Heat Wave

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Summary

Oliver and Felicity give in during a heat wave in Starling City

Notes

This story was inspired by an episode of Roswell. It has turned into a series that I add to. If you have any suggestions, please let me know. This is also another I'm bringing over from FFnet. Enjoy.
Felicity contemplated taking one of the ice cubes floating in her cup of water and rubbing it along her neck. Despite the four fans she had on full blast and positioned to blow right on her, she was burning up. Starling City was experiencing an unusual heat wave. Everyone in the city was holed up in their homes, basking in the glory that is central air. She however was in the basement of a club, sweating, because a certain green loving vigilante decided he needed to go out on patrol.

"You said one hour Oliver," she grumbled into the com link. "Its been two."

"Felicity," he said. "There was a robbery."

She groaned in frustration. "Two stupid teens stealing ice. Ice Oliver. I'd steal a bucket of ice right now and bathe in it."

A choked sound came over the com link before Oliver said, "Okay I'm on my way."

Felicity sighed in relief. Finally! As soon as he arrived back, she was leaving and taking a cool shower at home. She began shutting down her computers, leaving one up to run its usual searches. She slid on her blue flip flops and straightened the straps on her white tank top. She eyed her cup of ice water again and imagined dumping the whole thing over her head. Right now, that would feel really good.

Five minutes later, Felicity stood a safe distance away from her computers, and poured the ice cold water over her head. This is how Oliver found her. Glasses off. Hair down. Shirt wet. And her moaning in what sounded like relief.

"Felicity?" He said cautiously. His eyes quickly took in the way the wet parts of her shirt clung to her skin.

She jumped, startled by his sudden appearance. "Oliver! You're back."

"What are you doing?" He asked.

She looked at the cup in her hand, down at her transparent shirt and back up at him. "Cooling off and unintentionally participating in a one woman wet t-shirt contest."

Oliver pushed his hood off as his eyes traveled down to her shirt. Heat pulled low in his stomach as he realized he could clearly see the outline of her nipples through her shirt. In that moment, he wanted nothing more than to rip her shirt off and taste her. If he wanted to be honest with himself, this wasn't the first time the thought entered his mind. More than once, when she wore those tight pencil skirts, he wanted nothing more than to run his hands up her legs and make her scream in ecstasy.

Shaking himself out of his increasingly heated thoughts, he forced his eyes to look back up at her. A blush stained her cheeks as she nervously bit her bottom lip. His eyes narrowed on her lips, wanting nothing more than to feel the heat of her bite against his mouth.

"A one woman wet t-shirt contest?" He asked.

She pulled her shirt away from her skin, attempting some modesty. "If you haven't noticed, and I don't know how you couldn't in all that green leather, it's hot. And you, for some reason, don't have any kind of air down here. It's like I'm roasting in here. And do you know what this heat does to
my babies?"

He shook his head, too distracted by the water dripping from the ends of her hair, to pay too much attention.

"This heat slows down my babies," she continued. She twisted the end of her hair to rid it of some of the water. "And I'm hot...well not hot hot...though my boyfriend from college thought so. But what I mean is it's hot in here."

Oliver chuckled. "I've judged a few wet t-shirt contests in the past."

"Hate to break it to you Oliver," she said sarcastically, "that really isn't a surprise."

He unzipped his jacket, revealing the fact he wasn't wearing his usual white t-shirt underneath. Unable to stop herself, her eyes fell to the muscles revealed. She'd had so many fantasies regarding his chiseled chest and should be illegal abs. Why was he taking off his jacket? And why was he looking at her like she was dinner?

"Oliver?

Jacket gaping open, Oliver walked to her until he was right in front of her. He could smell the floral scent of her shampoo. This close, he could see the rapid beat of her pulse. He wanted to lick her right at that pulse point.

Felicity reached up and felt his forehead, concerned by his silence and staring. "Are you okay? You're not overheated? Do you need water?"

He shook his head no. He couldn't stop the words that came out of his mouth next, even if he wanted to. Seeing her concern and how incredibly sexy she looked in her wet t-shirt, he had to tell her. He was going to drive himself insane with lust and longing if he didn't tell her.

"You're so beautiful Felicity."

Her hand dropped to her side. She stared at him as if he had grown an extra head. He thinks he made her speechless.

"Every time I see you," he continued, "I want to devour you."

Felicity visibly trembled at his words. "Devour me?"

He reached up and cupped her cheek. "Discover every secret pleasure point along your body." His hand traveled down her cheek to graze along her neck. "Discover if your skin is as soft as I've always imagined. Kiss every inch of you until I know all of you."

She continued to stare at him for a moment, processing his words. If she understood what he was saying, he wanted her. He wanted her as badly as she wanted him. Throwing caution to the wind, she threw herself into his arms and kissed him.
If Felicity had known pouring a cup of water over her head, while wearing a white tank top, would make Oliver react so passionately, she would have done it a long time ago. If she had known the spark would ignite into an inferno at the first press of their lips together, she'd have thrown herself into his arms several months ago.

She trembled when he nipped her lower lip. Gasped when he gripped her ass and grinded their hips together. Went weak in the knees when he palmed her breasts through her wet shirt. Almost came when he ran his tongue from her neck to her shoulder.

Pushing him back slightly, she reached down to lift her shirt off. "Off now," was all she could manage to say. She wanted to feel her bare body pressed against his. Oliver stopped her from pulling the shirt over her head. Instead, he replaced her hands with his own.

"Let me," he demanded.

She watched his blue eyes darken as he slowly pushed her tank top up. His fingers grazed along her sides, sending tingles of delight through her body. When he came to her breasts, he took a moment to admire how delicious they looked in her bra. Her breath caught in her throat, all her focus on what he was doing.

Finally her shirt was off. She stood before him in a sheer bra and shorts. "Touch me," she pleaded with him. "I need you to touch me."

He quickly obliged. His hand came out and brushed the strap of her bra off her shoulder, doing the same with the other. Stepping closer to her, he reached around and unsnapped her bra. It quickly fell from her arms and onto the floor. Finally she could feel the hardness of his chest against the softness of her breasts. All pretenses of taking the moment slow flew away at their first skin to skin contact.

Oliver stepped back for a moment to take off his jacket and throw it to the floor. He pulled her back into his arms and kissed her. He ran his tongue along the seam of her lips and tugged her bottom lip before diving in. This kiss was different from their first. There was intent. They both knew where this kiss was leading.

She ran her hands up and down his back, reveling in the feel of his muscles. He groaned at her touch and deepened the kiss. Every part of her felt like it was on fire. Sweat trickled down both their bodies and their breaths became more erratic as their excitement grew.

Oliver broke away from her lips and began placing hot, open mouthed kisses down her neck, across her clavicle and paused at her breasts. Felicity looked down at him just as he took his first taste of her nipples. Her hands came up and gripped his head closer. This was perhaps one of the most erotic moments of her life. His eyes never left her face as he gauged her reaction to each nip, lick and squeeze. Despite wanting to close her eyes because of the sheer pleasure of his hot mouth on
her breast, she couldn't look away from him. The adoration in his eyes intensified her need.

"Oh my gosh Oliver," she moaned. She could feel the fluttering's of an orgasm building. Heat shot from her breasts to her center, winding her tighter and tighter. "Yes," she sobbed.

Oliver could feel his control slipping. With each moan from her, he wanted to lower her to the bare floor and make love to her until neither could move. If she came, from just his lips on her breasts, he'd snap. He'd wanted her for too long to believe he could have any kind of control.

Reaching down, Oliver unsnapped and unzipped her shorts. His hand quickly dived into her shorts and found her hot and wet just for him. He cupped her, causing a low moan to tumble from between her lips. He growled low in his throat as he pushed aside her panties and circled around her clit. His mouth at her breasts and his finger at her clit sent her tumbling over into the inferno.

Felicity's entire body shook as she clung to Oliver. Beams of pleasure shot through her body, blinding her to anything but the ecstasy she was feeling. Her cries echoed off the walls of the foundry and her nails left crescent shapes on his arms.

When her mind cleared a couple of minutes later, she found herself laying on the couch, naked, with an equally naked Oliver braced above her. Shocked by how hard she came just from the touch of his hand, she blurted out, "I think you've ruined me for any other man."

A satisfied grin flashed across his face. "Good."

She rolled her eyes and shoved his shoulder lightly in response. "Of course you would say that."

Oliver rested his head against her neck and took in a deep breath. "No one can ever smell as intoxicating as you."

Looking back up at her, he told her, "And none of them taste as sweet."

He plundered her mouth with his tongue relishing her sweet taste. Felicity's arms came up and tightened around his back. Her legs widened to accommodate his larger frame. She was desperate for him once again. However, this time she wanted him deep inside of her as they both reached nirvana together.

"I need you Oliver," she moaned into his mouth. She could feel him, hot and hard, teasing her and making her burn even hotter.

Oliver trailed kisses from her lips down to her neck. He nipped at her pulse, which was beating wildly, before making his way back up to her lips. He lightly licked her bottom lip before closing the distance between them. As their tongues entwined, he sank into her until he was fully seated in her wet heat. They both cried out at finally being joined together.

He broke their kiss and asked, "Are you okay?"

She nodded her head. "Please," she pleaded. Her body was so tense with need that she felt like she was about to snap. She needed him.
Oliver knew what she needed. He gripped her waist as he gave a sharp snap of his hips, plunging into her, causing her to cry out as fire shot to her center. "Is this what you need?" He pounded into her again, again and again. Their bodies moved in sync as they made love to one another. And it was making love. Not just sex. Not just an itch that needed to be scratched. Love.

"You feel so good baby," he groaned. "So good."

Felicity tightened her legs around his waist and gripped his back as reality began to slip away. She was in some pleasure cloud that nothing could penetrate.throwing her head back, she let out a load moan. Her hips met each of his thrusts as she drew closer and closer to her orgasm. Oliver pushed up so he could look into her eyes as she came. He hitched her leg up his side and increased his pace. He could feel the sweat rolling down his back and chest as he brought their bodies together over and over again. All that could be heard were their harsh breaths and moans and the slapping of their bodies together. He was so close and so was she.

Felicity cried out when he reached down and circled her clit. With two more strokes, she came. A scream escaped her lips as pleasure exploded throughout her body. Wave after wave of ecstasy tore through her body and she wasn't sure if she would survive it.

Oliver shouted as he came. He gripped her hips tightly and held her close as fire raced through his veins. Never had anything been this good. As his body shook with ecstasy, every ounce of strength left him. Before he could fall onto Felicity, he turned them around until he was laying on his back and she was on top of him.

They both laid there for a few moments in order to catch their breaths. Felicity was at a loss for words; a first in quite some time. Sex had always been sex. Enjoyable but nothing to go crazy about. Previously, she found more pleasure in pleasing herself than with an actual guy. Oliver...he...he knew what he was doing! He touched, tasted and just found every single pleasure point on her body. She really hoped this wasn't a one time thing because she didn't think she'd ever be able to sleep with another man.

Oliver ran his hand up and down her smooth back. He could tell she was having some sort of internal conversation. He was happy to lay there holding her and watching the different expressions on her face.

"Felicity," he said, running a hand through her silky hair, "What are you thinking so hard about?"

She rested her chin on his chest and looked up at him. "That was really good."

He chuckled, loving how honest she was. "Just good?"

She rolled her eyes. "I said REALLY good."

His hands traveled down her back to pat her backside. "I was going for mind blowing."

"Really?" She asked, her blue eyes sparkling, as she brushed a kiss on his chest.

He groaned. As much as he wanted to go another round, it was still hot and a bed would be more comfortable. Plus, he didn't want Digg to find them naked on the couch. He wouldn't say anything to Felicity, but Oliver would never hear the end of it. "How about we get dressed and race back to your place on my bike?"

She perked up. "I have air. Wonderful cold air. And a bed." A smirk appeared on her face. "It's queen size."
Felicity rolled off of Oliver and started gathering her still wet clothes. She didn't bother putting on her bra and panties since she was sure they'd be off as soon as they got through her front door. Slipping on her shorts, she turned around and faced Oliver. He was still laying on the couch, gloriously naked, and enjoying the view.

"Ready?" She asked.

He nodded his head. Thank goodness for this heat wave because he was ready for a lot more than just a one night stand. Watching her stumble slightly as she slipped her shirt over her head, he knew he wanted a lifetime with her.
The morning after

She was trapped.

Pinned.

Unable to move.

Unbearably hot.

Felicity opened her eyes, confused as to why she was pinned to her bed. Her hair covered her face, blocking her view, and her brain was still fuzzy with sleep. Something heavy was draped across her waist, holding her tight. Reaching up, she brushed her hair off her face and looked to her left. Oliver Queen, was naked and asleep in bed with her. Her eyes widened when she thought of the naked part. He was naked. She was naked. They were both naked. Her mind finally cleared and she remembered what they did last night. In the foundry. Against the wall. On the kitchen table and finally in her bed.

It was his arm pinning her to his chest and his leg thrown over hers. He was throwing off body heat like he had it in excess. And, she thought delightfully, he was snoring softly in her ear.

How to get out of this predicament? She could wake him up. However, she remembered Diggs warning about suddenly waking Oliver up. She could try to roll off the bed, hopefully loosening his grip. She blew a puff of air, causing a wisp of hair to fly up. She had to pee but couldn't move.

Felicity was so focused on thinking of ways to free herself, that she didn't notice Oliver was awake, until she felt his hand make circular motions along her stomach. She gasped, looking over to find him staring at her.

"Good morning," he said softly. He reached up and brushed his hand against her cheek.

She blushed, realizing they were both naked and pressed against one another. "This is different."

"Yes," he agreed. "A good different right?"

She thought about it for a moment. Her dreams of love had centered around him for longer than she wanted to admit. Despite her daydreams, she never thought they would be here. The way he was looking at her right now, like she was the answer to his every prayer, scared and exhilarated her.

In response to his question, she tilted her head up until their lips connected. Last night had been heat and sating a need that had been building for months. This moment was about them and what could be.

Oliver deepened the kiss and rolled her over until he was laying over her. He settled his weight on her. She gasped when his tongue traced the seam of her lips before pushing inside to lay claim to her. His hands came up to cup her face as he slowly melted every coherent thought with his tongue.
and lips. He sucked on her bottom lip before licking back into her mouth. Her back arched off the bed and pressed tightly to his chest. He growled low in his throat, feeling the hard tips of her nipples.

Breaking the kiss, Oliver attempted to catch his breath. "I guess that's a yes?"

She pretended to be confused by his question before replying, "Yes."

He grinned and pressed a quick, but heated kiss, to her lips. "Thank goodness."

She giggled, completely entranced by his look of glee. "As much as I would love to stay in this bed with you, I really need to get up."

"And miss out on morning sex?" He asked playfully.

She rolled her eyes. "I have to pee Oliver."

He chuckled and rolled off her. Felicity slid out of bed and sprinted to her bathroom, naked. Oliver meanwhile, laid back on the bed, replaying the events of last night. He fought his feelings for her. Potentially endangering her because she was seen with him, kept him from telling her how much he cared for her. Now that he had her, experienced how right it felt to wake up with her in his arms, he knew there was no turning back. Despite his concerns when it came to her safety, he was ready to start something more permanent with her.

Felicity came strolling out of her bathroom a couple of minutes later, this time wearing a pink robe. Her hair was pulled back in a ponytail and she was wearing her glasses. He never told her, but he loved it when she wore her glasses. He had countless fantasies involving her as a naughty librarian.

Stopping at the end of the bed, Felicity took in the sight of a very naked and smiling Oliver. His blue eyes were sparkling with mischief. "So, what's the plan for today?"

Oliver patted the space next to him. "You out of that robe."

Chuckling, she played with the end of the ties of her robe. Giving him a teasing glance, she slowly untied her robe. It fell open, raveling her nakedness underneath. Oliver groaned at the sight. She was flawless, beautiful and somehow his.

Feeling a sudden streak of boldness, Felicity let her robe drop to the floor. She stood completely naked before him. Reaching up, she removed her hair form its ponytail and shook her hair loose. She was about to remove her glasses when he spoke up.

"No," he said in a voice gone husky, "Leave them on."

She shivered at the sound of his voice. Leaving her glasses on, she placed one knee on her bed and began crawling towards him. She stopped when she came alongside him and felt the heat radiating from his body. Oliver grabbed her and pulled her across his body.

"You make me feel like I'm fourteen," he told her. "I was so embarrassingly excited and nervous."

Felicity's hand rested her hand on Oliver's chest. "You make me feel like the luckiest woman in existence." Her hand trailed down his chest, past his abdominal muscles and stopped at his rock hard cock.

Oliver's hips jerked up at her first touch. He fisted his hands in the blanket underneath him to keep himself from grabbing her again. She maintained eye contact with him while she tightened her grip
and began stroking him. She bit her bottom lip as she focused on giving him as much pleasure as he gave her last night.

"Fuck Felicity," he groaned when her thumb brushed over the head of his cock. A wicked grin broke over her face at his words.

"Does that feel good?" She asked. "I know you would taste really good too."

Oliver gasped as he imagined her mouth wrapped around him, licking and sucking. Driving him out of his mind. He wanted it. Wanted it bad. But he wanted to be inside her even more.

"Come here," he demanded. He needed her now.

Felicity felt a zing of electricity at his words. She didn't usually like it when he got all bossy, but in bed, it was a total turn on. She gave one last stroke to his cock, promising herself she would get her hands on him again, before letting go. She slide up the bed and laid down next to him.

Oliver wasted no time. He came over her and pressed his mouth to hers. Her mouth quickly opened, allowing his tongue entrance. She moaned, thrilled at his desperation. He hiked her leg up, settling himself between her legs. His other hand came up and enveloped her breast. Heat shot from her breast to her core, causing her to gasp into his mouth.

Oliver growled low in his throat, enjoying her reaction. His excitement went up another notch and he couldn't wait any longer. Aligning their hips, he easily slid into her. Felicity cried out in pleasure as he filled her completely. She grasped his shoulders and held on as he moved in and out of her. Her headboard, which luckily wasn't against the wall she shared with her neighbors, pounded against the wall with each of his thrusts.

"You feel so good baby," Oliver groaned into her ear. "Feels so good."

Cries escaped from her mouth as he increased his pace. Her legs came up higher on his waist, allowing him to slide deeper and hit a spot that increased her pleasure.

"Yes, yes," she chanted desperately. Her nails ran down his back as every part of her became focused on where they were joined. Oliver leaned down and captured her cries of ecstasy with a kiss. He gripped her bottom and pounded into her. They were both so close. She tightened around him before every part of her exploded and completely demolished her in the best way possible. Their lips broke apart and her cries could then be heard throughout the apartment. Oliver's shout of ecstasy was heard a few seconds later as he finally came. He gripped her hips tight and continued to thrust into her as ecstasy poured through his body.

Breathless and more than a bit sweaty, Felicity held Oliver against her chest as he tried to catch his breath. Each time felt more intense than the last. She wasn't sure how they were going to survive how compatible they were in bed.

Oliver was perfectly content to stay like this all day. Every ounce of strength was drained out of him and he couldn't be happier about it. He felt the brush of her hand over his head and sighed.

"Are you alive?" She asked.

Oliver laughed and propped his head up to look at her. "I don't know. Tell me in another ten minutes."

Her eyes sparkled with joy. "Since you're talking to me, and just blew my mind, I think you're fine."

"I think I am," he told her. "Especially with you here with me."
Her hand brushed over his head again. "Where else would I be? Besides QC and the Foundry of course."

Oliver knew now was the time for truth. He knew how he felt. He just needed to confirm what she felt for him.

"Felicity," he began, "I hope you know I want this to go beyond one night."

She smiled and nodded her head. "I kind of got the idea last night when you kept saying mine as you made love to me against the wall."

He remembered that moment. She was gasping and crying in his ear, making him so thankful for that moment.

"But don't think this doesn't mean you're not taking me out on a date," she continued. "A real date where you pick me up and I act nervous."

"We can do that," he agreed. "Will I get a kiss at the end of the night?"

Felicity smirked. "You'll get desert too if you play your cards right."

Oliver laughed, leaning up to steal a kiss. "I always play to win."
Chapter Summary

It had to happen on the desk

She felt like she was in heat. Every time Oliver walked into a room, Felicity wanted to push him against the wall and strip him of all his clothes. The way he moved, the way his dress shirt tightened across his chest as he stretched, were distracting. Instead of working, she was thinking of different ways she could use her tongue on him.

Picking up a contract she was reviewing, she fanned herself. Oliver was sitting at his desk, tie loosened, going over paperwork. She wasn't sure what was enticing about a loosened tie, but it was giving her ideas. Ideas that she wouldn't normally consider but which sex crazy her was more than willing to do. It was a Friday evening at Queen Consolidated. No one but her and Oliver were in the building.

Placing the contract next to her computer, she pushed away from her desk and made her way to his office. She reached up and loosened her hair from its ponytail. Unbuttoning the top two buttons of her pink blouse, she opened his office door.

Oliver looked up at the sound of his door opening. Framed in the doorway was Felicity. His breath caught at the sight of her. He could see the hint of the white lace bra in the cleavage of her blouse. Her hair, which he knew felt like silk, brushed her clavicle.

She stepped inside and shut his door. Kicking her shoes off, she began speaking. "So I was thinking," she began, "We've had sex at verdant, at my place, at your place, but not at work."

He leaned back in his chair, intrigued by her words. Taking her on his desk had been an ongoing fantasy even before they started sleeping together.

Leaning over his desk, hands flat against the wood, she continued. "It's late, no one else is around. I want you to fuck me on your desk. Spread me wide and take me hard."

Any coherent thoughts he may have had went out the window at the image she just painted. Ever since that first night, he learned a few things about Felicity. She was incredibly vocal, reveled in trying new things in bed and she loved to surprise him. Like now. She came around his desk, slowly unbuttoning her blouse. He kept his eyes locked on her face, waiting to see how far she would take things.

Felicity shrugged her blouse off, letting it fall to the floor. Reaching behind, she unhooked her bra and took it off. "Like what you see?" She asked, her voice husky from excitement.

Oliver reached out and ran his hands up the back of her legs. He pulled her closer until she tumbled into his lap. "You always feel like silk," he told her. He ran his tongue across her nipple. "And you taste like ambrosia."

She trembled when his hot mouth enveloped her nipple. Her hands came up to his head and held him close. Each tug and nip of his lips sent a streak of pleasure to her core. Head thrown back, she
cried out when his hand came up and pinched her other nipple. Her hips moved against his hard cock. "Fuck me Oliver," she cried.

Oliver groaned at her words. He quickly reached up her skirt and ripped off her panties. Unzipping his pants, he freed his straining cock and positioned her over him. Looking up, he captured her lush lips in a deep kiss and thrust into her. They both moaned at finally being joined after a day of built up tension. Slow was not an option tonight. Felicity began riding him fast and hard. Leaning forward, he tugged on her nipple with his mouth, causing her to tighten around him.

Looking up, he locked eyes with her. He loved this. Loved that he could see the pleasure building and see how much she wanted this. Wanted him. Her pupils were blown as her pleasure built and started tumbling over. Reaching down, he rubbed his thumb over her clit. Her mouth dropped open as she struggled for breath. His other hand gripped her hip, keeping the pace brutal and fast.

When her eyes began to close, he growled and demanded she keep her eyes open. "Look at me!" She kept her eyes open. Her gasps became more high-pitched as she drew closer to her release.

"Oh my gosh," she cried.

Feeling she was near, Oliver stood up with her in her arms and laid her on his desk. A few items flew to the floor but he didn't care. All he was focused on was making her scream his name. Her legs wrapped high on his waist as he continued to pound away into her. Her back arched as she met each of his thrusts. Leaning down, he bit her shoulder. He wanted everyone to know who she belonged to. He wanted her to know too.

Looking back into her eyes, he growled, "Come on babe. Come for me."

Her eyes widened for a moment before he felt the trembles start. She cried out as ripples of pleasure shot through her veins and her body clamped down hard around him. Oliver shouted as he felt his release build and build until he was nearly blind with need. Felicity was clawing his back as her orgasm rolled into another. He pinned her to his desk and fucked her at a maddening pace.

Then finally he came. "Felicity," he shouted as his release shot forth and coated her. He leaned down and passionately kissed her as he continued his frantic thrusts. He didn't want the pleasure to end.

"Oh my gosh, oh my gosh," she cried as her body continued to milk him. "Yes! Yes!"

He gathered her close and gave three more hard thrusts before collapsing on top of her. Their harsh breaths could be heard in the quiet office. Both were pretty stunned by how intense their lovemaking became. Neither had ever felt anything like it.

After five minutes, Oliver felt he had the energy to get off of her. He leaned up and gazed down at her. Her eyes were closed, the ghost of a smile on her face. Her hair was spread around her like a golden halo. He'd never look at his desk the same way. Everyday he'd remember how it felt to take her on his desk.

"I'll never get any work done," he groaned.

She chuckled and opened her eyes to look at him. "I could always get you a new one."

He shook his head. "There's no way I'm throwing out this desk."

Her blue eyes sparkled as she listened to him. "You could always put it in your room. Whenever we're feeling a need to reenact tonight, we can." Biting her lower lip, she continued, "Or you could
always leave it here. I mean just because we're dating doesn't mean I'm trying to control you. Not that you could be controlled. Though I've always thought you might enjoy tying..."

Oliver stopped her ramble with a peck to her lips. "We will be reenacting tonight. Next time I'll bend you over my desk while you're still wearing one of those skirts you enjoy so much."
Oral Fixation

She wasn't sure how they ended up sprawled underneath her desk, breathless and grinning like fools. Their clothes were strewn haphazardly around her desk the chair was pushed halfway across the room. A few papers and pens rested on the floor and she was sure the strap of her purse was hanging over the edge of her desk.

A snort escaped her lips. There was no hiding what they had been up to if Diggle happened to walk in. Which she desperately hoped he wouldn't. That would be like her brother walking in on her.

But back to her original thought. Crime has been busy in the Glades lately. Muggings, an attempted rape, burglaries and violent outbursts. It was taking Oliver, Digg, Roy and Sara to keep a handle on things. Since their days were filled with QC stuff and their nights were so exhausting, she and Oliver hadn't had the chance to spend any alone time together. That's why she'd been so excited that their patrol ended early. Everyone strolled in and changed out of their night clothes and into casual clothes. After quick goodnights, she and Oliver were alone.

She should have known by the predatory look he gave her earlier, that he would pounce. One second she was trying to break through a difficult firewall and next her chair was turned around so she could face him. Six plus feet of frustrated male stood before her.

"Yes?" She asked, trying to appear nonchalant.

He leaned forward and grasped the arms of her chair, effectively boxing her in. "You wore the skirt today."

Ignoring the accusatory tone in his voice, she smiled. She knew how he felt about the hot pink pencil skirt she only wore once before. It hugged her hips and butt just the right way. Which Oliver found irresistible. After he pushed it up to her waist and made love to her against the side of her apartment building, he told her if she ever wore it again he'd take her wherever they were. Thankfully when he first saw her today, he had been in the middle of a meeting at QC. However, she felt his hot gaze as she entered the conference room to bring one of the guests coffee. She quickly looked over at him and bit her lower lip before hurrying out. She wore the skirt because he had a day booked solid with meetings. There was no time for him to haul her off somewhere to strip her of the skirt. Now they were alone in the basement of Verdant and he was looking at her like she was the last cookie in the cookie jar. She licked her lips and waited.

Oliver didn't disappoint. He kneeled down and ran his hands up the side of her skirt. Her breath caught in her throat when he started pushing the skirt up, revealing more and more skin. She shuddered in her seat when his fingers brushed against her hip. His eyes darkened as he realized she wasn't wearing any panties.

"All day?" He asked.

She nodded her head, unable to form a word as his thumbs brushed repeatedly over her hips. Each stroke felt like a direct connection to her clit.

He growled low in his throat before leaning forward and capturing her lips with his. The kiss wasn't gentle. A few days with no contact, she wasn't expecting gentleness. He tugged at her lower lip before diving into her mouth with his tongue. Their tongues dueled as their passion grew. He stroked and sucked her tongue, igniting her want. She groaned when he broke their kiss. Ready to protest, she stopped when she felt his lips on her inner thigh. He pressed hot kisses to her thighs,
moving closer to her moist center. Her breathing became more erratic the closer he got.

He darted his tongue out and took a quick taste of her slick folds. Felicity groaned and reached for his head. He was such a tease. "Oliver please."

He looked up at her. "Not yet."

She wanted to cry as he flicked his tongue out again but did nothing else. Instead, he nipped and pressed kisses along her thighs. Her hands kept trying to pull him to where she wanted, but he resisted. He was doing this the way he wanted. He was going to build her up a few times before allowing her to come. Watching her all day in that pink skirt, around other men, had driven him a little crazy. More than once he had to stop himself from punching a man whose eyes wandered to her lush ass.

He took in a deep breath and took in her scent. She smelled and tasted like the sweetest treat in the cookie jar. Nipping her thigh once more, he kissed his way up until his lips brushed against her. He could feel the tremble go through her body as she tried to hold in her reaction. Leaning forward, he licked along her slit, causing her to cry out. He plunged his middle finger into her wet heat and proceeded to drive her out of her mind. Felicity pleaded with him and cursed him all in the same breath. She pulled his hair and was surprised her hands didn't come back with a couple of strands of his hair. He held down her hips to keep her still.

"Oh please," she cried as he once again plunged his fingers into her. She felt the scrape of his teeth against her clit and nearly came right then and there. His fingers moved in and out of her at a quick pace. She desperately wanted to get closer and feel the glide of his tongue deep inside her.

Oliver looked up and saw her pinch her nipples as she arched her back. Her head was thrown back and her mouth open as she gasped and cried. A light sheen of sweat coated her skin as her pleasure grew. He returned to his task, deciding depriving her three times was more than enough. Plus, he wanted to taste her release on his tongue.

He drew her clit into his mouth as he crooked his fingers moving in and out of her wet heat. A strangled cry escaped her lips as she realized he was finally going to let her come. Her hips moved in time with the thrust of his fingers. Each tug of his lips, nip of his teeth and thrust of his fingers built her pleasure until she was at the precipice. Looking down, she saw him watching her. The intensity of his need was glaringly obvious in his eyes. That look, his need, pushed her over the edge. Her hips were uncontrollable as her orgasm ripped through her body. The echoes of her cries could be heard throughout the basement.

After that, they ripped off each others clothes and ended up making passionate love underneath her desk. The floor wasn't the most comfortable spot but they didn't care. They had to be together.

Oliver looked over at Felicity and chuckled. They had been desperate for one another. The pink skirt, which he hadn't torn, lay bunched underneath her head. He pulled her over until she lay in his arms. Pressing a kiss to her lips, he told her, "Don't ever get rid of that skirt."
Chapter Summary

A night out at a Queen family fundraiser leads to fun times in a secluded hallway

Chapter Notes

And I'm back. I hope you enjoy this new chapter to Heat Wave. Like the other chapters, it's pure smut. Thank you for your continued likes and comments. I love them! I took a glance at what I wrote, so sorry if there are any grammatical errors. Enjoy!

The best thing about these parties was the wine. Red wine to be more specific. Felicity got to enjoy top rated wine for free. She could even have more than one glass. Though more than one glass was not advisable when surrounded by the upper crust of society and their entourage. Especially when they were judging if she was a suitable girlfriend for Oliver Queen.

Looking across the crowded ballroom, Felicity found an obviously bored Oliver speaking with a potential investor for Queen Consolidated. He had his fake smile plastered on his face as he nodded his head at whatever the man was saying to him. She'd given him a good twenty minutes to talk with him while she sampled the wine. It was time for her to rescue him from eternal boredom.

Draining the remaining wine out of her glass, she set it down on a table and made her way across the room to Oliver. She came up to him smiling, enjoying the fit of his grey suit and blue tie. She slid her arms through his and gave him a peck on the corner of his mouth. The slight tightening of his hand around hers was intoxicating. Her face was flushed as she turned to the man Oliver was speaking with.

"Hi, I'm Felicity Smoak," she said in greeting.

The man's eyes lit up in recognition. "My assistant speaks highly of you Ms. Smoak."

"Thank you," she said, delighted by the compliment. "I actually need to borrow Oliver for a moment."

Saying goodbye, Felicity led Oliver to a side door and through the doorway. The door quickly shut, engulfing them in darkness.

"Mr. Queen," she said softly, "I love your suit."

Oliver skimmed his hand up her arm and cupped her smooth cheek. His eyes adjusted to the darkness quickly. When she opened her door earlier that night, and he saw her dress, he had to force himself to leave for the charity event rather than drag her to her bedroom. The hungry look in her eyes hadn't helped.
Now they were in a darkened hallway, just a few centimeters apart. She gazed up at him with her stunning blue eyes and he felt the world fall away. He didn't care that just a few feet away was a ballroom full of people. All he cared about was kissing her soft lips.

"You look beautiful tonight Ms. Smoak," he told her, lips brushing against her sensitive ear.

Felicity's head hit the wall as a delicious shiver went through her body. She took in a deep breath, drugging herself with his scent. She was intoxicated by this man. Since the first time she hadn't been able to get enough of him. His body. His kisses. His touch. Listening to him as he told her how much he wanted her, how good he was going to make her feel.

Leaning up, she pressed her lips against his, igniting the inferno between them. Oliver wrapped his arms around her waist, bringing her body flush with his. He quickly took command of the kiss. His tongue plundered her mouth, making her panties wet with her need for him. She moaned into his mouth when he bit her bottom lip. She never thought she would like rough sex. With Oliver, it was delicious. She'd wake up the next morning with a few finger sized bruises on her thighs and hips as well as hickies in unusual places. She loved it. She returned his kiss enthusiastically.

Oliver reached down and hiked her knee-length dress up to her waist. Felicity cried out when his hand pushed her panties aside and plunged into her drenching heat. He watched her face, gauging her reaction to each plunge of his fingers. When her breath hitched, he knew he found the spot to drive her over the edge. Her eyes closed as he worked her with his fingers. Her pleasure grew with each plunge of his fingers and flick of his thumb against her clit. She couldn't stop the whimpers and cries of ecstasy as the tension built-in her body. Her hips moved in tandem with the motion of his hand as she chased her release.

She came in a blinding light of pleasure when he said her name. Just her name, the reverent way he said, sent shards of ecstasy through her body. From her toes, to her heated center, waves of pleasure pulsed through her body. He stayed with her as he wrung every ounce of pleasure from her.

When Felicity came to, it was to the view of a clearly turned on Oliver Queen. His tie was askew, probably her, and his mouth was swollen from their earlier kiss.

"Oh my gosh," she said breathlessly. "You are really good at that."

He chuckled. "I've wanted to do that since you opened your door this evening. You're wearing my color."

She smiled, knowing what he was talking about. Since this was their official coming out as a couple, she decided to wear a body hugging green dress to the charity event. His green. Arrow green. She had even found a matching panty and bra set. Tonight she wanted to rock his world. Based on how hard he felt through his dress pants, she had.

She held his stare as she undid his pants. Her hand slid into his pants and gripped his hard cock. His breaths became harsh as she stroked him.

"Fuck," he growled harshly. "I need to be inside you."

She pulled him out of his pants, glad to see he went commando for the night. Oliver pushed her up against the wall and hooked her legs around his waist. He reached down and tore off her flimsy panties, then filled her with his cock.

"Oliver," she gasped. Her hands dug into his shoulders as he began to thrust into her over and over
and over. Cries escaped her mouth with each thrust. Heightening her pleasure was knowing that just a few feet away were a room full of people and they were in this secluded hallway, making love. She never thought of herself as a public sex type of woman, but the idea of someone walking in, seeing them against the wall almost made her come.

Her hair came loose as one of Oliver's hands gripped her hair. He tilted her head back to give himself access to her smooth neck. He trailed open-mouthed kisses up and down her neck. Each kiss was like a shot of heat to her center. Her grip around his waist tightened and her cries became more frantic as her orgasm built. Oliver's hips snapped harder and harder as they became lost in each other. All she could focus on was the feelings he was creating inside of her.

Oliver bit her exposed shoulder, causing her to cry out with a mixture of pleasure and pain. He was close but determined to make her come one more time before finding his release. One hand moved from her waist to her clit. He pressed his thumb against her clit as he drove deeper and deeper into her, his thrusts heavier and sharper.

That was all it took. Felicity's mouth fell open, though no sound came out, as her body spasmed with pleasure. Her nails dug crescents into his shoulders as her body milked him for all it was worth. Oliver's thrusts grew frantic as she squeezed tightly around him. Finally, he paused deep in her heat and came. He growled and shook as he lost himself inside of her.

Felicity came back to reality a couple of minutes later. Oliver's head was resting in the crook of her neck and her legs were still wrapped around his waist. Even though she was against a hard wall, she didn't want to interrupt this moment. It was times like these, after the wild lovemaking, that she loved even more. She had been surprised to learn he liked to snuggle afterwards. If they were in bed, he would pull her into his arms and start talking. Their talks ranged from silly to serious.

"Wow Oliver," she said softly. She ran her hands over his head, enjoying the softness of his hair.

He pressed a final kiss to her neck before leaning up. "This was an unexpected place."

She smirked. "You know I love you in that suit."

He chuckled, well aware of her love for his suits. "I think we should take this back to my place. I've been in enough time at this event don't you think?"

She nodded her head, more than ready to escape the party. Sliding her legs from around his waist, she smoothed her dress down and bent down to retrieve her panties. Oliver stepped back to tuck himself back into his pants and to straighten his shirt and tie. Felicity however, didn't even attempt to pin her hair back up. The bobby pins that had held up her hair were scattered all over the floor. She wasn't going to try to find them in the dark hallway. She just ran a hand through her hair and hoped no one would remember her hair had been up earlier.

Once everything was covered, she looked up and found Oliver staring down at her with a slight smile on his face. He'd been doing that a lot. Staring at her and smiling. She wished she knew what he was thinking when he stared at her like that. She'd like to believe it was love that put that sparkle in his eyes and the smile on his face. Or it was just the after effects of an intense orgasm.

One thing she knew for certain, she loved him.
Something More

Chapter Summary

Deeper emotions come into play

Chapter Notes

I think I rewrote his a few times and it didn't quite come out like I wanted it to. It's a bit dirty. As always, thank you for your comments and kudos. They're awesome!

I read through this once. Grammar is not my strength, so if anything is obvious, please let me know. Thanks.

I hope everyone who celebrates had a wonderful Christmas. Have a great New year!

A bullet flew past her shoulder and hit the brick wall behind her. Felicity ducked next to the dumpster as Oliver, dressed as the Arrow, pounced on the thug with the gun. Her heart raced as she listened to the brutal fight taking place. She had been making her way to her car after leaving Verdant, when a man grabbed her from behind. He dragged her into the alleyway as she struggled to break from his strong grip. She'd barely gotten a scream out when Oliver came flying around the corner and yanked her out of the man's grasp.

And now here she was, crouched next to an awful smelling dumpster, as the two fought. She screamed when someone slammed into the dumpster. Jumping up, she took off one of her heels and brandished it as a weapon, ready to defend Oliver if needed. However, there wasn't anything for her to do. Her would be abductor was unconscious next to the dumpster. Felicity dropped her shoe and ran over to Oliver.

"Oh my gosh Oliver," she cried, throwing herself into his arms. His arms wrapped around her waist tightly and held her close. "I was so afraid when he took out a gun."

"Are you okay?" He asked anxiously.

She nodded her head. "I think some flying brick grazed my face, but nothing serious."

He cupped her face in his hands, looking at her, making sure she wasn't hurt. He had just finished a hot shower, when he happened to glance at the security feed for outside the club, when he saw Felicity yanked into an alleyway. He threw on his Arrow gear and ran out, terrified he was too late. When he saw a bullet almost hit her, he'd seen red.

Felicity was the only reason he didn't kill the man. He wanted nothing more than to shoot a few arrows into him, but knew she didn't like it when he killed. Even for her. Instead, the man was unconscious and would be picked up by the Starling City police.

"Are you okay?" She asked him, noticing his bottom lip was bleeding.
He gave her a small smile. "Nothing serious. I can handle a split lip. What I can't handle is you being hurt."

That night, after extensive questions from Detective Lance, Felicity and Oliver made it back to her place. She let her purse drop to the floor, not caring if she was neat or not. Today had been exhausting and she didn't have the energy to care if her apartment was clean. All she wanted was a glass of red wine and Oliver's arms wrapped around her.

Oliver, apparently, had other ideas.

He followed her back to her bedroom, where she went in search of her comfortable pajamas. She was so focused on finding her panda pajamas, that she didn't hear the door shut or the sound of leather hitting the floor. However, when she triumphantly turned around, panda shirt in hand, she noticed.

Oliver was laying back on her bed completely naked. She stood next to her dresser, mouth hanging open, as she took in the sight of his broad shoulders, delectable abdominal muscles and knee weakening erection. This was unexpected but not unwanted. She suddenly felt very awake and forgot about anything to do with sleep.

"Come here," he demanded in a low voice. Heat pooled low at his words. Her shirt dropped from her hand. In a daze, she walked over to her bed until her knees hit the edge.

"Take off your clothes," he told her. His hand, which had been resting on his chest, moved down his body before stopping at just above his jutting length. Felicity licked her lips at the image that popped into her head; Oliver stroking his hard cock to the sight of her stripping off her clothes. She wanted it bad.

Reaching up, she let her hair out of its tight ponytail. She ran her hand through the strands until her hair laid flat. Next she slowly unbuttoned her pink blouse. Her flushed skin came into view with the release of each button. She could see Oliver's breath catch when the white bra she was wearing was revealed. Shrugging the blouse off, she ran her hands up her torso to her breasts. She played with the lacy edge of her bra, grazing her finger across her hard nipples. Oliver's hand moved slightly closer to his hard member. Reaching behind to her back, she unhooked her bra and let it slide down her arms to the floor. She pushed her skirt down her hips until it dropped to the floor. Finally she stood before him in completely nude.. By the clench of his jaw, he enjoyed the view.

Smiling to herself, she brought her hands back to her breasts and pinched her nipples. A moan escaped her lips as the pinch sent pleasure straight to her eager pussy. Her eyes closed as she imagined her nipples enclosed in the heat of Oliver's mouth. His tongue would glide against it as he nipped and pulled at her breasts. Groaning, she rolled her nipples between her fingers.

"FUCK Felicity," Oliver groaned. She opened her eyes and looked over at him. His hand was slowly pumping his cock as he watched her play with herself. She licked her lips, turned on by him. Her hands traveled from her breasts, down her sides, to her heated center. Her fingers dipped inside her aching heat, a cry of pleasure escaping her lips. Her other hand went back to her breasts, pulling and pinching her nipples. Her fingers moved in and out of her heat. Oliver watched her, his eyes black with need.

Felicity never considered herself an exhibitionist or overly wanton. However, with Oliver, she felt she could be anything. Right now, she wanted to make him burn with the need to possess her. She wanted him on edge and shaking with desire. She wanted him as desperate as her. That's why she
brought her fingers she was using to pleasure herself to her lips. Looking him in the eyes, she sucked her fingers clean. Oliver's breath caught, his hand stilled.

"Fuck, you're going to make me come," he growled.

She may have smirked if she wasn't as close to the edge as him. Her knees hit the mattress and she crawled on the bed until she was leaning over him. She wanted to impale herself on him but Oliver stopped her. His arms wrapped around her waist and he flipped them until she was beneath him. Her hands were gripping his shoulders and her legs were spread wide to accommodate him.

"I love it when you do that," she told him.

He nuzzled her neck and breathed in her scent. He cupped her face with his hands as he gazed down at her. This woman, this wonderful woman, was a part of his life. She wanted to be with him, despite everything. Tonight, that bullet had been too close to her. An inch to the left and he wouldn't be here with her right now. His thumb brushed against her cheek. He dipped his head down and captured her lips in a heated kiss. Everytime their lips touched, sparks shot through his body. This time was no different. He tilted her head back as he deepened the kiss. Her hands ran up and down his back before settling on his ass, causing him to groan into her mouth. He broke the kiss and pressed butterfly kisses to her cheek and eyes. Settling himself more comfortably between her spread legs, he ran his hand lightly down her side.

A shiver of pleasure went up Felicity's spine at his touch. She dug her fingers into his ass, trying to encourage him to glide into her wet heat. She bit his shoulder when his fingers brushed against her tiny nub. Two fingers entered her, testing her readiness. A gasp of pleasure escaped her lips. Oliver grabbed his penis and positioned it at her entrance. He slowly began pushing into her, straining to keep himself in check. She was tight and hot around him, testing the limits of his control. His pushed in and out of her, each movement pushing him deeper into her. Finally he was completely seated inside her. Felicity's legs came up to wrap around his lean waist. She gripped his shoulders and cried out when he pulled almost all the way out of her before snapping his hips forward. He began moving at a bruising pace, his hands coming down to grip her ass. He tilted her hips, his cock sliding deeper inside her. Looking in her eyes, which were clouded over with lust, he thrust heavily into her.

Again.

And Again

And again.

Felicity cried out with each thrust of his hips. Her legs tightened around his waist and her nails dug into his back, leaving marks, as her pleasure mounted. Her head arched back, allowing him access to her neck. He trailed kisses up and down her neck before latching on. He left his mark on her, making sure everyone would know she was taken.

Bringing his head up, he looked down into her face. Her eyes were closed and her mouth was open as whimpers and cries of pleasure escaped. "Open your eyes," he demanded. He wanted to see her when he made her come.

Felicity's eyes fluttered open. Her gaze was met by the blue of Oliver's eyes. Their eyes locked and she couldn't look away. "Oliver," she cried out, pleasure beginning to spread to the tips of her toes.

"You feel perfect," he said, his voice breaking at the end as he felt her tighten around him as her orgasm washed over her. He thrust into her harder and deeper as he watched the ecstasy on her
face. Fire burned through Felicity and her body shook as her orgasm crashed into her harder. She arched into his body, trying to get even closer, and felt one orgasm roll into a second, stealing her breath.

Oliver began chasing his own release when he felt the tremble in her body. His hands gripped her firm ass as he pounded into her body three more times before his release came. He held himself deep in her, his body shaking with his release. Felicity's arms were wrapped around his torso and she was pressing kisses to his shoulder.

Their breaths soon slowed and the air began feeling cold on their sweat slicked skin. Oliver reached down and brought the comforter over both of them, not bothering to leave the heat of her body. He wanted to say like this forever. Surrounded by her.

"Oliver," Felicity whispered into his ear. "That was intense."

He moaned at the memory. "Yes. A good intense."

She nodded her head. She moved her head until she was facing him. Her heart fluttered at the expression in his eyes. That look had been in his eyes a few times, but never as clear as it was now.

He loved her.
The First I Love You

Chapter Summary

Morning leads to I love you

There were actual birds chirping when Felicity woke up. The sun peeked through the curtains and a hot man was wrapped around her. If it wasn’t for the sun shining in her eyes, she’d stay where she was.

Why would she want to leave the arms of her boyfriend Oliver Queen?

Sometimes she wanted to pinch herself when she looked at him. He was hers and she was his. They spent almost every night together. Had dinner. Had hot sex in her shower and various other places.

They were a couple.

She loved Sunday mornings like this. There was no Arrow or QC business to worry about. They could be like any other ordinary couple.

The slide of Oliver's hand down her hip alerted her that he was awake.

"Good morning," he said in a sleep roughened voice.

Turning in his arms, she flashed him a smile when they came face to face. "Good morning."

He reached up and ran his hands through her silky hair. “You look so beautiful in the morning.”
He brushed their noses together before capturing her lips in a sweet and soft kiss. The kiss was slow. His tongue swept across her bottom lip before dipping into her mouth. Felicity moaned at the slow, slick glide of his tongue along hers. She carded her fingers through his hair, clutching him close. Her breasts pressed against his hard chest, sending ripples of pleasure through her body. She was amazed at how much she felt from his touch. Each caress felt like a brand upon her skin; like he was imprinting himself on her.

Oliver turned them until he was lying on his back and she was above him. His hands roamed down her naked back as their kiss intensified. She shivered at the light touch of his calloused hands going up her spine. Tearing his lips from hers, Oliver pressed kisses down her neck to her breasts. A gasp escaped Felicity’s kiss swollen lips when she felt his warm mouth envelope her breast. At the same time, his hands kneaded her ass, grinding her against his erection.

Felicity’s eyes closed as she let herself fall deeper into the haze Oliver was leading them towards. Her hands rested on his strong shoulders and soft moans fell from her lips at each tug of his lips.

“Oliver,” she moaned above him.

He pulled harder on her breast, determined to bring her as much pleasure as possible that morning. He relished the feel of her smooth skin and the wetness of her mound as she grinded against him. He could stay like this forever, wrapped in her scent and body.

“I need…” Felicity cried.

Oliver let go of her breast with a loud pop. “What do you need baby?” He licked across her engorged nipple, causing her to shudder with pleasure.

She paused for a moment and looked down into his blue eyes. “I need you. Always you.”

Oliver’s eyes darkened further at her words. One arm wrapped around her waist, tilting her down, while his other hand traveled to the back of her neck, holding her in place as he licked into her mouth. She groaned into his mouth and returned his kiss with as much fervor. She lay across his chest, breasts pressed tightly against him. Her hips continued their slow grind against him as he held her tightly to him.

Breaking the kiss, Oliver looked up into her eyes and saw lust, joy and love reflected back at him. The words he had been holding inside, tumbled from his lips. “I love you.”
Shock shown clearly in her eyes before a smile split her face. “I love you too.”

Oliver rolled them once again, until he was above her, gazing down at her. He realized in that moment he wanted this every morning for the rest of their lives. The laughter. The light. The passion. The love. All of it.

Felicity wrapped her legs around Oliver’s waist as he slowly began to enter her. Their eyes remained locked and she felt as if their souls entwined in the moment. Once he was fully seated within her, he paused. “You feel so good.”

She moaned, full of him. She took in a deep breath, inhaling the scent that was uniquely him. “You feel so good inside of me.”

They both chuckled lightly at the memory of her words that night at the casino. Oliver brushed her lips with his as he began to move. His pace started slow and deep, every movement a declaration of his love for her. He wanted her to know what he felt for her was more than lust. She completed him in ways he hadn’t realized was missing in past relationships. His lips trailed from her lips to her cheeks to her smooth neck. He left his mark on her neck so that everyone would know she was taken; she was his. Her nails dug into his back as their passion increased.

Bracing himself on his elbows, Oliver increased his pace. Their sweat sheened bodies move in synch as they both chased their release. The headboard pounded against the wall, most likely alerting Felicity’s neighbors what they were doing. Neither cared. The whole world could hear them making love and they wouldn’t stop. She tightened her legs around his waist as her orgasm grew closer. She threw her head back, a long moan escaping from her parted lips. Oliver leaned down and licked down her neck as he twisted his hips at an angle that made her cry out.

“Oh my gosh,” she cried out, her nails digging into his sides. Her hips met each of his thrusts and she began to feel that slow sweet spiral into oblivion. She was just there. At the edge. Her entire body tensed as she tried to hold on to the sensations streaming through her body. She wished they could stay like this forever. Just like this.

“Let go,” Oliver groaned into her ear.

That was all it took. Those two words. She tumbled over into dark oblivion as ecstasy ripped apart her body. She clung to him as if he were a lifeline. Only he was keeping her in the present.
Oliver’s controlled thrusts lost all sense of rhythm as he spilled into her welcome body. He shook and shuddered as his orgasm claimed him. Felicity experienced a smaller orgasm at the feel of him coming inside her. It was a turn on she never expected but found herself addicted to.

A few minutes later, their breathing returned to normal and their bodies began to cool down. Oliver rolled over until he was on his back. Felicity settled herself in his arms, her head resting on his chest. Her hand rested on his muscled chest. She felt fantastic and exhausted all at once. “Wow.”

Oliver chuckled. “Yeah, wow.”

She pressed a kiss to his chest and gazed up at him. “If we have more Good Mornings like that, we’ll never get out of bed.”

He smiled down at her. “That’s part of my plan. Drug you with incredible sex each morning.”

She reached up and cupped his face. “I love you.”

His eyes sparkled, delighted at her words. “I love you too.”
He made her feel naked in a room full of people with just one glance from his blue eyes. His touch...mmm his touch...sent shivers of pleasure down her spine. The sound of his voice, the growled words of the Arrow, made her think of nights in bed and his whispered words of love. Despite her rambling thoughts and bouts of self consciousness, he made her feel like the star in the story of his life.

The way his hands mapped every curve and line of her body, set her on fire. He knew every part of her. Every freckle. Every scar. Every spot that made her cry with pleasure. Right now his hands were gliding up and down her parted thighs, inching closer and closer to her aching center. Her hands gripped the sheets with each press of his fingers. Unable to control her movements, her hips arched up and tried to get closer to his long callused fingers.

"Not yet baby," he whispered against her thighs. He pressed a kiss to her thigh as his fingers glided against her glistening center. Felicity gasped and grasped his head. A long, low moan escaped her parted lips as he curled two fingers into her and pressed his tongue against her clit. He seemed to relish her. Every shudder and moan. Every hitch in her breath. Every tug on his hair she gave to bring him closer. She felt herself spiraling closer and closer to release. Oliver looked up at her as he ate her out and groaned when he saw how flushed her body was with arousal. Her head was thrown back, her breaths growing shorter as her orgasm grew.

Oliver relished the moment before release. He loved knowing he made her feel like this. Wild. Uninhibited. Speechless.

But tonight, he wanted to be inside her before she came. He broke away from her delicious pussy and began kissing up her glistening body.
"Oliver," Felicity groaned.

Oliver enveloped her nipple in his hot mouth while his hand pinched the other. She was so close to coming. She just needed him in her now. Right now!

"I couldn't agree more," Oliver murmured across her lips.

Felicity was confused for a moment before he plunged into her heat. All thoughts flew from her mind as he filled her completely. Her legs automatically wrapped around his waist and pulled him closer. Her fingers dug into his back and he began thrusting heavily into her.

The bed squeaked and the headboard banged against the wall as their passion grew. Felicity's hands traveled down his back to grip his ass. She loved his ass and loved she could grab it whenever she wanted. Especially when they were making love. He seemed to like it to by the hitch in his breath.

"Harder," she gasped into his ear.

Oliver looked down at her and held gaze as his thrusts grew sharper and faster. Felicity held on as the tension in her body grew and grew. Her orgasm was just below the surface; not quite ready to explode. She gripped his back again and held on as he made love to her. Their bodies were slick with sweat as they came together again and again.

Oliver hiked her leg up to his shoulder, which allowed him to slide deeper into her. Felicity began moans grew louder and louder at this new angle. He was relentless in his pursuit of her pleasure. He did not hold back and didn't allow her to either. The dig of her nails into his back sent shockwaves down his spine and the grip of her pussy around his cock had him on edge. He could see she was trying to prolong the moment but he wasn't sure how much longer he would last. With his commanding Arrow voice, he told her to come.

"Come for me baby," he growled. "Come for me know."

And like that, she exploded. She cried out his name as wave after wave of ecstasy rolled through her body. She felt Oliver's thrust grow frantic as he chased his own release. He stilled and she felt his release pulsing inside of her. Her orgasm grew sharper at the feel of his release. She clung to his shoulders, body shaking.
A few minutes later, she brought her leg down and carded her hands through his hair. He pressed a kiss against her neck, content to just lay in her arms.

"That was really good," she told him, still slightly breathless. "Thank goodness we weren't at your place."

Oliver chuckled, enjoying the sound of her voice. "Why is that?"

She caressed the side of his face as she replied, "Because there's no way we could have been quiet enough not to disturb Thea. She would have known."

He leaned up and pressed a kiss to her lips. "Or at the foundry. I don't think Roy has looked you in the eyes since."

Felicity groaned, embarrassed by the memory. "I didn't know he could scream like that."

They both laughed at the memory. Looking at the merriment in his eyes, Felicity realized beyond making her feel sexy and wanted; he made her feel happy.

Chapter End Notes

I gotta say, I was glad to see Felicity finally get hers during this past episode of Arrow. Three seasons! It was about time.
Felicity and Oliver have their first fight.

Screw him and his stupid man pain!

He was a stubborn man with his head so far up his ass most days that he couldn’t see what a good thing he has.

Felicity balled her first and swung at the punching bag she had taped a picture of Oliver’s face to. Last night, after their weekly bad guy used her as a shield, he said he couldn’t be with her because he was a danger to her and no good for her. He dared to say she would be better off without him! While punching the bag she let out a frustrated groan.

Stupid

Stupid

Stupid man!

Tears tracked down her face with each controlled punch. He loved her. She loved him. She knew their relationship wouldn’t be easy; he’s Oliver Queen. He wears his man pain on his sleeves. But this, breaking up with her, she hadn’t expected.

Why did he even tell her he loved her if he was just going to break her heart? Why give her hope? Why look at her like she was everything to him?

She stopped hitting the bag and just leaned against it as her shoulders shook with her sobs. She was a mess. Crying over a man who was an ass. A complete and utter ass.

The door to their hideout opened and slammed shut. She turned and saw Oliver making his way
down the stairs. His steps slowed when he saw her standing in front of the boxing bag. He pretended not to notice his slightly damaged picture.

"Felicity," he said cautiously.

She scowled at him as she wiped her face of the stupid tears she wasted on him. "What do you want Oliver?"

He walked over until he stopped in front of her. His heart clenched when he saw the tear stains on her face. He did this. He hurt her.

Felicity crossed her arms and glared up at him. "What Oliver?"

“I’m sorry,” he said.

“Sorry?” She asked, feeling her anger building. “Sorry!”

He tried to reach up to rest his hand on her shoulder, but she stepped away, avoiding him. “You...you broke my heart last night and expect sorry to solve it all!”

“Felicity…”

“No Oliver!” She shouted. “I’m not going to brush this off.” Tears welled in her eyes and she recalled his words. “Your hurt me.”

He flinched at her words. He wanted nothing more than to wrap his arms around her and hold her close.

“What’s different from last night?” She asked. “How do I know the next time my life is in danger you won’t break up with me again?”

He ran a hand across his shaved head and tried to find the words to assure her. “I was scared last night. This morning when I woke up, without you wrapped around me, I knew I made a mistake.”
Felicity looked up into his eyes. They were anguished. Full of despair and regret. She loved him and knew he was scared most for those he loved. But could she do this? Could she handle those moments when he doubted his ability to keep her safe? When he thought it was better to break up with her than fight for what they have?

“I don’t know Oliver,” she said softly. “I love you, but you can’t end things just because you’re afraid.”

He reached up again and was able to rest his hands on her shoulders. “I know. I’m so sorry for hurting you. I love you so much and the thought of you hurt because of me...I can’t handle it.”

Her heart ached for this man and all his stupid man pain. She felt some of her anger receding. “If you ever do this again, I will punch you in the face. And I can because Digg has been teaching me.”

The corner of his mouth tilted up slightly at her words. “I won’t try to stop you.”

Uncrossing her arms she stepped closer until her breasts brushed against his chest. “This is our first fight.”

He nodded his head. “As a couple.”

“Yes as a couple.” She brought her arms up until they circled his neck. “And guess what couples do after they make up?”

Oliver’s eyes darkened at her words. Instead of responding, he wrapped his arms tightly around her waist and crashed his lips to hers. She responded immediately. She moaned as he drew her tongue into his mouth and his hands grabbed her ass. Her anger was still there, so soft and sweet wasn’t going to work this time. She needed his teeth on her skin and his grip tight. She nipped his bottom lip before tracing his tongue with her own. He reached down and brought her legs up to wrap around his waist. He walked over to the training mats and set her slowly down.

“Fuck Felicity,” he gasped when she broke away from their kiss and blazed a hot trail down his neck.
She gazed up at him with blue eyes overflowing with lust. “Fuck me Oliver.”

He hardened even more at her words. They were crude and made him want to take her hard. Reaching down, he forced down her yoga pants along with her underwear. His hands snaked underneath her shirt and pulled it up and over her head. She wasn’t wearing a bra. He leaned down and licked across her full breasts.

Felicity’s head fell back and she worried her legs would give out on her. Feeling the tremble in her body, Oliver let go of her breasts and stepped away. She groaned at the loss of his body. He quickly stripped himself of his clothes, more than ready to slide into her slick heat.

“Lay down,” he demanded.

She licked her lips at the growl in his voice. She lay back on the training mats and waited. He stood there, naked and hard, staring at her. She brought her hand up to her breasts and pinched her nipple. Oliver inhaled sharply as he watched her pleasure herself. Her other hand traveled down to her clit.

Oliver, beyond hard at this point, joined her on the mat and covered her body with his. She continued to touch herself as he spread her legs and plunged into her. Felicity’s back arched off the floor as pleasure shot through her body. Her hands came to his back and gripped hard as her legs wrapped around his waist. Oliver, feeling more aggressive than usual, moved her hands from his back and held them down above her head. Felicity gasped, electrified by his grip.

“Oliver,” she moaned.

He plunged harder and harder into her pussy. He leaned down and nipped her clavicle before returning to her lips and capturing her lips with his own. She groaned into his mouth, growing closer and closer to completion. She brought her leg further up his side, causing him to slide deeper into her warmth. A cry escaped her lips at the sharpness of the pleasure shooting through her body.

“Yes,” Oliver groaned against her lips. “You like that?” Each word was punctuated by a twist of his hips. She arched into his body, wanting to be as close to him as she possibly could. His grip on her hip tightened, sure to leave a bruise. Her own mouth attacked his neck, determined to mark him and remind him who he belonged to.

Feeling his release building, he let go of her wrists and brought his hand down to her clit. He
stroked her in time with his thrusts. That was all it took to make her tumble into hot oblivion. She cried his name as wave after wave of ecstasy burned through her veins. She pulsed around him, dragging his orgasm out. Oliver gripped her close, grinding into her as his release overtook him. Tears pricked his eyes as he realized he almost lost her because of his own stupidity. He couldn’t lose her.

“Love you,” he whispered into her ear.

She brought her hands to his face and brushed her lips against his. “I love you too.”

They laid there, on the floor mats, wrapped in each other’s arm, for awhile. After the heartache of last night and this morning, absorbing one another’s scent and touch was needed. Being joined and close was needed. Just being Oliver Queen and Felicity Smoak, two people in love, was needed.
**A Proposal**

**Chapter Summary**

Oliver asks Felicity that all important question.

I hope you all enjoy this latest chapter. I decided to post it for my birthday. Thank you for you kudos and comments. I love them!

He'd never been this nervous. Even when he first asked her out on a date. Or when he walked down those steps after he broke up with her.

Oliver Queen was pacing back and forth in his bedroom practicing what he wanted to say over dinner tonight with Felicity. He was stumbling over his words and basically babbling his way through an incoherent proposal. The ring, purchased last week, was weighing down his pocket.

"Felicity," he began. "You...you are my light." He groaned, disgusted by his own words. My light! She'd laugh.

Running a hand over his head, he paced back and forth in front of the mirror. Stopping and looking at himself in the mirror, he squared his shoulders and began his proposal.

Felicity was putting the finishing touches on her makeup when Oliver knocked on her door. She stepped back and checked herself out in the bathroom mirror. Tonight was special, if the nervous glances Oliver had been giving her the past few days were any indication. She wanted to look great for him and their special date. Satisfied with how she looked, she left the bathroom and went to open the door.

When she opened the door, Oliver stood there with a bouquet of red roses in his hands. His mouth dropped open when he saw her. She smiled, more than satisfied by his reaction. Tonight she decided to wear a strapless sheath dress that stopped just above her knees. It was cobalt blue and hugged her curves. She paired the dress with a pair of black, opened toed high heels. Her hair was curled and swept over her shoulder. Her jewelry were a pair of simple diamond stud earrings Oliver bought her last Christmas.

She smiled and gestured for him to come inside. "Please come in."

He shook his head, as if he was in a daze. Smiling, he leaned down and pressed a kiss to her cheek. "You look beautiful."

She took the flowers from his hands and walked to her living room. Oliver shut the door behind him and looked around her apartment. The lights were dimmed, soft music played in the background and the delicious smell of food filled the apartment. It was the perfect setting for what he wanted to do tonight.

"Thank you for the flowers," Felicity said, coming back into the room with the flowers in a green vase. "They're beautiful."

"Dinner smells delicious," he said as he took the vase from her hands and set it on the sofa table.
"Lasagna," she told him. "It's an old Smoak family recipe."

He drew her into his arms and kissed a smile onto her lips. "I didn't know you had any family recipes."

She chuckled. "Not too many. But we excel at lasagna."

Pulling out of his arms she walked to the kitchen and pulled the pan of lasagna from the oven. She couldn't wait to get a bite. The combined scents of the sauce, ricotta cheese and spices teased her senses all afternoon.

"I'm not going to lie, I'm going to eat a large slice of this, so don't judge me," she told Oliver, as he entered the kitchen behind her.

He chuckled. "I love a woman with a hearty appetite."

She set the hot pan on the stove and closed the oven door. Turning she gave him a wicked smirk. "For you Oliver, I'll always have a hearty appetite."

He was tempted to forgo dinner and carry her into her bedroom, but he wanted this night to be just right. He was actually surprised he hadn't taken the ring out yet and proposed to her out of sheer nervousness.

"How about you go sit at the table, open the bottle of red and I'll serve you dinner."

Seeing no reason to argue, because who wouldn't want to be served dinner by a handsome man, she walked over to her dining table and took a seat. As he suggested, she popped open the bottle of red wine that had been chilling and poured a generous amount into each of their wine glasses. Gazing at him over her glass, he watched as she found a knife and cut each of them a slice of the lasagna. Steam rose from each piece and the cheese slid slightly to the side. He added some of the tossed salad to the plate and a buttered roll. She sighed, hoping that what he had in mind tonight was what she had been hoping for.

"My love," Oliver said, placing her plate down in front of her. He took his seat and grabbed his glass of wine and raised it in toast. "To a memorable night."

Felicity blushed and toasted him back. "To a memorable night."

Oliver felt the weight of the ring box in his pocket. He thought at first, proposing while they ate, would be the perfect time. Then he had the image of her choking on her food and decided that wasn’t the time. Instead they talked. They didn't discuss anything Arrow related or work related. Just movies, TV, books, people. It was nice to have none of the usual worries for a night.

After they finished dinner, they moved over to the living room with their glasses of wine. Felicity curled her legs under her as she sat back on the couch. Oliver joined her. Candles were lit around the room and jazz music played in the background.

"You look so beautiful tonight," he said softly, his gaze burning over her.

She smiled. "You don't look too bad yourself."

He took in a deep breath, nerves beginning to settle in his stomach. This was it. This was the time to ask. He just had to get his hand to move to his pocket and remember the words he rehearsed earlier.
"Are you okay?" Felicity asked.

He cleared his throat. "Yeah."

She cocked an eyebrow. "Doesn't seem like it."

He sighed, smiling at her. She knew him too well. "I actually have something to ask you?"

"What do you have to ask?"

He reached for his pocket and pulled out the ring box. He slid to the floor, on one knee, and looked up into her clear blue eyes. There were tears in her eyes and so much love.

"Felicity," he began, "Ever since the first day I met you, I felt different inside. Hopeful. Happy. New." He paused, trying to get a hold of his emotions. He wanted everything with her and hoped his words came out right. Felicity reached down and cupped his cheek, a smile on her face. "You...you made me smile that day. Ever since then, your light has filled me. Everyday I have fallen more and more in love with you. And everyday I realize I want to wake up with you in my arms each morning, listen to you babble about everything, watch you take charge during a tech crisis, grow round with our children. I want to spend every moment of life I have left with you. Will you marry me Felicity Smoak?"

Tears were streaming down Felicity's cheeks as she listened to his words. She loved this man. Her heart, her soul knew he was the one. There would never be another man who would make her feel the way she felt with him. "Yes Oliver, I'll marry you."

He opened the ring box. Nestled inside was a circular shaped diamond, set in a white gold band. It was simple but her. He slid the ring on and pressed a kiss to her hand. She leaned down and pressed her lips to his.

"I love you Oliver," she said huskily, overcome with emotion.

His hands rested on her thighs, rubbing up and down her smooth skin. "Thank you so much Felicity."

She looked down at her hand, amazed to see the ring encircling her finger. They were engaged! She was going to be Felicity Queen. One day, hopefully, they'd welcome children into their lives.

Brushing her hand against his cheek, she closed the distance between them and kissed him. The kiss was sweet. It didn't have the usual fire but instead expressed how much they loved one another. Oliver licked along the seam of her lips before drawing her tongue into his mouth. Felicity felt the kiss from the tips of her toes to the roots of her hair. It was magical.

"I think we should go to bed," she whispered across his lips. "And by bed, I mean make love on the bed instead of this small couch."

Oliver chuckled as he stood up. He reached down and grabbed her hands, hauling her to her feet. She wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him again. Oliver's hands grasped her waist and pulled her close. She felt the ridge of his erection and rubbed against it, eliciting a moan from his lips. Stepping out of his arms, she smiled up at him as she said, "Come and catch me!"

She sprinted away from him, running to the door of her bedroom. It wasn't much of a distance and she wasn't really trying to stay away from him. He easily caught her, wrapping his arms around her waist and pushing her up against the wall outside her bedroom. Her eyes danced with merriment and heat. His heart felt like it expanded even more as he looked at this woman that just agreed to be
his wife. Leaning down, Oliver cradled her face with one hand as he captured her lips with his own. This kiss was heated. Their tongues tangled, their teeth nipped and they devoured one another. His other hand found its way down her side to the hem of her dress. He drew her dress up to her waist, exposing the black lace thong she wore underneath. His hand ran along her slit causing her to shudder with pleasure. She gasped and broke their kiss, feeling his touch throughout her body. Liquid heat pulled to her center as he brushed his fingers up and down her slit.

"Bed Oliver," she moaned. "Now."

He grinned down at her and picked her up. Her legs wrapped around his waist as he walked them the rest of the way into her bedroom. He laid her down on her bed and stepped back to look down at her. A part of him wanted to sigh like the lovesick fool he was. The other, more prominent part, wanted to strip her of her clothes and show her how much he loved and cherished her. He didn't sigh but his heart felt like it just tripled in size. He quickly stripped himself of his clothes and joined her on the bed. She reached down and pressed her hand over his heart. He covered her hand with his own and smiled down at her. It was their simple I love you.

He pressed his nose to her neck and took in a deep breath, loving her scent. He nipped her earlobe before pressing soft kisses down her neck to her shoulder. He traced her clavicle with his tongue. Felicity moaned, sparks of fire burning across her skin. Oliver reached up and pulled the top of her dress down, exposing her naked breasts. He licked across her nipple as her back arched off the bed. Her hands quickly gripped his head, pressing his mouth closer to her aching breasts. He nipped her nipple before engulfing it entirely in his mouth and tugged, sending heat straight to her pussy. Felicity cried out and felt she could come just from his mouth on her breast. But she didn't want to tumble over into bliss without him. She wanted to feel the thrust of his hips between her legs. The tremble of his body as ecstasy overtook him. The sweat rolling from his body to hers as he thrust in and out of her body. She wanted and needed this.

"Now Oliver," was all she said.

Oliver looked up at her and saw she was at the edge of her control. He pressed one more kiss to her breast before sitting back up. He reached down and tugged her dress the rest of the way off her body and let it fall to the floor. All she wore was her thong, her shoes having fallen to the floor during their trek through the hallway. He skimmed his hands up her legs to the edge of her thong. Hooking his fingers into the waistband, he quickly rid her of her them.

Leaning down, he looked up her body to her lust clouded eyes and gave one long lick along her slit. A broken cry escaped her parted lips as her thighs began to tremble. He kissed his way up her body, more than ready to lose himself in her arms. Once he reached her lips, she was breathing hard and her body was frantically moving beneath his.

"Oliver," she moaned as he lined his hard cock up with her pussy. Looking down into her eyes, he slowly began entering her.

Felicity's legs wrapped around his waist and her hands moved up and down his back. He seated himself fully into her welcome heat and fought the urge plunge into her over and over again. Instead, he kissed her full lips as he slowly moved in and out of her welcoming body.

In this moment, they feel closer than they have ever felt before. They breath each other's air and their eyes remain locked. The pleasure seems deeper and never ending. Felicity welcomes the slow glide of his thrusts as each fills her with bliss. She clings to him and gasps her pleasure into his mouth. She feels the fine tremble running through his body as pleasure builds. His thrusts are deep and touch a spot in her that makes her eyes roll back. He hits that spot again and again and again
until broken cries tumble from her lips. She bites his lower lip as ecstasy rolls through her body, drawing out his own release. He thrusts uncontrollably into her body as his orgasm overtakes his body. He wraps his arms around her and pulls her tight to his body as he thrusts sharply into her. Felicity is beyond any sense of the present as her first orgasm rolls into another at the sudden sharpness of his thrusts.

They lay in bed, dazed and relaxed. One of Felicity's hands softly moves up and down his back, tracing each scar she comes across. Oliver's nose was pressed against her neck, his body relaxed and mind blank of everything but her. He manages to lift his head slightly and looks over at her left hand. The ring he slipped onto her finger sparkles. A part of him is amazed this is his life. After those five years, his future didn't seem attainable. He was a killer with a list of people to rid the world of. In the end, he thought he would go down fighting.

But then he met this babbling blonde, who made him see there was another way to change the city. Every smile, argument, tear and touch led to this moment. A moment of pure happiness. The past few years taught him to hold tightly to happiness rather than turn his back on joy.

Taking her hand and pressing a kiss to her ring finger, he thought to himself he couldn't wait to make this woman his wife.
The Kitchen

Chapter Summary

Things get a bit intense in the kitchen

Chapter Notes

I'm so sorry for the long delay but inspiration left me in the dust for awhile. This chapter is a warm up for me and is a bit short. I hope you enjoy.

Her work was forgotten as Felicity sat at her desk and watched Oliver practice his sword skills across the room. He wasn’t wearing a shirt. He was sweaty. And he was breathing hard. All three combined to distract her from anything but how she wanted to lick every inch of his body. His back glistened. She could see beads of sweat on his abdominal muscles. If Diggle wasn’t just a few feet away, she would have already launched herself across the room and tackled Oliver.

As it was, she was really trying not to tell Diggle to leave because she wanted her boyfriend to lay her out on the floor and fuck her. Not make love. But fucking. And he was oh so good at it. Just last week he bent her over the desk she was currently working at and fucked her so hard she was sore the next day. Every ache and bruise had been worth it.

Realizing she wasn’t going to get anything else done tonight, Felicity began shutting down her computers. Oliver was too distracting shirtless and sweaty.

“Leaving already?” Diggle asked, coming over to her. He sat at the edge of her desk. “I thought you wanted to finish going through some files.”

She nodded her head. “I did, but my mind can’t focus on it tonight.”

His brows furrowed in concern. “What’s wrong?”

She chuckled. “Nothing that can be handled tonight.” She got up from her desk and grabbed her purse and jacket. “Tell Oliver I left early.”

She made a quick getaway, giving Oliver one last lascivious look.

###

Felicity unlocked her apartment door and quickly made her way inside. Not bothering to turn her lights on, she set down her purse and keys and walked to the kitchen. Her body was still tense, wanting Oliver. She was so distracted by her thoughts of him that she didn’t hear someone come up behind her until their hand covered her mouth. She instinctively reached up to remove the hand
but his voice stopped her.

“I felt you looking at me tonight,” Oliver said in a low voice. He nipped her earlobe causing a shudder to rush through her body. His other hand, which had been at his side, came to rest on her waist. “What were you thinking about?”

His hand left her mouth, allowing her to speak. “You,” she moaned. “Just you.”

He trailed his hand from her waist to the edge of her skirt and began inching it up. “I thought about how tightly you gripped your desk last week as I pounded into you over and over again.”

Felicity’s breaths became ragged as her excitement grew. There was something about being in the dark that made everything more. Each rumble of his voice and the gentle grip of his hand around her throat sent shivers of delight up her spine. Oliver brought out a side of her that only existed in her raunchiest fantasies.

Oliver’s hand traced the edge of her panties while his other hand moved from her throat to her nipples. “I just wanted to bend you over your desk again and make you scream.”

There was a tearing sound before her panties fluttered to the ground. Before she could form a thought, he plunged two fingers into her aching heat. A cry of pure pleasure escaped her parted lips as he wasted no time bringing her to the edge. She gripped his arm as he plunged his fingers in and out of her.

“You’re so wet baby,” he whispered against her ear. “Dripping. Is that all from me?”

She nodded her head. “Yes, yes,” her voice trembled.

“Mmm,” he moaned. “I’m going to fuck you now baby. I’m going to fuck you so hard you’ll still be feeling me tomorrow. You want that?”

She nodded her head again, unable to form any words beyond the rising moans leaving her mouth. She heard the sound of his zipper being tugged down before she felt his hot flesh against her backside. His fingers left her aching pussy as he pushed her down against the kitchen countertops. Without preamble, he plunged into her. Felicity arched her back and pushed back against him, driving him in deeper.

What they were doing wasn’t making love. This was pure lust. Oliver held her waist as he pounded into her over and over again, harder and harder. He leaned over her, his chest brushing her back, and nipped her shoulder.

“Yes!” Felicity shouted. Pleasure rippled through her body as her orgasm drew closer. Her entire focus was where they were joined. The tension built in her body with each thrust of his hips.

Oliver leaned back up, bringing Felicity with him. She gasped and gripped his thigh as he continued thrusting into her. Her gasp turned into shouts as he circled her clit with his fingers. She was tumbling quickly into white hot ecstasy.

“Oliver, Oliver,” she chanted. Her entire body shook as she finally tumbled over into pleasure so intense she blacked out.

###
When Felicity awoke, she was in her bed. Rubbing her eyes, she looked around her room, wondering how long she was out. The sound of the shower running alerted her to Oliver’s presence. She looked over at the blurry numbers on the clock on her end table. Ten minutes. She groaned and snuggled back into her pillows. They went to another level that night. The pleasure had been so good, so intense, that she passed out. She was sore in places no one really needed to know about and was pretty sure she was sporting a few bruises.

Drifting off to sleep, Felicity dreamed of ways to surpass the kitchen countertops.
Her engagement ring and wedding band sparkled on her finger as she slid out of her wedding dress. Underneath her gorgeous cream colored lace gown, she wore a strapless nude bra and a matching thong. Felicity looked at herself in the dressing room mirror and let out a shaky breath.

Today had been the happiest and most stressful day of her life. Marrying Oliver was a moment she couldn’t put into words. When she stood at the end of the aisle and saw him waiting for her, she felt light headed with joy. Seeing the look of utter devotion and love in his eyes as she joined him brought her first tear. The look in his eyes when he slid the wedding band on her finger would remain with her until the day she died. By the time they were declared husband and wife, tears were flowing down both their faces.

After hours of celebration, they were finally alone. As much as she wanted to rip his suit off his body, she knew she didn’t want to tear her dress. Instead, she retreated to the dressing room of their suite and was now changing into the wedding lingerie her mother gave her as a bridal shower gift. She unhooked her bra and slid off her thong and let both slide to the floor. She reached for the red g string that went with the sheer robe. It was almost certain the g string would be in tatters by the end of the night. She slid the g string up her smooth legs. Once on, she reached up to her hair and began removing the million hair pins hold her hair up. Each hair pin dropped to the floor until her hair fell in loose curls around her shoulders. Thea was right that her hair would transition well to a bed time look. She slid the robe on and gave herself one last look in the mirror.

Felicity knew she looked damn good and couldn’t wait for Oliver to see her. With that thought in her mind, she exited the dressing room and joined him in the bedroom.

###

Oliver was taking off his watch when he heard Felicity re-enter the bedroom. He looked over and nearly choked on his own tongue when he saw her. His eyes locked on her smooth, mile high legs. His gaze traveled up her legs to the barely closed robe. The curve of her breasts peaked out from the robe. He could see the outline of her nipples through the sheer material.
Fuck, he wasn’t going to last long. Through sheer will, he managed to keep most of his desire at bay during their wedding reception. Now, seeing her look so incredibly sexy, he was so fucking hard. He wanted to bury his head between her soft thighs at the same time as he wanted to feel the tight clench of her release around his aching cock.

“Fuck Felicity,” he moaned. “Are you trying to kill me?”

She ran a hand through her blond curls and smirked at him. “Maybe. Are you going to stand there all night?”

He dropped his watch onto the night stand and swiftly made his way over to her. Within seconds he was kissing her and palming her soft breasts. The breathy moan she let out spurred on his desire. Licking into her mouth, his hands drifted from her breasts to her smooth back and finally to her plump ass. He squeezed as he deepened the kiss. Felicity pressed closer to him, her breasts crushed against his hard chest.

She broke away from his kiss, taking in huge gulps of air as her body trembled. “I need you. In me. Now.”

“Now?” He teased.

She leaned up and nipped his bottom lip; a nip he felt all the way to his already aching cock. “Now. We can go slow later.”

“Whatever you want.”

He pushed her up against the door of the dressing room and reached down to her panties. With a quick tug, he ripped them from her body. Her hands were busy pushing down his box briefs and freeing his hard cock. She palmed him, running her hand up and down. Oliver cursed and lifted her up, causing her to let go of him.

“I’m going to fuck you now,” he whispered into her ear. With that warning, he plunged deep into her wet heat. They both groaned at their joining. She was his. Other men would see that ring on her finger and know she belonged to him. Every curve, every gasp of pleasure, every inch of her belonged to him. Just as every part of him belonged to her. She owned him.

He gripped her ass as he began the slow glide out of her body before pushing back in. Each stroke sent fire racing down his spine to his balls. Leaning forward, he nipped and kissed her exposed neck.

“Yes,” she moaned, her head thrown back against the wall. He looked up at her and picked up his speed. “Oliver…yes. Yes!”

In response, Oliver latched onto her neck and pounded even harder into her eager body. He could hear the sounds of their bodies coming together again and again. Fire burned in his stomach as his release grew closer.

“You like that baby,” he groaned, releasing her neck. “You like my cock stretching you.”

“Yes,” she cried. “Yes.”

He growled at the sound of her breathy cries. Dirty talk always sent her spiraling towards completion. “You feel so good around my cock baby. You’re so wet for me baby.”

Reaching down between their joined bodies, he circled her clit with his thumb. Her grip around
him became tighter as he continued to rub her. Within a few seconds, she tumbled over the edge into red hot ecstasy. Her cries spurred him on as he roughly pounded into her pulsing body. The bite of her teeth on his shoulder is what sent him over. He gripped her hard as he came into her hot body.

They both crumpled to the floor, wrapped in each other’s arms. Oliver held his wife as their bodies cooled and their hearts returned to a normal beat. He softly kissed her lips, savoring the moment.

“I love you,” he told her.

She smiled up at him, joy radiating from her beautiful blue eyes. “I love you too.”

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