A Moment of Grace
by juliesioux

Summary

Very short one shot of the hours that I think followed Felicity telling Oliver that she is pregnant. It is tender, sweet, sexy and told exclusively from Felicity's POV.

I wonder just how nervous she must have been telling Oliver about it but this is all about how they communicate when words aren't necessary and when they are, how they are shared.

I hope it works! lol
Enjoy :)
Memories of the night before, when she had finally told him that she was pregnant, fluttered and flew through her mind. She would snatch at them, trying to hold them still so she could breathe them in, letting them rest in her heart. But they slipped through the cracks and hallways in her mind, leaving a glittering trail of half remembered words and the hints of intimate touches behind.

What she remembered, clearly and in detail, was how tender Oliver had been with her as he removed her clothing. He had gently run his hands over every inch of her, seeking new curves and hollows with his fingertips. She could feel the pressure of unspoken words surge out of him. His need to ask replaced with the ability to trace the shape of his love for her over her skin. She had closed her eyes and swayed slightly as he kissed her just above her navel. In a few months, the landscape of her body would be radically different and she understood his need to memorize her now.

He had made love to her with grace, soul searing tenderness and an intensity that felt like poetry. She had gotten lost between the lines, letting him show her the meaning of each touch, feeling each caress and kiss through the delirium of ecstasy. Every time she thought she couldn’t love him more, he would change the definition of the word and she had to propel herself towards it, chasing it even as it metamorphosed into something new.

With a soft sigh, she closed her eyes and settled into the moment from only a few hours before. She had just told him that she was pregnant, fear and excitement surged through her as the words passed her lips. Oliver had been so carefully guarded since William left with his grandparents. Neither sadness nor joy could find purchase in his heart. He had pushed them deep into the corners of his world and was resolutely focused on surviving, struggling to maintain a grey existence until could find his way out of yet another Queen family secret.

It wasn’t something he needed to tell her. His wardrobe choices and reluctance to allow his hair to grow much longer than a few millimetres were sign posts for her to follow. Oliver wrestled with depression in his own way, internalizing it until it became another layer to his identity. He would never seek help from anyone but either herself or John. His PTSD was a blanket of silence, one he wore when his confidence was at its lowest.

There was never a time where she felt she could shoulder the weight of the sorrow he lived with, nor would he allow her to. It was his own and something that he guarded with a quiet ferocity. She could only love him without fear, without boundaries, and hope that it was enough.

When he figured out what she was telling him, she watched him slip past the veil of self doubt and recriminations. His eyes lit up and the sadness of the last few weeks fell away from his expression. In a split second, he was her Oliver again, beaming with joy and a sudden urge to rejoin her as she stepped into the future.

It wasn’t a mask that fell away, it was who he was under all the accumulated experiences, good and bad, that he had collected along the way to this moment. But it was only with her that the true man that he was came out. The vulnerability, tenderness, kindness and love that persisted and flourished underneath the armour he wore so carefully every day, blossomed into life when they were alone.

He had wrapped her in a hug, held her tight but with such mindful reverence that tears sprung to her eyes as she remembered the warmth of his body and rush of love that enveloped them both. It was more than she could have hoped for. Felicity knew he would be happy, but with all the events that preceded that moment, she couldn’t be sure how happy he would really be.

“Tomorrow is Saturday,” he had said in a voice so soft it had almost floated past her unheard, “I think I know where we will be spending it.”

After that, all conscious thought had fled her mind except for one moment, the one she was chasing
as she laid beside the sleeping form of her husband. He was at the centre of it, the reason for the exhausted sleep he was now enjoying. She looked at him, comfortably asleep on his stomach, and wondered at the sadness that sometimes cloaked him and if she needed to worry about the way it weighed him down.

She closed her eyes and remembered how Oliver had lead her to their bedroom and spent what felt like an eternity worshiping her body with his hands, mouth and tongue. He had been hesitant to make love to her at first, but she insisted, taking the decision out of his hands and into hers. The hardness of his cock and the heat coming off of his body made it all so inevitable. There was no worry now, no need to wait or pause, she guided him into her body and slipped quietly into a gentle fugue.

With his arms around her, she gave herself back to him, feeling the ebb and flow between them more keenly than ever. When she opened her eyes, meeting his gaze, she was sure she saw the timeless tides of the universe surging between them, binding their hearts and souls together in a way no ceremony or series of repeated words ever could. No vows were necessary, not when she saw the countless ways he was committing himself to her.

This is love, she thought as she caressed his cheek, their eyes locked in a passion fueled gaze, this is love.

Oliver slipped behind her, his cock hard and hot between her legs. He cradled her, his hand over her belly. Tears had sprung to her eyes and her heart pressed against her chest like it was trying to escape her body in a final declarative act that said, “I am yours and only yours.”. He was always gentle with her, but now the way he was so tender and intensely delicate with her created a different vibration between them. If she were to try and explain it, it would come out as techno-babble. It was like an algorithm. A feedback loop. Something she could see and explain without effort.

She was exhausted but she wanted to feel him inside her. The way their bodies connected and fit together was magical at the best of times but in that moment, as he gently, seamlessly, pushed into her body from behind, it was otherworldly. She let herself drift free, knowing the only way to remain present was to let go and relinquish control of her body over to him as he rocked their bodies together in a slow, steady rhythm.

Oliver’s breath was coming hot and fast against the back of her neck. She felt his lips on her shoulder, his voice drifting up to her ear, but it was the steady pressure of his hand on her belly that held her attention. It was protective, reassuring, intimate and loving. Slowly, she covered his hand with her own and linked them together. The long, lean strength of his fingers, the rough skin of his fingertips and the way his palm covered her abdomen heightened her body’s response to his.

Felicity felt a rush of heat in her pelvis and instead of trying to stop herself from hitting that inevitable peak of ecstasy, she let it burst free and lost herself to the pulsing flow of pure joy that rolled over her body. Her hips pressed back against him and she felt the way his cock throbbed deep inside her body. Oliver held her as still as he could, knowing it would intensify the shockwaves coursing through her as her orgasm surged with gathering strength; an electrical storm in her blood.

It left her shaking as the thunder in her blood faded and she was able to focus on him. He was gasping and quietly whispering in her ear. She lost track of the words but knew they were full of love and desire and she welcomed them into her heart, feeling them imprint on her soul. His tenderness with her was full of restraint, a tamed urgency that filled her with hope for their shared future.

It wasn’t long before she felt the press of his chest against her back, heard his soft groans and his hand tightened around hers. And this, this was the moment she had been chasing. Where everything
fell away and his strength and vulnerability revealed themselves to her, like the sun bursting over the horizon, and she could see where she fit into his heart.

She felt his lips on her neck and heard him groan softly in her ear as he exploded inside of her in a well deserved climax of his own. She felt greedy. She was pregnant already but she loved that moment, when he would lose himself in her and she could feel the spreading warmth in her body or on the soft skin of her inner thighs. It was a silent covenant between them everytime they made love like this, the physical proof that they belonged together.

They fell asleep soon after with only a few words shared between them. When she awoke a few hours later, it was with a selfish sadness that she discovered they had shifted apart, each finding their own place of quiet slumber in the bed that was larger than they were used to. When she bought the queen sized bed to replace the smaller double she had used while he was in prison, it had felt like they had gone from a sleeping on a loveseat to a football field. It was vast but slowly they were exploring its edges, finding their own territory under the sheets.

Stilling her thoughts, she closed her eyes and reached inward. Somewhere, just above or below her belly button, was a small, grain of rice sized form that would one day become their son or daughter. Felicity was both terrified and elated.

So many what ifs were running through her head, she felt dizzy. What if her bio-implant failed? What if it was dangerous for the baby? What if she couldn’t carry a child to term because of it? What if the sadness that was cloaked around Oliver, swaddling him in layers of unspoken sorrow, reached out and snatched their happiness away? What would she do? Could she survive without him?

“I can literally hear you thinking,” Oliver said, his voice muffled by his pillow.

“Go back to sleep,” she chuckled softly, her eyes still closed, “You’ve earned it.”

“So have you. Why are you awake? Hungry?” he asked, yawning as he spoke.

“No, just….,” she trailed off, distracted by a fragment of a thought. It slipped out of her grasp before she could see it.

“What are you thinking?” he finished for her.

She laughed softly and reached out for him, just to feel his skin and found his hand reaching for hers. She sighed, feeling a surge of love and contentment, as their fingers entwined she felt grounded. Her thoughts could unmoor her if she let them and her desire to have a healthy child was driving her thoughts and actions now. Healthy and safe was all she wished for, trying to temper her desire for more.

“Talk to me, Smoak.”

“In the morning,” she said softly.

Oliver was still for a moment, only his thumb was moving over her knuckles. The bed shifted and she felt the protective, gentle warmth of his hand over her belly. It would become a habit for him in the weeks to come. In the quiet moments, before she awoke or just as they both fell asleep, she knew he would softly place his hand over her womb and fall into a deep sleep. It was the impulse to protect that would drive him, Felicity thought as she welcomed his body’s warmth. She wondered if he would talk to their son or daughter, telling them about who he was and the lengths he would go to protect them all no matter what.

“Tell me,” he said insistently, stubbornly.

“You won’t go back to sleep unless I do, will you?”

“Nope.”

With a fake long suffering sigh, one that elicited an amused chuckle from Oliver, Felicity turned to
face him. His hand remained on her body, shifting slightly to cover her hip. She became intensely aware that they were both still nude and barely covered by the duvet and sheets. Just a glance at his body, relaxed and glowing in the dim light entering their bedroom was enough to take her breath away. He exuded strength and vitality at the best of times but here, away from prying eyes, he emanated a tenderness that made her love him more and more each day.

“I was thinking about all the unknowns and all the what ifs,” she said reluctantly.

“Like what?” he prodded.

“Like what if something happens and I...I can’t do this,” she gestured helplessly at her body, indicating her belly.

Oliver slipped an arm underneath her and impulsively cradled her close to him. When he didn’t know what to say, he would pull her into an embrace, using the strength of his body to shield them from whatever doubt or fear had invaded their lives. She recognized this as his nervousness and uncertainty, but by holding her to him, he was able to see his way through it.

“What if my implant is harmful to her? What if it stops working?” she asked knowing there was no answer.

“Her?” he asked with a smile.

“Out of all that, you heard ‘her’?” she asked, smiling despite herself.

“I did. It’s the first time you have been so specific,” he said, his voice full of quiet reverence.

“I’ve been talking to her,” she admitted sheepishly, “I was thinking...what about Grace? For a middle name?”

Oliver didn’t say anything, he smiled in the deepening darkness in their bedroom as the clock shifted past 2am, and she felt his fingertips brush an errant strand of hair back away from her face. Tiny pops and crackles of electricity rushed out and across her skin. She hoped that would never end, that instant reaction of desire and something so much bigger and deeper than love.

His touch was the window that let happiness and joy into her life. He blew her world apart and then slowly, with painstaking care, put it back together again. The cracks and fissures hadn’t weaken the structure of their foundation, they created space for movement, cushioned the growing weight of their lives rather than crumbling with each new event.

She knew Oliver would disagree with her, as he credited her with saving him from the roiling darkness that lived within him, but she had been stuck in place. Frozen after all the events of her time in university, of losing Cooper, and trying to find her way to whatever it was her destiny was supposed to be. Meeting Oliver had changed her life, her heart and her journey.

“Our daughter, or son, will be the luckiest child to have you as their mom,” Oliver said softly and she felt a sensation all over her body, like she was walking through a field of butterflies in the warm, summer sun.

“And you as their dad,” she said with gentle earnestness as she sat up, feeling dizzy and out of sorts for just a moment, “I can feel it in my bones.”

Leaning down, she gave him a quick kiss on the forehead and then made her way into their master bath if only to catch her breath. The bidet had been an inspired addition to the bathroom and she was grateful for it after nights like the one they had shared.

“I am parched,” she said softly from the bathroom doorway, “Need anything to drink?”

“Some water,” he murmured, sleep slowly reclaiming him, “I’ll wait until after you forage for food in the fridge.”

Felicity stared at her dozing husband, considered a retort but thirst and hunger took precedence. He
would still be there when she got back. Turning on her heel, she made her way into the kitchen. She liked their new space but she didn’t love it. It was missing something, a certain warmth that the loft had, a welcoming feeling that the house in Ivy Town had and a sense of home that her first apartment had. They had yet to find somewhere that was complete, someplace that was home.

Picking up an apple, she took a big bite and immediately spat it out. Nausea was new for her but the last few days it had grown to include apples, peanuts and bananas. Three of her favourite things. Opening the fridge, she spotted a small bowl of strawberries and grabbed it. The sweet berries hit the spot, even if they were for breakfast in a few hours, and she ate them in silent joy.

With two cold bottles of water in hand, she padded silently back to the bedroom. The cement floor was cold under her feet and she made a note to correct the timer on the infloor heating. Having it come on one extra hour during the night would save them both from frozen feet. She was up more in the night now and was not a fan of how cold their floors could get.

Oliver was sitting up, gazing reflectively out of their enormous bedroom windows. They had a clear view of Star City Harbour and the night sky over the ocean. The clouds had cleared and the moon was shining high above them, creating a silvery light that streamed into the room. Oliver looked like a marble statue, a Greek God come to life, his muscled frame made smooth in the lunar glow.

“Hey,” she said softly, “Gotcha some water.”

“Hmmm?” he hummed, slowly coming back to the present moment.

“Water,” she chuckled, holding it out to him, “Where did you go?”

“I was just thinking about us...being parents,” he admitted with a small smile.

“We are going to hit it out of the park,” she teased as she sat facing him on the edge of the bed.

“Our role models are...lacking,” he murmured quietly, his eyes sliding down her still nude body.

“Then we have to create our own standard,” she said, lightly punching him on the arm, laughing as he mock flinched, “Moira, Robert, Noah, my mom...various degrees of not good...we are already creating our form of parenting. We will be ok.”

“If you believe in us...” he trailed off, taking a long drink of water from the bottle.

“I do,” she said soothingly.

Oliver looked at her intently, waiting for her to put her bottle of water down on the bedside table. She could tell he had something on his mind. His eyes had narrowed and his shoulders were rounded forward, pensive, set in an action ready position. Setting the bottle down, she slipped her hand up his arm, feeling the hard ridges of his bicep and tricep. She loved his arms, the hard strength of them, the way they were never soft and malleable. He was always on high alert, something that had been ingrained into him so that he could survive in a violent world and his PTSD would not let him forget.

“What is it, Oliver?” she asked gently.

“What...what if I retired before the baby is born? From being the Green Arrow?” he asked hesitantly.

“You tried that once already,” she said, her tone turning serious, “Neither one of us can retire, not with the city in chaos.”

“Ok, maybe I can’t but...,” he paused, catching the look she was throwing at him, “Felicity, at some point you will have to step back.”

“I’ll stay in the bunker,” she said firmly, leaving no room for argument, “and when the time comes, I will step back but not forever.”

“Deal,” he said warmly, knowing the choice was hers for now but would soon become theirs.

Felicity was silent for a minute as she studied her husband. His fear wasn’t without merit. She knew he was thinking of all the violent things that could happen to her in the bunker, at home, or anywhere in between. Going into the field was going to have to stop sooner rather than later, that was obvious, and she was fully prepared for it, but the rest was beyond her control.
“Oliver,” she said softly as she pulled the sheets and duvet away so she could straddle his lap, “I will be sure to take every precaution to keep our child safe. I will never put either myself or her at risk.”

“I know,” he murmured, looking up at her. His eyes a deep, dark blue in the grey shadows cast by the moon, “You are so beautiful…”

“It’s the moon,” she teased, pulling herself closer to him so she could rest her forehead on his, “it makes you look like a Greek God.”

She laughed as he flexed his muscles around her, pretending to preen for her benefit. The warmth of his breath on her face and the intimate contact of their bodies proved too much of a distraction for her and she tightened her embrace around his neck. Without a second thought, she sought his lips out and kissed him. It was a deep, soul connecting kiss, like her heart was suddenly clamouring to find purchase, to reclaim his heart solely for her and her alone.

His hands moved down her back so he could grip her hips that were now moving gently against him. Oliver hummed against her lips and slipped on hand between her legs. Stars burst into life behind her eyelids as he stroked her clit to the slow rhythm she had established with her hips. When his fingers slipped inside her, she felt the familiar tightening of her abdominal muscles and the way her pulse raced.

Pressing her forehead against his, her lips hovering just above his, they shared one breath as she felt the ebb and flow of an invisible tidal force between them. On the verge of ecstasy, he withdrew his hand, guided his cock inside her body and then wrapped his arms around her, holding her close. Felicity tightened her legs around his waist, buried her face in his neck and breathed him in, feeling his deep but gentle rhythmic pulsing thrusts.

She started to whisper in his ear, telling him of the wonders he had brought into her life, both big and small. That his love was like an orchestra, filling her world with sound and energy, that if he would love her like this forever, she would never ask for more. Felicity could feel the way his breathing grew more rapid, shallower and laboured but needed him to wait. Stilling her hips for just a minute, she asked him not to play hide and seek with his heart because he carried hers in the palm of his hand.

Oliver’s hands moved to her face and he cradled it between his large palms. He didn’t say a word, he didn’t need to. His eyes, a field full of stars in the early morning light, spoke for him and she felt the unfocused rush, the gentle push full of violent tenderness that preceded her orgasm, and let her body find it’s singular purpose with their bodies so intimately joined. His cock throbbed and twitched inside her and she closed her eyes as he found his way to merge with her rhythm.

The world outside their home was dark and violent, full of dangers so lethal that everyday was a gift when the battle grew fierce and personal. If this was where and how they could find their private, intimate moments of grace, Felicity was determined to hold onto them, to make each one as loving and kind as she could, to help the passion and desire between them flourish even as her body changed.

But there was an ache, a sweet sorrow, that lurked deep within Oliver that needed unveiling. It worried her to see the haunted look on his face when he thought she wasn’t looking but for now, as she gazed deep into his eyes as they caught their breath, all she felt, all she saw, was the uncomplicated, delicate way they loved one another. They sat locked in an intimate embrace until the moon slipped low in the sky and the promise of dawn chased them back to sleep.

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