as he’s coming around and wakes up. His head in her lap as his face is partially in her palm. Her thumb stroking the side of his face and he hasn’t felt this content even with the throbbing aches in many recesses of his body. “Here let me help you up, slowly!”

“Felicity.” He says it again with a certain melody that has told her on many accounts how glad he is to have her.

“It’s probably not the best tasting food but much better than the soup I tried to make.”
“Not so bad.”

“Sure, honey. You were kind of sick the next day.”

“Okay, yea it was bad.” He has a small smile as he is now fully sitting using the backing of the cell to keep him up. “But I still love you.”

“Good to know.” She brings the bowl up to his chest as she spoons some of the goop and he has this glint in his eye remembering when she fed him after his brief illness due to her cooking but she improved so much since Lucy helped her kitchen sense. “Nothing like learning about salmonella the hard way.”

He looks at the goop and doesn’t need to think of what is actually in it. “Um… babe, can we refrain from talking about disease while I’m trying to eat?” Felicity bites her lips as soon as she apologizes.

Taiana looks at the two so at peace in each other’s orbit even when their world is crumbling. She is still upset with Oliver but his near-death experience has rather mellowed her fury. He did save her more than once when she means nothing to him. Her outburst may have been rather cruel but she does feel justified she was in shock and rather painfully livid at knowing how her brother died.

Throughout the rest of that day they basically change Oliver’s wrapping and have a few measlier meals before nightfall when the dreary prison has them drift off to restless sleep. Felicity making sure Oliver is sleeping on his side to keep pressure off his wound as she doesn’t mind the pressure his weight is on her.

“Are you going to sleep?” his words break her from her thoughts. The bare minimum lights are on and they keep flickering creating shadows. Her mind creating a simple erratic story to lure her to sleep but she keeps checking on her husband making sure he doesn’t turn and pull one of the sutures that she has had to restitch.

“I thought you were sleeping.”

“It’s going to be a crazy day tomorrow; we both need our sleep.”

“You know he’s power hungry.”

“Aren’t they all?”

“Yea, I suppose you are right. Just be careful.”

“Felicity, I can say the same thing to you.” He does let out a yawn. His body is tired and he’s losing a battle to stay awake.

“I know, but he sees you as some guiding light to the power he seeks.”

“There is nothing special about me.”

“Oh honey, I’m going to have to disagree. You are my own bright star. I’d do anything for you.”

“Then I need you to sleep.”
Oliver is up before both ladies as he takes in the scene. Taiana just out of reach near the back wall using Felicity’s discarded backpack as a pillow. His wife cuddled to his side, using her body as some sort of speed bump so he can’t move without effort which he is thankful for. He always favors the side that is now injured to fully sleep. She really is doing her best to at least give him some comfort. She’s going to be a really good mom. What? Huh? Now that has him regarding where that thought came from. They are in purgatory it’s so not the place to think of such things. Survival should be the priority but the what-ifs always win out when it comes to her. What-if they start planning on having a child together? Is he really ready or is the thought of impregnating her just some crazy guy thing? No. He knows deep down he’s ready, isn’t that why he made a production on keeping her home that day to just be his. The plan didn’t work out as intended. It wasn’t as romantic as he wished but telling her it was time to head back to Starling meant he wanted to tell everyone he is married and if by any luck he would start having what once he balked at becoming now one of his deep desires. Even if they don’t have kids, she is his family. Assimilating back into society where she is ostracized is going to take some special kind of prodding. Not to mention vigilantism.

As if his thoughts of her get Felicity to stir and find themselves looking at each other with a notion that they’ll make it. They’ll fight hell or high water to survive this place and continue their journey.

His whisper near her ear, “Hi.”

“It’s still so dark.”

“If you need the rest just…”

Felicity moves a little and she can feel how awake he is. “Oh.” Her voice low keeping from waking any of the other prisoners. “Sweet dream?”

“As if.”

“Need help?”

“Shh!” She rolls her eyes but her hand roams down his body until he slaps it away. “You’ll make it worse.”

“I don’t see how…” as she tries again. His fingers capture hers as he slowly brings it to where the need is apparent. He brings his head closer to her neck to mumble her name against her skin. They are as quiet as they can be. Her fingers wrapped around his girth as his hand still holds her in place controlling what he can handle. Jerking off her husband near waking hours in a cell where other prisoners are in earshot has got to be one of the most bizarre kinkiest things they’ve done.

She has to hand it to him for keeping his breathing even. Though with this pace he’ll still be hard when dawn breaks so she moves quickly to help him out in a hastier fashion. He doesn’t stop her knowing that he is already in deep and needs to find relief. Her mouth wraps around him and damn he almost lets out a groan of satisfaction, oh shit his wife is giving him a blow job trying to be as silent as possible how the fuck could that be conceivable?

Her movements well practiced knowing exactly what he likes and she tries not to look at him. She knows if she does, she’ll make some sort of whimpering sound. She can’t see his eyes in the dark but knowing just his blown wide pupils will get her. She’s pined for him badly and boy having a taste of what she’s been missing she may have to curse Amanda Waller to hell and back.

Bobbing slightly around his tip she feels his hand wrap around her hair helping guide her with a little
more gusto giving him what he needs in the moment. He is trying his hardest to keep some
composure because since the wet dream he had of her at that time when he joined Reiter’s little
group, he has been cautious his focus had to be the mission. Feeling her now presently sucking him
off is just too much. The pressure of her tongue doing him in. His need to kiss those amazing lips is
too much and he gently tugs her to get her attention. A finger now under chin until his hand is freely
able to hold her up to him.

Felicity looks up now that he’s gotten her attention away from where one of her hands are still lightly
swaying up and down his harden cock and meets him for a passionate kiss.

“Oh God, you’re perfect.” He stammers before he kisses her neck using it to absorb his moan. One
of her thumbs flickers the pre-cum tip enough to elicit him to breathe heavier against her neck as she
decides to have him finish against her breasts. Her free hand starting to remove a button but it is
harder than it seems. He appears to notice and takes control of unbuttoning her shirt. Licking his lips,
he pushes the torn ratty tank top upwards exposing the mounds where his hand automatically
squeezes through the fabric of her brassiere. “You know what I need.”

She nods as her lips glide to his ear and she murmurs provocative sayings knowing her voice always
does him in. Having him sit by the cot as her chest rubs against him. He’s eyes on her as she takes
him back into her warm mouth knowing he is about to lose himself very shortly. Enjoying how well
he keeps his smooth breaths and taking a moment to look up at him holding his pulsating ready to
cum dick with a smirk just before jerking him off down into her bra. Trying to contain the gooey
mess. Finally, his heavy breathing is fully distinguishable from the cool collective he had going. Just
like before he needs to breathe her in hungrily taking her mouth to his.

He pulls his pants up right in time to Taiana waking up. Felicity stays just where she is on her knees
just by the cot grabbing a ratty rag and wiping herself before pushing the tank top into place.
Looking at Oliver who has his head leaning against the bar. He looks wiped.

“Oliver, let me get you some water.” Filling up a dingy cup she brings it to his lips. “Are you okay?”

“Yea, I’m fine. Just a little winded.”

“Lay back down. Get another hour or two. They won’t be feeding us any sooner.” She kisses his
forehead and misses his longer hair where her fingers would comb through but the buzz cut looks
good on him. “You’re going to think this is a dream when you wake up again.” He nods and lets
himself go to sleep without preamble.

Tiana looking at Oliver rest. “Is he okay? He looks slightly heated.”

Felicity unable to directly look at the female sharing a cell with them. “Exertion from a dream. He’ll
be alright.”

The woman nods unable to really decipher anything so she sits down against the wall looking at the
cement bars that she’s counted many times over. Felicity uses the last bit of water Oliver didn’t drink
and wets a used rag which actually contains Oliver’s dry blood but she’ll like to at least clean some
of the soon-to-be stickiness that will make her uncomfortable later.

Oliver wakes to Taiana and Felicity talking about the island. His eyes zoning onto his wife, with
both women seemly looking out from their cell. He is able to move without being noticed and fussed
upon. He can hear the ruckus that got him to rouse from a really nice dream. One he can only share with one roommate he is locked up with.

It’s the sigh of relief of ridding himself of his urine that has the ladies now addressing him. A voice dripping with some sarcasm telling him how lucky he is that he doesn’t need to squat to do his business. Another who makes a sexual innuendo about holding him that he’s afraid to look back and see her red face especially after what they did real early this morning. Listening to her backtrack her words has Taiana groaning.

In the midst of Felicity guff, she decides to show them the map. Taking the parchment from the backpack. “I met another friend whom you met on this island. Constantine gave me this.”

“How well did you get to know him?”

Sensing his jealousy “Really?”

He huffs before uttering, “He didn’t say much but his overtones on how well…”

“Oh please, he enjoys his beer and is a chain smoker but he is a true friend.” She holds the map to them. Its blank so both look at her funny. “Speaks about deserting angels ever so often so he must have a very lively life.”

“Who is this man?” Taiana looks at them, “The one prisoner that got away?”

Oliver nods then looks at his wife. “Felicity?”

“It’s magical. It derives of magic I’ve had it hidden…”

“Not here.” Oliver places his hand over hers. “Put it away.” She nods of understanding placing within one of her pant pockets.

When Reiter returns, he tells them that they are going to start digging looking at Felicity as she is an enigma and takes her with him.

“Where are you taking her?”

“Mr. Queen. I was told this one.” Glazing at Felicity “From an informant that…”

Her trembling voice low out of Oliver’s earshot. “No! He can’t be here? That dirty rotten weasel!”

“Her mind is something of value I intend to figure out if my soldier really says she’s as smart as she is.”

“Not going to help you further. Reading maps…”

“Felicity, baby don’t, just…”

“Oliver you can’t be serious. He is a madman. He’ll kill us all.”
“Should have pondered that before trespassing Mrs. Queen.”

She gives the man a ‘if looks could kill’ and is led away. Oliver doesn’t like it one bit but he hopes his wife doesn’t do anything to out of line. People have a way of dying on this island.

After a while Oliver stops pacing and looks at the woman left with him in the cell. “Taiana. I promise I will free your friends, all the prisoners, and my wife.”

Sighing she nods, “We will do this and save us all.”

Walking into Reiter’s office she sees the man who she fought for survival standing waiting for his boss and if given the impression of waiting on her. He looks bruised up a little worse for wear. She can feel Craig’s eyes on her as she has a seat next to the man unfolding more maps.

“Do you see any parallel?”

“There is a lot of lay lines. The converge most around this area.” She points to a section. “If you lay the former map back on this one it looks like we might have a fixed area to begin. But…”

“But what Mrs. Queen?”

“It must be under our feet. There are no structures otherwise.”

“Hmm? What of openings?”

“Let’s check the previous maps you showed me yesterday. Now that we have a location, we can see any anomalies.”

Baron gives her a smile. It an appreciative smile as he enjoys how quickly her mind picks things up. He’s been tending to this alone none of his men situated to help to this degree.

“Very good.”

“I know it’s not my place, but what are you going to do with whatever you are seeking is found?”

“You are right. It isn’t your place.”

Craig taking Felicity’s sass as a reason to get her away from his leader. “Boss, are you done with her? I can bring her back to her cell.”

“No! She is still very useful.” Reiter looks at his informant and dismisses him to his post as he continues working with his guest. It isn’t until after lunch that he calls Craig to keep an eye on his visitor as he heads to check on progress made. Time for everything to come to fruition it is happening quite quickly now.
Walking to where Mr. Queen is. “Everything has unfolded according to providence. Your wife has a very embellished tongue but she sees things as I do. I may have much use for her in a larger scale.”

Oliver holding a rock doesn’t rise to the bait as he asks, “What do you think is under there anyways?”

“Power, Mr. Queen.” Looking at Oliver whom is looking much better a lesser man would be dead. “I am glad you have recuperated.” He places his hand on Oliver’s upper arm. “We have much to accomplish together.” Reiter leaves them to continue working.

One of the enslaved men who has seen Oliver kill another slave. “Reiter’s pet.”

Oliver turns around using his index finger to point “You don’t know what you are talking about.”

“I know you killed Vlad. I know that woman upstairs is something of importance to you.” Oliver gives him a hard look.

“I watched. We all did. Yet you live and the blonde…”

Taiana enters the conversation, “What are you going to do? Kill him in front of Reiter’s men?”

“They don’t care what we do to him. They remember what he did to Conklin. Maybe these men need to go for a drink or something.” They chuckle. The men leave.

“This man deserves to die. He tortured us.”

“He saved me at great risk to himself. He kept me alive. I have more reason than anyone to hate this man but he our best chance of going home.”

“He killed your brother.”

“Yes, he did.” She looks at Oliver “Tell them why?”

“The guard Conklin he put Vlad up to it. I was defending myself he attacked me. Now I…” Oliver stops as he stagers forward making everyone weary and put up defense. “I know you have no reason to trust me. I’m not your enemy. All I want to do is stop Reiter and get us all off this island.”

“So, prove it!”

“How?”

“Kill Conklin.”

Oliver looks at the men placing his hand in a sign he just wants to get through them and walks away with Taiana trailing behind.

Being left alone as Reiter tends to other matters. Felicity tries to act as calm as she can pull off as she continues the work requested of her.
Keeping a good distance from the man. The room feeling stuffy. Felicity can sense his stare on her. There isn’t much to defend herself in here as if paper maps can take this man down. The queasiness grows as she can anticipate he is planning something. Knowing he wants physical interaction with her just makes her want to vomit.

She lost her wedding ring to him. The one she found an invoice for when packing up her stuff in Coast City. Her beloved husband went out of his way in creating her a wedding band worthy of her, so said the jeweler when she came into his shop. Those moments from finding that sheet of paper tucked away just under some of his undershirts. Coast City Jewels a little jewelry shop off the docks near some high-end restaurants too expensive for them to ever go to. The man went on and on about what Mr. Smoak desired and how they came to an agreement of cost and a design. Now she can understand why he always took those extra back breaking shifts. It wasn’t only for a crusade against punks and criminals. He had a plan for their future. He really wants to go home. Not just home but a home he once ran from on a yacht, he wants them to leave the shadows and she found herself missing the man she loves even more if possible.

Now stuck in underground bunker with bad air flow. Afraid of a man who has shown contempt with thinking she is merely a possession to do as he pleases. Even with the hot humid air she refuses to undress and take the battered shirt off. Her tank top is ratty and only coverage would be the least sexy sport bra she has ever worn. Though thankful for its coverage it may be a simple cotton top that now is a little sticky from this morning’s activity but it feels like armor against this man’s gaze.

He’s tired of her being so stoic. Acting as if she’s above him. She is nothing but a bitch. He will make her pay for her aggression towards him. Making his move as she’s pulls a folder from a drawer.

Flinching to his touch. His body encasing hers where she has no room to maneuver. She pushes at his chest but her hands are grabbed easily. He has seen how the heat has affected her and how he watched a few drops find themselves going down into her half-buttoned shirt. He remembers the outlines of her breasts, the soft feel. How enjoyed watching her chest heave in anticipation of what he would have done next as she laid on those fallen windblown leaves. He forces the military issued shirt she has worn since they departed from the A.R.G.U.S. base apart. Smirking at seeing the ratty tank top he helped destroy.

Her mind blanks. She really doesn’t know what to do. If she calls for help does that mean she’ll get help? Or would it mean another male she’d have to fight off? Seeing his eyes darken her mind goes back to his first touch on her. Before he really felt her up his mouth was teasing the flesh of her neck. Her cries of mercy turning him on further.

His hands graze over her sides as he pulls her body towards his. She doesn’t speak. Knowing his violent streak once she talks, he will allude to some vicious act. He doesn’t like to be told what to do. His body contouring to her stiffness. Pressing himself onto her and it’s her hallow intake of breath that urges him on.

“I’ve been thinking of things to do to you.” He whispers so close to her ear. “Wanna know?”

His face there before hers and she really doesn’t, she could live happy to never know what he is has ever thought.

“That’s right, silence, see I know you can be trained.” He snickers at seeing her not enjoy what he just said. Her palm flat against his chest hoping to keep him from getting any closer. He is very close enough. He seems to have a better hold of her and when he squeezes her backside she just reacts. Pounding her hands against his chest as she tries to now be free of him. Her mind on some autopilot that got her through the attack in the jungle.
“Get off me!”

Still not entirely upset with her because a little fight is expected. He tells her the way it is. “Your usefulness will come to an end.” He sneers as he delivers the next line, “Then I will make you beg on your knees. Make you scream before I break you.”

“You’re such a pig!”

“We’ll finish what we started; you belong to me.”

“I belong to no one.” He is up in her face as he still has her cornered. “I am going to enjoy making you bleed.”

“F’ you!”

That gets him to slap her face. Her head whips to the side. One hand on her throat as he is seeing red. Using the ripped shirt to keep her arms from being mobile. “Maybe a little demonstration is in order.”

He moves her face to look at his and is a little disgusted by her bloody nose. The redness in her cheek very noticeable his boss won’t be happy. He can’t hear more than her heaving echoes as he is enjoying tasting her neck. The struggle against him really is a turn-on as his hands go to explore more of her.

Felicity closes her eyes she isn’t a truly religious person, her reasoning through life more scientific but with the existence of magic she knows there is greater things in the universe and makes a small wish that this man doesn’t get his way. A mantra starting to just repeat itself from her mind to her trembling lips. Please, please! Don’t do this, please!

Chapter End Notes

You know I am going to say this... but thank you for reading. Reiters plans are coming true and everybody is a pawn.
Chapter 22

Chapter Summary

It is all coming to a blow. Oliver, Felicity, Taiana are led to where the end goal that Baron Reiter has been searching for. He is so close to power. He can feel it!

Chapter Notes

As a reminder grammar and any syntax errors are all mine. This story is based off a show I love and these characters have made me smile, laugh, cry and so many more emotions I found myself with. What a ride.

As for the story thank you for coming along this journey with me. Thank you so much!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.
He moves her face to look at his and is a little disgusted by her bloody nose. The redness in her cheek very noticeable his boss won’t be happy. He can’t hear more than her heaving echoes as he is enjoying tasting her neck. The struggle against him really is a turn-on as his hands goes to explore more of her.

Her mind thinking even faster. She may not be able to use her hands but she knows enough from some training that Oliver did not back down from. Within a split second she recalls those words of his. “The motto of fight-or-flight, I will always ask you to run from danger but in that instant when you need to… you need to survive.”

Those of course are the moments she would interject and add more to the subject and make it sound dirty. Like she needs to tell him how it’s also called hyperarousal, or the acute stress response. As if he doesn’t know how it is a physiological reaction that occurs in response to a perceived harmful event, attack, or threat to survival. Which she has found that he never shows his amusement of her fibs when it is about her safety not until way after the fact usually during their hot and heavy sessions where he would slip out how amusing she can be. Those aren’t the times she needs him to be amused by her words. It surely has the opposite effect of making her feel sexy. Which in turns teaches her a lesson. Does she learn? Apparently, the answer is no. She finds that her mouth gets the best of her so she’ll just have to deal that his reproach is during their physical intimacy. A pact she needs to accept, just like he accepts her faux pas.
Now this rabid dog of a man far from the real man she’s given her heart to thinks she’ll actually accept what is happening. She fought him off once and by all that is holy she’ll do it again. He intends to kill her so she has nothing to lose by fighting. She can feel that he is leaving his mark.

She lets out a growl that is so unlike her. It has him stop to regard her and that is the leeway she needs as plants her feet and uses that he isn’t expecting an attack to smack her body against his. Using her elbow to connect with his chin. Stepping aside to let him drop to one knee as he comes to his own awareness but she knows her surprise attack is only good once and she is no fool. She begins to take off. No matter what, the noise of this conflict should alert the other guards.

Craig is moving quickly pissed off that she had the gall to break his advance. He knows he can only intimidate her as long as she is useful to Shadowspire’s plan he has no call to really kill her. Doesn’t make it hard to hurt the bitch though. He grabs her from behind and swings her around. They almost smack into the chess game board laid out on a small table but instead land against a post. Felicity kicking from behind.

“You really are something. God, you can be so beautiful.” He is enjoying all this even after the moments he loses his temper. She is incredible. The moment he saw her at the base when she was beside that dude. He knew she had something worthwhile. “I still carry that ring you were ashamed to wear. From a boy that can’t satisfy a woman like you.”

Her mind flutters at those words. The ring isn’t lost. This douche has it. She isn’t going to give him the satisfaction of knowing how much that ring means to her. She can feel his hold on her and as she gazes around for some weapon, she feels Craig being lifted off her.

Pulled away by Conklin. Craig lashes out but is refrained. Just as wild as he seemed a bit ago his demeanor changes. He knows he has messed up.

Baron Reiter looking down at the scene. He knows his men come with baggage but this woman is under his care. He needs her. “If you touch her again. I will personally slit your throat.” Two other men in the room escort their disgraced teammate.

Baron takes what appears like a handkerchief from his pocket and gives it to Felicity to wipe the blood from her nose.

“You should use the sink.”

Not saying another word silence engulfs the room. Felicity washes her face. Looking into the dusty mirror her reflection regarding the blotchy red nose. It doesn’t appear she’ll have any more evident bruises there. Her neck on the other hand has the outline bruising of Craig’s fingers. Not something she can hide from Oliver.

Once Felicity is cleaned up, she is shown more informational tasks. The work in silence until his words jar her from her thoughts.

“When I was a boy, I witnessed many atrocities. I do not approve of one of my men…”

“All due respect, Reiter. I know Shadowspire’s rap sheet. Human trafficking isn’t below that organization. So please do not walk that thin line with me.”

“Very well.”

“Not that I don’t appreciate the voice of your concern.” She wants to say more talk about what is the point of having power when the given bearer doesn’t concern himself with practical matters like saving people’s lives.
They continue looking at what the bearer needs to really harness this power. Everything sounds so gloomy so Felicity can tell whatever they unleash it be on the dark side. She hates that she has a hand in this. Thinking of all the people that can be lost because of it. It just doesn’t settle so well in her gut.

After a long yet comfortable quiet session of working to decrypt markings. Reiter does surprise Felicity a bit. “I do believe in rewarding those who place great effort on their tasks.” She doesn’t speak allowing him to continue if he pleases. “Granting for you your survival alongside your husband if he cooperates in his coming task to show my appreciation.”

She measures what she’ll say. This is one of those times her babbling could be dangerous. “That is generous. Though you do know I’m doing this against my will.”

“You are a puzzle solver. We may have just recently met but I know that fire, that drive would have you see this through it is destiny Mrs. Queen.”

She doesn’t answer back. That is for the best. Soon after Reiter declares it is time for Oliver to join them.

The distraction of seeing her husband makes her push what happened with Craig earlier to the back of her mind. She doesn’t want Oliver to worry for her well-being any more than he does. Reiter does give her another shirt seeing that the tank top has seen better days. With clean water and some soap, she is able to clean the grim of blood and sweat from her upper body. Hiding the hand print on her neck she needs something and luckily her captor knows it will also be best for a scarf to cover the tender skin so the man who be visiting soon will be more cooperative.

As they bring Oliver to see their boss. Felicity rises from her seat but sits back down at Reiter’s instruction.

“What are these really necessary?” Oliver raises his arms halfway indicating the handcuffs. He is happy that she seems okay. Looking her up and down from his spot he’s a little better-off but just really not understanding why she is wearing a scarf now in this heat. Her eagerness to see him does bring a calmness.

“Can’t risk jeopardizing your life again you’re much to important.”

“You keep saying that to me. I have no idea what you mean.” Reiter looks solemnly down and then at his sitting guest before answering Oliver.

“Do you believe in destiny Mr. Queen?”

“I prefer the idea of free will.”

Felicity chuckles but moves a map as Reiter is already answering, “This map conceals deeper truths, secrets I couldn’t uncover without further information. Until you brought these and a helper to me.” Looking at the chained woman by his desk. He doesn’t trust his men with this beauty and he cant’ have her escape either.

“Except I didn’t bring them to you. Conklin took them. Nor did I expect Felicity to come here.” He sees her shrug unapologetic.

“Destiny Mr. Queen.”
Felicity is now allowed to move around as she places different maps. Explaining them to Oliver. He just wishes he could touch her but listening to her voice is soothing. Reiter seems pleased at how this mystery has been solved and that soon he will be in possession of what he craves.

“With the survey maps detail, another keen eye here with me. I was able to decipher the descriptions on this that you also provided me. Are you beginning to see it now? The pattern. The trend of providence. Legend tells of a hidden place. Within which lies the vice of untold power. The quest to find it requires one who has been granted passage by the Gods. I believe that person is you.”

Felicity understanding how grave all this is but hopes Oliver is taking this very seriously. This madman has no problem exterminating life.

Conklin enters “Hi. You’re needed upstairs.”

“Keep Mr. Queen company.” He nods for Felicity to follow him upstairs. “Until I return. We still have much to discuss.” Felicity moving her hand to quickly touch Oliver’s chin as she gives him a small smile. “Come along Mrs. Queen.” She lets his face go and looks at Conklin briefly as she passes. The man looks at her walk away and gives Oliver an amused expression.

“The ass on that one. See why you wifed her up.” Then he looks around Reiter’s office per se and says, “All this magic mumbo jumbo may have saved your neck with Reiter maybe.” While listening to this jerk Oliver is freeing himself from the cuffs. “I would have started believing in it myself. He’s spent enough time with your little lady pouring over these which would be easier if it didn’t look like toilet paper.”

As Conklin is looking at the mirror before them, he sees Oliver come into action and moves out of the way in the Knick of time.

“Boy, you’ve got some balls.” Oliver grabs a knife and they are about to fight. “I am going to enjoy watching you die.” As they circle each other. “So, you know after I am done with you. I’m going to gut that slave girl just for kicks all the rest of them too. See what that pretty face upstairs is good for.”

“You are not hurting them ever again.”

“There he is. There’s the killer. I even thing Craig will do a number on the pretty thing Reiter seems to favor. That wife of yours sure did put up a fight.”

“You’re just lying. It’s isn’t going to work.”

“Ha, you think that wrap she’s wearing in this heat is fashion sense. You’d be dumber than…”

“Shut up!”

Their arms moving around with each man holding a blade. Slicing air as each gets close. A dance of deflecting moves trying not to get hit but inflict pain to the other. Oliver is able to smash Conklin against a mirror but the man still swings hard at him. One hand against Conklin’s bladed hand he moves them around hard shoving the man against a wall and with one gesture plunges the blade against Conklin’s chest. The thought of any men attacking his wife puts him in a rage. Allows the monster in him to take hold and do what is necessary.

“You, stupid son of a bitch.” Oliver looks directly into the man’s eyes. “Reiter going to kill everyone. No matter what you do.” Pulling the knife out not interested any more talk.
Called from what he is doing to hear of the misfortune. Baron is upset and keeps Felicity from seeing her husband as Oliver is placed back in his cell. The men beside their leader looking at their prisoner as Reiter tells him, “Conklin may have had his difficulties but he was a good man.”

Oliver lying through his teeth but he needed to kill than man to show good faith to the workers. “Yea. He was a good man who attacked me. Self-defense.”

“As it was with her brother.” Reiter looks at the woman in question.

“I’m not saying that it doesn’t lack irony.”

“I need you alive Mr. Queen. But there are different forms of alive. Don’t test me again.” Baron Reiter leaves and Oliver releases a breath as he sits on the cot. Now he has no clue if Felicity is okay but the way the man seems impressed with her, he hopes her usefulness outweighs his murderous ways. He lets out a painful groan as Taiana looks on.

“You did it! Don’t worry, Felicity will be okay.” She bends and gives him a kiss on the cheek.

“What was that for?”

“Thank you!”

“I don’t need thanks Taiana. Before he died Conklin told me Reiter was going to kill everybody here.” Both look out from their cell. “We don’t have much time.”

“Are you sure what Conklin said was the truth.”

“Conklin was dying.” Oliver get ups from his cot. “He had no reason to lie. Whatever Reiter has planned he’s going to kill everyone here”

A few hours later both turn as Reiter’s voice is heard.

“Mr. Queen it appears we are within striking distance of my prize.”

Felicity is behind him, Reiter as two guards hold their place. He looks at Felicity first than at both prisoners in the cell. Telling Oliver and the female hostage “I want you both at my side when I claim it.”

Taiana shows her disgust and tells him she doesn’t care about his superstitious crusade.

Felicity trying to reason with the woman, “Taiana, please go along with this for all our sakes.”

Reiter calming states, “Never the less. You’ll share in witnessing the fruition of all this.”

Within moments as they reach the location. They are all shown to the spot that the digging took place. Felicity again is by Reiter side as the man walks to the gaping hole.
Reiter’s voice having a hint of excitement. “Can you feel it. That energy.” Felicity feels a coldness and steps back. “Primordial.” The lights start to flicker.

“What is that?” Oliver doesn’t like this one bit.

“Destiny Mr. Queen.”

As he feels the energy, he grabs his wife’s hand and brings her to his side. The lights burn out and he is over Felicity as she lets out a surprised cry. Oliver looks over his shoulder still keeping Felicity from rising as he sees a ghost. Hearing Taiana gasp. She turns to see Oliver’s expression and realizing they are all seeing a man that was recently killed.

Conklin starts speaking words that no one can translate but it doesn’t sound good.

Reiter looks to Oliver “What is he saying?”

“What ever it is. It’s not good.”

“It’s probably a warning. Magic is said to have powerful guardians to keep away unworthy people.”

Reiter’s men start firing at the deadman. Seeing it looks hopeless they start for the door. Felicity looking at the prisoners before Reiter pulls a gun at Oliver.

“Reiter what are you doing?”

“Proving what I know about you is true.”

“You can’t leave us in here with him.”

Looking at the woman he sees more usefulness that is to be had. “Mrs. Queen come.”

“No. I am staying here with them.” She doesn’t want to leave her husband’s side.

His gun is drawn and he shots one single precise bullet beside where Felicity stands. “It wasn’t a suggestion.”

“Felicity get out of here.” The fear she has in her eyes leaving him with the undead. She basically has to be dragged away.

The door locks behind her. Oliver calls out, “Reiter!”

Behind the door Felicity looks at the man who just left her husband with Conklin’s ghost. “How could you?”

“Mr. Queen is a very adaptable man. You should have as much faith in him as I do.”

Where Oliver and Taiana stand with a few other prisoners they watch the Zombie like man come at them. Oliver pushes Taiana behind him. The magic incantation placed on Oliver’s abs lights up without anyone noticing. They shockingly see the ghost say, “You are worthy to pass.”

Now more than fifteen minutes go by and the door opens and Baron Reiter enters.

Oliver yells, “You… son of a bitch.”

“I assure you Mr. Queen I had all the faith in the world you would survive.”
“Ha! What about everyone else?”

“You are my only concern.”

“Oliver!” Oliver turns to Felicity as she shouts out his name and watches as she’s allowed into the room and runs to him. “Oh my God!” She stops from wrapping her arms around him still weary of his injuries but takes his hands in hers.

“I’m okay. We are okay.” Felicity glances around to see no casualties and sighs.

“We have gotten this far because of you.” He hands over a flashlight. “Let’s finish it.” Baron Reiter looks pleased and as he looks between the two females “You and Ms. Venediktov” than looking at the man in question. “Mr. Queen seems to behave at his best when you two are around.”

As they enter the underground passage Baron informs them that Felicity will be by his side and Oliver and Taiana lead the way for insurances.

Somewhere deep in their journey Baron calls out, “Keep moving.” A few more feet of wild turns deep in the cavern he tells them to stop.

“This is it.”

“Okay. Well. Now that you found what you are looking for you don’t need us. So, we can…”

“No!”

“This isn’t the end. Mr. Queen. It’s the beginning.”

Baron tells them about his village.

Felicity takes in the sculpture and can already place that this is dark magic that needs sacrificing to empower it. Listening to Baron’s story she figures it is a way for the man to never feel powerless again. This is not good. Whatever is going to happen lives are going to be lost.

“So, killing all the people you took hostage is going to make you feel…”

“Oliver! He needs to kill people for this to work.”

“What?”

Reiter looks at a slave man who is standing against the cavern. “Oh, it makes me very different.” He points the gun and Felicity places her hand over her mouth. He is going to shoot and kill to gain power. At this moment she doesn’t understand how the totem will play a part but it’s a critical piece. “Let me show you.” As the men dies Felicity keeps her eyes on the black totem seeing the transfer and knowing that they must do something. As always, her husband is already in action punching the soldier and then attacking Baron as Taiana grabs the totem and Felicity whacks another one of Reiter’s men before he is also tended to by Oliver as he tells them to run.

They run far enough and they stop. Felicity looks at the woman holding the figure head and back to Oliver. “Taiana could you please allow Oliver and I a moment please.”

Looking between the couple the woman shakes her head and moves away to give them some space.

“Oliver, I have that map.”

“Honey, we are beyond maps at the moment.”
“No listen Oliver this map is special. So, is the ring around my neck it’s all connected.” She clearly remembers John’s words.

Meeting John Constantine is not a forgettable experience.

His words are smooth and he has a charm about him. It makes the flight a little more interesting so when they land and she decides that a drink with him wouldn’t be a crazy idea. They are early and it beats sitting out in the sun waiting for a convey to pick her up.

The bar has a few patronages as she is enjoying some beers with John Constantine as they share wild stories. Maybe having a small drinking contest as they drown three shots prior to the beers they’re drinking. She tells him about her husband and their life in Coast City. He tells her about how he lost his best friend. That makes them take another shot.

Finally, she tells him of how she almost said to hell with it and didn’t pack her stuff in Coast City leaving it all behind and paying for it to be junked. She almost would not have found that invoice in the top left drawer where Oliver has his unmentionables. She is glad she changed her mind and made arrangements for a storage unit for it to be shipped to Starling. Taking the time to pack some boxes. Even if it made her sad and irate at how her husband was snatched up and used like some tool.

“I found an invoice, it led me to a jeweler. I even framed it; it is the reason I carry these.” She moves a necklace to show John.

“Is that wedding rings?”

“Yes. I purchased the matching set.” Pulling the rings from the necklace and holding them in her hand. “My anniversary date is coming closer and I’m hoping Oliver will agree to maybe … It’s silly he’ll probably think so to.”

John takes the rings and inspects it. “Love is one powerful emotion.” He recalls his best friend, who now doesn’t know him. The price due to a demon. Shaking his head, he sees that Felicity is concerned. “If his love is genuine, he’d understand what the significance of this.” He raises it slightly. “This ring is just gold circled to fit on a finger meaningless without sentiment.” She holds her own ring that she hopes Oliver will place on her finger. She knows Oliver will want to do it in Starling but… She’d like to say her vows to him even if there is no one else to hear it. “Here give me yours.” She looks at it before handing him the gold band. He says a few words and closes his hand that is holding the rings. He then gives her back the rings. “How about another drink to commemorate good fortune, happy travels, and a love that holds no bonds.”

“Sure, to new friendships, endeavors, and finding meaning in all the chaos.”

They enjoy their last drink together.

Oliver notices the ring she pulls out. He looks at the object wondering why she has it.
“Before you ask, I... I found the invoice and it’s now paid in full.” He tries to mask a certain sadness but she catches it. “I also got this ring, similar to mine so I got it. You probably…”

He is holding the ring inspecting it. For her to find the receipt and pay the balance its another surprise that he couldn’t shower her with. He looks at her wondering where her ring is.

As if on cue she answers, “I lost the perfect ring I could have ever desired it was beautiful, so very beautiful and I lost it in a shuffle before the waterfall.”

“All that really matters is that you got away. Yet he hurt you again. He is here close by and I swear to God he’ll never touch you again. I need you to remove that wrap around your neck.”

“Oliver!” she places her hand on his forearm. “Now is not the time or place.” Even with his grumble she takes the ring from him. Moving his ring hand so she can place the ring by his finger. “Here, take this ring it should help against Reiter.” He looks at the wedding band and back at his wife. Her blue eyes stormy holding back a story he’ll want to hear once they’re off this island. He holds out his hand as she moves it and both seem lost on how this should be happening but here, they are on this forsaken island.

“What can a ring do for me?”

She pulls the folded parchment paper and begins to unfold it quickly. “This led me to you. Losing the ring I don’t have access to the map.” She looks at him as she looks at the blank paper now. “Once I found you, I’m just assuming that maybe now it might show the tunnels.”

“Here! Underneath this compound?”

“Take a look.” He does and as it once delighted her at that small room at the base, he is amazed at what the map is showing.

“It shows everything, Felicity this shows where we need to be.”

“Okay. Lead the way.” His eyes show delight as for the first time he can feel that they have a chance.

“There is no way around Reiter but I can see where we can hide and maybe get some supplies to help us.”

“You mean ambush his men and take their weapons.”

He gives her a smile and he finally makes-short work of kissing her. They are interrupted as Taiana coughs. Her words dry she is ready to defeat Reiter and his men, “We should get going.”

“Right!” both Oliver and Felicity quickly state. They move a few feet into another section of tunnels. Taiana is still carrying the totem and looks at them.

Oliver finally points to it. “Look.” He says again “look” and continues, “Reiter isn’t going to issue a kill order if he doesn’t have that thing nearby.” Looking at Taiana “Grabbing it you saved us.”

“If that is true than we should destroy the damn thing.”

“I don’t think that will work.” Felicity chimes in as the woman has the totem over her head. Oliver says wait but the totem just hits the ground and just sits there. Felicity goes forward from her spot to touch it and Oliver’s arm holds her back. They all hear Reiter’s voice call out for Oliver.
Taiana looks at where the voice is coming from in disgust. “You took his radio?”

“I know you are still down here Mr. Queen. You should have studied those maps more closely the only way out of these tunnels is back through where you came which means going through me. You can either return on your own accord or you can force me to come and find you.”

Chapter End Notes

What does Tommy and vigilantes have in common? Well maybe he is becoming one.
The end is near for Baron Reiter's journey to madness.
Chapter 23

Chapter Summary

Tommy makes his first trial run. Baron Reiter has what he needs now he wants Mr. Queen dead. Felicity plays a dangerous game within the world of magic.

Chapter Notes

Coming closer to ending this chapter in Oliver's life. What's after Lian Yu? Russia? or is there a stop before he goes after Kovar?

See the end of the chapter for more notes.
Thomas Merlyn has done some crazy things in his life. Now this must be the most insane thing yet. He’s been doing what one would consider something of a stake-out, he’s behind a very busy warehouse for the last four hours watching how the business of this organization holds up. Not to say he hasn’t been by earlier in the week doing almost the same exact thing he is doing now. Though straightaway he is going to take matters into his own hands tonight.

He’s dressed in black attire and really good trekking shoes. That is the lesson he’s gotten from Felicity especially that when she found out how Waller caught up to Oliver it made her beet red in the face.

His view into the building is excellent and with the audio surveillance he placed here earlier in the week he knows exactly what he needs to do. Yes, he may have taken some of Oliver and Felicity’s gizmos but they are coming in handy.

They have three to five females in captivity and since this information came into his possession, he needs to save them. The mode of escape is kind of up in the air as in he’ll get them out but then getting the authorities involved that doesn’t get him into trouble is something he hasn’t really thought through.

He waits for certain players to leave the scene. He isn’t stupid to go after the big boys. This is a go in. Surprise attack and get the ladies to the authorities. Use the bare minimum of skills he’s learned. He may have already known a lot more than he’s shown when it comes to archery. His father had him learn an array of skills. Didn’t make the man endearing to his son but right now he is a little more thankful to understand the fundamentals.

Watching the last vehicle of goons leave. He knows now there is the least amount of resistance that he’ll need to deal with. Grabbing his bow, he’s off the perch. Showtime!

Moving within the shadows until he finds he needs to handle one guy that stands between him and the propped opened door.

The thug throws the bud of his smoked cigarette to the side and moves to go back indoors when he hears what seems like a man’s cough from his right side and as he moves to look at what got his attention a fist connects to his face and he’s out cold.

Dragging the man behind some crates. Tommy moves quickly to enter unseen and walks along the path he charted from his memory. He isn’t going for the ladies first that’ll be suicidal. He needs to take out the other four guys out first. Only the ones that are in the section that makes an impact on saving the trafficked girls.

When information crossed his path from the guy who is still working on Oliver’s bike. He could tell by the tone how much he hates this shit. He talks about how he’d kill anyone who even thought of disrespecting his sister. He also didn’t mean to give up this information to him and Tommy had to play dumb billionaire’s son once again. The kind of boy who plays hard but doesn’t ever care to find out where the toys come from.

Since the thoughts of his loveable information technology savvy female bestie being in this situation. Thinking that there where men doing unthinkable things to a girl who blushed at lovely innuendos. That the fiery passion and sweet innocence would be forever tainted. Just because he dragged her across the ocean to find his best buddy. That plane ride back to the States was hell. Leaving empty handed really did a number on him.
Finding out your best friend and his wife a dear friend are vigilantes has really made his eyes open to a different way of life. A life of purpose.

He tried with being that boyfriend to an up and coming lawyer but she’s always using legal jargon to throw him off his game. Now he hopes he doesn’t need a lawyer. Optimistic his first time out in the large playground that is Starling City’s less than desirable places to be is a good trial run.

Grabbing an arrow, he tends to his first victim. No kill shots. Not if he can help it. He uses the end of his bow to whack his targets and he moves with a precision he has a few minutes to get the girls out with how he timed the call into police for a very exceptional disturbance. They’ll be here soon.

He gets to the spot and breaks the chains from a dingy crate and there he sees these terrified pairs of eyes staring back at him. His face is covered and they can’t tell if he is a friendly or one of the criminals who has taken them from their lives. Opening the door wide he turns to make sure it’s clear and uses hand signals to get them up and ready to move. His words low. Trying to mask his voice.

The sight of him has a few of the women holding their breathes wondering if this nightmare is coming to an end that finally they’ll be safe. They begin to follow him due to trusting one of the girls and he inwardly sighs with relief. There is no minute to spare as his plan is rigged to a time scheme.

He could have cried on the spot when one of the girls openly needs to hug him. This moment will probably manifest with him later. He holds his emotions in check as he leads the way only having to get them to a certain spot before the commotion starts. It is like fireworks at first, before small denotations of really intense smoke bombs take effect.

The cops make it to the site and Tommy keeps the girls from getting involved with gunfire. Slipping one of them a programmed phone from his gloved hands that is already online with the government agency of missing and exploited from a live call center. He makes his move to leave when the girl that hugged him just moments ago runs back into his arms saying thank you over and over.

“You don’t ever need to thank me.” He is then out of their sights as he hurriedly moves away using the smoke trail to hide out of the law enforcement’s clutches that is pooling around the building.

“I know you are still down here Mr. Queen. You should have studied those maps more closely the only way out of these tunnels is back through where you came which means going through me. You can either return on your own accord or you can force me to come and find you. But, don’t bother trying to fight your way out of this. After all I’m the only one has men and guns.”

A short time later two of Reiter’s men come across the effigy on the ground. One exclaims, “Watch it! Could be a trap.”

“Just left it behind, why would they do that?” The answer comes as Oliver falls from some rafters high above. A fight ensues and one of them points a gun at Oliver. “Drop the weapon.” The combatant gets hit by the statue in Taiana’s grasp. Felicity coming right behind her beholding the fallen men and then at the woman who tells Oliver to call Reiter and tell him they now have guns.

“We need a plan.”
Oliver nods to his wife and knowing they have to go back the way that the enemy is waits for them. Lucky for them the map he holds shows where the soldiers are. “Okay we take them out without using deadly force. We don’t need Reiter to be any stronger than he already is.”

“What do you need of your wife and I?”

“You both stay behind me, take cover when necessary.” They basically do as he says as Oliver takes out the men as they head closer to where Reiter is. Reaching the spot. They are quiet not to alert the enemy. Felicity hand reaches for him and he takes it clasping their hands together before pushing her to him. “Stay here.” He nods to Taiana to get in position and walks into the cavern that the mystical totem came from with his arms raised.

Listening to Oliver’s plan Felicity is to hid the statue as her husband and the woman that fights with them tends to Reiter themselves.

Hearing Craig’s voice, she stops just out of sight. Catching her breathe Felicity is just off where the opening to the prison is. The idol she is carrying covered by one of the unconscious man’s shirt that Oliver knocked out. She has her pistol out ready to defend herself if the need arises. Placing the heavy totem to the ground she looks from her corner to see where the creep is.

Just disgusting as he’s bullying a man. With the other comrades laughing at the spectacle. Knowing if Reiter succeeds all these prisoners will be dead it makes her heart drop. She remembers that this jerk has her wedding band and she wants it back. Hiding the idol as well as she can in the darken hideaway off a tunnel. She takes a chance that these men aren’t bright.

She calls out from the hole hiding herself because she can’t assume, they aren’t a jumpy crowd shoot first ask questions later. “Reiter needs a certain diagram.”

As she predicated Craig is the one to answer her. He has a score to settle so yes as she predicts he’s the one who calls out to her and she makes her way out of the man-made opening. Her hands up enough to tell the men she is no danger and she doesn’t waste time.

“I do not think he’ll appreciate waiting.”

Craig looks to his buddies as tells them he’ll escort her.

Oliver walks into the open cavern where the creepy totem originated from.

“Mister Queen, where are my men?”

“I don’t know Reiter. They’re your men. I wasn’t going to wait around for them to kill me.”

“And what of Miss. Venediktov and your wife?”
“They’re still here.”

Soon after Taiana walks in holding two guns. “Don’t move.” Giving one weapon to Oliver.

“Where is my idol?”

Oliver holding the gun ready to shot. “It’s not your concern anymore.”

“It’s nearby. I can feel it. The powers it bestowed are on the way but…”

Taiana screams, “Enough!” and begins shooting the man. Looking at him in disbelief as he doesn’t fall dead at her feet.

“As I was saying, magic to losing its potency. I still have enough to make short work of the two of you.” Oliver looking at him wondering what he’ll need to do to take him out. “Do you see now the value of my prize Mr. Queen.”

“What have you done to yourself?”

“There are primordial energies that flow through our fibers, I now command them.”

“You’re insane.”

“Madness. Is a matter of perspective Mr. Queen, your morality blinds for understanding what I have achieved!”

“Oh, I understand. You’re killing people to gain power.”

Baron moves closer to Oliver. “…And what would you do about it? Now tell me where you have hidden my idol and I promise to kill you both quickly.”

Giving the man a defiant look. “We’ll pass.”

Reiter just moves his hand and Taiana flies in the air till she hits the ground hard.

Oliver grinds out, “You! son of a bitch!” And they get into a hand to hand scuffle.

“My victory is inevitable Mr. Queen just think all this power came from the life essence of one man. Imagine what I will become when dozens of lives are sacrificed in my name?” Taiana is semi-unconscious.

Oliver looks up from his spot looking at the man who has gone off his rockers. “You’ll become a monster.”

“No, a god! Let me show you.”

He has Oliver in a choke hold as he lifts Oliver off the ground and that is when Reiter begins to lose the grip of his newly established power.

So far Felicity’s plan is on target as she is lead through the prison and out to where Reiter’s base of
operation is situated. Gazing to where some of the solders stand top side. There aren’t as many men as she thought but enough to hurt the prisoners if the need arises.

“He’s need for you is coming to an end.”

She doesn’t answer she won’t waste her breath urging this psycho on.

As they enter the now vacant room where no one is really in earshot to hear them she asks him a question, “How does a man lose his soul?”

“What?”

“Unlike the others on this island you and Conklin had a larger stake in this.” She sees Craig shrug as she looks for the particular paper. She knows that at least he identifies with what is the true purpose of being on Lian Yu. He may be a disgusting human being but he knows that her mind could be a key to unlocking the mystery Shadowspire is after. “Yet, Reiter never shared his true goals and only an outsider like myself is privy.”

“He’s superstitious, what is your point?”

“It is all about power. Thinking everyone is beneath you.”

He gives her that look. The creepiness making anyone under that stare have their hair stand rigid on the arms. He could copyright that as his own brand of Hell. Nothing like dead eyes showing no soul.

“What is you point?”

“There really isn’t any I just needed to get this particular sheet.” She gives him a wink as she quickly says the words out loud and before he even has his gun drawn, he is out cold. She hopes Reiter doesn’t kill anyone because she really doesn’t need to get the darkness pulled into her as she sees a scripture being written on her skin. Whatever power is left in Baron Reiter it will disperse giving her husband a fighting chance.

The Starling news fronts are all buzzing about the bust of illegal drugs, trafficking, and some confiscated armory that a masked bow wielding vigilante is said to have been on the scene. No real details other than it was a man, he wore black from head-to-toe, and carried a bow.

Flipping the station off Laurel just sighs as she shakes her head. She just began this job at CNRI with the help of Joanna who is one of her college buddies.

Joanna who is just finishing up with a client sees Tommy coming her way. He is looking good as always and seeing him holding a box which she assumes is pastries with the other hand carrying some very lovely Poesie flowers. Their eyes connect and she can see the glint in his eyes. He is so charming. Too bad he has it bad for her friend. She’d do him in a heartbeat. Knowing that Laurel isn’t too into the gorgeous man, saying he is so much like Oliver, she can’t trust her heart to the man. As much as Joanna has tried to convey people change. They change for themselves to be better because we can’t change people. Laurel has this outlook as if there is a will there is a way. She can change the world.
“Hey beautiful.”

“Hi Tommy. Laurel is in stock room in the back. She’ll be right out.”

“Okay, thanks. Anyways how are you today?”

She gives him a flirty smile. “Depends if that box is what I think it is.”

“If you think its heavenly sugared pastry than it’ll be a very good day.” He places it on her desk and flips the lid. He can see how excited Joanne is to see her favorite chocolate flaky sweetness staring back at her.

“Oh my gosh, you are as good as they come. Don’t tell me…”

“It’s all yours. The raspberry stick is for my lady and I brought a few more for the rest of the house.”

“I am happy she’s giving you a chance. Her stubbornness…” Joanna stops talking when she sees the subject of the conversation step out onto the hallway. “She can be something else but don’t let her fool you.”

Tommy whispers, “I like the challenge.” Joanna rolls her eyes. He is a puppy dog when it comes to her friend. She knows enough. Laurel has spilled on occasion how many times they have hooked up. Too bad for hottie that he is being treated the way his best friend treated her.

“Tommy you’re here?”

“I am.”

“Why? What brings you here?”

He could roll his eyes. He told her that he’d come around on this particular day. He has a hunch when planning his activities last night that some of the girls would need a little more help and he’s here to nudge the system.

“Can’t I miss you?”

“You saw me just…” she looks at the clock. “Less than three hours ago.” His eyes roam to the clock and then back to her.

“Huh hmm. Anyways I made an appointment with Johnson so I better be going but I did bring you these.” He hands over the flowers watching her instinctively smell them.

“Thanks.”

He knows that is all he is getting. He’s at her work site so he respects the professionalism. “Well I’ll see you later.” Turning to a now sit-down woman chomping happily at her pastry. “Bye Joanna.” She just raises her hand in a goodbye wave.

“Oh!” Laurel remembering, “Tommy, last night brought us some more work since some guy in black in some archaic weaponry came to the city yesterday.”

“Really? What kind of weapon?”

Joanna laughs at Laurel’s expression. “I think Laurel is still in shock a man in with a bow and arrow took on gangsters.”
Laurel shakes her head as she spills, “The man is insane. Totally bonkers!”

Tommy smacks his lips together. He knows this would be the reaction and it’s quite funny to see
people think he is nuts because of the choice of weapon he’s deciding to use.

Felicity squats down pressing her fingers to the man knocked out before her. Checking his pockets
for what she desires. Of course, it isn’t an easy find. Thinking she’ll have to scrub her hands with
bleach.

“Who would have thought I’d freely feel you up?” She shakes her head not me in a million years but
then again, her life isn’t particularly boring consequently after meeting a man with incredible blue
eyes that stole her breathe away since day one.

“Where would you place that ring?” Her hands feel around his neck. Maybe he has it as some prize?
No, it isn’t there. She sighs as her hands enter one of his deep upper pockets and she really hopes she
doesn’t get torched by finding the sole body part that would give her nightmares. She sighs in relief
as the tip of her finger hits something that could be what she is after.

Being so into what she is doing that when a squeal of a rat is heard she jumps but it is an awkward
jump as her hand is still down this man’s pants. She lets out a scream as she brushes her hand against
the dormant snake. Pulling the ring and her fingers out as a rush of explicit words leave her mouth.

She would love to run out of this room and never look back but she knows the man is temporarily out
so she finds some handcuffs and moves him to make it easy to tie him up.

Felicity emerges from the covert bunker. The sunset sky telling her that if she doesn’t find Oliver in
the next two hours, they’ll be apart for the night. Seeing a handful of gathered prisoners, they look
frightened and they have no idea they were marked for death. She can’t just leave them be.
Somewhere down the rabbit hole she became a woman to champion change. She is a hero. As much
as she wants to be in her husband’s arms. Her immediate need is to help gather and find a suitable
place for them to ride out the madness.

Oliver is in search of Felicity. Weary of Reiter’s men but there is one particular soldier that he fears.
The one who has been a nightmare to his wife. He makes it out of the prison with Taiana on his
heels. With the explosion he created hopeful that takes Reiter out of the equation just leaving the rest
of the soldiers that need to be taken out.

Coming across other prisoners with guns. The man that needed Oliver to prove his loyalty by killing
Conklin tells them, “We drove some of them out but Reiter is sending reinforcements.”

Taiana can’t believe it, “Reiter’s dead!”
He continues, “We heard him on the radio.” Oliver looks at Taiana with a ‘oh shit’ look. “He’s alive.” Oliver just takes off the backpack and offers it to Taiana.

“Map of the island in the pack, get them to the plane.”

“What about you?”

“Find Reiter and I’m going to end this.”

“Then I am staying too.”

“Remember what you told me? It takes a monster to kill a monster. Now get these people home.” She nods and moves out with the men trailing behind her.

Felicity leads them to some boats. Finding that having a gun has been handy as they find some resistance. She hopes Oliver is faring better. To see the prisoners, starting to have passion to defend themselves and attack their oppressors now that they are also armed. They gain the ultimate edge.

Looking to the sky, dusk is approaching quickly and now that these people she led are as safe as can be, it is time to head back to the campsite. The meeting place by Reiter’s tent if by some circumstance the trio are separated from each other.

Hearing gunfire as she approaches the one-mile mark to her destination, looking for cover although in a bizarre occurrence an eerie electrifying air she can feel something starting to take hold over her. Her mind buzzing with how her body is feeling ethereal and at that moment she knows a connection has been established to that damn idol.

Her knees buckle and she falls even if the power surging in her can hold her upright. She falls to her knees because she knows she’s in trouble. It is a moment where she can place her head in her hands and think. The essence of the newly dead are now powering something magical and if she carries this power for too long it could corrupt her mind.

She can easily swat these soldiers with an easy hand movement and see them fly instantly to her whim. It does give her a surge of pleasure and that in a fleeting second makes her petrified of what she can become. It feels outlandish to sense the totem as if it’s like a beacon calling and she moves to where a nub of heat is dragging her spirit to go.

Night falls on the island, and Oliver is standing in the encampment he first met Baron Reiter. He has no clue if his wife is okay. Every fiber in his being hates this island. Purgatory. This island is truly purgatory.

“Mr. Queen.” The damn idol is placed on top of a barrel. Seeing that Baron Reiter is truly alive
Oliver psyches himself up for the fight. “My men are searching the woods for my property but you chose not to die with them. I’ve killed a few of the stragglers. My power has grown beyond your imagination. Let me show you.” Moving the weapon from Oliver’s hand then pushing him with force with a flick of the hand through a hut.

A few steps forward as the man with primordial power looks at where his prey should be. Once he would have rewarded this fool now his dead body is all he craves.

Oliver comes out swinging and is easily overpowered and maneuvered like a ragdoll. Hitting the ground hard. Oliver uses a knife to plunge into his opponent’s chest with no effect. The turnabout as Baron now effortlessly holds Oliver up in the air by his neck.

“Valiant effort Mr. Queen.” Reiter pulls the knife out of him. He is now to use the same knife to kill Oliver Queen. The knife doesn’t move forward like Baron wants it to. Taken from his grasp in very precise move. Oliver falls from his tight hold and gasps for air. Seeing a semiautomatic, he takes it and starts to shoot the non-killable man.

Felicity is looking at the idol when he calls out to her. “Felicity, we need the idol.”

“I can’t. I can’t touch it Oliver. It wants me too but… if I do, I’m bound to it.” He can’t really hear her over the gunfire.

“What did you say?” Oliver is over by her side as she looks from where Reiter is temporary knocked down than to him.

“I can’t touch it.”

“Why?” As his words leave his lips, she rolls the shirt up on her arm and he sees the glowing markers. Terror passes over his features. “What have you done?”

“The only way to defeat him is to deplete him of the surge in power that is remaining but there is so much death that it will not happen any time soon.” As she is speaking to him his hand goes out to touch the arm his thumb following the glowing symbols.

He needs to say it again his mind is in turbulence, “Felicity, what did you do?”

“I’m sorry, I figured it out that to beat him one must also take from the idol. We cancel each other out.” As Oliver listens, he doesn’t have time to reflect her words but does make sure to shoot Reiter, keeping him down.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter: The Queens/Venediktov versus the last showdown with Reiter and his men.
Chapter 24

Chapter Summary

Baron Reiter vs Oliver Queen: the battle has been brewing and finally it is in play and only one can walk away. Magic has a price. Felicity and Taiana find out what cost it may be.

Chapter Notes

Grammar is my own. I try as I might and things escape me.

Thanks for reading and coming along with me on this journey. This chapter is action based.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.
Oliver looks exasperated to Felicity as her husband has no idea what to do. He wants to run. Even though no matter where they go the totem is a beacon to Baron Reiter’s increasing madness.

As she looks around the sparse hut looking for something to wrap the idol so her bare heads are free from touching the cursed thing. They both turn to hear Taiana calling out to them. “I got them to the plane.” She notices Reiter and the idol in plain sight and makes a grab for it. “We need to go.”

Oliver nods at the now retreating woman as he reaches for Felicity who moves around some crates to make it to his side. “We’ll talk about whatever this is later.”

“Fine.”

Oliver moves and stuffs some gear into a bag knowing they’ll have to eventual stop moving in the dark. It would be stupid to move in any direction with how there are landmines strategically placed around the island.

Settling off for the night near a slight hill with a handful of covering trees. The quarter moon slightly to their right as the clear sky shows illuminated stars in the distance. It would be a peaceful view if they weren’t so exhausted fighting to survive. Oliver doesn’t want Taiana out of view so she is resting beside his wife. He needs Felicity close so having her in a partial embrace he is able to drift off to sleep.

They have walked a great distance away from most people that were prisoners on this island. The further they get the totem away from some of Reiter’s fresh kills he won’t be able to absorb their essences.

Felicity doesn’t know how to approach the subject she’s dreading. Seeing her husband’s continuous grimace to what she did. Hanging with Baron Reiter for those few days he was right. She can’t keep herself from figuring out mysteries and now it could cost her dearly. Did she barter her life away? It is the right thing to do, isn’t it? Reading the incantation those days ago before Reiter placed the marking upon his skin she read up on the warning. As long as she doesn’t take possession of the idol, she should be fine. Though the case with magic it never is what it seems. She may not get to the one-year anniversary mark that she’s been thinking of over and over in her dreams. Saying sweet verses that mean the world to her as the vows she has memorized is said to her husband.

Taiana has come to the realization that there is something off with the couple. Only her questions get answered because neither Oliver nor Felicity have expressed any words to each other. The usual handsy pair have kept their distance.

Even with Oliver moving them forward trying to keep them safe he has been internally freaking out. This island only bring misery and now there really is a possibility he will lose the woman that has his heart.

It just too much and at this precise moment Oliver needs to know what possessed her to do the unthinkable. It is just too much. She hasn’t said a word. Keeping her pace with him but her silence
freaks him out even more. He can’t bury her.

“Just stop.” His words halting both women that have been roaming the woods with him.

Taiana looks around before asking about some danger ahead which has Oliver asking her to sit and wait as he pulls Felicity aside far enough for privacy.

“Oliver!” She clearly is about to apologize and his hand goes up.

“Don’t… You put yourself in harm’s way. You promised me in Coast City that…”

“Oliver please!”

“I can’t!” The panic is in his eyes. He can’t bury her.

“Oliver, we aren’t in Coast City.” That doesn’t help the situation at all as Oliver is grimacing at her words. “We can’t let Reiter win; I did what I had to do.”

“No. I don’t believe that. You shouldn’t have come to Lian Yu.”

“Well I am here. If you haven’t figured it out, I’ll follow you to the ends of the Earth.” The pleading in her eyes for him to understand. He is her everything too.

He can stand here and yell which would make him feel good in the short-term but the reality won’t change that she purposely put herself in danger. It’s the helplessness of the situation that has him adrift.

He needs to get a grip on his emotions. Being angry won’t solve anything it’ll just place a wedge between them. “Alright, fine. There nothing we can do about it now so what do you know of its powers?” He nods to where Taiana is sitting on a rock with the statue near her legs.

She can see him deflate. She’s done somethings in the past that has had him terribly upset with her. Anything that has her play chance with her wellbeing no matter if the results are in her favor. She exhales the breathe she is holding as he’s looking at her for an explanation, “Its magic so there are no defined rules but as long as I don’t have physical contact with it. The inscription on my arm can somehow dissipate with time.”

“Do you have some of its power?”

“Weakly, I haven’t been around it long enough with all the kills but I can feel the urge to want to touch it.”

“That’s not happening.” Oliver sighs at seeing her repress the need to roll her eyes. He’s right she can’t touch it. “Come on.” Leading themselves back to where Taiana is now staring at them. “We need to formulate a plan.”

“Are you two having a lover’s spat?”

Felicity just gives a forced smile. No need to go explain what she did. It will only add more fuel and guilt to the equation. Oliver is worried and when he is like this, he can let his emotions outweigh his judgement. She doesn’t want the enemy to have one up on them. One thing about Baron Reiter is that he is a very calm and collective person and he allows logic over emotional entanglements to lead his foray. That is probably why he took to her. She has a way of having a rational outlook on things. When she focusses her energy on a task it is an all-in type of situation.
“We’re fine.” He looks back at Felicity who walks to the side where the statue is probably beckoning her touch and he doesn’t care if it seems overly protective because it surely is as he places himself between the idol and his wife. “Felicity has mentioned that Reiter and that…” he points to what he wishes he never laid eyes on. “Are bound. Which means it’s quite literally summoning him to it.”

“There is no place to hide? What is the plan?”

Oliver doesn’t know what to say but he’d anchor down near a location that’ll be best suited for what’s to come. Felicity has been thinking. It’s all she can do since the implications of what her actions yesterday have triggered. Taiana doesn’t say anything, she has come to rely on these two for output they seem to get things done. From the three of them it’s Felicity who finds her voice first. “We know Reiter is coming to us. We know these weapons aren’t a threat to him. It doesn’t truly mean he is invincible; he is a slave to that idol. He may not realize it yet.”

“What do you mean?”

“We have a fighting chance. But we have a problem in our hands.” Both Oliver and Taiana give an exhausted look of what else can make this ordeal worse. “I noticed that…” She looks at Taiana with heavy concern. “I saw your eyes glow.”

Oliver just can’t believe it. “Felicity? What…” Looking between both women.

Taiana cuts him off, “Does that mean? I am tainted?”

“Are you saying she’s under some dark magic?”

Felicity shrugs. It is all guesses now. Any sort of information is in Reiter’s bunker and well they are several miles away. The priority now is to take out the man who wants them dead then deal with their circumstances.

“I’m just saying the forces at play are supernatural. I’m a science-based gal. I don’t really know the risk assessment. But I saw her eyes glow yellow like Reiter’s did and there is a good chance mine will too.”

“What?” Taiana says as she looks at Felicity. “What do you mean yours will too?” Taiana hears Oliver curse and her whips to look at his disappointed face and how his eyes look stormy as if he could lose it any moment. “What have I not been told? What is wrong with Felicity?”

“Oliver is a little peeved…” They hear Oliver make a pfft sound. “That I may have gotten myself in some paranormal hot water.” She raises her shirt’s sleeve and at the moment it’s not there. Touching her skin. “I have the incantation script on my arm like Reiter does.” Taiana gasps.

“Stay behind this boulder.” Oliver looks at his wife. “Just stay.” She nods to put his nerves at rest.

Two men approach from a clearing from the forest, with only two weapons left in Oliver and Taiana’s possession it is Oliver that shots the men. Taiana says a few words as Oliver turns around to gaze the area to make sure no one heads to where his wife is hidden. Baron making his presence known. A bullet luckily just grazes his calf as he maneuvers out of the line of danger.
The soldiers Oliver took down aren’t dead until Baron Reiter finishes them. This isn’t good, the point of getting far from the camp is to make sure Reiter can’t get the power he craves but with the now two dead men fueling the rampage Oliver knows he is in deep trouble.

The only way out is through and Oliver hates that he’ll need Felicity to take on the madman. If what she’s has told him about that idol is true, her arm must be glowing as those symbols call out to acquire the power due to her.

Taiana doesn’t wait for an invitation from Shadowspire’s leader on the island to engage as she’s on him. Fighting a losing battle as Reiter easily flings her into the air. Oliver tosses a knife at him knowing it won’t do any damage but at least his focus will be on him as on retrospect knowing that his wife will come out to engage. She’s a stubborn as he is. He’s betting that she’ll defy him and help.

Felicity can see how well Reiter is making out and even when she agrees to stay safe behind a boulder what is the point if she’ll get captured? Especially if her husband is taken out. Not that he’ll see it that way. Oliver is a stubborn mule when it comes to arguing about her safety. He wants her safe. It doesn’t mean it needs to make sense.

With the kill to the two soldiers the idol has revitalized Reiter and herself. She can feel the warmth start from her chest and spread throughout giving her a sense of power that she never knew she craved. The first time she felt it was when she came back to the camp from helping some of the prisoners make it to a docked boat.

Her mind feels fuzzy as all she wants is to keep the rush that is flowing through her. Maybe its madness corrupting her mind but she revels in the deaths of those two men. A desire to seek and control is overwhelming and she sees the idol not far and the irresistible urge to finish the bond as it glows calling her to it. Though first she needs to take out the competition. Fighting head on is not her strong suit so allowing her mind to hold back the fixation that the totem has been trying to reign over her she moves from her spot.

“Oliver, stay back.”

Her opponent looks at her and can tell she isn’t affected the same way Taiana is, which means that she has the script on her flesh and is a larger threat to him. “Mrs. Queen, it seems I may have underestimated how deep you’d adventure into the dark arts.”

She shrugs as she sizes him up, “That’s your mistake.” She hears her husband call out to her. His voice of concern basically telling her to cool it.

“I have been planning this for some time I will not allow you to waltz in and take any form of what power that is mine, mine alone.” He makes his move to get her to be whisked by sheer will but she doesn’t bulge. The thing is… she really is a nerd. A lot of her time spent geeking out on science fiction novelties. It looks like it is paying off.

“That’s the thing, as much as I like this so-called power trip.” She remembers John Constantine words of advice. Magic is only as good as the person behind the spells. She really doesn’t want this power coursing through her veins and will gladly let it go. Doesn’t mean she doesn’t crave what it is doing to her but all this is to protect the people that have become entrapped by this madman. To save her husband and her friend. No, as long as her will can keep from touching that damn totem, she can free herself of this. Ultimately, she trusts Oliver to save her from herself. “It isn’t a part of my five-year plan.”

She doesn’t attack him but focuses her energy to get the land to wrap its vegetation around the idol.
That distraction gives Taiana another bout at him. Oliver also joins the battle with the man. As Reiter is fighting a woman who wants him dead and a man who wants him just to be taken down with no fatality to keep the man’s wife from the increased energy flux. He is unable to stop Felicity from doing her best to cut off his power supply.

Reiter is able to throw both of his assaults off him as they hit the ground hard and he makes his way to Felicity. His intent is to get rid of the obstacle. By killing her than he will easily handle those two thorns to his side.

She knows she is no match for him but she isn’t a damsel either as she already eyes a branch she quickly picks up and swats at his approaching form. He is able to rip it out of her hand without ever touching the broken piece of wood. He thinks about using it against her.

As the tree branch topples to the ground it rises once again now in his command. Moving his hand slightly to indicate what he wants to happen but the action stops immediately when he is slammed by the opposition. Oliver’s fist gets a good hit across his jaw. Reiter falls to his knees and it’s enough for Felicity to smack him against his head with the fallen piece of wood.

That action only gives them a small reprieve before the man is up and his demeanor of being cool and collective gone. There is a sensation that with the power he has left he will rip apart his foes.

Oliver being the most worrisome to the man is targeted first.

Felicity watches in horror as Oliver is picked up and dropped hard to be plucked up again crashing into Taiana. Baron Reiter intends to rip Oliver’s limbs apart. Her eyes close as she gathers herself to pivot as a weapon creating an airflow and as she opens her eyes the air current shifts violently towards Baron Reiter. All the energy gorging from her leaving her in one swift blow towards the man who is hurting her husband. With that she falls unconscious. Baron Reiter unable to stop the blast of energy coming his way with how much he depleted his own potency from the idol, and without it having more sacrifices which would power him back up he is thrown against a tree as his body starts to decay quickly.

Taiana is up from her spot and beholding how Reiter perishes with a look of awe. Oliver’s body isn’t cooperating as well as he’d like as he sluggishly moves himself to where he needs to be. It is with his friend’s help that he can get up from how sore his body is from seemly almost be ripped apart.

“Thanks.”

Taiana just nods not having words to describe what just happened. Half carrying her friend to where a prone blonde lies upon what was once a grassy spot. Now showing the impact of how powerful the wind was by the markings of the parched soil.

“Felicity! Felicity baby.” Oliver is checking her vitals and he makes a sigh of relief that she is alive.

“That was some move.” Taiana is sitting with her hands on her knees before the duo. “She saved us. We should check that wound.” She is talking about his open wound that a bullet nicked his calf and with the latest round with Reiter having him bleed once again. She is up and moving to the backpack that holds a small medical supply brought to this island by Felicity. “You need to remove your pants or we can rip them around the knee.”

“Taiana can you go salvage the weapons from the two dead soldiers we might need them. I can handle my own wound.”

“Okay, but I can help suture you up.” He nods in affirmation before she turns to get the weapons.
from the dead men.

After some time, when both Oliver and Taiana take turns resting. They decide that it’ll be best to get to camp so Oliver can radio A.R.G.U.S. so they can get off this forsaken island. Digging out the idol from tree vines, Taiana feels the surges that remains active. She looks at Oliver and takes it out on him.

“You killed my brother.” She is squeezing his neck and to save himself he head-butts her. The yellow glowing eyes reverting back to her normal brown eyes as she looks around started. “Oliver! I…”

He sees that the idol still has a hold on her, may always have a hold on her. He grabs the covering wrap they have used and places it upon the creepy faced statue.

“This island holds so much agony.” She looks lost, “You need to kill me.”

“I’m sorry. I can’t kill you.” He looks at Taiana with worry, “I can’t take the chance your spirit will be taken by my wife.” He then adds, “You are also my friend.”

“I understand.”

“Maybe we can figure out how to stop the madness. Felicity is really smart she’ll figure something out.”

“You’re a good man Oliver Queen.”

He gives her a small smile; he doesn’t truly believe her words. He has seen the darkness and even revels in it to do what must be done. “Hey, we’ll pull through.”

“Promise me if I don’t make it. You’ll find my mother and tell her.”

“I promise.”

“This magic would do wonders to take out that government stronghold of a terrible man. Kovar is a bad man.”

“We’ll figure something out. For now, I need to get back to my wife and carry her to the base. Figure out what to do. I can’t lose her.”

“You won’t. I promise if there is anything, I can do. I’ll do it.” He looks at her. He isn’t a fool. They’re on an island that encompasses its namesake. It truly is Purgatory here.

Delicately picking up his unconscious wife and starting the hike with Tiana back to the campsite. They need to get in touch with A.R.G.U.S. and also look at anything useful that will help get these two ladies back to their normal selves.
It’s another hot day and their strides are slow. His shoulder burns now under the weight of Felicity’s prone body. Stopping to rest as they near a stream of water. Only a mile in and it feels like it’s been longer. Taiana grabs a canteen and begins to feel it with the rushing water.

“What-if I stay here with Felicity as you make it back to radio all this in?”

Oliver looks around but takes the offered water as he takes a sip. There is no way in hell he’ll leave these two unguarded. “No. I can’t take the chance that you’ll be safe here in the open field.”

“I have a gun.”

“So does the enemy.”

Taiana sighs knowing he is right. She can’t go ahead she has no clue what to look for and their journey back is slow. She decides to hear about their relationship. It will at least help pass the time.

“Tell me about her?” She observes how softly he is pushing any loose hair from his wife’s face as he wets her lips with water. The gentleness of a man who is truly in love. She knows the woman’s glasses are safely tucked away. Before he picked her up, he had made sure to retie her hair so her golden locks would not get caught on anything. He studies Taiana for a moment wondering what remarks to express. When it comes to feelings, he doesn’t know what to say. It seems with Felicity it is different. Telling her how he feels comes in waves because of the faith he has in her.

“It started with an assignment.” He glances fondly at his wife. “She was a mark.” His fingers brush against her cheekbone as the memories flood back.

“Mark?”

He remembers looking down the scope of the rifle and witnessing her vividly moving her limbs to express herself to an elderly woman who happened to be laughing at something said. “I was meant to kill her.”

“Oh my…” Taiana had covers her mouth as the word, “God.” Leaves her lips.

“I should probably omit that if anyone ever asks in the future.” Oliver shakes his head at the absurdity. “As you can see I couldn’t. There was a pull to actually meet her. To get to know her. Well… Actually, I wanted to see what relationship she had with my best friend.”

“You took your friend’s lover?”

He laughs at how easy that is to assume. A part of him thinks there be no way he’d bring her to that shady motel room if she had her heart set on his friend. Not when Tommy came all the way over an ocean to find him. He would have had her disappear until his best friend’s situation was handled. Though another part of him the lonely side wonders if he’d want her for himself that night. He’s glad that he never had to go down that path. Taking Tommy’s girl would have broken so many bro codes. “No, she was traveling with my best friend, Tommy. Tommy is his name. I wanted to know if they were a couple.”

“Being that you are married, I suppose she wasn’t.”

“No. She wasn’t.”

“How does a woman you were supposed to kill become the one you marry?” Her eyes glance at the wedding ring he hasn’t taken off since she noticed it in the caverns.
Noticing that her eyes are on the band his wife slipped onto his finger. Its weight has been a comfort. “We danced into the night.” A smile on his face as they danced but mostly with other people but he always focused on her or rather the men who appreciated the blonde bombshell among them even though she was only interested in small talk with the grooms of the festive night. Taiana makes a scoff sound. It gets him to understand what he said. “It was an outdoor wedding of sorts and there was dancing involved.”

“Wait. You were going to kill her among all those people at a wedding?” She looks horrified.

He looks ashamed for a moment but if that is what he was tasked to do he had no choice he doesn’t tell her that.

“What kind of monsters would have you do that?”

“The same ones that threw me back on this forsaken island.”

“I’m sorry.” She takes a moment. “Please continue.”

“We got married to protect her.” He leaves out the details. “She been my wife ever since. I fell in love with her somewhere since our first meeting that special night and between missions that were handed to us.”

“It looks like… you two will go to the ends of the world for one another.”

“I prefer her to be safe.”

“You can’t make that call.” She hears him grumble. “You wouldn’t love her so much if she wasn’t who she is. The fire in your eyes when speaking about her is intense. I’m quite jealous. It seems like you two come from a fairy-tale.”

“She’s become my everything. Our wedding anniversary is now days away. Losing her would rip my soul and I don’t think the will to live even with the promise I made my father would push me further.”

“Then let’s make it home.”

Oliver happily turns from his friend to the voice that carries a melody he reveres. “Felicity!”

“You’re my everything.”

“Doesn’t change the fact that I’d rather you not put yourself at risk.”

“And we can go in a circle over and over my love. You’re not the boss of me.”

He smiles where those dimples show and it makes her heart swell.

“You two are really something.” Taiana laughs softly. Oliver doesn’t mind Taiana one bit because at this moment he just wants to kiss his wife.

They’re more than half a mile from camp. The idol is secured with a deceased man’s shirt. Keepi
anyone from touching it. No one sees the camouflaged soldier watching them.

Oliver looks at Taiana, “If you’re tired of carrying it, I can.” He just won’t let Felicity near it. Not when it has a hold on her. Calling from a deep dark core that needs its victim.

“Oliver, I can help. You keep just being Rambo.”

He rolls his eyes. “Yea, you’re not getting near that thing. You told me how much it wants you.”

“You sound jealous, baby.”

“Okay, okay. We are almost there. I can keep carrying it but you both got to stop bickering about this hell bound object.”

Rounding the large hill Felicity and Taiana head to the bunker while Oliver goes for the A.R.G.U.S. radio. Just as he finishes contacting the convert military group. He perceives movement from his side.

“You! Ungrateful bastard! You spoiled everything.”

Oliver recognizes him instantly from a converted A.R.G.U.S. base in Hong Kong. The jerk made snide remarks and hit on his wife. The same man he now knows hurt the love of his life. Sizing him up for a fight.

“You’re not man enough to satisfy that bitch.” He moves on Oliver quickly. Craig’s rage is blinding he wants to hurt the Queens. He saw how Oliver favored one leg as he came into the campsite. He is hurt so he digs his knee into the blood-soaked pants making Oliver grind his back teeth as he tries to push the brute off him. “Bet she’s out of your league when she’s in heat.”

Oliver throws him down. “She’s isn’t a freaking dog nor possession.” Limping as he moves his weight to the other leg keeping his target down still. “You aren’t going to break her. Hell, you aren’t ever touching her again.” Oliver is barely able to stand erect but he knows he needs to finish this.

These two men circle one another as one will get a jab in as the other protects himself it goes go like this for a small-time frame both just boxing. Craig flips his legs around sweeping Oliver to the ground. Just a quickly it becomes a wrestling match. Both wrestling for control. It’s Taiana who starts to pull Craig off the man who has helped her since he arrived on the island. Craig flies in the air with the fading power she still controls and lands a few feet away. That is when Felicity makes her appearance carrying some old parchment papers and raggedy textbooks.

Oliver can comprehend what is about to happen as everything starts in slow motion. There is no way to get to her in time and his heart drops at the sound that has registered in his mind of a single bullet heading for Felicity Queen.

The lunatic falling to his knees as he yells out, “Oh no, not this time… This time she dies.” The flying stick impales the man but not before the kill shot from the pistol is made.

Sheets of paper fall sporadically around the body as the crimson liquid soaks through. Breathing heavy as her last breathes are moments away.

Chapter End Notes
Next chapter be the last one on Lian Yu with Shadowspire. We are heading to Flashback season 5 Russian territory soon enough.
Chapter 25

Chapter Summary

The conclusion of Season 4 flashbacks!

Chapter Notes

Oliver has completed his mission. Tommy is in the midst of creating his vigilante lifestyle. Conclusion on Lian Yu’s Reiter story is complete. Hallelujah!

Oliver has known torture since the Gambit sunk. He has seen his father die before his eyes. No one knows how bad it is when you’re on a lifeboat and the smell of human rot is too overwhelming to escape. Unable to gaze at the corpse of someone he’s loved all his life. A strong figure. A man he
looked up to no matter what sins he carried.

He buried his father on this island. The smell horrific yet predatory birds flocked for some meat and he remembers chasing them away. Fighting with one over a bone that fell upon the beach as he carried the body up a sandy hill where he spends time with a rock and some broken fragments of a tree to make a grave deep enough that scavengers would not find and decimate the burial site. Those memories will always stay with him.

The fright of these past hours thinking of how burying the woman he loves could destroy him. How much those amazing Azul eyes of hers brings peace to his world. He could stare into them endlessly and know he’d never tire of how each expression she’d makes will only brighten the door onto her magnificent soul.

He knows its selfish of him to request her to keep safe. To ask her to dimmer a piece of her natural aspect of wonder and adventure to the unknown. He knows that asking her to preserve his own wellbeing at a fraction of a cost that keeps her from experiences is just greedy of him. Yet, he asks her to not break his heart by putting herself in danger. He, who knows that there are things that can break a man. Death would be a happy release than to break of despair of never holding the person that is the glue of a life he never knew he wanted.

His body rigid from the excursion of the last few hours. Fighting to stay alive, being thrown like a ragdoll, the dull ache on his joints from almost having his limbs ripped apart, being shot at, and that is the few factors he can remember in a short list of things. Fighting the man who has made Felicity suffer to no avail. No way in his battered state could he win. It has proven ineffective and as he watches in slow motion the man who fires his gun at the love of his life and there is no way to get to her. This moment will impact him in never leaving the island as there is no way he’ll walk away from Lian Yu.

Sitting on the alcove in what he considers the SmoakedQueen pad. It’s off the main floor but he had it fortified for security reasons. Basically, hutch over a desk looking over a few notebooks scratching his head at how some notes are very detailed oriented.

He mutters to himself, “These two aren’t playing.” Getting up to grab a drink as he walks by the wall that holds different types of arrow heads, flechettes, tailored spines, everything to customize the weapon that has held his pique interest since he discovered Oliver is alive. Exiting the very large space he has dubbed the playroom he heads for the kitchen.

The actual penthouse is an access of three floors. The master bedroom is just under the playroom where it has an entree to it directly from the master closet. The room itself is not decorated in the slightest. Tommy thinks the actual future residence owners should choose how their room will be furnished. He hopes Felicity won’t be to upset when she finds out he let go of the townhouse.
The camp is quite deserted when they come across it. Felicity and Taiana leave Oliver to deal with calling in the reinforcements. Quickly walking into the work-site and getting what they need and hopefully get off the island real soon.

“This is where Reiter came to ensure his madness would succeed?”

Felicity looks around the room. She spent countless hours in here and in her time, she rearranged what papers and old texts she thought relevant in this case as a habit of her college days. Heading to the pile and taking a brief moment to look through. Yes, most of these are important and some good reading will need to take place.

“It’s his office. I mean his barracks if you move the curtain behind that case over there it hides his cot.”

“He surrounded himself with so many old relics.”

“Some held mystical properties one time or another. They are what lead him to Lian Yu. To finding that totem you had in your grasp.”

“I never believed in this nonsense. Not until I saw it with my own eyes.”

Felicity agrees. She knows of all the science fiction portion of all this. The science behind facts but in reality, after meeting Constantine and seeing the map come to life, she recognizes she knows nothing.

It is like a little piece of her childhood before she was left behind by her father. She believed in more than just wires and skills on putting together computer components. She believed in fairies because her dad told her stories of them but after his abandonment any links of magical wonders died and she only focused on concrete facts of what makes the world work.

Happily competing in Mathematical Olympiads for three years straight. Yes, she loves math, all different subjects of science, the putting mechanisms together of engineering, and collection of techniques, skills, methods, and processes used in technology. Even raveling in history because she is a believer of the saying, ‘Those who don’t know history are destined to repeat it.’

She didn’t have the worst childhood; she was left to her own devices. Growing up as an inquisitive introvert child held its charm in certain things but the disadvantages were a mile long. She didn’t have much friends being the bookworm wallflower little girl with enormous glasses. Where TV land was her trusted babysitter and she called the Walton’s family. Nowhere did her fascination ever turn to the supernatural even when she went all Goth. She prided herself in realism and that was all science-based facts. Numbers never lie.

Coming from a broken home her mother did her best. She couldn’t have asked for a better mom. It also made her wonder if she could ever bring a child into this world. Placing so much guilt on her shoulders wondering what she did wrong… what her mom did wrong that her dad would leave them. It left some resentment to the men of the world. So far, no lover has made her feel safe and protected like she read in novels or saw in films.

Not until Oliver Queen in the most morbid way danced into her life. She will say danced just for how they met. How being in his orbit on a dance floor even if they weren’t the ones dancing with each other. She could feel his stare as she would also steal glances at him. Seeing him charm the lady in his arms ultimately giving her impish butterflies because even though she couldn’t hear what was being said his eyes would find hers and a smile from him made her weak in the knees. Yep, as cliché as that sounds it is how she felt by being in his radar. The anticipation of things to come.
That night was not a letdown. If she had to rate him in his passion from a scale of one through ten... he would easily bypass those numbers to uncharted territory. Not that she’d ever tell him that. The man knows he has it in him. No reason to ever make him smugger than the once playboy womanizer he has been known to be. No man should have such an ego.

Still their relationship is built on stress inducing moments that a part of her wondered how he would be if they just lived day-to-day. Would he get bored? Their time in Coast City answered that line of questioning that the dark recesses of her brain asked. He not only wants to be with her but he wants it all with her. She’s finding out what that all means and so far, it hasn’t been a disappointment. Yes, both of them have some major faults but together they flourish. It’s uncanny really. They find themselves in each other.

Does that mean she would happily have his child or children? That question is still very daunting. Who is to say their circumstances won’t change? What if he finally gets back to Starling and decides he has better options? That girl Laurel did mention she isn’t his type. But that doesn’t answer her question. Would she want to be the mother of his children? The honest answer is yes. Not that it doesn’t worry her because being responsible for another being is no joke. She’s considered this question in her mind. All those moments she finds herself unguarded and with Oliver on her mind. What would it be like to have a little boy with his nose or girl with his eyes? Little pieces of them blended together. What temperament would they have? The more thought goes into these questions the more she thinks she can handle it but then things always have a spiral.

The moment Oliver starts talking about going back home. It is a logical step. Even if they don’t go that route and forsake themselves from being parents because of the life they want to lead. The conversation was had. Her husband needed to assure her that if a little one was in the cards for them no matter what circumstances they found themselves in, he or she would be cherished.

So, Yes, her five-year plan now includes the possibility of being a mom. Not just a mom but the mom to their broody mix. No matter what the world will throw at them. This baby will be conceived from love isn’t that all she can really have a part in? Asking the fates that they be kind and allow them to be there for their child or children is more than what any mortal could yearn.

Taiana observes Felicity whom seems to be in a world of her own. “Felicity?” moving to now being in front of the woman she is calling. “Felicity?” Taiana can tell instantly at Felicity’s reaction that she now holds the woman’s attention. “Are you okay? You zoned out for a bit.”

“I was just thinking of my five-year plan.”

“Five what plan?”

Felicity shakes her head and waves the idea away. “Nothing.” She smiles, “Really its nothing.”

“It must be something. It had you in a state of immobility.”

“What? What do you mean?”

“Like you were dreaming. I know there is no such thing as dreams on this island but… what were you thinking of? This year thing.”

Felicity looks at the musty ceiling and back at the woman who seems truly intent on knowing. “Since I can remember I’ve created goals. Realistic ones that are milestones for me. Like getting into MIT.” She looks at the confused look. “It’s a prestigious technological school. I became a student by sixteen. Graduated at nineteen. I just had these goals and I focused my energy on them. Being that I’m not a social butterfly so…”
“You seem very social to me.”

Felicity laughs then quickly becomes solemn, “Yea, I guess you’re right. It’s truly due to my friendship with Tommy. He’s Oliver’s…”

“Best friend.”

“He told you about Tommy?”

“He mentioned the man because of how he met you.”

“Oh.”

“He is ever the romantic. He really does love you. Just so you never doubt it.”

“I actually don’t and thank you.”

“Now about this plan of yours? Where did meeting him fit in?”

“Let’s just say his best friend can be persuasive. He has this puppy dog expression that always wins me over.”

“Is he as good looking as Oliver?”

“Let’s just say those two don’t fault in the looks department. Never mind their charms. Gosh those two really do play up to their hype.”

“I’ve only known Oliver to be this serious man.”

“Can you blame him? This island has held some really dark moments that will always stay with him.”

“You worry about him as much as he does of you.”

“We’ve had our moments. There really are evil people in the world. Out for power and not caring how they affect the world.”

Both women take a moment to think of Baron Reiter before they continue their conversation.

“There is a lot of old books in here.”

“Most of them are useless but…” Felicity taps a pile. “These have potential.”

“Do you think we’ll be rid of this darkness that is in us?”

Felicity has hope. That is all she can offer. “I think so. There has to be balance right?” Taiana head tilts allowing a confused expression to mask her features. “Yin and yang, dark and light. There is always a cause and effect.”

“Does evil ever let its prey go?”

“Probably not. Though I doubt the actual totem is evil. It may hold dark properties but scientifically speaking the ion charge can only hold for so long. As long as we don’t go on a killing rampage, we are good.”

“I thought Reiter was going to kill the prisoners above and get their… you know their souls?”
“No. He didn’t understand that the kills have to be made by one of the ones branded by the idol. I received some of these influxes of power because it was Reiter that made the kill.”

“Magic is so confusing.” Felicity nods in agreement. “We should get back. Your husband is probably wondering what is taking us so long.”

Felicity smiles, yes, her husband can be a little over the top with being a worry hog. “If that were the case he’d be here.”

“Are you almost done?”

“I am. Go on ahead. I’ll be shortly behind you.” Taiana gives Felicity a smile and leaves the woman to gather what she’ll need to work out the magic in their lives.

The quietness of the penthouse is disturbed. Tommy is on alert after his ninety-third push up.

The doorbell rings again and looking at the feed he is surprised to see two brunettes by the door. He has to advise the doorman not to let anyone up that isn’t on the guest list and there is no one on the guest list. Patting himself dry with a towel he sighs at the intrusion.

Passing the secret room, he presses on a remote that has the undisclosed room vanish from sight and as the wall closes it shows a beautiful glass mural. Plastering a smile on his face as he opens the door. “Ladies, what a pleasant surprise what brings you both here?”

Joanna has a smirk on her face but Laurel walks in with a frown. “You know Lady Lance here is wondering why you are here. Are you alone?”

“I was until you both showed up.”

Laurel not seeing much of anything personal that can tell her much of who lives here. She realizes how bright and feminine it is though and the frown becomes a scowl. “Tommy, whose place is this?” She also notices his sweaty complexion.

“Actually, the place is Felicity’s. She isn’t here though. She’s on a job assignment.”

“Felicity Smoak? That Felicity?”

“Laurel, how many Felicity’s do you think I know? I only ever mention one.”

Joanna looks at the bright decorated wall. “Are you painting the walls of this place too?” She knows from Laurel that Tommy painted walls while Felicity was missing and that added more stress to the relationship between these two.

“If I were. Which I’m not.” He is going to pile on the lies, “If Felicity wants a certain color, she’ll hire painters.”

“Felicity can afford this?”

“She’s actually doing very good for herself. I wish you’d give her a chance.” Laurel huffs knowing
this woman has been a throne to her side. Just her name irritates her now. “She’s my friend, Laurel. That isn’t going to change.”

Joanna compelled to give Tommy a bone, “He’s right Laurel, they have been friends for a long time. All he is asking is for you to give her a chance.”

“Thanks Joanna.”

Laurel rolls her eyes and gives her friend a nasty look. “Joanna, Felicity is a loon. I doubt that has changed.”

“Hey.” Tommy says annoyed. “She’s been through a lot. Partially my fault. There is no need to offend her.”

“She isn’t even here!”

Tommy bites his tongue. He may love this woman but she can be such a bitch. “Well this is her home and not that it is anyone’s business but she’s off the medication and I’m proud of her.”

“Great how long till she tells the world Oliver is alive? The girl is delusional.”

“Whoa Laurel, that’s a cheap shot. Tommy says she’s better. Can’t we leave it at that?”

“Whose side are you on?” Joanna looks at Laurel with a let’s be real face which frustrates Laurel even more. “Fine! You have a point!”

Tommy looking amongst both ladies as a contest of wills is sort of unfolding between them.

Felicity takes one more look at the dusty barracks that were used by the Shadowspire leader and heads on out to meet up with Taiana and Oliver.

Hearing the ruckus, she has no idea what is happening until she sees Craig being tossed just a few feet from her. She can already tell the jerk planed this by his movement as he quickly draws out a weapon. Her heart rate jumps. The horrific man is going to get the last say. His words, “Oh no, not this time… This time she dies.” She doesn’t need to look for Oliver. She knows the man whose eyes are devoid of reason is speaking to her lover.

The sound of the bullet is thunderous just as piercing as all the other times she has been within range of a gun fight. There is nothing she can do. Being in the direct line no matter if she tries to duck or move slightly because there is no time.

It is the body that smashes into her. Hearing Taiana’s voice but not grasping her words. The woman is using her body as a shield and Felicity can’t reason why she’d do that. Not that she has time to think as it all happens so fast. They tumble backwards as Felicity hits the ground hard. Her body jerking upward from the impact before being crushed by Taiana’s weight.

The books she held already beneath her feet even before her friend threw herself in the line of danger. The loose sheets of paper floating above their bodies as its feather light weight has them cascading down slowly but surely.
Felicity can barely move but she doesn’t try. Afraid she can do more damage to the woman above her.

“Taiana! Please Taiana say something!” Tears start to gather and fall freely as the knowledge of what is happening sets in. “Oh God, Taiana! Please say something.”

She hears murmurs but can’t make out what is being said as she also hears Oliver not too far away. Why isn’t he here helping them? Her breath shallow trying to get air into her lungs and have them cooperate but she’s beginning to hyperventilate.

After dinner and spending time with his girlfriend even checking in with his office. Working for his dad has created some time restraints but it gets him into checking the Asian Market. Keeping tabs in that sector of the business world. His father seems glad that he has taken an interest and that is fine by all means for Tommy as it fits his goals.

Laurel decides she needs to catch up on some files and he finds himself back at the penthouse. Something Laurel mentioned has him wondering if he can help the situation. Looking at some names that are photocopied from what must be pocket-sized book. A name stands out.

Grabbing his black dreary garb, it’s time to investigate.

He is finding the rush of this secret life is exhilarating and is proving that it leads him to be more passionate in the bedroom. That and he stands his ground. Something he never did in the past. He lost count on how many times he was a pushover of the woman who knows she could tell him what to do and he’d practically do it. She’s noticed the change even though she hasn’t placed a finger on it. This time in their back-on relationship he demands they meet in the middle he isn’t backing down and it finally clicks as realization hits him. Trying to be the nice guy actually hurts their connection. Even though his best friend basically stomped her heart she likes the bad boy attitude. So much for growing up.

Oliver can comprehend what is about to happen as everything starts in slow motion. There is no way to get to her in time and his heart drops at the sound that has registered in his mind of a single bullet heading for Felicity Queen.

Grasping an apparatus near him he throws it towards the man to at least incapacitate him from getting another shot in. The lunatic falling to his knees as he yells out, “Oh no, not this time… This time she dies.” Oliver may not move as quick. His body is hurting but he makes it to the man who seems delighted to at least be responsible for their suffering.

“Go to hell!” That is all that is said as Oliver grabs Craig and cracks the man’s neck. He is needed elsewhere and won’t waste time on trash as he sluggishly moves to where the woman who bleeds
out before him has sacrificed herself for the woman he can’t live without. Dropping to his knees as he slides the dying woman into his arms. Knowing that what she’d wants is to hear is a promise and so he makes it, “I promise to find and tell your mother. I swear.” He sees the light in her eyes fade as her grip on his arm lessens and she closes her eyes and those heavy breathes turn hollow.

Felicity is just in shock looking at the display. How Oliver can continue being so strong makes Felicity cry further knowing he has done this precise thing multiple of times.

What is it about abandon buildings that have low-lives flocking to them in groves? Staying in the shadows he just observes the two men who are associated with this particular name. Blake Thompson a very outspoken man who didn’t like Oliver’s father.

It is actually a boring meeting. Nothing is happening tonight so as they leave the scene so does Tommy ready to call it a night. It is the movement back to his parked van a few streets away that teaches him that some acts of violence can really boil his blood. Saving a woman who was pulled into an alleyway. She looks like she just left her shift and this monster had intentions of raping her.

As he drags the man off the lady by sheer will. “Get out of here.” He tells the woman who is still so frightened. His words having the effect on her startled reaction as she figures she needs to get out of here. He watches her get up and hurriedly leaving the scene as Tommy’s fist connects with the perpetrator. It’s actually brutal what he does. Not relenting in making the scum hurt. He stops when a blaring passing vehicle breaks his strides and he makes his escape. This was messy. He’ll need to rethink his approach if he is ever to do something like this again. He’s not equating being a vigilante to heroism for what he just did.

Felicity is super quiet as she’s picking up another stone to carry to the site. She’s listening to Oliver telling a grim story of how he buried his dad. How he buried the other two people who taught him survival on this island.

“You’re being uncharacteristically quiet.”

Finding her voice, “I’m just being respectful.” She hands him the last stone. He keeps his hand on hers for a brief moment longer as he gives her a slight nod. The engraved wood piece now resting on the new grave. The name Taiana across it.

They both look at the new grave and take a moment of silence before they’re disturbed by Amanda Waller as she makes her presence known. Oliver heard her coming but likes to ignore her till there is no choice and then face her. Felicity gets up and tells her husband that she’ll leave them be. Right now, it about the mission.

“And here I thought you’d never use the comm gear I gave you radio for a trip home.”
“I lost it for a while.” Oliver turns to look at the new grave. “The job wasn’t done.”

“Now it is.” Amanda is quite pleased with the situation. “I sent you here to break up Reiter’s operation and free his prisoners. You did both.” She looks at the woman not to far away but still not in earshot of their conversation. “I see you two did both. As I’ve mentioned you two work well together. Saving a lot of lives.”

“I took some too.”

“Do you remember what I told you?” She sees he won’t answer that so she continues, “The only way out is through.”

“Well I am not out, Amanda.” When Oliver turns to Felicity she gets up and walks to his side. “There is a promise I made but first…”

Felicity grips her husband’s hand and tells Amanda what they need, “We need time to reconcile. Oliver has some injuries that need to be looked at.”

“Felicity, I am fine!” The look Felicity gives is enough to know she will be getting her way.

“Any place you two need to be?” Amanda then adds, “I know of this nice bungalow that is available.”

Oliver looks at the woman about to turn down the offer but Felicity says, “No strings attached?”

“After you two took down Reiter and his men, you deserve that second honeymoon.”

Oliver not amused, “I’d say thank you but I remember being taken against my will.”

“The chances of you coming willingly while playing house in Coast City wasn’t in my favor.”

“You’re right he wouldn’t have eagerly participated. Now you are done playing with my husband I want him for myself for the rest of our days. If you need us or vice versa there is this thing called telecommunication, it’s a rad technology feature.”

“You two are surely made for one another. I’d say it will be a loss without either of you but we all know neither of you can stay away from this type of lifestyle.”

“I suppose the view from the bungalow is enticing if Oliver is okay with it. I suppose a few days there won’t hurt.” She looks to her husband.

“Like the Mrs. said. We’ll accept the offer.”

Amanda Waller just looks at the blonde. She has him around her finger. He seems too happy to be wrapped around those fingers. She expects a lot from these two. They’ll keep surprising her. True heroes do things that the world never gets to hear about.

He doesn’t go home like he should instead he’s back at the Penthouse cleaning up his hands. Using the white board to add another item to an array of a shopping list he has up. He’ll need to search for gloves that will protect his hands but also deciding that taking boxing lessons as a new goal.
He’s a little surprised to see his phone go off at three in the morning. Picking it up to the unknown caller.

The moment he answers he is delighted at the voice greeting him back.

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