A Hero Needs His Light

by mogirl97

Summary

A collection of unconnected Olicity one shots and drabbles. Lots of fluff but some more serious stuff too. Originally posted on my tumblr.

Most recent chapter:
Message in a Mug

Notes

See the end of the work for notes
A Hero Needs His Light

Chapter Summary

So this is just a short little story of what could happen when Oliver returns from the LOA and a conversation with Felicity about what he learned while he was away. This is mostly just speculation since ep. 9 hadn't aired yet when I wrote this and I didn't really know much of the details of Oliver leaving...

The soft click of Felicity's heels echoed loudly through the empty foundry as she descended the stairs. Roy and Diggle had gone home after an easy bank robbery bust that night and she was returning only to retrieve a drive she had left in her computer. When she turned the corner at the bottom of the stairs she stood frozen and stared at the scene in front of her.

"I'm hallucinating, great now I'm hallucinating, I am so far off the handle I am losing my grip on reality and now I'm talking to myself and-"

"Felicity!" Oliver grunted, cutting her off.

Felicity stepped forward and recoiled slightly at the sight of Oliver's battered and bloody body lying on the table.

Months.

It had been months since she had last laid eyes on him after he had left to fight Ra's, her forehead burning with what she thought was the last time she would feel his lips. She tentatively reached a hand forward and touched the side of his face, running her thumb gently along a small cut.

"It's you. It's really you," her voice cracked as tears began to well up in her eyes despite her best efforts not to cry, "I thought you were dead." She scanned her eyes down his body and felt her stomach flip at the amount of blood soaking his shirt, "Oliver you need medical attention, how did you even get here?"

"It's not as bad as it looks, you can handle it," Oliver reassured her, covering her hand with his own.

Felicity took a deep breath and went to retrieve the medical supplies. She cut open his shirt and peeled it off. Oliver was right, most of the blood was old and dried; she carefully began to clean his torso so she could assess what wounds were fresh. There was a million questions she wanted to ask but Oliver looked so tired and she was just overcome with relief that he was here and alive.

Oliver however, began to talk without her prompting, "After the fight, Ra's was impressed with my skills and deemed I was more useful to him alive than dead. I had to do what he said. If I couldn't beat him I had to comply. It was the only way to keep everyone safe."

Felicity started to sew delicate little stitches into his side. A harsh contrast next to the rough stitches he had probably done himself while he was away.

"I couldn't do it though, live that life again, I mean I tried, but I'm just not like them anymore," Oliver continued, "maybe I never really was like them. I wasn't dismissed without consequence, which is what all this is from, but I don't think the league will have any more business in Starling."
Felicity just listened quietly as she started to clean another wound.

After a few minutes of silence, Oliver continued, "I realized something important though. I thought that I couldn't be the Arrow and Oliver Queen. That I had to give up everything that made me who I am when I'm not wearing the hood. But it's because I haven't fully let go of Oliver that I can be the Arrow. The members of the league, they have shed everything of their former selves. They can't be heroes, they have to stay in the darkness because they let go of their light."

Felicity finished her final stitch and looked up at him.

"Felicity, I need you. I've always known that, but it wasn't until I was away from you for so long that I realized how much."

She thought she understood what he was saying but there was still the part of her that had been hurt so many times by him dangling maybes around that kept her from assuming anything. Guarded.

"Clearly, I mean these stitches you did yourself are atrocious and I don't know how you could find anyone without my facial recognition software and-"

Oliver pulled her down to him and kissed her gently "That's not what I meant," he whispered, "I need you because you're the one who brings out the light in me. I need you because I love you."

The walls she had spent months constructing to protect her heart came crumbling down, "I love you too."

He sat up with a grimace.

"Should you be moving?" Felicity asked with concern.

"I got here in one piece, I think I can sit up." Oliver flashed her a smile.

"Yeah well I don't even want to know how you got here considering the mess I just cleaned up," Felicity shot back, even though deep down she was relieved he was still his frustratingly stubborn self. It surprised her that of all the things she missed when Oliver was gone, their banter was high on the list.

"Fine Dr. Smoak, why don't you help me over to my bed then. A night on a metal table isn't really what I had in mind after months without much sleep."

She slung his arm over her shoulder and helped him walk slowly over to his bed. When they passed by the fern she could have sworn it looked perkier than it had in a long time. She helped him lie down and pulled a blanket over him.

"I should probably call Diggle and Roy and Thea and Laurel and-"

"Felicity, it's 1 am. They can see me in the morning. If they think I'm dead, a few more hours won't make a difference. Will you stay with me though?"

She sat down on the edge of the bed and slipped off her shoes and glasses, "of course."

She laid down next to him and he pulled her in close despite the pain she imagined was shooting through his body. It was something they had never done before, lying so close together, their slow even breaths matching each other, but it felt so normal, so natural. Their hands intertwined. Neither of them could sleep though so Felicity talked about everything that had happened while he was away. Sara had started talking- well, babbling. Roy had stepped up in his absence and had led the
team so well. Cisco had sent over some new toys - erm gadgets. Her mother had visited again. The hours passed and she realized that Oliver had fallen asleep. She had never seen him look so peaceful and the sight brought a smile to her lips. She pressed a kiss to his forehead, echoing the one he had given her all those months ago and closed her eyes.
Chapter Summary

After Oliver returns he struggles with side effects from the Lazarus pit and Felicity finds a way to help him.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Felicity rubbed slow gentle circles into Oliver's back trying to get him to calm down. It was his second episode like this since returning from whatever had transpired on that mountain. She wasn't sure how exactly the Lazarus pit had worked its magic but it was times like this where she saw its side effects. The first time he had quickly worn himself into a fitful sleep and woken seemingly alright but it had been over an hour now and there were no signs of his racing heart rate or shallow breaths slowing anytime soon. He was trapped. Trapped in his own mind relaying the horrors he had experienced over the years. She wanted to be able to do something for him. Anything. Roy was pacing across the foundry and Diggle was sitting in the corner with his head in his hands.

"There's really nothing either of you can do right now so you should just go home. I'll call you if he gets worse," she told them, looking at the clock that was showing 1 am, "if something happens tomorrow we can't all be asleep on the job."

Roy and Diggle nodded and slipped out the foundry with a sympathetic look at her. They understood how hard it was for her to see him like this. How much it hurt that despite her being right next to him, he was a world away, alone in his pain.

She turned her attention back to him and racked her brain for something that would snap him out of this. She remembered something her mother would do when she was younger and had nightmares....

"Always remember Felicity, the nightmares aren't real. What is real is that you have 10 toes painted pink. Your favorite flavor of ice cream is mint chocolate chip. You're the smartest 10 year old in the whole state of Nevada. And I love you."

Replace the fear with what's real. That worked when she was 10 and had nightmares, but what was running through Oliver's mind was real. His reality. But not his present reality. What was real right now was...

"Oliver look at me."

"You're Oliver Queen. You're a brother. You are a friend. You're a mentor."

He gave her a confused look before his eyes went wild again but she continued on.

"You're smart and brave and kind. You drink your coffee black and as much as I complain I really don't mind bringing you a cup. You give the best hugs. You do the salmon ladder every Wednesday and pretend you don't notice me staring. You never forget to water the fern. Your smile lights up an entire room and I would give anything to see it more."

She could hear his breath stabilizing and his eyes were focused on hers now.
"What's real right now is that you're home. You're alive. You're a hero."

She put her hand on his heart and whispered,

"What's real is that I love you."

His heart was still beating fast but she had a feeling it wasn't a side effect from the Lazarus pit because her heart rate started to soar too when he pulled her onto his lap and pressed his lips to hers softly.

"Thank you," he murmured, "for reminding me of my happy story."

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Every time he went to that place of total darkness she would repeat her words, restoring his light, reminding him what was real. After a while, the episodes became less frequent. One night, curled up by his side, their hands intertwined, she realized it had been a year. The nightmares might have been real, but what was real now, his happy story, kept them from haunting him anymore.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks so much for reading! Be sure to leave me a review letting me know what you thought and also if you have any prompts for future one shots. You can also drop me an ask on tumblr where I'm mogirl97 as well. I'd definitely like to keep writing to keep myself busy during the hiatus :)
"I'm going to die!" Felicity screamed as they sharply rounded a corner, Oliver's motorcycle tilting precariously.

"Just hold on tight, you'll be fine," Oliver replied as he continued to swerve at high speed through the city streets.

"Duck Felicity!" She heard Thea yell as she shot an arrow from the back of Roy's bike. She dipped her head right before it skimmed over her and hit the arm of the man driving the van that was pursuing them. Felicity's eyes widened and she pressed her face into Oliver's back silently begging for this nightmare ride to be over quickly. She had imagined riding on the back of Oliver's bike and this was nothing like she had pictured. She had ridden out to the site where they needed her to get past the complicated security set up with Diggle in the van but they had gotten separated after arriving. Oliver didn't want to leave her when they set off in pursuit. And that's how she found herself holding on to Oliver so tightly she was sure she was crushing his diaphragm. She felt them stop and looked up but they were nowhere near the foundry.

"That guy they sent after us drove us around in circles. How are we going to get back on bad guy number one's trail?" Roy asked.

"Felicity, you pinged his phone right?" Oliver asked and she nodded. He revved the engine and they started to back out of the alley they had pulled into, "I'm going to need you to see if you can get a hit on him and track him."

"Ok well normally that would be no problem but since hanging on for my life kinda requires two hands and so does holding onto my tablet that could be a little difficult…"

"What's the turn?" Oliver called out.

"and I see that you are no longer paying attention to me so I'm just going to hope that when I fall off I will not land somewhere where a car will run me over…"

"Felicity!"

She took a deep breath and used every bit of strength in her legs to anchor her to the bike while she pulled out her tablet.

"Right. Okay now left. Keep going straight."

There a close call where she started to lean a little too far to one side but Oliver threw an arm back to push her back on. Finally they overtook the man and delivered him quickly to Captain Lance.
Back at the foundry, Oliver helped her off and straightened her glasses.

"Nice job," he complimented her and she took what felt like her first real breath all night before following him towards the door.

"Kind of fun actually, right?" He turned to ask her.

She shot him a look that she hoped communicated how NOT fun she had thought it was.

"Fine. But I'll take you out on it sometime when we're not being shot at or going against the flow of traffic and then you'll have fun," he replied with a wink.

She just rolled her eyes and let him take her hand as they walked down the foundry stairs.

3 Days Later…

Felicity sighed as the sound of gun shots shattered the silence. She threw her leg over the bike and grabbed the helmet from Oliver's outstretched hand.

"Sorry," he shot her a sympathetic look over his shoulder as she grabbed his waist and braced herself for another wild ride.

The Next Day…

She had just gotten home from work when there was a knock. Felicity opened the door to a smiling Oliver.

"I promised you a fun, reasonably safe, ride on the bike."

She quickly changed out of her dress and followed him to the curb. The warm wind blew softly against her face and a smile crept onto her face as they drove out of the city. She rested her cheek onto Oliver's back and sighed happily as she watched the scenery fly by. This was exactly what she had in mind when she imagined her first ride on the motorcycle.

On the way back into the city they stopped at an ice cream parlor and as they dove into a mint chip sundae Oliver asked what she thought.

"You were right. When you're actually going for a nice ride like a normal person it's pretty fun."

"Told you."

Chapter End Notes

Thank you so much for reading, I hope you liked it :)
Oliver's phone displayed an unknown number. He picked it up to be greeted by one of his least favorite voices.

"Umm Oliver, this is Ray Palmer. This is kind of awkward but I wasn't sure who else to call. Felicity isn't at work yet which is really unusual, actually not really she just kind of comes and goes at really random times, but anyway she hasn't answered like any of my 20 phone calls and I would go to her apartment because I pinged her phone and she should be there but I'm pretty sure if I go there one more time uninvited I might get a restraining order so yeah."

"What exactly are you asking?"

"Can you go check on her? We have a staff meeting today and it's kind of important and maybe we could video call her in or something."

Oliver replied curtly that he would before hanging up and grabbing his coat.

He got to Felicity's apartment quickly and let himself in with the key she kept in the foundry for emergencies.

"Felicity?" he called out.

He heard her mumble something inaudible from her bedroom and walked over to the door. He knocked and after confirming who it was she told him to come in. Felicity sat propped up with several pillows, her quilt pulled up to her chin, her nose and eyes were red, and there were tissues scattered everywhere. She coughed and asked him what he was doing here.

"I got a call from Palmer, you're missing out on a staff meeting which – wait, how does he know my number anyway?"

"He probably hacked into my phone contacts, no wait, actually he didn't have to go to that much trouble. I think you're listed as my emergency contact number on this paperwork all the employees had to fill out."

"What?"

"Well it's just a formality for insurance or something because it's not like I'm likely to get injured on the job or anything, but who else was I going to put anyway? It's not like my Mommy can come pick me up from work if I get the flu."
Oliver smiled and moved closer to the bed.

"I'm not sure you want to come any closer. This is not something you want to have."

"I have a strong immune system, besides someone's got to take care of you."

Felicity's phone started to ring. She pointed to a spot on the floor where she had thrown it after Ray's 6th call.

"Can you just answer that and tell him I'm not coming in. If I answer he'll probably launch into some long spiel about our latest project and I'm not in the mood for that."

After speaking with Ray, Oliver turned his attention back to her. He pressed his lips to her forehead and diagnosed that she had a fever.

"You are such a mom," Felicity teased him.

Oliver rolled his eyes and headed into the kitchen to get her a glass of water and some cold medicine. When he came back she had thrown off all her blankets and was lying there in—

"Is that my shirt?"

"I may have stolen it from you when you were dead. Huh. That's a weird sentence. You can have it back if you want."

"You can keep it," Oliver replied, fighting back a smile at the thought that she had wanted some piece of him when he was gone.

"And now I'm cold again," Felicity sighed and grabbed all the blankets, "You're right, I definitely have a fever."

Oliver handed her the water and medicine and sat down on the end of the bed to rub her feet.

"Mmm that's nice. See, I knew it was a good idea to put you down as my emergency contact."

"You know you could have just called me."

"Yeah, but I threw my phone across the room and I didn't have the energy to go get it."

Oliver laughed and shook his head. After a few minutes he noticed that she had drifted off to sleep and was shivering. Slipping off his shoes, he slid into bed and surrounded her in his arms. Her body relaxed and warmth started to spread across her skin.

The sound of Felicity coughing jolted Oliver awake and it took him a few seconds to remember where he was. He glanced over at the clock and saw that it was well into the afternoon. He wasn't sure if Felicity would feel awkward waking up like this but she didn't make any move to detangle herself from him.

"I guess I needed a nap too," he remarked.

"It was nice, I feel a little better now actually. Thank you. For staying and taking care of me today."

"Felicity, there's no one else I'd rather spend the day with. Even if you are coughing and sniffling all over me."
"Hey! You said you have a strong immune system. It's not going to be good if we're both sick."

"Maybe I should have an emergency contact too. I wonder how Roy feels about germs?"

"Maybe you should just wait until I'm better to get sick and then I'll take care of you."

"Deal."

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading!
Chapter Summary

Felicity and Thea attempt to bake a surprise birthday cake for Oliver

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Oliver and Roy entered the apartment and heard the sound of laughter coming from the kitchen.

"Oh shoot, they're back early!" Thea's voice trailed out into the hallway.

They walked in on Thea and Felicity covered in flour, the kitchen a total mess.

"Roy, didn't you get my text that we needed you to stall some more?"

"Yeah baking is harder than we thought, we probably should have just gone with a box mix," Felicity chimed in.

Roy shrugged his shoulders and pulled out his phone, "Now I did."

"What are you guys baking? Or umm, trying to bake?" Oliver asked.

"A birthday cake for you of course. Did you think we both forgot?" Thea replied.

Oliver had thought they had forgotten, but he didn't blame them. The Arrow had been busy lately and his birthday had been one of the last things on his mind. He couldn't help but smile though at the sight of his two favorite girls trying to put together a surprise for him.

"Thank you. Have you accomplished anything other than making a giant mess though?"

The two girls looked at each other and back at him, "Not really," they said in unison.

Oliver joined them on the other side of the counter and assessed the situation, "We should probably just start over."

"We? First of all, you can't make your own birthday cake. And second of all, how do you know how to bake?" Thea asked.

"First of all, I'm not going to make my own birthday cake, I'm going to help you two whip up something that's actually edible. And secondly, you should know I'm good at everything," he replied with a wink.

He turned to Felicity and gently brushed the flour off her shoulders and nose, "How did you manage to get flour all over yourself anyway?"

"She started it," Felicity replied with a pout.

"Oh no, do not fall for those puppy eyes. She definitely threw the first handful," Thea protested.
Oliver laughed and the four of them set to cleaning up the kitchen. Once the counters were wiped and the ingredients were reorganized; Oliver set them to measuring sugar and flour, cracking eggs, and whisking up frosting.

After Thea had placed the cake in the oven and the kitchen was cleaned up again, the doorbell rang and Diggle and Lyla walked in with Sara.

"Oooh something smells good," Lyla commented.

"Yeah well apparently Oliver should add master baker to his resume," Felicity said as she walked over to take Sara into her arms.

"Where did you learn how to bake man?" Diggle asked.

"Russia." Oliver deadpanned and they all turned to look at him with varying shades of confusion on their faces.

"It's a long story," he said with a shrug.

After pulling the cake out of the oven, they all walked into the living room and sat passing Sara around and listening to Thea tell stories about some of Oliver's wild childhood birthday parties.

"This must be a bit of a letdown compared to the year your parents set up an entire zoo in the backyard and launched fireworks off of your cake," Felicity teased.

"Not really. It's the people who make your birthday the most special and I can't think of anyone I'd rather be spending it with then all of you. Although I will say the fireworks were pretty cool."

Felicity smiled at him and reached for his hand. Oliver pulled her up off the couch, "Come on, the cake is probably cool enough to frost now. We'll be back in a minute."

Oliver stood behind her and guided her arm as she swirled the frosting around the cake. He snuck a kiss on her cheek and she complained that he was being too distracting. Finally the cake was completely covered and she handed him the spatula, "Birthday boy gets to lick the spatula first."

After they had licked the spatula clean he pulled her in close for a kiss that was chocolately sweet.

"Best birthday ever."

"Even without fireworks?"

"Even without fireworks."

"We should probably take the cake out."

"Probably."

"They totally know we're in here kissing."

"Yep."

Chapter End Notes
Ok so in my mind, some little Russian Grandma totally taught Oliver how to bake during his Bratva days. Just go with it :)

Love Him Now

Chapter Summary

After the team learns of Oliver's death, Felicity pays a visit to Thea and looks through some of Oliver's things.

Chapter Notes

I really want them to use Oliver's "death" as a catalyst for Felicity and Thea's relationship so that was some of my thought process behind this

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Felicity didn't quite know how she ended up there, but knocking on the door she felt it was the best place to be. Thea opened the door, tear tracks on her face, eyes red and puffy. Felicity pulled the younger girl into her arms and they stood there for a few minutes.

"Do you mind if I stay here tonight? I don't want to be alone," Felicity asked.

Thea nodded and led her into the loft. They sat on the couch in silence for awhile, lost in their own thoughts. They didn't know each other very well, maybe things would have been different with more time, but their shared grief connected them.

"You know, I thought it would be easier this time. But it's not. And knowing that it's my fault-"

"Thea it's not your fault. Please don't blame yourself."

"I trusted Malcolm. Oliver told me over and over again not to and I didn't listen to him. I lost the last person who loved me selflessly because I was delusional enough to believe that I was more than just a tool to my psycho father."

Thea broke down crying again and Felicity's heart broke for her. She felt the loss of Oliver like a chasm in her heart but she knew that what Thea was feeling was even worse. Guilt on top of her grief.

"Thea, I have no doubt that in his final moments Oliver did not regret what he has done for you. He told me before he left that there was two things he was sure of in this world and one of them was that he would do anything for you."

"What was the second thing?"

Felicity looked down at her hands sadly and whispered, "That he loves me. I didn't get a chance to say it back. I never will have a chance."

"Felicity I'm so sorry."

"You know I keep holding onto this hope that he'll come back. Why should we trust Nyssa? It
wouldn't be the first time someone we thought was dead- wasn't. But then there's the part of my heart that feels missing and it's like I just know that it's because he really is gone."

They sat in silence except for the occasional sniffle as they cried. Cried for everything Oliver meant to them. Cried for the words that were never spoken. Cried for the quiet dreams that would never come true.

"I think I'm going to try and get some sleep now. You can stay in his room if you want."

Felicity wasn't sure if she could handle it but her tiredness won out and she slowly walked towards the door that led into his bedroom. Taking a deep breath she turned the handle and walked inside. It was exactly how she would expect it to be. As neat and ordered as he kept his things in the foundry. She walked over to his dresser and looked at the four pictures sitting on top. There was an old Christmas photo of the happy and smiling Queen family before everything that fractured them apart. She smiled at a picture of a young Oliver holding baby Thea. She could tell by the look on his face that she was already his world from the day she was born. The third picture was of the whole team surrounding Lyla and Sara shortly after her birth. She remembered that day. Things were still awkward after she had walked away from him in the hospital and then again in the foundry. Even though she knew it was right for her to walk away, to make him fight for her, she wished for a second now that she hadn't. It was the fourth picture that shocked her. She didn't realize it had been taken. She was sitting at her computer in the foundry smiling. Laughing. He had made her cry so many times but she knew he didn't want to. He kept this picture of her because all he ever wanted was to see her smile. To hear her laugh. But he was gone and right now she didn't think she would laugh for a long time.

She opened a drawer in his dresser and pulled out one of his t shirts. It smelled like the laundry detergent she kept stocked at the foundry. She thought about the list on her fridge of things she bought for the foundry and wondered if she'd ever make that shopping trip again. Of course she would. The city still needed them. Things would have to go on, crime would still need to be stopped, laundry detergent and bandages still bought.

Slipping out of her dress she pulled on the shirt and walked over to his desk. It was bare except for a small silver wrapped box that had her name written on top. She grabbed it without hesitation and carefully unwrapped it. There was a piece of paper on top that simply read "Happy Birthday Felicity." She felt a surge of disappointment that there wasn't more but quickly realized that he probably thought he would get to give it to her himself and there would be no need to write any words. Under the paper there was a delicate chain with an arrow pendant that she could tell he had made. She traced over the detailed design and couldn't help the small smile that twisted her lips. Very subtle Oliver. It was beautiful and as she fastened it around her neck more tears fell at the thought of him spending time working on it. Wanting to put it on her himself. Her birthday was in a week, he had just missed it.

She circled around his room again but for once being a billionaire and having so much, there were very few things. What he did have revealed that it was people he valued most. It truly was fitting that he was able to die for what was most important to him, but she still wished with all her heart for one more day. One more hour with him. She yawned and looked at the clock which read 2 am. The last 24 hours had taken so much out of her and it was a relief to finally slip under the covers of his bed. The pillows and sheets still smelled faintly of him, clean and woody, and she couldn't help herself from wanting to breathe in every last bit. She didn't have any tears left. She had cried every last one. She buried her head in the pillow and fell asleep.

When she woke up the next morning it took her a moment to register where she was. She looked down at the shirt she was wearing and imagined for a second that Oliver would walk through the
door, kiss her, and tell her that breakfast was ready. Then reality crashed in on her. For as sad as she was last night she knew that she needed to be strong now. She would honor Oliver in the best way that she could by continuing to help protect his city. By caring for the people that relied on him. That was how she could love him now.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you so much for reading and for leaving such nice comments :)

A Pretty Specific Type

Chapter Summary

After an encounter with some of Oliver's college flings, Felicity has to confront some of her insecurities.

Chapter Notes

So this is set like post season 3 when Oliver (hopefully) has his company back and Felicity and him, well you'll see ;)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Felicity was uncomfortable. It had nothing to do with the fact that she was sitting on the toilet. Or that the shoes she borrowed from Thea were a little too small and were pinching her toes. The sound of more heels clattering into the bathroom kept her glued to her seat.

"Allison, did you see who's here?"

"Omg we were just talking about him. Oliver Queen, still looking as fine as ever.

Yep. That's why Felicity was uncomfortable. In the approximately 3 minutes that she had been sitting in the stall she had heard some wild and ummm detailed accounts of Oliver's activities during his college days. Particularly those involving the 3 girls currently huddled around the mirror. Oh and now the girl who had just entered and was clearly interested in adding her own Oliver story to the mix. Felicity cringed slightly as she listened to a sophomore year ski trip being reminisced. It's not like she wasn't aware the Oliver had slept with half the girls in Starling but she didn't really want this many details. Her phone vibrated and she looked down to see that Oliver was wondering if she had abandoned him. She realized she was going to have to leave this stall eventually and since the women were still chatting away she was just going to have to make a quick exit to avoid what would most likely be an awkward encounter if they had seen her sharing a table with Oliver. She had her hand on the door to the stall but retracted it quickly when the tone of conversation changed.

"Did you see he was with someone?"

"Ugh yes. I mean I guess she's pretty enough but who even is she? Now that Oliver's got his company back again he should totally be going for girls that are like, in his social class. If I don't know her obviously she isn't. Really he's missing out by not calling me up. I would totally go for an Aspen round 2."

"Oh please, don't act like you were so important to him. He probably said the same things to all of us. Oliver was the guy you had a fun time with and then he forgot about you. I almost feel bad for the new girl."

"Whatever. But there was definitely something between us."
Felicity was squeezing her hands so tightly into fists she was surprised she hadn't drawn blood with her fingernails yet. Finally the sound of heels clattering faded away and she was alone. She quickly opened the stall door and bolted out of the bathroom. She made her way across the restaurant as gracefully as possible and awkwardly sat down across from Oliver. He covered her hand in his and looked at her with concern.

"Are you okay?"

She nodded but couldn't meet his eyes. She didn't know why she was so upset. The man who sat across from her wasn't the Oliver those girls remembered. She knew that he loved her. It was just that hearing those things tapped into the insecurities she had worked so long to bury. She still found it hard to believe sometimes that Oliver Queen wanted her. The girl who didn't grow up in the lap of luxury. The girl who didn't go to the private boarding schools and colleges. The girl who was an awkward, babbling, nerd. The girl who wasn't some gorgeous, leggy model type. The girl who—

"Felicity?"

But then she heard the way he said her name and when she dragged her eyes up to meet his and saw the way he looked at her she pushed those thoughts to the back of her mind.

"Yeah I'm alright, sorry. I got a little held up by some… friends of yours. That's all."

Oliver looked at her with a confused expression but he shook it off and replaced it with a smile, "Hey so I need to take a business trip out to Aspen and obviously I'll need my VP there as well but I was thinking we could maybe also invite Roy, Thea, Diggle, Lyla, and Sara and maybe make a little "family" vacation out of it as well. Or it could just be you and me… whatever you want to do."

The look on Oliver's face made it pretty clear which option he would prefer and Felicity blushed as she recalled what she had overheard in the bathroom.

"Aspen."

"Yeah my family has a chalet there and I just learned that somehow we managed to retain it even with everything that went down with the company and everything."

"Aspen."

"Yes Felicity, Aspen—"

"Heeyy Oliver." Felicity groaned at the sound of leggy model numero quatro approaching their table.

Oliver's eyes widened and he looked at her, "Oh. Aspen."

He turned towards the approaching girl, "Hi, Kari? It's Kari right?"

"Yeah, I can't believe you remember me, long time no see right?"

"Well I was a castaway for a few years so I wasn't doing much socializing."

Felicity felt her body tense up as Kari laughed obnoxiously and put a hand on Oliver's shoulder, "Glad to see you're still the same funny Oliver."

"Kari this is my Vice President of Queen Consolidated, Felicity."

Felicity didn't know why she wanted Oliver to introduce her as his girlfriend. I mean she was, at least she was pretty sure she was. She was his girlfriend right?
Kari turned to her with a fake smile, "It's nice to meet you Felicity."

"Nice to meet you too," Not.

"Well I'll leave you two to your business meeting. Oliver, feel free to call me up sometime. I would love to catch up."

Felicity watched her retreat back to her table and felt her body relax again. Their food finally came and she turned her attention towards eating to avoid discussing what just happened. She could feel Oliver looking at her but she couldn't bring herself to look up at him. One minute he was inviting her to Aspen, and thanks to Kari she was well aware of what could happen in Aspen, and the next minute he was introducing her as nothing more than his business partner.

They finished their dinner in silence and had an equally awkward car ride back to her apartment. He walked her up to her door but blocked her from entering.

"Felicity, please tell me what's wrong. Is this about Kari? Because I can tell you right now that I'm honestly surprised I even remembered her name and I have no intention of catching up with her ever and—"

"You didn't introduce me as your girlfriend."

"What?"

"You said I was your VP."

"Oh. I figured the rest was implied by the fact that I was holding your hand and you're wearing that dress which isn't exactly a business meeting dress."

"Yeah I'm going to say she didn't pick up on that but it's okay, really. I don't even know why I'm upset. I guess it's just seeing girls like that, girls you used to have a thing with, reminds me that I'm not exactly your usual type and—"

"My type? Felicity, whatever my type was when I was the Oliver I was before the island I can say that I have a pretty specific type now. So unless you know any other Felicity Megan Smoaks, I wouldn't worry about anyone else. You're beautiful and brilliant and quite frankly better than I deserve."

Felicity looked up at him with a smile and realized that at some point he had opened her door and had slowly pulled her into her apartment.

"So… you never answered my question about Aspen."

"Well based on what I've heard can happen in Aspen, I don't really think it would be a good idea to have so many people there…"

Oliver pulled her closer and kissed her on the forehead, "Mmmm I agree."

She tipped her head back and he kissed her again on the lips. He started to slip her dress off of her shoulder but she reached a hand up to stop him.

"One last question. Is it true that there's a jacuzzi tub the size of a small pool in a room with giant windows that overlook the ski slopes?"

Oliver laughed and picked her up to carry her towards her bedroom, "Size of a small pool might be a
bit of an exaggeration, but yes."

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading! I hope you liked it :)


Chapter Summary

Felicity has an appendectomy and the anesthesia leaves her a little confused and unfiltered :)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It was Wednesday afternoon and Oliver was doing his weekly turn on the salmon ladder when Felicity appeared underneath him.

"Oliver, I think I'm going to go home, I'm really not feeling well."

Oliver dropped down and put a hand on her bare shoulder which was covered in goose bumps, "What's wrong?"

"My stomach was feeling a little achy when I woke up and it's gotten progressively worse as the day's gone on. It's like a stabbing pain now."

Oliver remembered Thea's appendicitis symptoms from when she was younger and wondered it that might be what was wrong. He gently placed a hand on the lower right of her abdomen and asked if that was where the pain was worst.

She nodded and tears started to well up in her eyes, "It really hurts."

"Felicity I think we should take you to the hospital, you might have appendicitis."

"Oh no. That involves needles and slicing me open."

"Yes, but you'll be under anesthesia so you won't even know it's happening. And it might not be appendicitis, but I don't want to take any chances. Come on I'll drive you."

Oliver started walking towards the foundry stairs and Felicity called after him, "Umm Oliver, you might want to put a shirt on."

Oliver looked down and turned to her with a sheepish grin. She tried to laugh but it came out as a grimace as she tossed him his discarded t shirt. He pulled on his shirt and then scooped her up bridal style despite her protests that she could walk to the van just fine.

When they arrived at the hospital Felicity described her symptoms and was whisked to be checked by a doctor. The doctor confirmed Oliver's suspicions and scheduled Felicity for an appendectomy within the hour. They went to sit in the waiting room until she would be called back to the room for her operation. Oliver could tell that Felicity was nervous on top of the pain that she was feeling and did his best to comfort her. She rested her head on his shoulder and he rubbed circles on her hand with his thumb.

"The last time I was under anesthesia was when I got my wisdom teeth taken out and when I came out of it my mom said I was really mean so I'm just giving you a fair warning."
"Ok, I'll try not to take it too personally if you insult me under the influence."

Felicity smiled up at him but it quickly faded when the nurse walked out and called her name.

"I feel like such a baby for getting nervous about this, like I've taken bullets and jumped out of airplanes and faced mirikuru soldiers and –"

"Exactly, which is why this is going to be a piece of cake for you."

The nurse had her change into a hospital gown and settled her onto the operating table while Oliver waited in the hallway.

The nurse stepped out, "She'd like you to be with her when they do the IV."

Oliver followed the nurse in and walked over to Felicity's side. Seeing her there brought forward a flurry of thoughts, bad and good. Her lying in a hospital bed seriously injured because he couldn't protect her. Her lying in a hospital bed delivering their first child. Her lying in a hospital bed-

"Hold my hand," Felicity broke through his train of thought and brought him back to reality. He covered her hand with his and she closed her eyes as the nurse put in the IV.

"Wow yeah that was not as bad as I thought I was going to be, I guess taking some bullets does make you tougher."

Oliver looked up at the nurse whose eyes had widened, but thankfully she refrained from asking questions. Oliver felt Felicity's hand go limp under his and the nurse announced that the anesthesia had taken full effect and someone would retrieve him when she was out of surgery.

After what felt like an eternity of sitting in the waiting room, the nurse came and directed him back to Felicity's recovery room. When they arrived she was just starting to wake up.

She looked over at Oliver and he started walking towards her.

"Who are you?" she asked. He looked at the nurse with panic.

"Don't worry she's just disoriented, she doesn't have memory loss," the nurse reassured him with a laugh.

"You're really hot. Can I touch you?" Oliver turned back to Felicity and couldn't help a grin from creeping onto his face.

"That was an inappropriate thing to say wasn't it? I feel like I know you. You're not my cousin or something though right? Because that would be really weird since I just tried to flirt with you."

"No Felicity, I'm not your cousin. I'm your… friend."

Felicity raised an eyebrow at him, "Do you want to be more than friends? 'Cause I would totally be down for that."

Oliver heard the nurse laugh as she stood in the corner writing something on a clipboard.

"Wait, am I in a hospital? Why are we on a date at the hospital?"

"Felicity, you had appendicitis and you just had an appendectomy."

"Is that a kind of drink? I feel really drunk."
"No you're not drunk; you're just coming out of anesthesia."

"Oh. I don't know what that is. You have really nice muscles. I can see them even with your shirt on. You should take it off. But not here. That would be weird."

Oliver had no idea how to respond to her. He had prepared for her to be grumpy not confused and well, unfiltered. He couldn't help but be amused and wondered how much of this interaction she would remember. The doctor came back into the room and explained to Oliver how she would have to stay in bed for 12 hours and then she could slowly return to normal activity as long as she didn't experience any more pain.

Oliver and the nurse wheeled her out to the van in a wheelchair and settled her into one of the reclined seats. He decided to take her back to the loft and Thea met them at the door.

"Who's this?" Felicity looked up at him with a jealous look on her face.

"This is my sister," Oliver answered her.

"Oh. That's good. It's not very nice to cheat on a girl even though we've only had one date and it was at a hospital."

Thea snorted and helped Oliver get Felicity settled into the guest bedroom.

"G'night hottie," Felicity slurped before falling asleep.

"Do you think she'll remember any of this?" Thea asked.

"If she does I guarantee she'll deny it," Oliver replied with a smile.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading, I hope you liked it!
"Thanks Dig, you're the best!" Felicity exclaimed as she took the Big Belly Burger bag from his hands.

"Don't let Oliver hear you say that," Diggle joked.

"Hear you say what?" Oliver asked as he walked down the foundry stairs.

"Nothing," Felicity said with a smile.

Oliver looked at the bag in her hands, "I could have gotten that for you."

"I know, but Diggle asked if I was hungry and offered to pick something up on his way back."

Diggle put a hand on Oliver's shoulder, "Advice of the day, something I learned with Lyla, it never hurts to offer to get the pregnant woman some food... and especially when she's been stuck in a basement all night helping you on a mission in your case."

Oliver apologized to Felicity but she brushed it off. "It's alright Oliver, if I was truly starving I would have asked and you would have brought me whatever I wanted. I know that. Want some fries?"

After Oliver had changed out of his suit he walked over to where Felicity was waiting to head home.

"How are you feeling? I'm sorry you had to be up almost all night and it's getting close to the due date and-"

"Oliver I'm feeling perfectly fine, just a little tired. And the baby isn't due for 2 more weeks, you worry too much."

"It's only because I love you."

"I know," Felicity replied, "I love you too, and I don't mind staying up and helping you track down bad guys, even though most pregnant women at my stage in the game would be sitting at home watching House Hunters and eating ice cream and Doritos, and-"
Oliver interrupted her babbling and gave her a kiss that turned into another kiss that-

"Okay we know you two made a baby we don't need a reenactment," Roy announced from across the foundry. Oliver rolled his eyes and Felicity laughed. Oliver placed his hands on Felicity's bump and she laid her hands on top of his. As excited as he was for the birth of their baby there was always going to be that part of him that worried that he shouldn't have this. Shouldn't have the woman who was standing before him as his wife. Shouldn't have the responsibility of being a father. That his commitment to his city made him inadequate to be the man who had all this. But then he looked into her eyes and knew there was no way he couldn't have this.

"Ready to go home?"

Felicity nodded and they walked out of the foundry hand in hand.

The next evening Oliver announced that Roy and Diggle had everything covered and they wouldn't be heading to the foundry.

"Oh? And what will we be doing with the night off?"

Oliver sent her into their bedroom to change into her pajamas and followed soon after with... mint chip ice cream and Doritos. "You are getting a night off so that you can indulge your normal pregnant women fantasies."

"That's a really weird way of wording that, but I appreciate it. You're going to join me though right?"

Oliver pulled out two spoons, "Of course."

Felicity flipped on the TV and they settled into their snacks while watching a couple try to find a vacation home in Jamaica.

"They're definitely going to go with house number 2," Oliver commented.

"What? No, that was the one that had the really awful tile everywhere. They're definitely going for house number 1."

"How much do you want to bet they're going to pick 2?"

"Nothing, because they're going to pick 1."

The couple picked house 3 and Felicity and Oliver both yelled at the tv because they at least agreed that 3 was ugly and in a horrible location. After a few more episodes of House Hunters, the bottom of the ice cream had been hit and the Doritos bag long discarded. Oliver sat up and hovered over Felicity. Slowly, he started to unbutton her pajama top from the bottom. When he had undone enough of the buttons to reveal her belly he ran a trail of kisses along it.

Felicity watched him and asked, "What do you think? Boy or girl?"

Oliver looked up at her, "Definitely a girl."

"Really? Because I was thinking a boy... Thankfully though, both options are good, unlike the house with the ugly tile."

"You know I really didn't think that tile was ugly."
“Seriously Oliver? It was horrendous.”

"Okay maybe it was a little weird," Oliver conceded.

"Yes it was, but enough about tile. You still have a couple buttons to go there Mr. Queen."

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for Reading!!
She notices he's nervous. He's rubbing his fingers the way he always does. She reaches for his hand. Makes circles with her thumb. Reassures him.

He hadn't noticed until now that she had picked up his nervous habit. Sitting at her computer, her fingers rubbed together as they wait for word. He covers her hand with his. Reassures her.

She gently traces with her fingers the fine stitches she just finished. Cleans the last traces of blood. He smiles at her. Tells her she's much better at it than him. She knows. She's memorized every scar with her fingers. Knows the difference between her stitches and his.

He cleans the blood off her hands. It takes him back to when Shado had done the same for him. But she wasn't guilty of anything. It had been an exhausting night. She had had Caitlin on speaker phone. Done everything she could to save the girl who had been lying on the street. An innocent caught in the crossfire of a gang fight before the team could arrive on the scene. The water runs clear again and he reminds her that it wasn't her fault.

He sees her eyeing the bow one day. He goes to pick it up and brings it to her. Directs her towards one of the practice targets. Wraps his hands around hers. Guides her as she pulls back on the string. Hands acting as one as he helps her aim. Repeats softly in her ear the mantra that he was taught. Breathe. Release. The arrow finds its mark and he squeezes her hand gently as she looks up to him with a smile.

The morning sun streams through the windows. She wakes before him. His arm is draped over her and she reaches for his hand. Places soft kisses on the calluses that run along his fingers and down his palms.

He slides the ring on her finger. Her eyes sparkle a million times brighter than the diamond.

They stand hand in hand. Echoing promises of forever. Surrounded by those that have become their family, but in that moment it's just the two of them.

Chapter End Notes

Super short I know but I've been super busy with the holidays, I promise the next update will be a long one :)

Hands

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes
Definitely As Good As I Imagined

Chapter Summary

Some random snippets of things I'd like to see happen between Oliver and Felicity at Digg and Lyla's wedding :)

Chapter Notes

So I've been writing and rewriting this for the past couple of days because I feel like some parts are out of character and don't flow correctly but I'm not really sure how to fix it so I'm just going to post it as is.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Oliver scanned across the room and spotted Felicity holding Sara and chatting with Caitlin. Things had finally gotten back to – well normal between them. As normal as things could be when you finally tell someone you love them, then you die, but then come back to life, okay yeah not normal. But things we're better. They had returned to some of their old rhythms. Touching her shoulder when he talked to her. Sharing fries at Big Belly Burger. Their looks that communicated a million words. And this wedding, well he wasn't sure how she was feeling, but it certainly made him hope to see her walking down the aisle towards him someday soon.

"You know, I'm going to go out on a limb and say that there is a pretty good chance that she'll dance with you if you ask," Oliver heard Barry say from behind him.

"What?" Oliver asked, turning around.

"Oliver, with the way you've been looking at her since the rehearsal dinner last night I thought we were going to have a double wedding. Which by the way kind of violates your whole "guys like us don't get the girl" mantra but I think that's stupid anyway so go get your girl."

"I'm not much of a dancer," Oliver protested.

"You're making excuses, now go," Barry practically pushed Oliver across the room towards Felicity. Felicity looked up at him and smiled as he approached, "Hey what's up?"

"Umm do you want to dance? I mean you don't have to if you're busy talking to Caitlin and you're in charge of watching Sara and—"

"Oliver stop babbling. And yes, I'd love to dance with you."

Caitlin took Sara and Felicity accepted Oliver's outstretched hand. Oliver led her out onto the dance floor where Diggle and Lyla and a few other couples were already circling around to the music.

"I'm not a very good dancer," Oliver warned her.
"Ehh neither am I, I just sway."

"Sway I can do," Oliver wrapped his arms around her waist and pulled her close to him. She wrapped her arms around him and rested her head on his shoulder. He caught a glimpse of Barry who winked at him and he just rolled his eyes.

Diggle and Lyla announced that it was time to throw the bouquet and garter. Oliver watched as Felicity joined the small group of women all huddled together to try and catch Lyla's flowers. Roy said his name just as Lyla threw the bouquet and he turned to respond to him. When he turned back he saw that Felicity was holding the bouquet and grinning from ear to ear. She shuffled past him and whispered, "I almost had to body check one of Lyla's cousins for this, don't fail me Oliver."

"Like anyone else is even going to try and catch that garter. I'm pretty sure feeling up Felicity's leg is not enough incentive to get on your bad side." Roy spoke up from behind them.

Oliver glared at him and Felicity's cheeks turned pink.

Roy raised his eyebrows, "Just saying."

Sure enough, when the garter flew through the air all the other men just took a step back and let Oliver catch it without competition. Diggle pulled a chair to the center of the dance floor and led Felicity to it. She took a seat and the blush on her face started to deepen as Oliver kneeled in front of her and carefully removed her one shoe. He gently slid the garter over her foot and up to her ankle. He took a deep breath and tried to calm his racing heart as his hands slid up her leg and underneath her dress. He quickly removed his hands as someone whistled and helped her up from the chair.

"Yeah that was just about as awkward as I thought it would be," Felicity commented.

"Don't forget that you almost took a girl out for that bouquet. You got yourself into that on purpose." Oliver replied.

"I saw an opportunity and I took it. Your hands, my leg, definitely as good as I imagined. I mean besides the fact that there was like 50 people watching, which is why it was kind of awkward…"

Oliver turned to look at her.

"Did I just say that aloud?"

"Yep."

Felicity cringed, "I should probably cut myself off from the champagne."

She started to walk away from him but he grabbed her arm and pulled her back to him.

"Hey. Your leg, my hands, definitely as good as I imagined."

Felicity blushed again and dipped her head.

"But… I think we can do better. You know, when there isn't 50 people watching."

Felicity looked up at him with wide eyes and the corners of her mouth twitched up.

Oliver was standing on the patio of the hotel after most of the guests had left.
“Hey. I wondered where you went. Thought you might have sneaked off with one of Lyla’s cousins,” Felicity joked.

Oliver turned to her, "Felicity."

"I was totally joking, I didn't really think that—"

Oliver stepped towards her and ran his hands down her arms, "Good. Because I would hope by now you would know that there's no other girl for me but you."

Felicity looked up at him, "I do. But it's nice to be reminded every once in a while. Especially since you aren't exactly a professional at expressing your feelings."

"Hey I'm getting better at it."

"Yes, yes you are. So what are your feelings about sneaking out of here with me? I mean technically the reception is over so it wouldn't really be sneaking out but you know what I mean and -"

Oliver interrupted her by pulling her in for a kiss, "I've been wanting to sneak out of here with you all evening."

Oliver woke the next morning with a smile on his face.

Felicity rolled over to face him, "You were right. Waaayy better without 50 people watching."

"Mhmm."

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I hope you enjoyed and that it wasn't as awful as I thought it was ;)

That Dress

Chapter Summary

Oliver finds the black dress that Felicity wore on her date with Barry

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Felicity I can't find the dress you described."

"What? I know it's in there I just saw it this morning."

Felicity was pacing her office talking to Oliver on the phone while he searched through her closet to try and find the dress she asked him to bring. Usually she kept a spare formal dress in the foundry for when a mission called for one but it was still at the drycleaners where she had dropped it off with a vague explanation about the blood stains. She was on a time crunch tonight because she had a meeting at work before she could meet the boys at the gala they were infiltrating. Which is how Oliver ended up in her closet trying to find a dress for her.

"Whoa."

"What was that?"

"Why have I never seen you wear this dress?"

"You're going to have to be more specific Oliver."

"Umm it's black, and there's like parts cut out of it?"

"Oh yeah I think I know which one you're talking about. I wore that when I was in Central City visiting Barry."

"Oh… Wait I think I found the one you wanted. You said red and one shouldered right?"

"Yes. Thank you! If you could just run by and leave it with Jerry I'll change right after this meeting and meet you guys at 7."

"It's 7:15."

"I know, I'm sorry. You try escaping from Ray Palmer when he's going on and on about his latest ideas. It's a skill I'm still learning to master."

"It's fine. Do you have the tickets?"

"Of course. I'm late, not unprepared."

Oliver proceeded to go over the details of the plan to Roy, Diggle, and Felicity.

"The gala's an art auction and is being held at the home of a wealthy black market owner, Caleb
Bishop, hoping to give a respectable front to his less than respectable operation. He practically has an entire mafia of protection around him at all times and typically keeps a low profile so this gala is a rare opportunity at getting close to him. Previous attempts by the police at apprehending him have just sent him retreating into his many layers of protection so we need to be strategic and discrete. Felicity pulled up anything she could find on him and discovered that he is in possession of some very advanced tech that she has some knowledge of.

The plan, much to Oliver's chagrin, involved sending Felicity directly into the lion's den. She would do the flirty flirt—

"Intelligent, VP of an applied science division, flirty flirt," Felicity interrupted him.

- Ask to see said tech, which would hopefully isolate him enough that Oliver, Roy, and Dig could swoop in without making a scene.

"And if that doesn't work?" Roy asked.

"Then we might have to make a small scene," Oliver replied, "I already don't like this plan very much so let's hope it at least works."

When they arrived at the gala the boys split up to surround the perimeter of the room and keep an eye on Felicity. Oliver watched as she circled through the crowd, stopping to talk to several of the guests. Finally she made her way towards the man of the evening and Oliver felt his whole body tense up.

"Dig you got eyes on her?"

"Yes Oliver. You need to relax. We've thrown her in front of people much more dangerous than this guy. I think the fact that he's young and handsome is what's got you so worried."

Oliver started to reply but clamped his mouth shut as he watched Felicity say something that made Mr. Bishop laugh.

"Leave it to Felicity to make a criminal mastermind laugh," Roy commented over the coms.

They watched as he escorted Felicity over to the dance floor and started to lead her around with smooth practiced dance steps. Oliver's hands clenched into tight fists as the man's hands sunk lower and lower on Felicity's waist.

"She needs to stay focused," he growled.

"She is focused. Oliver she has to get his guard down if she hopes to get him away from the party. She can't just waltz up to him as a total stranger and ask to see his gadgets," Dig reminded him.

"Right."

The two appeared to be in deep conversation for a few minutes before Felicity broke away and turned on her coms.

"Okay here's the situation. I'm heading to the bathroom now and then I'm going to rejoin him. We're heading into his second floor study which is the room I showed you on the blueprints we looked at earlier. How many guards will be following us, I'm not totally sure but-"

"Just asking the necessary questions, does he think you're going to his study to look at his, whatever you said it was, gadget thing or make out because he's been putting the moves on you pretty hard all
night," Roy interrupted her.

"Roy!" All three of them exclaimed.

"Hey it was a valid question. Oliver's practically been having a conniption."

"Oh?" Felicity asked.

"Let's just stick to the task at hand. Are you heading back this way now?" Oliver asked.

"Yep, I should be in your view in 3. 2. 1."

"Okay, I see you. Don't worry, we'll be right on your tail. You won't be alone with him for longer than a few minutes."

"I'm not worried. He's actually very nice and interesting to talk to and I'm pretty sure he's quite harmless unless he's secretly a ninja or something because he's not very intimidating looking—"

Oliver cleared his throat.

"But he's evil. Right. Criminal mastermind. Buying and selling things. Illegally. Well here it goes. See you boys on the other side."

Oliver made eye contact with Diggle and Roy from across the room and nodded. They met in a deserted corridor to suit up and then silently crept after Felicity and Caleb, making their way stealthily through the halls of the mansion.

When they arrived at the door to the study, Roy and Diggle took care of the 2 guards while Oliver busted through the door. What he saw was certainly not what he was expecting. Felicity was tied to a chair and gagged. Caleb was standing in front of her and turned at Oliver's entrance.

"Hello, what do they call you? The Arrow? I've been interested in meeting you so you can imagine how happy I was to discover that your little blond friend had hacked into my computers and procured an invitation for tonight. I had a feeling that where she goes, you follow, and I can see why. She's quite charming."

Caleb ran his fingertips down Felicity's exposed shoulder and Oliver flinched.

"I knew we would eventually encounter one another so I wanted it to be on my terms," Caleb continued, "You see, I realize that my line of work would normally put us on opposing sides but seeing as I have something you want," he gestured to Felicity, "I would think that you would be obliged to do me a favor and promise me that you'll stay out of my way. This operation of mine isn't hurting your precious city, it's strengthening it. And seeing as you're sorely outnumbered I really don't think you should try anything. As lovely as Miss Smoak is, I won't hesitate to have one of my men… dispose of her. Lower you bow and back off and I'll let you take her home with you."

Felicity's eyes widened and Oliver could sense that despite her efforts to remain calm she was a bit frazzled.

"I don't think so," Oliver replied and he sprung into action as Roy and Diggle charged into the room. They overtook Caleb and the men he had stationed inside the room and Oliver rushed towards Felicity.

"Are you okay?"
Felicity nodded and accepted his outstretched hand to pull her up from the chair.

Oliver turned to address Caleb, "You know for someone who seemed to have everything so perfectly planned out you forgot one important detail. I don't work alone."

Oliver had just finished changing out of his arrow suit and showering when he heard the click of heels coming down the foundry stairs. He didn't know what reason Felicity had for coming back. She had headed for home after they successfully delivered the men to the cops an hour ago. He finished pulling on his sweatpants and t shirt and went to meet her at the bottom of the foundry stairs.

"What's up—oh…"

"It seems I'm a little overdressed," Felicity joked as she descended the rest of the stairs.

Oliver did his best to keep his jaw from hitting the floor as he surveyed her in the black dress he had found earlier.

"Felicity it's 1am."

"I know. But someone seemed so jealous that I wore this dress for my date with Barry—"

"You didn't say it was a date."

"No, you're right. I totally wore this dress while we went grocery shopping."

Oliver gave her his "please get to the point" look.

"And then you had to watch me dance and flirt with another man, all in the name of justice and crime fighting but still."

"I'm not jealous of either Barry or Caleb."

Oliver saw Felicity's shoulders slump a bit and he continued, "Because they're not the ones who get to spend every day working alongside you… and have you show up in the middle of the night dressed like that."

Felicity smiled and stepped towards him, "Well I really didn't plan on what I was going to do after I showed up in the dress, but now that I'm here…"

She reached for his hands and placed them around her waist. He pressed his fingers into her smooth skin that was exposed by the cut-outs.

"Are you planning on staying?" Oliver asked.

"I didn't test every mattress in the store just so that bed would be comfortable for you."

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading, I hope you liked it! I'm not very good at writing action scenes but I gave it my best :)
Chapter Summary

When Felicity is in a life threatening car accident, Oliver finally makes a decision on whether or not he wants to live as more than just the Arrow.

Chapter Notes

I wrote this based of the spoiler that Felicity's mom would appear later in the season and her scenes would take place in a hospital. It got a little longer than I was originally planning, I hope you like it!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Oliver sat hunched over in the hard chair, fingers rubbing together as a series of images cycled through his head unrelentingly. The car, completely crushed. The gash on her head, long and red. The doors of the ambulance, closing and stealing her away from him. He looked over at the clock and noted that it had been over 36 hours now that he had been waiting. Her mother had arrived not that long ago and was the only one the doctors had admitted into the room where she hadn't yet awoken. The "family only" in a crisis medical situation policy had frustrated him. Over the past two and a half years he had become more aware than ever that family was complicated and had more than one definition. Looking over at Roy who was slumped over in the chair across from him and Diggle who was on the phone with Lyla he saw people who were just as much Felicity's family as anyone who shared her last name. The doctors had put their foot down though and that's why Oliver had called her mother so she wouldn't wake up to an empty room. He wished he could be in there, sitting out here, not knowing how her condition was progressing was agonizing. He wasn't sure if he would be the person she wanted there anyway though. He glanced over at where Palmer was squinting at something on his tablet. Since he had come back from the dead he hadn't really had an opportunity to talk to Felicity about her relationship with Palmer. Was he here as a concerned friend and boss, or something more? Would he be the person she would want to hold her hand as she recovered—if she recovered? The doctors had been tight lipped about how she was doing but he knew that she was teetering on the edge of death when the paramedics had pulled her from the car and the fact that she hadn't awoken yet couldn't be a good sign. It was truly ironic. He'd put her in harm's way so many times and the reason he had pulled away from her was to keep her safe. And yet she was fighting for her life because of a car accident completely unrelated to their nighttime activities. She had been driving home from work when a drunk driver had swerved and sent her into the path of a truck that completely crushed her small car. He had arrived on the scene quickly after hearing word of the accident come across their alert feed. The only thing he could do was watch helplessly as the paramedics whisked her away.

Felicity was suddenly aware of two things. The lights were really bright and her whole body felt a strange combination of numb mixed with intense pain. When her eyes began to focus she realized she was in a hospital room and there was about a million tubes running into her body. Her memory was jumbled up and she was confused as to how she had gotten there.
She mumbled reflexively, "Where's Oliver?"

"What's that baby?"

The voice of her mother surprised her as she came into view at the foot of her bed.

"Where's Oliver?" she repeated, a little louder this time.

"He's in the waiting room. They wouldn't let anyone who wasn't family in here," Her voice started to crack, "I didn't know if you were going to wake up baby. I was so scared."

"Well it seems like Oliver's ability to avoid death is starting to rub off on me," Felicity muttered as a wave of pain shot through her head.

"Hmmm?"

"Nothing. Shouldn't there be a doctor or a nurse or someone in here? My head really hurts."

A nurse walked through the door and apologized, "I'm so sorry, your condition was stable and we're a bit understaffed tonight so I thought I should go check on the patient next door and I didn't think you would wake up and please don't tell the doctor I abandoned you…"

"Can I please just have something for my head? It hurts like crazy," Felicity interrupted the nurse.

"Yes, of course, you could probably do for a stronger dose of pain meds now that you're awake."

As the nurse started to fiddle with the monitors Felicity spoke up again, "Can you please let Oliver come in and see me?"

"Is he family?"

"Well technically no but."

"I'm sorry the doctor said no one except for family."

"Well… we don't have to tell the doctor. And besides, as the patient I'm pretty sure it should be up to me."

The nurse looked at her with a conflicted expression, "They're very strict about the family policy here and especially since she does have a relative here I don't think they're going to bend on that."

"Look, the first person she was looking for when she woke up was Oliver. As her mother I should probably be offended that she didn't want her mommy, but as her mother I also feel like I should be able to decide who is considered family."

The nurse looked back and forth at the two identical determined looks on their faces and threw up her hands in defeat, "I'm so going to get in trouble for this."

She turned on her heel and set off towards the waiting room.

---

Oliver watched as a nurse entered the waiting room and looked around at the group of men.

"Umm, I'm looking for," she glanced down at her clipboard,"Felicity Smoak's boyfriend—"

Ray stood up. That answered that question for Oliver.
"Oliver?" the nurse continued and Oliver glanced awkwardly at Ray as he sat down again with a confused expression on his face. The nurse looked between the two men and shrugged her shoulders before beckoning for Oliver to follow her and set off down the hallway.

"How is she doing? And umm did Felicity actually refer to me as her boyfriend?" Oliver asked as he caught up with her.

"She's awake, obviously, and stable. She's a strong girl, the doctors are confident that with a few months of rehab she'll be back to normal. And no… I just assumed. Since you were the person she was asking for and all… and well you're a guy and her mom made it seem like you're basically family… and you know what I really don't want to get involved in some weird love triangle that might be going on so I'm just going to be quiet now."

Oliver bit back a smile at her babbling that reminded him so much of Felicity. Before he had time to contemplate Felicity's request for him over her supposed boyfriend they arrived at the door to her room. When the nurse swung the door open he took a sharp breath. Seeing her with tubes and bandages and freshly stitched wounds made him feel like the wind was knocked out of him. He quickly maneuvered over to the chair at her side and gently lifted up her hand.

The increased dose of pain meds had started to make her woozy but she managed to lift the corners of her mouth into a small smile and whisper his name.

"I'm here," he reassured her as he traced the little cuts on her delicate hand with his fingers.

She drifted to sleep and Oliver felt Donna's hand on his shoulder, "You know, when you want to officially make yourself family, you have my approval."

Oliver twisted to look up at her, "I'm not sure I'm the person you should be saying that to. Her boyfriend is in the waiting room."

"And you're in here. Which is pretty telling if you ask me," she stifled a yawn, "Anyway, I think I'll head over to a hotel and get some sleep, between the overnight flight and ganging up on that poor nurse I'm exhausted. Call me if anything changes."

Oliver nodded and turned his attention back to Felicity. He sat by her side, holding her hand and listening to the steady sound of her heart rate monitor beating, while she slept.

After 2 hours her eyes fluttered open, "Hey."

"Hey."

"You didn't have to stay while I was sleeping."

"I didn't want you to be alone plus I don't think I would have been allowed back in if I left."

Felicity tried to laugh but her bruised ribs made it come out more as a grimace, "Mom and I were pretty intimidating. I think she was worried I was going to start ripping out my IVs and march myself down to the waiting room if they wouldn't let you in."

"But why me?"

Felicity's forehead wrinkled in confusion, "What do you mean?"

Oliver paused, "Well I just thought that you would probably want Palmer, since he's your boyfriend"
"What? Ray is not my boyfriend."

"Does he know that? Because when the nurse came out looking for your boyfriend he was pretty quick to stand up."

Felicity groaned, "I never asked for my boyfriend, the nurse must have just assumed and I guess he looked around the room and figured he was most likely who she was looking for. I mean we went out to dinner a couple times, mostly work related, and I was helping him with his ATOM suit and we were getting closer so maybe things would have progressed but then you… you died. And my head wasn't exactly in the dating game."

Tears started to fall down her face and Oliver felt guilty for bringing up the subject.

"I'm sorry, I shouldn't have brought it up," he reached over to gently brush the tears from her face.

"No. It's okay. We have a lot we need to talk about and this might be the longest period of your undivided attention I'll get for a long time. Should have landed myself in the hospital as soon as you got back."

Oliver frowned.

"Just joking."

"I agree. We need to talk… because things have changed."

Felicity just looked at him and he took that as a signal to keep talking.

"I wasn't ready to talk about what happened on the mountain when I first came back. I needed time to process and I guess the way I do that best is by putting on the hood."

"I was angry at you for that. I wish you processed the same way as me so you could curl up on my couch with a pint of mint chip instead of getting shot at."

Oliver sighed, "I know. But I've had 2 weeks to process and a lot of it happened during the hours that I sat in that waiting room so now you there are things you need to know. Just before everything was over I saw some things flash before my eyes. First my parents and then Thea. And if that's all I had seen I think I could have been at peace with my death. I had honored my parents in the best way I knew how; by making sure it wasn't Thea on that mountain. But then I saw you, saw us, in the one moment that I allowed myself to love you the way I wanted."

Felicity whispered, "The kiss."

Oliver smiled, "Yeah. And in that moment I realized that you were right. Life is precious. And now mine was over and all I could think about was how stupid I was for only allowing myself one moment where I was really living. And then I got a miracle and before I knew it I was back in front of you. But I still wasn't sure what to do. Being with me, it's dangerous. Being only The Arrow, cutting off the part of me that's Oliver, I thought it was the best way to protect the people I love. I didn't want to be the reason you died and here I almost got my wish. It wasn't until I was sitting in that waiting room, not knowing if I would ever hear your laugh or hover over your shoulder while your fingers raced across the keyboard, that I promised myself if you fought to survive I would fight to live."

"Alright, so I held up my end of the deal. What's living for you?"
"Living is… stopping a drug deal at night and making you pancakes in the morning. Rebuilding QC, from scratch if I have to, and giving you the position you always deserved. Going on dates with you that may or may not blow up, because as much as I hate it that's an occupational hazard. I can't stop being the Arrow—"

"And I would never ask you to. That's a part of who you are."

"But it's just a part. The Arrow isn't a person, it's a weapon. I have to be Oliver Queen under the hood."

"Well it sounds like you've got things pretty figured out. What's your next move Mr. Queen?"

"That's up to you."

"Hmmm?"

"Up to this point, I've kind of left you out of the decision making process and that's not really fair since it's your life too."

"I said I wouldn't wait with you to die. But if you're ready to live then you should know that I'll be standing right next to you. Once I can stand that is. A broken leg kind of makes that hard. And all the other broken bones, and bruises, and this massive headache. Can you get the nurse? I think I'm ready for them to give me a nap inducing hit of pain meds again."

Oliver smiled and shook his head, "You know that the IV is pumping a constant stream of pain meds into your bloodstream?"

"What? But everything hurts so bad."

"I can imagine. You're going to rival me for number of scars now."

"I'm glad we talked though. Took care of the worst pain, in here," she tapped her heart.

The door swung open and Donna Smoak reappeared with Big Belly Burger in hand.

"Well napping was unsuccessful so I fed all the boys in the waiting room and sent them home. Brought some food for you Oliver- I'm sorry am I interrupting something?"

Felicity smiled up at her mom, "No, it's alright. We're good, really good."

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading ;)
"Felicity what are you doing?" Oliver asked as he walked down the foundry stairs one morning. A bunch of things had been pushed to one side of the main room and there was a tarp on the floor. She was wearing one of his old button down shirts and a pair of shorts peeked out the bottom.

"Painting a wall." Felicity replied.

"Yes… I can see that. But why? And shouldn't you be at work?"

"I had a day off, and I was tired of staring at this disgustingly dirty wall. There is blood on this wall Oliver, blood. I tried to clean it but I decided it just needed a whole new coat of paint."

Oliver watched her stand on her tip toes to try to reach the top of the wall and walked over to her,

"Do you want some help?"

"Well since you're here, might as well put you to work. Have you ever painted before? Don't rich people hire professional painters? This might be too hard for you," Felicity teased him.

Oliver just rolled his eyes and continued walking towards her to retrieve the extra roller she had lying on the floor beside her.

To this day it is still disputed as to who started it. Both stubbornly claim it was the other. (It was definitely Oliver.)

Felicity felt the first flick of paint hit her shoulder and looked over at him with a raised eyebrow, "Oh you wanna go there Mr. Queen?" She fired back her own splotch of paint and he turned so it landed square on his back.

Oliver spun back around to her with a grin and flicked more paint.

"You are such a 5 year old!" She yelled but she couldn't help but laugh as she retaliated.

Paint was flying everywhere and Oliver yelled for a truce as he pulled Felicity in for a kiss… and smeared paint all down the side of her face.

Her eyes widened and she smacked him in the butt, leaving a perfect paint handprint. (Roy would find this pair of pants the next day while doing some laundry and be too afraid to even ask.)
The battle continued in a flurry of kisses and streaks of paint until finally Felicity stopped to catch her breath and announced that they needed to call a real truce because they had a big mess to clean up.

They both turned around to assess the damage but thankfully most of the paint had ended up on them and not everything else in the foundry.

3 hours later the foundry was clean again, Felicity had scrubbed all the paint out of her hair, the wall was almost dry and the two were sitting on the floor eating Big Belly Burger.

"You're right, that wall really did need painted. It looks a lot better."

"I usually am right."

"However you definitely did not win that battle."

"Umm we called a truce so no one technically won."

"Pretty sure you forfeited."

"Forfeited? I called for a truce which you agreed to, I definitely did not forfeit. And trust me, if I wasn't worried about our stuff getting destroyed by paint I would have totally taken you down."

"Oh yeah?"

"Mhmm."

"How exactly do you win a paint battle anyway?"

"I don't know I just know I would."
A Little Heads Up Would Be Good

Chapter Summary

Barry speeds into an awkward situation in the foundry

Chapter Notes

Barry sassing Oliver was one of the highlights of the Flarrow crossovers for me so I had to include some here :) See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Felicity perched on one of the tables in the foundry and pretended to be watching her computer screen run an update as she snuck glances at Oliver doing his weekly circuit on the salmon ladder. She had a feeling she wasn't very successful at being subtle about it though because Oliver was definitely showing off more than usual. She quickly snapped her eyes back to the screen when Oliver's feet hit the ground. He walked over to where she was sitting and pressed a kiss to her forehead before moving in closer.

"You're gross and sweaty," she complained and tried to push him back but she couldn't resist his puppy eyes and the grin on his face. She rolled her eyes and pulled him in for a kiss. Oliver was running his fingers along the hem of her shirt and sliding it over her head when a red flurry caused them to jump apart in surprise.

"Barry! What happened to scouting out a location before you just rush in?" Oliver growled as he angled himself in front of Felicity with her shirt balled in his fist. Barry turned red and Felicity buried her face in Oliver's back to stifle a laugh.

"Umm sorry? To be fair though, this isn't exactly a crime scene," Barry gestured and then pointed at them, "And I certainly wasn't expecting that. Kinda inconsistent with your whole guys like us don't get the girl truth bomb you dropped on me, which by the way is totally-"

"Barry, do you have a reason for being here?" Oliver interrupted him, but not before Felicity's curiosity was peaked at Barry's words.

She peeked out from over Oliver's shoulder and raised an eyebrow at Barry, "What do you mean that guys like you don't get the girl?"

She felt Oliver shift uncomfortably in front of her.

"Oh you know Oliver; he had to share his brooding man pain with me before I could officially be accepted into his hero club. It went a little something like this "Give up on Iris, Barry. You are only allowed dramatic, longing glances at the girl of your dreams like me if you want to be a part of my squad." Didn't take your advice by the way, and clearly you've revised your game plan too," Barry explained with a smirk, "Anyway I came to ask Felicity for some help with the meta-human we've been tracking. He has some ties to Starling City and I know you have a pretty good database and I
could have called but I was up for a run so…"

Felicity slid off the table and walked out from behind Oliver towards her computer, her shirt still in Oliver's hand. Oliver glanced at Barry who seemed suspiciously un-phased and he shrugged, "Already seen her shirtless."

Oliver's eyebrows rose and Barry coughed, "I mean it wasn't on purpose, her shirt was on fire because it isn't made of the same stuff as my suit obviously and it couldn't handle my speed and I had to rip it off so she wouldn't get burned—"

Oliver just rolled his eyes and walked over to where Felicity was hovering over her computer. She had the information Barry needed in a few minutes and he sped off again with a promise to give them a heads up the next time he decided to drop in.

"Are we going to talk about you giving Barry absolutely terrible relationship advice?" Felicity asked as Oliver lifted her back up to her spot on the table.

"Nope," Oliver replied as he pressed his lips into hers.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I hope you liked it :)
Felicity, Oliver, and Roy get snowed into the foundry for the night

Originally I was going a more serious direction for this but after the pain of 3x12 I decided to change it around and make it light-hearted

Felicity was struggling to keep her eyes from closing despite her rapidly increasing panic. She glanced at the clock and noticed that it was midnight. Oliver and Roy weren’t back yet from their patrol and she hadn’t heard from them in an hour. She told herself that something must have just gone wrong with the coms, that the boys would come walking down the stairs any second. The minutes ticked by. She organized and re-sorted the files on her computer. She watered the fern. She worried. She wiped down all the counters. She ran a load of laundry. She tried not to look at the clock. A clatter upstairs made her jump and she ran over to the bottom of the stairwell.

“Where were you two?” Felicity yelled at them, “Hours of silence! Do you want to give me a heart attack?”

“We got held up.” “I think the coms went out.” They responded at the same time.

“Well I’m glad you’re both safe, now if you’ll excuse me I’m going to head home and get some sleep so I don’t fall asleep at my desk tomorrow—wait why are you two soaking wet?”

“It’s snowing.”

“Oh. Like a couple flurries snowing or a blizzard?”

“Like unless you’re hiding a snowmobile around here that I don’t know about, we’re all stuck here for the night, snowing.”

“Well it’s a good thing I keep some pajamas and a toothbrush here,” Felicity announced before walking towards the bathroom.

“Oh no, Mom is grumpy,” she heard Roy whisper and she couldn’t help a small smile from appearing before shutting the bathroom door behind her.

She settled herself into Oliver’s bed and fell asleep quickly to the sound of the shower running as the boys took their showers and thawed out from their adventure in the snow.

She woke up at some point in the night and rolled over to see Oliver awake and hovering over her desk. She quietly slid out of bed and shuffled over to him. When she wrapped her arms around his waist and rested her head on his back he tensed but then relaxed upon realizing it was her.
“Why aren’t you getting some sleep?”

“You took my bed.”

“Well I think it’s plenty big for the both of us but that’s not the real problem is it?

“My mind has a lot running through it and it doesn’t quiet down very well at night. Usually I would do a patrol but that’s kind of impossible and unnecessary in a white out.”

Felicity had an idea and walked over to a cabinet in the corner of the foundry.

“What are you doing?” Oliver inquired after her.

Felicity pulled out a game box and flipped it up so he could see the title.

“Monopoly?”

“Yep Mr. Billionaire, we’re going to see who the real tycoon is around here, besides this game takes so long it always put me to sleep.”

Oliver smiled and shook his head at her, “Why do we even have a Monopoly board down here?”

Felicity shrugged, “I have no idea; I found it the other day. So what do you say? You game?”

“I’m the car.”

“What? Oh, the game piece, gotcha.”

<3 hours later>

“I can’t believe you landed on my Boardwalk hotel for the 3rd turn around the board in a row, how do you even have any money left?” Felicity asked as she laughed at Oliver’s obvious frustration.

As he was scraping together his dues, Roy walked around the corner rubbing the sleep from his eyes.

“What are you two doing? You’re so loud and obnoxious--- You guys are playing Monopoly without me?”

“Roy! I completely forgot you were even here,” Felicity replied.

“Gee thanks,” Roy muttered.

“Forgot you were here too, you’re lucky the only thing you walked in on was us playing Monopoly,” Oliver added.

Felicity waggled her eyebrows at Roy and he backed away, “You two are disgusting. I’m going back to sleep. In the farthest corner of this place.”

After he disappeared around the corner, they resumed their game.

“I can’t pay up,” Oliver admitted, “You’ve drained all my resources Ms. Smoak.”

Felicity grinned and patted his shoulder, “You tried your best.”

“Uh huh,” Oliver said with a yawn and Felicity’s eyes lit up.

“See, I told you it would make you sleepy!”
“Yep, time for bed,” Oliver announced as he scooped her up off the floor.

He laid her down in his bed, pulled the covers up to her chin, and pressed a kiss to her forehead.

He started to walk away and she sat up in bewilderment, “Seriously?”

“What?” Oliver turned and asked with fake confusion.

She patted the spot on the bed next to her, “Aren’t you going to join me?”

“I don’t know, I’m a little upset at getting beat so badly at Monopoly,” Oliver teased.

Felicity threw a pillow at him, “Don’t be a sore loser Mr. Queen. Get over here and you can have a consolation prize.”

Oliver picked up the pillow and walked back over to her, “Oh?”

<the next morning>

Felicity woke up to the sound of Roy talking loudly on the phone.

“Digg, I don’t care that there’s 18 inches of snow on the ground. You have to come get me out of here.” Roy pleaded.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! And thank you for all your kind reviews, I'm sorry I'm not the best at replying to them but I'm trying to get better at it :)

"Do you have an appointment to see Ms. Smoak, Mr…?"

"Queen, Oliver Queen. And no I don't have an appointment but—"

"I'm sorry Mr. Queen, but Ms. Smoak is very busy and it's part of my job to make sure that she isn't interrupted unexpectedly. You'll have to make an appointment. Let me pull up her schedule for you."

"Look. It's Jerry right?"

Jerry nodded and Oliver continued, "I appreciate you being so dedicated to Felicity but I literally just need to have a five minute conversation with her. And seeing as these walls are glass, and she's waving at me right now, I'm pretty sure that she'd be okay with it."

Jerry cleared his throat, "Of course, sorry to hold you up."

Oliver flashed him a smile and walked past him into Felicity's office.

"Your EA is very protective of your time," Oliver commented as he settled into the chair opposite Felicity's desk.

"My EA has a massive crush on me," Felicity returned, "Barry stopped in to drop off some things from Caitlyn and brought me lunch last week. I'm pretty sure Jerry asked me at least once an hour for the rest of the day if he was my boyfriend. For security purposes."

Oliver laughed, "Is he doing a background check on me as we speak?"

"You should hope he's not. But what brings you here?"

"What are the chances you could take a couple days off from work?"
"Why?" Felicity asked, "I mean I can definitely get a couple days off, I could probably take like a whole month off, Ray really doesn't care what I do, I mean he does, obviously I have to do my job but he's used to me working really strange hours and—sorry, back to the original question."

"Digg and Lyla have a job to do for Waller, in Russia. I'm tagging along because my Bratva contacts will probably come in handy and we could really use your help as well."

Felicity cringed, "Okay first of all, the last trip we took to Russia was certainly memorable but not in a good way, for various reasons. And second of all, does Waller really want me helping out with ARGUS stuff?"

"I promise no one is going to have to infiltrate a dangerous Russian prison this time and we won't have any unexpected and unwanted traveling partners. Think about it, and let me know by this evening. I should probably head out. I promised Jerry I'd only occupy 5 minutes of your time."

Oliver stood up to walk out and Felicity called after him, "You didn't answer my second question…"

"What Waller doesn't know won't kill her," Oliver tossed over his shoulder with a wink.

"I'm pretty sure Waller knows everything," Felicity muttered as he exited her office and saluted Jerry.

She rolled her eyes and leaned back in her chair to consider his proposal.

Felicity sat her bag down on her desk in the foundry that evening and announced, "Alright, I'm in. Viva La Russia. Can you tell me exactly what we're going to be doing now?"

"We don't know a lot of the details yet, actually. Lyla's going to fill us in tonight after she meets with Waller," Digg answered.

"And Amanda is still in the dark about me being a part of this team?" Felicity asked.

"Lyla has been given permission to assemble the team she thinks is most qualified to complete the mission. I don't think the three of us is what Waller had in mind, but she, trusts might not be the correct word because I don't think she trusts anyone, but she and Lyla have come to an understanding over the years."

Oliver addressed Roy and Laurel who were getting ready to leave on patrol, "I trust you two to handle things while we're gone. It shouldn't be longer than a week."

"The mission is essentially an intel extraction, which is why we're taking Felicity. Technically I could do it, but not as quickly and cleanly. I'm confident you can get what we need without leaving any traces. We'll be using your Bratva contacts Oliver to get us access. Here's a folder for each of you with the rest of the details. We'll be departing on an ARGUS jet in two days," Lyla finished speaking and Felicity flipped quickly through the information in the folder. A certain detail caught her eye and she decided that a shopping trip would be in order before they left. Formal Attire required for infiltration.

As Oliver walked her out to her car he asked what she had told Palmer she was requesting time off for.
"A trip to Russia," she stated with a shrug, "He let me use his helicopter without much explanation. He was probably just relieved that at least this request wasn't endangering any of his possessions."

"Our inability to refuse you anything is at least one thing Palmer and I have in common," Oliver muttered.

"What?" Felicity asked.

"Nothing. I'm glad you decided to come," Oliver replied as she slid into her car.

Felicity rolled her suitcase along the tarmac to the ARGUS jet. Lyla and Digg were taking turns pressing kisses to Sara's forehead and running over last minute details with the nanny before passing her off. Oliver walked up behind her and when she turned she saw he was looking past her at the little family clustered in front of them with an expression she couldn't quite place before his usual demeanor returned.

"Ready to go?" she asked, snapping his attention to her.

He nodded and they sent their luggage off with an ARGUS employee to be packed before climbing into the jet. Felicity settled into a seat next to Oliver and powered up her tablet. Oliver glanced over every once in a while and smiled to himself as he watched her switch between reading something that was obviously for work, and scrolling through an online shoe store.

After a few hours she started to yawn and as her head slowly tilted to the side he gently guided it to his shoulder before her breathing evened out and he knew she had fallen asleep.

Felicity woke up to Oliver brushing a strand of hair that had slipped out of her ponytail away from her face. She stifled a sigh at the feeling of his fingers, rough yet soft at the same time, and the intimacy of the gesture. Nothing had changed between them, she reminded herself. She sat up and attempted to put some more distance between them.

"Did you have a good nap?"

"Mhhmm. Are we there yet?"

Lyla looked up from her tablet, "I just checked with the pilot a few minutes ago, we should be landing shortly."

Felicity stretched out her legs in front of her and slid her tablet back into her bag, "So what's the first thing we need to do when we land?"

"Get to our hotel," Lyla looked down awkwardly, "There's one thing I forgot to mention. There were only two rooms available in the location we needed. I've been assured that one of them has two double beds, but still I realize it's not ideal."

Could this be any more cliché?

Felicity pasted on a smile, "It's no problem."

Lyla relaxed slightly and Oliver nodded in agreement.
Felicity wondered how Oliver really felt about the arrangements. She had been doing everything she could to keep their relationship friendly, yet distant, while her heart healed. She knew she was breaking his heart, but if he wasn't going to do anything about it, she wasn't allowing herself to feel guilty.

Chapter End Notes

To be continued...
Russia Re-do Part 2

Chapter Summary

A continuation of Russia Re-do

Chapter Notes

So originally this was going to be a pretty short one-shot but then I just kept writing and writing and it's getting kind of long so I'm just going to keep publishing it in parts as I finish them. There will definitely be a third part (and possibly a fourth part) but for now here's the second part...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When they arrived at the hotel, they were given their room keys and a hostess escorted them to the top floor. She swung open the door to Oliver and Felicity's room and they were greeted by, one bed.

"Oh this must actually be their room," Felicity explained to the hostess as she waved a hand towards Digg and Lyla, "Ours has two beds."

The hostess looked at her in confusion, "Two? All the rooms on this floor have one bed Miss. Perfect for couples."

Wow, I guess it can get even more cliché.

"Oh. That's just great." Felicity managed to force out with only a tinge of sarcasm. It didn't go unnoticed though and the hostess looked at her as if she was crazy to be upset that she would have to share a bed with such a handsome man. A few months ago she would have been secretly delighted, but this wasn't exactly going to help her with her "kill off all romantic feelings towards Oliver" crusade she had recently embarked on. Oliver seemed relatively unfazed by the whole situation however and had already carried their things into the room. Darn him and his ability to compartmentalize she thought to herself as she followed him in.

"There isn't anything that we need to do in relation to the mission for the rest of the day. Digg and Lyla were going to get some rest, but since you slept on the flight I was wondering if you were up for a walk?" Oliver asked, "We didn't exactly have time for sightseeing on our last trip."

"Yeah I don't think prison is high on the list of must see places in Russia," Felicity joked.

Oliver flashed her that smile that he seemed to only share with her as he shook his head and Felicity felt her resistance cracking so she reminded herself again that he didn't want to be with her and that she needed to keep things strictly professional between them. They were on a mission, not their honeymoon, no matter what the lavish and romantic room suggested.

"A walk sounds nice," she replied formally. She could tell that Oliver noticed her quick change in demeanor and his smile faded. She crushed down the guilt once again that she'd been fighting for
weeks and grabbed her coat.

Oliver led her into a small bakery that's window was brimming with an array of delicious looking treats.

"Valentina makes the best gingerbread, you have to try it," he told her as he pulled her towards the counter. She bit her lip to keep the grin that was threatening to break out on her face under control at his childlike excitement.

"Mr. Oliver? Is that you?"

An older, but still very beautiful woman, walked out from behind the counter and Oliver practically crushed her in a hug.

"You promised me you would come back and visit, oh I didn't think it would take you this long but I'm so happy to see you again, and who is this?" Valentina, Felicity assumed, reached for her arm and pulled her closer.

"Valentina, this is my friend Felicity. Felicity, this is Valentina," Oliver introduced the two women and Felicity got pulled into a hug from Valentina.

"Any friend of Mr. Oliver is a friend of mine," Valentina said warmly, "Now I'm sure you'll be wanting some gingerbread and you're in luck because I'm just getting ready to pull some fresh from the oven."

"I thought you said nothing good happened while you were away?" Felicity questioned as they watched Valentina retreat into the kitchen.

"Valentina's son was a part of my brigade. He got involved when his father died. Unfortunately he met the same fate as his father; I was with him when he died. Asked me to look out for his mother, which I did as best as I could. Valentina was good to me, but the situations that orchestrated our companionship were far from good."

Felicity couldn't help it. She reached out and placed her hand gently on his arm, "I know it's hard for you to talk about things that happened while you were away, but I appreciate you sharing these things with me."

They spent the next hour sitting at a cozy fireside table eating gingerbread while Oliver and Valentina swapped stories from the past years. Felicity blushed as Oliver told Valentina about how they had met and how important her friendship was to him. They exited the shop with a box of pastries for Digg and Lyla and a promise that they would try to return once more before heading back home.

They walked around for another hour or so, Oliver pointing out different places to her, but none held the same meaning as Valentina's bakery. At some point Felicity looked down and noticed that their hands were intertwined. She quickly released her hand and fumbled for her phone in her bag.

"I'm going to call Digg and see what they were planning on doing for dinner, although I'm still pretty stuffed from that gingerbread."

They found themselves eating room service on the floor of Digg and Lyla's hotel room while they looked over the blueprints of the house they were going to be infiltrating. Felicity listened as they discussed the details, before sharing her two cents on the best way for her to be able to hack into the
The clock flashed midnight and they decided to call it a day. Back in their room, Felicity grabbed her things and headed straight for the bathroom. She showered quickly, brushed her teeth, and slipped on her favorite pajamas. She stood with her hand on the doorknob for a second. The moment she had been dreading all day was rapidly approaching.

*Two mature people. Platonically sharing a bed. No biggie.*

She took a deep breath and stepped out into the bedroom. Oliver looked up and quirked a smile at her pajamas before walking past her into the bathroom. She scurried over to the bed, eager to be able to at least pretend to be asleep when Oliver was finished with his shower, and curled up as close to the edge as she could without falling off. She heard the water shut off and snapped her eyes shut, trying to even out her breathing. A few minutes later, the door to the bathroom opened and she listened to his approaching footsteps. She had a feeling he knew she wasn't really asleep but she appreciated that he just ignored her as he settled into his side and switched off the lights.

The next morning Felicity woke up with her arm wrapped around something warm… and breathing. She opened her eyes quickly and realized that she was on the other side of the bed and her arm was draped over Oliver's – sigh – bare torso. She tried to roll back over to her side before Oliver woke up, but it was too late. His eyes flickered open and he looked down at her teasingly.

"I didn't know you wanted to cuddle."

She smacked him across the chest, frustrated that it probably hurt her hand more than him, and scooted back over to her side.

"I didn't. I must have rolled over in the night," she replied, keeping her eyes glued to the ceiling.

"Mhmm," Oliver replied and reached his arm out to pull her back into him.

She sat up quickly at glared at him, "No Oliver. No. You don't get to do this. You don't get to continue to be all flirty flirt with me and act like you haven't told me, repeatedly, that we can't be together. It's not fair and now I keep feeling guilty for trying to push you away but I shouldn't feel guilty because this. Is. Not. My. Fault. You're the one who pushed me away. So please, don't make this harder than it already is for me and try to remember that we're partners and nothing more."

She swung her legs off the bed and retreated into the bathroom. Taking her time she slipped into her dress and carefully smoothed her hair back into its usual ponytail. She applied her makeup and finished it off with a swipe of her favorite pink lipstick. She didn't regret her words to Oliver, but this wasn't the first time she had had to say them and she wished he would actually listen. She adjusted her glasses and braced herself to face Oliver again. When she walked out Oliver was sitting on the edge of the bed with his head in his hands.

At the sound of her footsteps he lifted his head up to address her, "I'm sorry."

"Sorry for what Oliver? Sorry that I'm right? Sorry that you still can't be with me? Sorry for making it so hard to move on because every time I try you smile at me or touch my shoulder and all my progress goes out the window? Please, be a little specific."

"I'm sorry that I've spent the last 8 years of my life just trying to survive and that I have no idea how to live anymore. But when I figure it out, and I promise you I'm trying, I want more than anything to live with you. That's why I can't just let you go. But I understand that you want to move on and it's selfish of me to make you wait for me. So from now on, things will be strictly platonic and professional between us. No smiling, no shoulder touching, is there anything else I need to avoid?"
He made a move to stand up but Felicity quickly crossed over to sit next to him on the bed. She grabbed one of his hands and placed it in her lap.

"Uhh, what exactly is your definition of platonic Felicity?"

"Will you just shut up for like 5 seconds and listen to me?"

Oliver closed his mouth and looked at her expectantly.

"You're kind of an idiot. I mean you're very smart, way smarter than most people give you credit for, but also an idiot. You think that you have to figure everything out by yourself and that I'm only going to want to be with you once you've got your whole life completely ordered, but you're wrong. I said that I couldn't wait around while you just dangle empty maybes. You just need to realize now that if what you want is to live with me then you need to let me be with you so that I can show you how to live. Did that make any sense? Because it made sense in my head and then I started talking and now I'm not sure that it did-"

"Felicity."

"Yeah?"

"I'm not really living unless I'm with you."

"Basically. Yeah that's exactly what I was trying to say, just less words and less ramble-y. The whole loner thing is definitely survival mode stuff. I mean technically you could be with anyone not just me, that would be kind of prideful of me to assume that I'm the only person who-"

Felicity was abruptly stopped by Oliver's lips crashing into hers. She let him pull her into him, the weeks of trying to keep her distance floating away.

When they broke apart, Oliver kept his hands where they were cradling her face just like the kiss in the hospital. Only this time there was no reason to walk away. She knew this kiss wasn't a goodbye.

"There is definitely no other person," Oliver whispered before placing another quick kiss on her lips.

"So now what do we do?" Felicity asked.

"Now we prep to infiltrate a high security party so you can do your hacking thing," Oliver said with a wry smile, "Because that's our life."

"Eh, two cars and a white picket fence was never really my thing anyway."

To be continued...

Chapter End Notes

Thank you so so much for all your kudos and kind comments on the first part! Originally I wasn't planning for this to be so long but I decided I wanted Oliver and Felicity to start to resolve some of their problems before the mission, you'll see why in the third part ;), and so it needed to evolve into more than just a quick one shot. The next part should be up tomorrow or possibly sooner :)
Felicity sat on the window seat of the hotel room and scrolled through her work email on her tablet. Oliver and Digg had gone off to meet up with Anatoli to try to score them an invite to the party tomorrow and Lyla was at a local ARGUS headquarters for a meeting, so that just left her alone and currently super bored. Ray had left several voicemails for her and she had already finished everything he had requested her to do. She thought back to her conversation with Oliver and smiled. There was still a lot to be said, and she needed to see him actually committed and working towards building a life with her from underneath his hood, but she was optimistic. For now she was just relieved that they could continue their trip without the tension and awkwardness. She stood up and reached for her coat. They hadn't exactly specified that she needed to stay at the hotel and she was ready for a change of scenery from the four walls of their hotel room. She wandered down the street she had been on with Oliver yesterday and found herself in front of Valentina's bakery. The bell over the door rang as she walked in and she saw Valentina turn from where she was arranging pastries in her display case.

"Miss Felicity!" she exclaimed excited and walked towards her for a hug. Pulling back she asked, "No Oliver today?"

"No, he had some business to attend to. Is there anything I could help you with here?"

Valentina's smile grew, "How about I teach you how to make gingerbread?"

"Oh I don't know, I'm not very good in the kitchen…"

"Nonsense, if I could teach Mr. Oliver how to bake—"

"Oliver can bake?"

"I can teach anyone how to bake."

Felicity spent the next two hours in the kitchen with Valentina hovering over her shoulder, guiding her along. She didn't plan on trading her wires and microchips for flour and a mixing bowl any time soon but she enjoyed her lesson. The two women swapped stories and Felicity was amazed by the woman's quiet strength in the face of the hardships she had endured living in the Bratva's web. She could see why Oliver respected her so much.
"Mr. Oliver always had such a good heart despite the things he was forced to do for the Bratva. I'm glad he is free now to be the hero he was meant to be. And to find someone as lovely to share his life with as you Miss Felicity."

"Oh. Well…"

"I'm sorry, I just assumed that the two of you…"

"We're figuring things out. I mean we both love each other, but the life we lead… it's complicated. This trip has actually been really good for us, we've had some time to talk."

Valentina opened her mouth to reply when the door of the bakery swung open abruptly and the bell chimed loudly.

"Valentina?" Oliver called frantically from the entryway, "Have you seen- oh."

Oliver paused when he saw Felicity.

"Is everything okay?" she asked.

"That's what I was going to ask. You haven't answered your phone for the past few hours and when I went to the hotel you were gone."

Felicity reached for her phone and realized that she had left it in the hotel room.

"I'm sorry; I must left my phone charging on the nightstand. I should have told you where I was going, I didn't expect you to be finished so soon."

Oliver exhaled, "It's fine. I'm just glad you're safe."

"Yep, just baking some gingerbread, not tied up in the back of a van or bleeding out on the pavement —"

Oliver paled and Felicity stepped forward to place a hand on his chest, "Sorry. Just- erase that mental picture. You ready to head back to the hotel?"

"Yes, Digg and I need to update you and Lyla."

Felicity thanked Valentina again for letting her spend the morning with her and followed Oliver out of the bakery.

"So the good news is, we're going to a party," Oliver announced.

"What were we going to do if you couldn't score us an invite?" Felicity asked.

"We were just going to break in to the house. But this is slightly more fun," Oliver replied.

"Only slightly?"

"It's still going to be risky and dangerous. The Bratva is not to be underestimated."

"Look, I know I freaked you out earlier Oliver but it's going to be fine. We've gone over these plans a million times. I'll have the data dumped onto a drive in less than 5 minutes and then we can get back to the party, no one will be the wiser."
They concluded their briefing and Oliver and Felicity went back to their room for the night.

"Oh look, 9 missed calls and 13 texts from Oliver Queen," Felicity commented as she picked her phone up from the nightstand.

Felicity settled into the middle of the bed and waited for Oliver to finish in the bathroom.

He walked out and paused at the sight of her, "So we're not going to do the whole pretending to be asleep thing tonight? Which by the way, you're really terrible at. Not to mention the fact that you still ended up on top of me in the morning."

Felicity flushed and looked down as Oliver crawled across the bed towards her.

"In my defense it was cold in here last night and you put off a lot of body heat. I think my survival instincts pushed me towards the nearest heat source."

"Whatever you say," Oliver replied as he maneuvered them so she was settled comfortably at his side.

She ran a finger tentatively over the tattoo on his chest, outlining the symbol that marked his status in the Bratva.

"Your body tells quite a story," Felicity commented and Oliver raised his eyebrows, "That sounded weird. I just meant, all these tattoos and scars, they all signify a part of the journey that shaped you into the person you are now."

Oliver nodded and watched her silently as her fingers continued their path over the dark ink. She let her fingers gently trail down his torso before resting her head on his chest and closing her eyes.

"Busy day tomorrow, better get some sleep," she muttered.

Oliver shut off the lamp on the nightstand and pressed a kiss into her hair before closing his eyes too.

Felicity placed one last pin into her updo and assessed her work in the mirror. She pulled her gown out of the garment bag and stepped into the long shimmery column of emerald green fabric. Reaching behind her for her zipper she discovered that she wasn't going to be able to do it up herself.

"Oliver?" she opened the door from the bathroom and found him waiting in his suit, "Can you zip me?"

Without waiting for an answer she turned expectantly. He walked towards her and slowly ran his hand along her spine, causing her to shiver despite the warmth of the room, as he dragged the zipper up. She turned back to face him and he ducked his head down for a quick kiss.

"I'm allowed to do that now, right?"

She reached under his suit jacket to grab his suspenders and pull him in closer, "Definitely."

He grinned and, wrapping his arms around her waist, pressed his lips to hers again. A knock on the door caused them to break apart reluctantly, as Diggle announced that it was time to go.

"To be continued..." Oliver whispered into her ear before opening the door and sending a blushing Felicity in search of her shoes.
"I went on a double date in Highschool one time. Miniature golf. Beat my date, never heard from him again. I guess his ego was too fragile, couldn't handle getting his butt kicked by a girl." Felicity babbled from the backseat seat of the car, "I don't think we should consider this a date though. With our track record something will probably blow up."

Oliver glanced at her in the rearview mirror with an expression that was hard to read.

"If everything goes well tonight and nothing blows up we can go on a real double date tomorrow. The ARGUS jet isn't scheduled to pick us up for another 2 days," Lyla commented from her seat as she lifted up her dress and strapped a gun to her thigh.

Digg pulled the car into place at the stately manor and he and Oliver hopped out to open the back doors for Lyla and Felicity. Felicity stepped out and accepted Oliver's outstretched arm as they walked towards the entry. At the door Oliver exchanged a few words in Russian and the four of them were admitted into an opulent foyer. Anatoli walked over to them and greeted Oliver warmly.

"Anatoli, you remember Felicity?"

"Of course, a woman like her is not easily forgotten," Anatoli replied before adding something in Russian with a devilish grin on his face.

By the way Oliver's fingers dug tightly into her waist and Lyla's eyes widened slightly, she had a feeling she was better off not knowing. Her curiosity got the better of her though, and after Anatoli walked away she asked Oliver what he said.

"He said you look beautiful," Oliver answered with a wink but his smile seemed forced and he added seriously, "Please stay close to me tonight okay? Some of the men here aren't exactly gentlemen…"

Felicity nodded, but muttered softly, "I need to learn Russian."

Oliver's real smile returned, "I can teach you. But right now, we have a party to attend. Care to dance?"

Felicity looped her arm through his and let him guide her out to the dance floor. A few men looked a little too long at her, but a glare from Oliver sent them in the other direction.

The plan was to intermingle with the party for a bit before they snuck off to the study. Digg and Lyla would cover them while Felicity retrieved the data. If everything went as planned they would slip back into the party and the next day a drive would be sitting on someone's desk at ARGUS's Russian headquarters. It was a simple job, any number of agents probably could have pulled it off, but not with the same level of undetectability that Oliver's connections and Felicity's skills allowed. Should the Bratva be tipped off to ARGUS accessing their information, an abundance of problems would arise that Amanda was eager to avoid.

Felicity tucked away the mission to the back of her brain for a few moments on the dance floor with Oliver. He was a surprisingly good dancer so she relaxed into his arms and rested her head on his chest as he slowly spun her around the room. They had fallen into such an easy rhythm since being in Russia, one she hoped dearly would continue when they got home. She felt him rub her back gently and she looked up at him. "It's time," he whispered and started leading her towards the secluded hallway that led to the study. She saw Digg and Lyla begin to follow them a few minutes later as they made their way to the door. Oliver quickly and quietly took care of two men keeping watch and Digg and Lyla took up their guard positions. Beneath the mansion's old world appearance was state of the art technology which was fortunate for them because Felicity was able to unlock the
door electronically. She slipped into the study, Oliver right behind her, and took a seat in the oversized leather chair. She slipped a drive out of her clutch and plugged it into the computer. She could feel Oliver hovering over her shoulder as she attempted to focus on breaking through the firewall.

"Can you please go stand somewhere else? I can't work with you lurking," she ordered without looking up from her screen.

Oliver took a few steps back and she refocused on the task at hand. A few keystrokes later and she had the data they were after copied and transferred. She stood up and stashed the drive back in her clutch.

"You're already finished?" Oliver asked.

"Always the tone of surprise; you would think by now I wouldn't be able to impress you anymore."

"And yet you still do," Oliver replied as they moved towards the door. Voices on the other side stopped them in their tracks.

"Sorry sir, my date and I were just looking for a little privacy," they heard Diggle say.

"Your little rendezvous isn't our concern, we've had word of a security breach though so we'll need to get into the study. If you could please move aside." An unknown voice replied to Digg and Oliver responded quickly and instinctively.

"You're sure you left no traces on the computer?" Oliver asked as he pushed Felicity towards the window.

"Positive."

"Then there's no reason to tip them off to us being here," Oliver continued as he lifted the window.

"Oh you cannot be serious," Felicity looked over the edge of the window and felt her stomach turn.

"Just trust me and hold on tight."

Felicity remembered being in the elevator shaft at Merlyn global and it distracted her from her paralyzing fear as Oliver grabbed her and they slid out the window, closing it behind them. She kept a death grip on him as they rapidly approached the ground. The window wasn't as high as she had thought though and Oliver rolled them so he took the brunt of the fall.

"Oh wow, we're still alive."  

"Always the tone of surprise," Oliver teased as he helped her up.

Felicity looked at the disheveled state of his suit and by the look on his face she could only imagine how she looked. Looking down at her dress she saw that it was ripped and wrinkled.

"We should probably call it a night," she suggested and Oliver nodded.

He switched on his comms to let Digg know they had made it out and to meet them at the car.

A slightly disheveled, for different reasons, Digg and Lyla were waiting for them when they got to where they had parked.

"I see you two must have pulled off the sneaked off for a romantic tryst cover pretty convincingly,"
Oliver commented.

"What happened to you two?" Digg asked, ignoring Oliver, "They were pretty baffled when they opened the door to an empty room."

"We jumped out a window. No big deal," Felicity deadpanned as she stepped into the car.

As Oliver said, to be continued... ;)

Chapter End Notes

I don't know Russian and I didn't want to butcher it with a Google translate attempt so you can just imagine whatever slightly inappropriate comment you want for Anatoli to have said that would cause Oliver to crank up the over-protectiveness :) Thank you for all your comments on this, I've enjoyed working on something that's a little longer than my usual stuff and your comments keep me motivated. Also if you haven't read my Chocolate Cake story, it ties in to this chapter a little so you might want to check it out :)
They walked back into their hotel room hand in hand and Felicity bit her lip nervously. Things had shifted between them before they had left for the party, it was like everything that they had been holding back for so long was about to explode, and then there was Oliver's "To be continued" comment which could easily mean a million different things… so she decided to wait and see what Oliver would do. Her eyes followed him as he walked across the room and removed his suit jacket.

"Are you okay?" he asked, snapping her out of her thoughts.

"What?"

"You look worried about something," he commented and walked over to run his hands up and down her arms like he often did when he was trying to comfort her, "Tonight was a success, you were remarkable as always. If the Bratva were aware of what happened believe me, we would already know. There's no reason to be anxious about it anymore."

Felicity nodded and decided to forego her wait and see plan because she figured he could use a little nudge in the right direction if he thought her mind was still on the mission, "That's good. So I guess now we can…” She trailed off and started to fumble with the buttons on his shirt, feeling him tense up underneath her touch. His reaction caused her to pause, feeling a pang of disappointment that maybe she had misread the situation. She started to pull her hands away but he grabbed her wrists to guide her hands back to their task. Finishing with the buttons, she pushed the shirt off his shoulders onto the floor. He was wearing a t-shirt underneath his button down and she untucked it so he could pull it over his head. She gasped at the sight in front of her.

"Felicity this isn't the first time you've seen me shirtless—"

"No, Oliver, your shoulder!" Felicity exclaimed, drawing his attention to the massive black and purple bruise that was forming, "That must be from hitting the ground so hard. Doesn't it hurt? Do you want some ice?"

She started to walk off in search of some ice when Oliver grabbed her arm, "Felicity. I'm fine. It looks worse than it is."
Felicity sighed at his refusal of her help, but walked back towards him. Her shoes put her at the perfect height to place gentle kisses over the bruised skin.

"Feeling better already, but what about you?" Oliver asked.

"Oh. I don't know. I did slam into you pretty hard… we should probably check."

Felicity blushed, and pushed her glasses up, "I wasn't insinuating, I mean, if you want to, just like clinically, check me out… I'm going to stop talking now."

An amused smile broke out on Oliver's face as he spun her around and reached for her zipper, "Am I only allowed to check you out clinically? Because I've definitely broken that rule… multiple times actually."

The tension dissolved and Felicity laughed while she waited for him to unzip her, and waited, and waited…

"Oliver?"

"Yeah—I don't think this is coming down. It's pretty jammed."

Felicity turned around and tapped her chin thoughtfully, "Hmmm… seeing as it's already pretty torn up and I don't think I'll be getting another wear out of it—"

Oliver caught on to her train of thought and grabbed the top of the bodice to rip it cleanly down the front, sending tiny beads flying all over the floor.

"The housekeeping staff is going to love us," Felicity joked but Oliver was no longer listening to her. She could feel his eyes dragging over every inch of her skin as he circled slowly around and stood behind her.

"All good?"

"Mhmm, very good," Oliver breathed out over her shoulder and Felicity felt a warm, tingly feeling rush from her face all the way to the tips of her toes. She knew he was long past thinking about injuries.

He trailed kisses across her shoulder blades and up the back of her neck, pausing to pull the remaining bobby pins from her hair and comb through it with his fingers.

Felicity turned into his arms and tilted up her chin to meet his lips. His tongue grazed over her bottom lip and she parted them to allow him access. He deepened the kiss as she wrapped her arms tightly around his back and wound his hands into her hair. Felicity felt her feet leave the ground as Oliver picked her up and walked her over to the edge of the bed. Sitting her down gently, he kneeled in front of her and removed her heels. Her toes flexed and curled, equal parts from relief at being free from her shoes and because of the burning trail Oliver was leaving as he slowly dragged his hands up her legs and hips. He settled his hands back around her waist and placed delicate kisses along her collarbone. Tilting her head back, she allowed him access to her neck. She backed herself up to the head of the bed so she could lie down and Oliver kicked off his shoes to follow her. She could feel her heart pounding as he settled himself on top her and recaptured her lips. She reached down for his belt buckle and started to undo it when Oliver grabbed her wrist.

"Are you sure?"

Her brows knit together in confusion and he continued, "I don't want to push you to do something
you don't want to or aren't ready to, I mean if you just want to take things slow-

Felicity reached up to cradle his face, "You aren't pushing me to do anything. You should know by now that I make my own choices. And as far as taking thing slow… we've been dancing around our feelings for each other for a long time now. I think we've taken things plenty slow. I don't want to wait any longer, because I love you."

Oliver exhaled sharply and a smile started to curl up the edge of his mouth, "Say it again, please."

"I love you Oliver," Felicity repeated with a smile.

Oliver's whole face lit up and he smiled wide, "I love you too."

"I know," Felicity replied, "Now will you please let me take your pants off?"

{4 Days Later}

Felicity woke up to Oliver covering her face in kisses. She opened her eyes slowly and looked at him with fake annoyance.

"I don't think this is going to work if you're this happy at—"she glanced over at the clock, "5 am? Why are you even awake? And more importantly why are you waking me up?"

"We're flying home today, remember? Lyla said the jet was going to be ready for us at 7am, so you need to get up so you can get ready."

Felicity groaned, "Okay first of all, you underestimate how quickly I can get ready when an extra hour of sleep is on the line. Second of all, isn't this a private jet? Shouldn't it just wait for us? Or we could just stay here forever…"

Oliver laughed, "I'm pretty sure ARGUS doesn't wait for anyone. And I'm pretty sure you have a job that you have to get back to. Not to mention the fact that Roy and Laurel are probably ready for us to get back to our nighttime job too."

"But it's been so nice just being here with you," Felicity said with a pout.

"Fortunately then, what happened in Russia won't be staying in Russia," Oliver replied and kissed her on the nose.

The End

Chapter End Notes

I'm going to go back to writing shorter one-shots for now so if you have any prompts for me I'd love to hear them :)}
Chapter Summary

The one where Oliver tries to woo Felicity and she's kinda oblivious

Felicity rubbed her eyes blearily before slipping her glasses back on as she walked into her office.

*Oh frack, now you’ll probably have mascara under your eyes. Like the dark circles needed any enhancement.*

“Hey Jerry, can you please get me a coffee with as many extra shots of caffeine I can consume without my heart stopping?” she tossed over her shoulder as she passed him.

It had been a few hours short of an all-nighter at the foundry last night, every member of the team working overtime to get a lead on a new criminal in town. To say she was exhausted would be an understatement. She had a busy day ahead of her and she was already trying to calculate how long of an afternoon nap she could afford between meetings. Plopping her bag down on her desk, she saw a bright bouquet of flowers sitting on the corner. Curiously, she reached for the small envelope that was peeking out the top and slit it open. She smiled when she recognized the familiar handwriting…

*You were amazing last night, thank you!*  

*Oliver saying thank you and sending me flowers, is the world coming to an end? I mean there was an exclamation point and everything.*

She was still lost in her thoughts when Ray’s voice startled her. She jumped, shoved the note back into the bouquet, and awkwardly stood in front of it. He gave her a curious look before launching into a spiel about something she was not awake enough to focus on. Jerry brought in her coffee and she accepted it gratefully. She felt the fog lift from her brain as the caffeine coursed through her body.

“I’m sorry, it was a late night, and my brain is only now starting to function properly, can you repeat what you just said?” she asked.

“Don’t worry about it; I was just bouncing some ideas around. We can talk about it later at dinner… we’re still on for dinner tonight right?”

“Uhh yeah, yeah of course.”

*There goes my plans of picking up some Big Belly Burger and going to bed early.*

Ray smiled at her and she weakly returned it. As he excited the room she tossed back the rest of her coffee in one shot and signaled Jerry for a refill. She made it through the rest of her morning without falling asleep and if she wasn’t so tired, she would have skipped back to her office and her waiting couch. When she got there, Ray was leaning up against her desk with an annoyed expression on his face.

“Uhh what’s up?” she inquired.
“If you wanted to be with Oliver you could have had the decency to break up with me first,” he answered flatly.

“What?”

“I tried to ignore the fact that you didn’t answer any of my calls, but apparently “You were amazing last night….”” Ray lifted up the note from the bouquet and Felicity did her best to not let out a laugh.

_Oh if only that’s what the amazing really was. Hahaha._

_Just kidding._

“Ray, there’s nothing going on. Those flowers were just a thank you for helping him with some Arrow stuff last night.”

“Right. Does he know that? Because, forgive me for jumping to conclusions seeing as there’s _obviously_ a lot of history between you two—”

“Ray. I thought we were past this, you have to trust me,” she interrupted him.

“I just don’t want to lose you, you’re my partner. Hate to admit it but there’s no way I could’ve gotten the ATOM suit finished without all your help. Which BTW, speaking of the suit, I’m going to have to cancel dinner, I had a breakthrough this morning on the propulsion system, it should be so much smoother to make in-flight turns now and I want to give it a try tonight. Oh and I relocated the battery. Oliver kinda pointed out that design flaw. We’ll have to reschedule for some other time.”

_Okay then._

“Oh. That’s alright. I’m pretty tired, so a night in will probably be good.”

_That’s what you wanted to do anyway._

Felicity wrapped up her final presentation of the day and gathered up her things. She slipped a few of her flowers out of the vase and wrapped them in some newspaper to take home. When she got to her apartment she headed straight to the kitchen before she remembered that she had finished the last of her ice cream the other night. Between the coffee and the afternoon nap, she wasn’t tired anymore and kind of wished she had some evening plans.

_Maybe if I just open the freezer, some ice cream will magically appear…_  
She flung open the freezer dramatically and—

_Well that was unexpectedly successful._

She found herself looking at a pint of mint chip. She pulled it out, grabbed a spoon, and reached for her phone.

“Uhh hey Oliver, this is going to sound like a weird question, and I’m not even sure why I even thought to call and ask you, but did you break into my apartment and leave ice cream in my freezer?”

“You’re not going to press charges are you? I’m already not on the best terms with the law at the moment.”
Felicity couldn’t help but grin and roll her eyes at his teasing tone.

“Well seeing as you left me a present and as far as I can tell didn’t take anything; no I’m not going to press charges. How did you break in anyway?”

“Felicity, I’ve broken into buildings with much better security than your apartment.”

“Good point, I guess the question I really should be asking is why did you break into my apartment and leave ice cream in my freezer? First the flowers and now this, are you trying to bribe me to do something for you?”

“I’m not trying to bribe you to do anything. I’m just making sure you feel appreciated.”

“Right, for my Team Arrow work.”

*Because apparently that’s what the men in my life appreciate me for, my contributions to their heroics.*

“Well yeah, and also just for being the person that I can always rely on, who believes in me.”

“Oh. Well thank you Oliver. I really do feel appreciated. Although you may not want to be so vague with your notes next time because Ray saw it and now he’s paranoid that I’m cheating on him.”

“What?”

“I was amazing last night?”

“Well you were, we wouldn’t have been able to—oh. I see how that could have been taken the wrong way. Sorry.”

“Mhmm. It’s okay, he’ll probably forget about it by tomorrow. He’s a little distracted at the moment.”

“Okay, enjoy your night off; you deserve the rest. We’re just going to run the routine patrols.”

“If you include my neighborhood in your patrol I’ll scoop you a cone of ice cream. Or are you a dish person?” she joked.

“I’m actually more of an eat it straight out of the carton person.”

*Wait does that mean you’re actually considering taking up my offer?*

Felicity looked down at the carton sitting in her lap, “Same. I’ll have a spoon ready for you then?”

“Don’t you want to sleep? It might be late by the time I swing by.”

“Oliver I consumed so much caffeine today I can practically hear colors, I don’t think I’ll be sleeping anytime soon.”

Felicity heard him laugh before taking her up on her offer. She put the ice cream back in the freezer and settled herself down on the couch with Netflix. Around 1 am she was startled awake by the sound of Oliver knocking on her window.

“Hey,” she greeted him sleepily as she opened the window.

“You said I wouldn’t be waking you up,” Oliver argued.
“It’s okay,” she reassured him, “Give me a second, I’ll be right back.”

She walked into the kitchen for the ice cream and two spoons and returned to where he was perched on her window ledge. They sat there together, legs dangling over the edge, looking out over the sleeping city, and shared the ice cream.

“How’d you know to get mint chip?” she asked.

“You mentioned that it was your flavor of choice for processing when you found out I was the Arrow, so I assumed it was your favorite,” Oliver replied.

“You have a good memory for small details.”

*Like the color of a pen.*

Oliver shrugged, “It’s something I honed during my time with ARGUS I guess.”

Felicity spotted a beam of light that was rapidly approaching and realized that she was a few seconds away from another visitor.

“Oh frack, Ray’s coming,” she muttered and shoved Oliver backwards into her apartment.

“Wha—“

“Oh and take your spoon too,” she added and tossed it in after him.

“Oww! Felicity what is going on?”

“I don’t want him to find you here. Just be quiet until I can send him on his way,” she whispered.

“But we weren’t doing anything wrong…”

“Sssshhh; it doesn’t matter, I don’t want him to get all possessive and weird--- Hey Ray how’s the propulsion system?”

“Really great, I improved my turn velocity by 48% I’ll have a printout of the stats that my suit was monitoring on your desk tomorrow. What are you doing out here BTW?”

“I was just getting some fresh air, eating some ice cream.”

“Okay, well see you tomorrow at the office.”

“Yeah, see ya.”

She watched as he flew away and swung her legs back over into her room. She crouched down to where Oliver was still lying on the ground, “Sorry about that.”

“Well at least you pushed me into the house and not out to fall onto the street,” Oliver replied with a grin.

Felicity slapped his chest, “Not something we joke about in light of recent events.”

Oliver’s face turned serious, “You’re right. I should probably finish my patrol now. Thanks for the ice cream.”

“You’re the one who bought the ice cream.”
“Yeah but it was for you, so thanks for sharing it. See you tomorrow,” Oliver replied before hopping out the window.

Felicity woke up the next morning to the smell of pancakes.

Has my fairy godmother in green leather made another appearance?

She padded out into her kitchen and the corners of her mouth ticked upward at the sight of Oliver standing over her stove. He was wearing those jeans that she would never, hopefully, admit out loud how nice they make his butt look and one of his plaid shirts with the sleeves pushed up.

And he was in her kitchen.

Why is he in my kitchen?

“Umm Oliver? Is this going to be a thing now? You breaking into my apartment…”

“Good morning to you too. I wouldn’t have to break in if you would just give me a key. I’ve been telling you for three years now that I really should have a key. For security reasons,” Oliver replied casually without looking away from the stove.

“That’s not what I meant. This has gone past making me feel appreciated,” she made air quotes before rambling on, “You’re acting like my boyfriend Oliver. And you’ve made it pretty clear that you’re not. And I have a boyfriend, I mean he did ditch me last night to fly around the city in his super suit but— but you came and ate ice cream with me in the middle of your patrol. Huh. Are you okay? Have you taken a hit to the head recently?”

Oliver turned around and placed a plate of pancakes in front of her. He tilted his head thoughtfully, “Not that I can remember. I’m just… trying something different.”

Felicity raised an eyebrow at him as she stuck a bite of pancakes in her mouth.

“And how’s... different going for you?” she asked as she took the mug of coffee he was offering her.

“It’s still in the early stages; ask me in a few days,” Oliver replied with a shrug and sat down across from her.

“Will I get to eat breakfast with you every morning for the next few days?”

“Would that make you happy?”

“Yes, very,” Felicity replied with a grin.

“Then yes. Do you like French toast?”
Felicity wasn’t sure what she was planning on doing or saying when she knocked on the door to the loft that evening, she just knew that there wasn’t anyone else who could possibly understand the array of emotions ripping through her. Thea opened the door with red eyes and tear tracks etching her face, her small frame enveloped by one of Oliver’s sweatshirts.

“Hi,” she greeted her numbly.

“Umm, can I come in?” Felicity asked tentatively.

“Yeah,” Thea answered as she moved out of the way to let her in, “Malcolm just left to pick up some food, I can call him and have him get something for you too.”

“Thanks but I’ve already processed my way through a pint of mint chip so… yeah, if I want to wear something other than sweatpants in the foreseeable future, I should probably get the grief eating under control,” Felicity joked halfheartedly.

They passed by the staircase that led up to Oliver’s room on the way over to the couch and Thea paused, “Do you want a sweatshirt too? He won’t be needing them anymore.”

Felicity thought about the pile of his clothes shoved into the corner of her closet that she had taken when she thought he was dead before. If he had noticed that they were missing he never commented on it and she had stopped wearing them when she had gotten together with Ray. There was no Ray to run to this time though, and she didn’t want to. She knew that now that she had allowed herself to give in to her love for Oliver, she would never be able to push those feelings down again. Thea was right. He wouldn’t be needing a sweatshirt anytime soon, but she did. She needed the warmth to protect her from the cold ache in her heart and she needed to breathe in any bit of his scent that remained in the fabric. So she followed Thea into his bedroom and sat on the edge of the bed while she rifled through his drawers. She hadn’t been in his room before, the clothes she had gotten last time were from the foundry, and she scanned it slowly. There wasn’t much there, for someone who had once had everything by way of wealth and possessions, she knew that the only thing Oliver truly cared about now was people. It was evidenced in the three picture frames sitting on the top of his dresser. One from Lyla and Diggle’s wedding, not one of the formal ones that he had been photoshopped into, but a candid one of him talking happily with them that she had snapped at the reception and printed for him. There was an older photo of him and Thea, taken long before she had known them, before their lives had become so burdensome. It was the third photo though, that
brought a fresh rush of tears to her eyes. She hadn’t even realized he had taken it, the sneaky ninja that he was. It was from the summer. The summer. The summer that she had hoped was the beginning of forever for them. It had been just the two of them down in the foundry that evening, Arrow work was done and they were discussing their strategy to win back QC. She couldn’t remember what exactly he had said; she only knew that it made her laugh. And that was the moment he had captured and framed, a piece of her he had kept during all those months when the chasm between them was immense. How could he look at that every day and not realize how happy he made her? He knew that now though, right?

Thea heard her quiet sniffles and turned around, placing the soft bundle of fabric in her arms before following her line of vision up to the picture. She gave her a knowing look before joining her on the bed and leaning in to rest her head on her shoulder.

“We were lucky to have been loved by him, weren’t we?” Thea whispered.

Hearing her voice, so full of defeat and sadness, lit a spark inside of Felicity. Oliver trusted her to take care of his sister and she couldn’t let her drown in sadness. They were the two women who loved, and were loved by Oliver the most. He wouldn’t have given up on either of them, and they couldn’t give up on him.

“Hey, listen to me,” Felicity replied firmly, “They can strip everything away from him, but deep down he’s still our Oliver. We have to fight for him Thea, remind him who he is. And then we destroy Ra’s and everything he stands for, for even daring to try and take him from us. Okay?”

Thea looked up at her and Felicity could see her own resolve mirrored there, “Okay.”

Felicity wiped the last remaining tears from her cheeks with Oliver’s sweatshirt. The sadness that she had felt when she first knocked on the door had been all but pushed completely away by the determined fire that blazed inside of her. She had warned Ra’s that trying to take Oliver from his family would bring war to his door, and she intended to make good on her promise.
Felicity was standing in the kitchen making coffee when the doorbell rang.

“I’ve got it,” Oliver called from the living room and she heard his heavy morning footsteps pad over to the door.

“Oliver!”

The excited voice of her mother echoed through the apartment and she peeked her head out of the kitchen to find her mom’s hand drifting towards his bare chest.

She coughed, “Mom.”

Donna withdrew her hand quickly, “Sorry, awkward. Not appropriate to ogle the son in law.”

“Ya think?”

Oliver seemed unphased though and his face shone with the same smile as when he first met her mother.

“It’s good to see you Donna,” Oliver asked.

“Oh please, call me Mom. Are you okay with that? Because Donna is just so formal for family I think…”

Felicity glanced at Oliver to gauge his reaction to her request and the thought of calling someone Mom after losing his mother but she was relieved to see a soft expression cross his face.

“Oh…. Mom.”

“Why are you here? Not that we aren’t happy to see you, it’s just unexpected,” Felicity added as she crossed the rest of the distance across the living room to them and handed Oliver his coffee, settling herself against his chest, “Which is actually how all your visits are.”
“Well I’m a little hurt that I didn’t get invited to the wedding—“

“Mom, that wasn’t intentional, it wasn’t exactly an event,” Felicity interjected. A quick courthouse wedding in the middle of a war against the League of Assassins is not exactly one you send out invitations for.

“I know, but that doesn’t mean I didn’t want to offer you congratulations in person. Which is why I was so happy when Oliver invited me to your birthday party.”

“What birthday party?” she asked. They had celebrated her birthday early while they were on their honeymoon and she didn’t think they were doing anything else.

“That was supposed to be a surprise,” Oliver replied at the same time.

Donna’s eyes widened, “Oh no, I am so sorry. You probably mentioned that, and I totally forgot. Forget I ever said anything Felicity. Party? What party?”

Felicity detached herself from Oliver’s arms and turned around to face him, “You didn’t have to plan a party, you know that’s not really my thing, we had such a lovely dinner while we were away and that was a nice way to celebrate—“

Oliver kissed her forehead, “Party might not be the right word, we’re just having some people over for dinner. I knew you wouldn’t want anything big but there are people who wanted to celebrate with you. And I wanted to surprise you, but that’s okay.”

“Oh. That will be fun, thank you,” Felicity replied with a smile that turned into a look of concern as she raised an eyebrow, “Are you cooking?”

“Just because I burnt our dinner that ONE time, does not mean that I can’t cook Mrs. Queen. But no, Lyla is cooking. Now go get dressed because your mom is taking you out for the day.”

“Yes, birthday shopping!” Donna exclaimed excitedly, “We’re going to find you the perfect outfit for tonight.”

“You should probably be concerned about what she might try to talk me into buying,” Felicity whispered as she headed off towards their bedroom.

Felicity and Donna arrived back at the apartment a few hours later to find that John, Lyla, and baby Sara had arrived. Lyla was putting something into the oven that Felicity hoped was her amazing lasagna and Oliver hovered around asking for probably, based on Lyla’s exasperated expression, the millionth time if there was something he could do to help. John stood up to shake her mom’s hand and introduce her to Lyla.

After she had greeted them her mother ran over to where Sara was sitting in her swinging chair and crouched down to talk to her, “Hey little nugget, you remember me don’t you?”

Sara giggled happily and Felicity smiled as she walked through the living room and into her bedroom to drop off her shopping bags on the bed. She pulled out the red dress that she had picked out for dinner, despite her mom’s protests that it was too simple and boring. She knew that Oliver would love it and that’s what mattered. Changing into it quickly and re-curling a few strands of hair that had gone limp during the day, she rejoined everyone. Thea and Laurel had arrived and were listening to her mom tell a story that was probably embarrassing but she didn’t even care because she was so
happy to see everyone together. It seemed like it had been since John and Lyla’s wedding that they had all gathered for a happy reason.

Her mom noticed her walk in and lifted her head to comment on her dress, “You know, I thought it could use a little more sparkle, but you look beautiful baby.”

“I agree,” Oliver added and came up beside her to wrap an arm around her waist, “Happy birthday.”

“I’m so glad you all could be here, there’s no one else I’d rather celebrate with.”

“Aren’t we missing someone though?” Oliver asked.

“What?”

Just then there was a knock on the door and Thea opened it to reveal Roy standing on the doorstep. She ran towards the doorway and enveloped him in a big hug.

“Roy! How? I didn’t think you’d be able to come…”

“I couldn’t miss your birthday Felicity; of course I was going to come.”

The oven timer dinged and Lyla stood up to head back into the kitchen, “And just in time too, let’s eat.”

After they had finished eating dinner, which was Lyla’s lasagna much to Felicity’s delight, they moved onto delicious ice cream cake. Felicity watched as Sara proceeded to grasp handfuls of ice cream and smear them all over her face in an attempt to get it into her mouth.

“That reminds me of Felicity at her first birthday,” Donna began, “She quickly turned her piece of cake into a mess and it took a very long bath to get all the icing out of her hair.”

“Yeah Johnny will be on bath duty tonight,” Lyla declared with a laugh.

Sara yawned and coated herself in more ice cream in response.

“It looks like bath time is going to have to be soon, someone looks sleepy,” Diggle added.

“Let’s do presents then before you have to leave,” Thea spoke up.

“Presents? You guys didn’t have to get me anything,” Felicity protested. Having everyone around was the best present they could’ve given her.

“But we did,” Thea replied, walking into the kitchen and returning with a small stack of presents.

Opening them she smiled wide at the assortment of framed pictures, a pair of socks with pandas on them, a new pot for the fern, and pillow that said “Home is where the Wifi connects automatically.”

“Thank you guys, this is the best birthday I’ve had in a long time.”

“I can’t thank you all enough for being a family for Felicity; heaven knows her real one has always been a bit of dysfunctional mess. The thing I was most worried about when Felicity moved away from home was that she would be lonely and I don’t have to worry about that anymore now that I can see how many people she has in her life that love her,” Donna announced.
Looking around the table, Felicity knew that her mom was right. Sometimes the best families are the ones that come together in the strangest of circumstances; in her case, because of a bullet-ridden laptop.
Felicity woke to the feeling of Oliver’s strong arms banded around her waist and she buried her face into the crook of his neck. Realizing that she was awake, he rubbed gentle circles into her back and she smiled at the feeling of comfort and warmth.

“Good morning,” she yawned sleepily.

“Good morning to you too,” he replied and pressed a kiss into her hair.

She lifted her head up and looked into his eyes, so warm and full of love, reflecting her own. She traced the scars on his chest lazily, not even having to break eye contact. She had memorized every pattern on his skin and one day she hoped he would open up to her about more of the stories they told.

“I love you,” she whispered.

Light was streaming into Oliver’s bedroom and at the back of her head Felicity felt like there was something she probably needed to get up and do, but she didn’t want to leave the bed just yet. It felt almost dreamlike, to be here with him, and she didn’t want to break the spell. Eyes fluttering closed, she started to drift back to sleep. A few minutes later, Oliver shifted underneath her and before she realized what was happening he was off the bed and walking out of the room.

Before he could get through the door she spoke up, “Where are you going Oliver?”

When he turned around she recoiled in confusion and panic at the cold, dead look in his eyes, “Oliver Queen is alive only in the past, I am Al-Sah Him.”

“That’s not true, you’re still Oliver. You were just here with me. Come back, please,” Felicity begged with tears in her eyes.

Her plea fell on deaf ears as Oliver turned around once more and left her all alone.

Felicity bolted upright, her heart racing and cold sweat beading on her forehead as she gripped the sheets tightly. She blinked away the tears in her eyes as they adjusted to the darkness and she remembered where she was. Nestled into Oliver’s former bed at the loft, but he was never there with her. She took a deep breath; it was a dream, a nightmare. And yet it wasn’t. It was a painful reminder of her reality.
Uncle Oliver

Chapter Summary

Oliver and Felicity babysit Sara

“Oliver, stand still! You’re so squirmy it’s ridiculous,” Felicity huffed in frustration.

Oliver froze and dropped his hands to his sides, “Are you sure this is a good idea?”

“I don’t have any other ideas. Thea is interviewing bartenders at the club and I have to be at this meeting. You’re just going to have to be in charge for like an hour, in which time there is no way you can possibly fail this baby,” Felicity replied firmly as she finished strapping Sara into her sling that was wrapped across Oliver’s chest and shoulder.

Digg and Lyla were off enjoying an actual honeymoon and the nanny had called in sick so Felicity and Thea had offered to take turns watching Sara. Felicity had carefully scheduled out shifts for them around their various responsibilities but this was one hour where she had needed to call in backup. In this case, back up was a very reluctant Oliver.

Taking a step back, she continued, “Just walk around the lobby for a little bit, she’ll probably fall asleep and I’ll come retrieve her when my meeting is over.”

Oliver looked down at Sara who was looking up at him with wide eyes, “I think she’s afraid of me.”

“Nonsense, Sara loves her Uncle Oliver. Don’t you Sara?” Felicity cooed and brushed a little wisp of dark hair out of her face.

Sara cracked a smile and babbled happily. Looking up at Oliver, Felicity smiled at his softened expression.

“See? You’ll have no problem, I’ll meet you in about an hour,” she patted his arm and walked off in the direction of the conference room.

Once her meeting was concluded, Felicity made her way down to the lobby. Spotting Oliver and Sara, she started walking towards them but hung back to observe when she saw that Oliver was engaged in a very animated and one-sided conversation with her. She was too far away to hear what he was saying but the look on his face made her heart glow. For a man who instills fear in the hearts of criminals, he sure was adorable. Catching her looking, he waved her over excitedly.

“Sara, show Aunt Felicity what you learned. What’s my name?”

“Olverrr,” Sara slurred with a big smile on her face waving her hands up at him.

Oliver looked up at her smugly, “Her first word.”

Felicity shook her head, “Digg is going to kill you. I’m pretty sure most parents hope that their baby’s first word is “dada” or “mama.”
“Olverrr,” Sara squealed again.

“Hey, they’ve had months to work on it. I didn’t want to babysit anyway.”

“Uh huh, but seeing as you’re such a natural, I’m keeping her strapped to you. Let’s go get lunch.”

Oliver unlocked the door to Dig and Lyla’s house while Felicity balanced Sara and her phone. He took Sara from her and walked into the house.

Hanging up the phone she announced, “They’re getting ready to board their connecting flight; they’ll be home in a like 3 hours.”

Sara yawned in his arms and he looked down at her, “Should we put her down for a nap?”

Felicity walked over and rubbed her head gently, “Yeah, that way she can be awake when they get home. You’re going to see your mommy and daddy very soon Sara.”

“Ollllvvveer,” Sara gurgled sleepily.

Felicity laughed and shook her head, “And Uncle Oliver can figure out how to explain to them that he’s apparently become the favorite.”

Felicity took Sara out of his arms and he followed her down the hall to her nursery. He leaned up against the doorframe and watched as she walked around the room slowly, bouncing Sara gently in her arms to lull her to sleep before laying Sara down into her crib. He felt his heart tighten, allowing his mind to wander to a place where he stood in a home of their own and she was holding their baby. A life that was theirs.

Felicity backed out of the room quietly and flipped the lights, “So now what do you want to do? Oliver?”

Oliver snapped out of his day dream and focused on her, “I’m sorry, what were you saying?”

“I was just asking what you wanted to do.”

Get married, have babies?

“Huh?”

“While we wait for John and Lyla to get home…”

“Oh, umm. We could watch a movie?” Oliver suggested, “I still have a lot of movies to catch up on.”

Felicity’s eyes brightened, “Good idea, I know their Netflix password, although let’s be honest, I could hack into their account sooo easily even if I didn’t. I’ve hacked into a prison system network; Netflix has got nothing on me.”

Oliver smiled and followed her swinging ponytail out into the living room. He watched as she browsed through the movie titles and selected The Avengers.

“You’ll like this one, they’re a team, kinda like Team Arrow—“

Oliver raised an eyebrow at her.
“What? All teams need a name and I’m sticking with Team Arrow, whether you like it or not. Anyway, they’re kinda like us and, actually you’re like a bunch of the characters all rolled into one. A little Iron Man, a little Hawkeye, some Captain America… well, you’ll see.”

She hit play and Oliver did his best to focus on the movie, wanting to see what characteristics she associated with him and the characters she had listed.

The movie was drawing to a close and Oliver commented, “So I definitely see Iron Man and Hawkeye, but what specifically about Captain America?”

“The way both of your butts look in tight pants,” Felicity muttered, her face turning red instantly when he whipped his head over to look at her, “Did I just say that out loud? Obviously I meant your personalities and how you care about people and stuff… Oh hey I think I hear Sara, I should go check on her!”

Felicity scrambled to stand up and darted for the nursery.

She returned a few minutes later with Sara and a sheepish grin on her face, “she’s awake.”

“Ollllivvvveerr,” Sara squealed and reached her hands out to him.

“Maybe you could use your magical powers to teach her daddy in the,” Felicity glanced at the clock, “30 ish minutes we have until they get here.”

“I don’t think it works that way,” Oliver replied.

“Fine, but at least hold her while I get her bottle ready,” Felicity said as she handed her over.

Oliver took Sara into his arms and looked down into her big brown eyes. As much as he hadn’t wanted to be recruited for babysitting duty, he had to admit now that Uncle Oliver was a title he really liked. Felicity returned to the couch a few minutes later and took Sara back to feed her. Once Sara was fed and sitting happily in her swing, they heard the sound of the door opening.

“Welcome back!” Felicity exclaimed as she jumped up to give John and Lyla a hug, “Did you have a good time?”

“Yes, much less eventful than honeymoon round 1 and significantly more enjoyable,” Lyla replied as she walked over to pick up Sara.

“Did you have a good time with your Aunts and Uncle?” Lyla asked.

“Olliiivvverrr!” Sara exclaimed and pointed her chubby fist over towards where Oliver was standing.

“Seriously man, I’ve been working on Daddy for weeks,” Digg groaned.

Oliver just shrugged his shoulders, “Sorry?”

“We’ll just have to get you back when you and Felicity have your first kid,” Lyla remarked with a smirk and walked out of the room.
Chapter Summary

Prompt: "Roy! What the hell..Why did you kill Ray?!"

"Roy! What the hell..Why did you kill Ray?!"

“He’s on our team man,” Diggle added to Oliver’s outburst as Ray’s vest powered down and his gun went inactive.

“Look I never got any justice for being electrocuted, I saw an opportunity and I took it, we can still win without him,” Roy protested.

They were in the bunker at STAR Labs playing laser tag capture the flag with some new tech Cisco was working on. Despite some people’s initial protests, okay mostly Oliver’s protests, Cisco had coerced them all into playing.

“You electrocuted him?” Oliver spun around to where Ray was standing.

“You were there! Or do you not remember? I mean you did leave me lying on the ground afterwards…."

“I admit it was a bit of a jerk move, but can we get past that?” Ray asked sheepishly.

“We can’t find their flag anywhere, they’re too good at this… Wait. If you three are here arguing… Who’s guarding the flag?” Cisco asked as he and Barry jogged over to where the three of them were standing.

“Uuhhh….”

Barry was about to speed off to their flag when they heard hoots and hollers from the girls.

“What was it that they said again Iris?” Felicity asked as she waved the flag in the air.

“We clearly have the upper hand, are you sure you want to play girls against guys?” Iris imitated Barry.

“Time to pay up boys, all this winning has made me famished,” Thea announced.

“We really should have upped the stakes, I think we deserve more than Big Belly Burger. I mean, 2 of them are millionaires….“ Caitlin added.

“Actually I’m a billionar–” Ray started to say before being interrupted by Oliver.

“Best 2 out of 3 games and then we’ll take you ladies out wherever you want to go. Deal?”

“Oliver Queen, you complained the entire way here, are you actually enjoying this?” Felicity remarked.

“I’m competitive,” Oliver shrugged, tossing her a grin.
Send me a One Line Prompt #2

Chapter Summary

Prompt: "Oliver... are you drunk?"

"Oliver... are you drunk?"

“Whattttt????” Oliver responded as he stumbled across the living room.

“We’re now on stage 3 of Oliver’s drunkenness: confusion,” Thea spoke up from her place on the couch, “First is enthusiasm. Second is sadness. We should be moving on to clingy-ness in about 3, 2, 1…."

“Feellliiccityyy, come cuddle with me,” Oliver announced as he plopped down onto the floor.

Felicity raised an eyebrow at him and turned her attention back to Thea, “Okay… but why is he drunk?"

“He mentioned something about you and Mr. Palmer being out for dinner…”

Felicity rolled her eyes, “Oliver you are so ridiculous. We were having a business meeting. You could have come but I figured you would rather go on patrol than sit and listen to Ray ramble on for three hours.”

Oliver tilted his head up to look at her with his puppy eyes and she sighed, “How were you ever a party boy? My grandmother can hold her liquor better than you.”

She reached out a hand and helped him off the floor, “Thanks for keeping an eye on him Thea.”

“Ahhhh no problem, it was entertaining. I forgot how fun it is to get him drunk when he’s being moody about you. Next time you’re going out with one of your exes let me know. By the way, stage 4 is sleepiness so I’d get him tucked into bed before he passes out,” Thea replied as she slid off the couch and headed towards her bedroom.

Felicity kicked off her shoes and pushed Oliver in the direction of his bedroom, “Okay, because I love you I will forgive you for being oversensitive about Ray and I. Let’s go cuddle.”
"Sooo no crime fighting for the whole weekend? Should I have this in writing?"

“I promise. This weekend is about me receiving an education on Doctor Who. How many seasons do you think we can get through? Do you think we have enough snacks?” Oliver asked as he opened the freezer, “Maybe we should stock up on some more ice cream…”

“Oliver we don’t have to spend the whole weekend watching Doctor Who, I was sort of kidding. You don’t like to sit still, I don’t think you would survive binge watching,” Felicity replied.

“But you love it, so I want to watch it with you,” Oliver protested.

“Yeah but… more than anything I love spending time with you. If you’re really going to take an entire weekend off from crime fighting, it seems wasteful to spend that time just staring at the tv…” Felicity commented as she wrapped her arms around his waist and looked up at him.

“Do you have something else in mind Mrs. Queen?”

“I have a couple of ideas. Grab the ice cream,” Felicity answered as she turned and skipped off towards their bedroom.
Prompt: "Please tell me this isn't what it looks like."

"Please tell me this isn't what it looks like."

“Ummm…”

“Felicity, you can’t let the kids down here. It’s dangerous,” Oliver argued.

“Oliver I’m just using the medical stuff, we were out of bandages at home. Andie fell and scraped open her leg while her and Conner were playing outside,” Felicity replied calmly as she cleaned up the blood on her daughter.

“And, they’ve been instructed not to touch anything,” Felicity directed at Conner who was getting precariously close to some explosive arrowheads that were sitting out. Oliver put a hand on each of his shoulders and steered him over to a chair.

“Hey Mommy, do you think I’ll get a scar?” Andie asked as Felicity bandaged her leg.

“Probably not love bug, it wasn’t that bad of a cut,” Felicity replied and was surprised to see disappointment on her daughter’s face.

“I wanted a scar so I could match Daddy,” Andie pouted as Felicity lifted her down from the table.

Felicity saw Oliver cringe out of the corner of her eye. While the sentiment was cute, neither of them wanted their children to ever have to experience pain that would leave a permanent mark.

Oliver walked over and crouched down to look Andie in the eye, “Hey, you don’t need a scar to match me. We have the same color eyes and we can both do that thing with our eyebrows…”

Andie quirked one eyebrow and became the spitting image of her father, “Whatever you say Daddy. Can I have some ice cream to make my leg feel better?”

Oliver laughed and scooped her up his arms, “No denying that you’re equally your mother.”
Felicity couldn't believe her eyes. He was right there in front of her. Oh how she had missed him. She ran up to him, full of glee and happiness. She wrapped her arms around him very tight, his hard surface melting to her body. However he didn't hold her back. how could he? He didn't have arms. Or Legs. All he had was what she had made him into. Because he was her very first computer.

“I didn’t know you kept this Mom!” Felicity exclaimed excitedly as she turned it on.

Her and Oliver were out in Vegas helping her mom to pack up her apartment and she had been surprised to find her childhood bedroom mostly still intact. With a granddaughter on the way, Donna was eager to move to Starling and put less miles in between them. The bright lights of Vegas paled in comparison to the prospect of being a grandmother.

“Of course I kept it, I couldn’t use it obviously, I can barely handle that laptop you got me for my birthday, but you were so proud of it there was no way I could get rid of it,” Donna replied.

Oliver walked in and grinned at the sight of Felicity bouncing on her toes excitedly while she waited for it to power up.

“Fair warning,” Donna announced as she turned to him, “If your baby is anything like it’s mother, she will be smarter than you by age 7.”

“That’s what I’m counting on,” Oliver remarked as he walked up behind Felicity and kissed the top of her head.
"Oliver are you actually babysitting Sara?"

“Well yeah… John and Lyla are out to dinner,” Oliver stated matter of factly from where he was sitting on the floor with Sara, “Wait, I thought you weren’t coming home for another two days?”

“Disappointed to see me?” Felicity teased.

“No, it’s a nice surprise,” Oliver replied as he scooped up Sara and walked over to her.

“I just wasn’t feeling so well and the conference really wasn’t worth staying at any longer,” Felicity answered.

“Are you alright?”

“Yeah, it’s the good kind of sick actually. I mean as good as being sick to your stomach can be…” Felicity paused to see if Oliver would pick up on her hint.

He gave her a confused look and she crouched down a bit to talk to Sara, “You’re going to have a little competition for Uncle Oliver’s attention soon Sara.”

Straightening back up, she glanced over at Oliver and watched as the puzzle pieces fell into place.

“Really?” he asked and looked at her still flat stomach.

“Yep.”

“I think this is a good time for us to show Aunt Felicity what we learned, don’t you think Sara? Fist bump!” Oliver stuck out his hand and Sara enthusiastically knocked her chubby fist into his.

Felicity laughed and tilted her head up to receive an excited kiss from Oliver.
"Put it down, or I will put you down."

“Andrea Moira Queen! It’s just an Easter egg hunt, you can’t threaten the other kids!” Felicity scolded while doing her best to hold back laughter at her daughter’s best imitation of the Arrow voice.

“It’s okay Miss Felicity, I think Andie saw it first,” the other kid responded as he quickly dropped the egg in Andie’s basket and ran off.

“Mommy look at all my eggs!” Andie exclaimed as she held out her basket for inspection.

“Wow that’s a lot love bug, how many of those did you scare off of other kids?”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about Mommy, I’m just a really good finder,” Andie declared proudly and ran off to keep searching.

Felicity shook her head in amusement and wandered over to where Oliver was sitting with John and Lyla.

“How are they doing? Will they be in a sugar coma within the hour?” Oliver asked as she settled into his lap.

“Well I haven’t seen Conner’s haul but your daughter is doing pretty well. Four years old and she’s already starting to master her father’s vigilante skills.”

“Oh I don’t know, I saw those intimidation tactics and I’m pretty sure she picked them up from her mother,” Digg interjected, “I was having flashbacks of you ordering Merlyn around.”

Felicity was about to respond when she heard Andie yell, “You have failed this Easter egg hunt!”

“You sure about that John?”
Okay so I know that pretty much everyone has done their own version of a possible ending for the season that somehow involves Porches and Sunsets but I really wanted to do my own :)

Oliver hopped off his motorcycle and did a double take at the shiny new Porsche sitting in Felicity’s driveway. Felicity was sitting on her porch looking at her tablet and lifted her head when she heard him arrive.

“What’s this?” he asked, pointing at the car.

“It’s a car,” Felicity replied matter of factly and he shook his head in amusement.

“I can see that, why the upgrade?”

“Well since I’m a billionaire now I can buy extravagant things, you know all about that right?” Felicity asked coyly.

Oliver raised an eyebrow at her and she explained.

“Ray signed the company over to me,” she held up some papers before continuing, “You’re looking at the new owner and CEO of Palmer Tech… although I have some rebranding ideas in mind.”

“Wow. Felicity I’m so happy for you. You deserve it, and in hindsight, if I would have made you CEO instead of my EA, we probably wouldn’t have lost the company in the first place. And a lot less coffee machines would have been harmed.”

“You do have a penchant for learning lessons the hard way,” Felicity replied with a smirk, “Anyway, the reason I called you is because I don’t actually know how to drive shift, so unless I just want this car to sit around in my driveway… You want to take it for a spin?”

“Yeah,” Oliver grinned excitedly and reached out a hand to help her up, “You mentioned something about rebranding…”

“Oh yeah, what do you think of… Queen Incorporated,” Felicity waved her hands in the air and looked over at him to gauge his reaction.

“But it’s your company…”

“I know, but rebranding is tedious and… I’m thinking long term here,” Felicity mentioned casually, fiddling with the buttons on her coat.

“Oh?” Oliver quirked an eyebrow at her. The ring box felt like it was burning a hole in his pocket. This wasn’t exactly the moment he had planned, but she had given him a good opening…

“Would you be opposed to making long term, a little less… long term?”
“Wha—“ Felicity started to respond but was interrupted by Oliver dropping down on one knee. Her eyes widened as he opened the box, revealing a stunning diamond ring.

“Felicity Meghan Smoak, I’ve known for a while now that I had found the one. The one person that I knew I couldn’t live without. And for a while, that terrified me because everyone that I love, I seem to lose,” Oliver’s eyes clouded with painful memories but he shook them off and refocused on her, “I’m not afraid anymore, afraid of being Oliver Queen, the man who loves you. Will you marry me?”

“Yes,” Felicity answered without hesitation, tears shining in her eyes.

Oliver rose to his feet and slid the ring on her finger before pulling her in for a kiss.

“Are you allowed to be marrying me?” Felicity asked when they broke apart, “I thought you were married to Nyssa…”

“Considering that was pretty much only legally binding within the walls of Nanda Parbat and I’m not planning on going back there any time soon, I think I’m clear for marrying you. I don’t think Nyssa will be too upset either.”

“Probably not. So how about we take the Porsche down to the courthouse now,” Felicity replied as she tossed Oliver the car key.

“You don’t have a dream wedding in mind?” Oliver questioned.

“Oliver, my dream was marrying you, I don’t care how that happens. And frankly, after the stressful year we’ve had, I don’t think I could handle wedding planning. Of course my mother will probably kill me, but she’ll get over it.”

“Well I’m certainly not going to argue with you,” Oliver remarked as he scooped her up and slid her into the passenger seat of the car, eliciting a startled yelp from her.

“I think there are doors on this thing,” Felicity commented as she smoothed out her skirt.

“That’s no fun,” Oliver turned to her and winked as he slid in beside her, “You sure this is want you want to do?”

“One hundred percent sure.”

“Me too. Oh, and in case I wasn’t clear, I like the idea of Queen Incorporated.”

“Good,” Felicity smiled and reached for his hand, “I wanted to honor the Queen legacy, without your family, there wouldn’t be a company, but I thought it needed a little update. That way we can build our own legacy.”

“We, I like the word we. Does that mean I get to be your EA?”

Felicity looked at him in horror.

“I’m just kidding,” Oliver laughed.

“Oh good, because, no offense, but you would literally be the worst EA ever,” Felicity sighed in relief, “No, I’ve already got it all figured out. I’m the brains of the company, and you’re the heart… and neither of us will have to make anyone coffee.”

Oliver squeezed her hand before releasing it to start the car, “Sounds like a good plan. Which we will
get started on… after a very long honeymoon.”
“Oliver, they’re getting ready to start. Where are you?” Felicity asked urgently, pressing her phone to her ear and looking around the crowded, little auditorium.

“Right here,” Oliver answered as he slid into the chair in between her and Conner.

“Finally, Andie would have been devastated if you missed it. I thought you were going to let Laurel and Thea handle things tonight?”

“I wasn’t going to miss her kindergarten graduation, I was just doing a little multi-tasking,” Oliver replied with a shrug.

“I can see that,” Felicity commented as she wiped a smear of blood off his face.

Oliver smiled sheepishly and reached for her hand as the lights in the auditorium dimmed. The teacher led the kids through a few songs and talked about the joy they were to have in class this year.

“To finish our program, the kids will be sharing with you a little project we’ve been working on. I’m very impressed with the way that their writing and reading has improved over the course of the year and tonight they will be reading their pieces entitled “My Hero.”

Felicity smiled as she listened to all the kids nervously step forward and read. Finally they got to the end of the alphabet and Andie stepped forward with certainly the most confidence out of any of the kids.

A big smile on her face she began to read her crooked writing, “My hero is my Daddy.”

Felicity felt Oliver shift beside her and she looked over to see him fighting back tears.

“He makes me the best almond butter and jelly sandwiches,” Andie looked up from her paper and explained, “because I can’t eat peanut butter because I’m allergic and he doesn’t want my throat to hurt.”

Looking back down at her paper she continued, “He protects me and Conner from the monsters under the bed. He’s not scared of anything. He’s really smart, but not as smart as Mommy.”

Quiet laughter broke out in the room and Felicity shook her head in amusement.

“He’s really strong and gives me piggy back rides. He can even lift Mommy he’s so strong.”

Felicity felt her cheeks flush as Oliver chuckled beside her.

“When I grow up I want to be a superhero just like him.”

Felicity squeezed Oliver’s hand as Andie gave them a little wave before stepping back into the line.
The teacher wrapped up the program and sent the kids into the audience to find their parents.

“Daddy!” Andie exclaimed as she ran down the steps of the stage and jumped into his lap, “Did you like my story?”

“Yes I did love bug,” Oliver replied and kissed her head.
Chapter Summary

Prompt: "What are you doing?" -Thea

"What are you doing?" Thea asked as she walked into the loft.

“Ask Felicity,” Oliver grunted from where he was lying on the floor.

“It’s called Acro Yoga, I saw it on Pinterest,” Felicity exclaimed excitedly from where she was balanced above him.

“Apparently we’re starting a circus,” Oliver deadpanned.

“Hey! You were having fun when my butt was right in your face,” Felicity argued.

“You know, when I said that I was hesitant about living with you two because I was worried it might scar me for life, this is not what I had envisioned,” Thea commented as she walked towards them, “Hop down Felicity I want to give it a try.”

Felicity dropped her head back for a kiss before Oliver slowly lowered his legs down.

“He totally loves it,” she whispered to Thea when she walked past her to grab her water bottle, “He just doesn’t like to admit that because he thinks it’s not as manly as hammering tires.”

Oliver narrowed his eyes at her, “I heard that.”

“I love you,” she replied sweetly.

“I love you too, why do you think I put up with your crazy ideas?”

“Whatever, you were totally into it.”

“Okay, enough with your little flirty fighting I’m ready to go Ollie,” Thea interrupted.

Oliver sighed and helped her get up onto his legs.

Later that evening Felicity plopped down onto the couch next to Oliver and he quickly turned the screen off on her tablet that he had been looking at.

“What are you looking at?” Felicity asked curiously and pried the tablet from his hands.

Turning the screen back on she saw it was on her Yoga Pinterest board.

“I think we need to try some harder stuff, we’re selling ourselves short,” Oliver muttered.

“Ha! I knew it, you were having fun!”
Inspired by these pics -->
Felicity muttered to the gown she was currently pulling out of a garment bag. A local designer had reached out to her and wanted to dress her for the Women in Technology Gala that Queen Incorporated was hosting. She had been hesitant at first, but after seeing the sketches she was sold. Receiving pictures of the almost completed dress at the beginning of the week had only grown her excitement.

“Dreaming about what?” Oliver asked as he walked into their bedroom, “Whoa, is that what you’re wearing?”

“That’s the plan… you don’t think it’s too much do you?” Felicity asked as she hung it up in the door frame of her closet.

“It’s your party, I’m pretty sure you can wear whatever you want,” Oliver replied as he walked towards her, already in his tux, “If I would have known about this I’m pretty sure I would have been dreaming about it too.”

“Good, because I love it. Can you help me get it on?” Felicity asked as she slipped her robe off her shoulders.
“Only if I’m allowed to help you get it off later.”

“I think that can be arranged Mr. Queen,” Felicity smirked as she slipped her hands under his jacket and down his suspenders.

“Then we have a deal,” Oliver remarked as he retrieved the dress and helped her step into it before zipping it up.

Felicity did a little twirl and fluffed out the skirt, “What do you think?”

“Beautiful, how long is this party again?”

“Patience is a virtue,” Felicity tossed over her shoulder is she slipped into her shoes and walked out of the room.
“Al Sah-him demands the presence of Ms. Smoak,” the faceless league member announced as he swung open the door to their cold, dank cell.

“If he wanted to talk to me he wouldn’t have locked me up in here,” Felicity countered, her patience wearing thin with the whole situation.

The assassin moved his hand to the hilt of his sword at her defiant words and Diggle shifted in front of her protectively.

“The commands of Al Sah-Him are not to be questioned,” the assassin replied in a monotone. It was a phrase he had no doubt repeated many times.

Felicity looked up at Digg, “I’ll be fine.”

He begrudgingly moved to the side and she stepped forward to follow the man out of the dungeons. Realizing after a few turns that they were heading in the direction of the room that she had spent the night with Oliver in last time, she bit back tears at the memories assaulting her. The assassin swung open the door and she entered hesitantly.

“Leave us,” Oliver growled at her escort.

She kept her eyes on the ground, afraid of what she might see in his. She had gotten a glimpse of her Oliver when he had asked her to trust him as well as when he had announced his betrothal to Nyssa, and yet she still feared she would see the cold eyes of Al Sah-him looking back at her.

“You didn’t get an upgraded suite now that you’re officially Ra’s Jr?” she muttered to the floor.

“This one had sentimental value,” Oliver responded softly and she looked up as he continued, “We don’t have a lot of time but I needed to make sure you’re okay.”

“As okay as I can be when I’ve almost been killed by a bunch of assassins, locked in a dungeon, and found out that you were getting married. It definitely has not been one of my best days.”

“I’m so sorry. I know you’re confused, and a lot of other really confusing stuff is going to happen but I just need you to trust me. Can you still do that?” Oliver asked, a pleading look in his eyes.

She saw on his face how hard this was on him. How much he was sacrificing. Even if whatever plan he had concocted was successful, she could tell that he doubted if there would be anyone left to come home to; anyone who would forgive him for what he had had to do.

“I trust you,” she answered and touched his arm lightly, reassuring him. Communicating to him that she understood what he had to do, that it hadn’t cost him her. The relief on his face was palpable.
“I need you to play along with everything that happens, that’s why I can’t divulge everything to you. Ra’s needs to think that it’s real,” he cautioned.

“Of course,” she dipped her head and then quietly asked the question that had been weighing heavily on her heart, “Are you really marrying her?”

Oliver sighed, “That was a decision of Ra’s that neither Malcolm nor I foresaw. We couldn’t plan a way out of something we hadn’t anticipated.”

“So you’re marrying her,” Felicity deadpanned.

Oliver nodded sadly and she closed her eyes. When she opened them she saw that Oliver had taken a step towards her.

“It doesn’t mean anything, not to her and not to me. It’s nothing more than Ra’s trying to strip away another layer of Oliver Queen. It’s not even binding outside of these walls, outside of Ra’s control, and when this is all over I—“

There was a knock on the door and Oliver turned angrily, “What?”

“Ra’s commands that Ms. Smoak rejoin the rest of the prisoners,” the assassin who had brought her here announced.

Felicity walked towards the door, feeling Oliver’s eyes on the back of her head. Turning her head back to look at him, he gave her an almost imperceptible nod. She returned it before allowing the assassin to lead her back to the dungeon.
Perfect for the Job

Chapter Summary

Felicity hires a bodyguard now that she's the CEO

Oliver peered over Felicity’s shoulder at the pile of papers on her desk, “What are these?”

“Applications for my bodyguard position,” Felicity answered as she flipped through the stack.

“How are you taking applications for a bodyguard?”

Felicity spun around in her chair to face him, “Because, overnight I have become the most powerful woman in Starling City and, let’s flashback to your hood days, there’s always going to be people who have it out for the rich and powerful, even if I’m not shady and corrupt. I need someone to keep an eye on me. Like John did for you when you were CEO, even though you obviously could handle yourself and he was mostly just around for Arrow stuff— but still. And I would ask him because of course I know that he would be the perfect person for the job, but I don’t think he’s interested in getting back into the business.”

Oliver reached behind her for the applications and walked around to sit at the chair across from her desk to start sorting through them, “I just don’t like the idea of this. How do we even know we can trust any of these guys?”

“Well Oliver, they’ve all had thorough background checks and come with recommendations, so I think we can find at least one that we can trust.”

“Nope,” Oliver replied and dropped the stack into the trashcan.

“What? Oliver I would have thought that you would want me to have a bodyguard, with your whole… overprotective—thing.”

“Oh I do think that you should have a bodyguard, but I’m not having some guy follow you around all day.”

“Oliver I’m not sure that you understand the concept of a bodyguard—“

“I’m going to be your bodyguard,” Oliver interrupted her.

“You’re going to be my bodyguard?”

“Yep. Would you like to interview me?”

Felicity bit her lip to keep from smiling and asked seriously, “So Mr. Queen, why do you think that you would be the best candidate for this position?”

“Well Ms. Smoak, I think you’ll find that my extensive resume very impressive. Job titles held include: assassin, mob captain, vigilante, CEO of this very company, hero, and most recently, heir to the league of psychotic murderers.”
Felicity let out a laugh at his use of her name for the league.

“I also have a lot of experience with keeping my eyes on you and I have a very personal interest in making sure you get home safe every night,” Oliver concluded and reached under the desk to place his hand on her knee.

Felicity tapped her chin and pretended to be deep in thought, “Hmmm. It does seem like you would be a good fit for the job… not to mention how great you look in suits…”

Dropping the act she added, “Are you sure you really want to do this?”

“Of course. I need something to do during the day while you’re being corporate master of the universe. Besides, no one else is used to staying focused while you walk around in your cute little skirts and I’ve mastered it.”

“Really? Because I can recall an incident from around 7:43 last night—“

“Okay maybe I haven’t mastered it,” Oliver interrupted her, “But I would still be the best bodyguard you could possibly hire.”

“I know, and there’s no one that I trust more to keep me safe I just wasn’t sure if you wanted like a job, job. That was never really your thing.”

“I get to spend all day with my favorite person in the world; I wouldn’t really consider it a job, more like a privilege. So what do you say… boss?”

Felicity grinned at him, “You’re hired.”
"Am I your Queen, Mr. Queen?"

“Yes?” Oliver replied with a questioning raised eyebrow.

“So that means you’ll do anything I want?” Felicity asked with a mischievous smile.

“Yes?”

“Good, because Caitlin invited us to karaoke night and we are totally going,” Felicity clapped her hands together enthusiastically.


“Oh come on, it will be fun. It’s our last night in Central City and everyone’s going…”

“I don’t do karaoke.”

“Ahh but you just said that I’m your Queen and as your Queen I declare that we are going to go,” Felicity teased.

“Fine,” Oliver surrendered, “But I am not singing.”

“We’ll see about that,” Felicity tossed over her shoulder as she grabbed her purse and skipped out of the hotel room.

A couple drinks in, Oliver’s resistance was cracking.

Felicity tugged on his arm, “Please, just one song?”

“I can’t sing,” Oliver offered up halfheartedly.

“Okay first of all, half the people here cannot sing,” Felicity dropped her voice to a whisper, “I mean I love Caitlin and all but she should definitely stick to her day job.”

Barry overheard her and snorted, “She’s going to be so mad in the morning when she realizes we let her get drunk enough to sing again.”

Felicity looked over to where Caitlin was falling asleep in Ronnie’s lap and laughed, “Wasn’t this her idea in the first place?”

“Oh it was, but she wasn’t planning on getting up there,” Barry replied.
“No one can resist the pull of the microphone, which bring us back to you Oliver. You definitely can sing, I’ve heard you in the shower no matter how quiet and secretive you try to be.”

Oliver finished the drink in front of him and pushed himself out of his chair muttering, “I am going to regret this.”

Felicity clapped her hands in excitement and turned her chair to the stage as Oliver made his way up. The first couple bars of the song started playing and she grinned.

“I’ve got sunshine, on a cloudy day. When it’s cold outside, I’ve got the month of May. I guess you’d say, what can make me feel this way?”

Oliver winked at her and continued, “My girl… talkin bout my girl, my girl, my girl.”

By the last verse, Felicity had been pushed towards the stage by the crowd and Oliver reached out his hand to help her up to sing right to her.

“I don’t need no money, fortune or fame. I’ve got all the riches, baby, one man can claim.”

When the song was over, Oliver set the mic down and dipped her back for a kiss to the delight of everyone in the bar.

“See that wasn’t so bad,” Felicity insisted.

Oliver brushed her nose with his, “Anything for you my Queen.”
Chapter Summary

Just a little scene between Oliver and Felicity that might take place in season 4

Oliver found her curled up on their bed facing away from the doorway, quiet sobs shaking her body. His heart clenched painfully. Protecting her from the bad guys was so much easier when they weren’t her own father. The only thing that made him feel some relief was that, unlike the last time her past had caught up to her, he could comfort her the way he wanted to. When everything was crashing down on her last year with the super virus, and her mother, and finding out that her dead ex boyfriend wasn’t dead, all he had wanted to do was to hold her. He hadn’t even been able to directly tell her that he loved her then. Thankfully, things were so different now. Making his way over to her side of the bed, he sat down on the edge and gently rubbed soothing circles along her back.

“Hey,” she croaked.

Brushing a strand of hair out of her face, he leaned down to kiss her forehead, “Do you want to talk?”

She closed her eyes, “Not yet.”

“Okay.”

He shifted slightly and her hand shot up to press into his thigh, “Please don’t go.”

“I’m not going anywhere,” he assured her. Not now. Not ever.

Kicking off his shoes, he scooted further onto the bed and pulled her into his arms. She buried her face in his chest and he could feel her tears soaking his shirt. After a few moments she stilled and looked up at him.

“It’s not like I was under the illusion that he was some upstanding, law abiding citizen,” she muttered as she lifted a hand to wipe her eyes, “But this is still a lot to take in.”

“Of course it is,” Oliver agreed.

She let out a small humorless laugh, “Thea and I can start a daughters of supervillains support club.”

“Do you think that will be highly attended?” he asked and was happy to see the corners of her mouth tick upwards slightly.

“More ice cream for us,” she concluded and rested her head back down on his chest, “It’s just weird to think that my own father could be a threat to me.”

“I know what it’s like to have someone close to you become the enemy. You have stood by me through everything these past few years, now’s my chance to be there for you.”

She smiled and tilted her chin up to press her lips to his jaw. Taking the hint, he dipped his head down and kissed her softly. He felt her small hand clutch his arm and another jolt of relief that he no
longer was afraid to be with her shot through him. He could tell her everything he wanted to. Hold her hand. Hug her tightly. They had promised along one of the winding roads that they drove over the summer that they would face whatever their future held together. Sure, their problems were a little different than most couples, but they were ready for them.
Preschool AU

Chapter Summary

Prompt: Hi :) I was thinking of a short AU fic that shows how Olicity met, one of them has a small child and that's kind of how they met?

“Sweetheart you really need to get out and do things that don’t involve Connor again,” Moira Queen’s voice came through his phone, “How else are you going to meet someone?”

“Maybe I enjoy spending time with my son and I’m okay with how things are, mom,” Oliver replied and shifted his phone to help Connor put on his coat, “Listen, I’ll call you later. First day of preschool is today and we’re going to be late if we don’t get going.”

“Okay, please just think about it though. Your sister and I would love to babysit for you.”

Oliver sighed, “I will mom, bye.”

He hung up and grabbed his keys, “You ready to go buddy?”

Connor looked up at him nervously, “Are you going to stay the whole time?”

Oliver reassured him, “I’m staying the whole time today since it’s your first day. But I bet you’ll have so much fun you won’t even notice that I’m there.”

Connor raised his eyebrow skeptically in an expression that made him look just like him and Oliver chuckled before leading him out to the car.

They walked into the classroom that was already starting to fill with kids and their parents, mostly moms Oliver observed. A young woman dressed in a bright pink dress and gray cardigan came up to greet them.

“Hi, I’m Felicity Smoak, or Miss Felicity to the kids, welcome to my class,” she crouched down to Connor’s level, “And who are you?”

Connor averted his eyes shyly and Felicity looked up at Oliver questioningly.

“This is Connor Queen,” Oliver introduced.

Felicity stood up and grabbed her clipboard to look for his name to check off. She chewed on her pen as she scanned her list and Oliver couldn’t help but think she was pretty cute.

“And I’m Oliver, by the way,” he added belatedly.

“Oh I know who you are,” Felicity replied before adding quickly, “I mean I don’t like know, know you I just know your name because of the registration papers.”

She held up the clipboard in explanation and blushed.
“So umm, Connor can find his hook over there to hang his coat up and his name tag is hanging there. And then we’ll be getting started soon so you can find a seat somewhere and Connor can play,” she informed them, waving her hand towards the wall with the coat hooks.

“Are you going to be shy around Miss Felicity all year?” Oliver asked as he handed Connor his name tag.

“She’s really pretty,” Connor whispered seriously, “Can I marry her?”

“I think you’re a little too young to be thinking about getting married. Besides, she probably has a boyfriend already.”

Connor frowned, “I’m going to go ask her.”

“Ask her what?”

But Connor didn’t hear him because he was already walking over to where Felicity was setting out coloring pages. Oliver watched curiously as Connor tugged lightly on the bottom of her skirt and she got down to his level to listen to him. Whatever he asked made her mouth twitch up into an amused smile and she answered him.

Connor walked back over to Oliver to report, “Miss Felicity says you’re right, I’m too little to get married.”

_I need information on what I don’t know_, Oliver thought.

Connor ran off again to join some of the other kids in building a giant tower out of blocks while Oliver went to take his seat with the other parents to listen to Felicity talk about what skills she covers throughout the year in her class.

“The most important thing to me is that your kids come to love learning and that I can encourage their natural curiosity which will prepare them for kindergarten next year. I’m sending you all home with packets of activities that you can do with them at home to reinforce what we do here,” Felicity concluded.

Oliver went over to retrieve Connor, who despite his earlier shyness, wasn’t eager to leave his new friends.

“Dad you were right, preschool is fun,” Connor informed him as they headed for the door.

Filing in line to receive their packet from her, Oliver formed a plan that would please his mother…and hinged on Felicity being single.

She smiled at him as she extended out a packet and Oliver cleared his throat, “Uhh Felicity, I know we just met, but I was wondering if you might want to go get coffee sometime?”

Felicity’s eyes lit up, “I’d like that. Jitters? They have the most amazing cronuts there…”

“How about Friday after class? My mom can pick Connor up; she’s been dying to have a reason to babysit.”

Felicity nodded, “Sounds great. My mother will be happy too, because she’s always telling me I
need to spend time with guys over the age of 4.”

Oliver laughed, “Okay. We’ll see you on Friday, Felicity.”

“Bye!” Felicity waved as they headed out the door.

While Oliver buckled Connor into his car seat he asked, “Dad, are you going to marry Miss Felicity?”

“I’m going to take her out for coffee and cronuts; let’s start with that.”

“What’s a cronut?” Connor asked, tilting his head in confusion.

“I don’t have the faintest idea,” Oliver answered as he shut the car door.
The One where Oliver brags about Felicity

Oliver beamed with pride as he watched Felicity cut the ribbon for the new Queen Inc. Cyber Technologies building. It was her dream project ever since she had taken charge of the company. Many a night he had spent lying in their bed listening to her discuss her plans while he traced patterns on her skin, content to just listen to her enthusiastic rambling. Seeing her dream come true today filled him with joy as well. Young girls stood clustered near her, hoping to get a chance to talk to the woman who inspired them so much. Encouraging girls to pursue careers in computers was something she loved and he knew she, and consequently him, would be sticking around for a long time after the event was over. He didn’t mind one bit though. Forget the dinner reservations; he had discovered long ago that curling up on their couch for a late dinner of take out was more preferable anyway. A young reporter approached him and he pulled his eyes away from his fiancée.

“So how is it that a girl like her got lucky enough to snag the Oliver Queen?”

Oliver furrowed his eyebrows in confusion, “I’m not sure what you’re implying?”

“Well it’s common knowledge that any girl would die to marry someone as rich and handsome as you. Especially someone who comes from her background. Is it true that her mother is a cocktail waitress? No wonder she went digging if you know what I mean. I’m aware that she started off as your EA and it seems like she’s moving on to bigger and better things as your bride to be. So what makes her so special that she deserves someone like you?”

Anger snapped through Oliver at his words and insinuation. Taking a deep breath he pasted on a smile to answer him, “I’m so glad you asked because clearly you haven’t been paying attention to anything that has been going on today or the past few years for that matter. The real question is how could I possibly deserve someone as special as her? Felicity Smoak, beyond having the biggest heart and making me happier than I have ever been, is the most brilliant woman I have ever met. Did you know that since she has taken over the company, we’ve hit record growth in stock prices in the entire history of the company? The new Cyber Technologies building, which we’re celebrating the grand opening of today if you weren’t aware, is totally her vision and is projected to propel Queen Inc to be the leading company in web and software development in the country. Not to mention everything that she accomplished as Vice President of the Applied Sciences division before she became CEO,” Oliver paused and took in the reporter’s embarrassed expression, “But you obviously don’t know all this because you haven’t done your research beyond digging up information about her family. Her mother, by the way, is who she gets her work ethic from. Instead of talking bad about her, maybe you should try following her example.”

“Uhhh,” the reporter stammered.

“Are there any other questions I can help you with?” Oliver asked.

“No. Thank you for your time Mr. Queen and congratulations on your engagement,” he squeaked out before ducking his head and getting away from him as fast as he could.

Oliver felt the tiniest twinge of guilt for being so blunt but it was quickly pushed away by his annoyance that after all this time there were still people who thought so little of Felicity. He knew he was partially to blame; the rumors that had circulated when he promoted her to his EA had apparently still lingered a bit. But seriously? She was running the entire company now; it should be pretty obvious that she was more than her skirts. Which were short. And she looked amazing in them
while she commanded a board room or sat at her desk with her toned legs crossed over each other, or sauntered over to him to help him take off his suit after a night in the field… and now he needed to reign it in before he dragged her away from the board members she was talking to.

He groaned internally when he saw another reporter approaching him. But he was pleasantly surprised when the reporter asked her question, “Mr. Queen, how does it feel knowing that your family’s company is in such good hands with one of the most brilliant women in the country?

Oliver flashed a genuine smile this time, “I’m so glad you asked…”
Cold Feet

Chapter Summary

Prompt: Could you write something with summer!cold!felicity and caring!oliver during summer roadtrip time?

“Seriously Felicity?” Oliver hissed as her toes made contact with a slice of bare thigh where his shorts had ridden up, “It’s like 90 degrees, how are your feet freezing?”

They had dragged a quilt and some pillows out onto the back deck of the house they had rented for a few days and were laying out watching the sun set. Even this late in the evening, the summer air was warm on their skin… except for Felicity’s feet.

“I think I’ve lost circulation to my feet from wearing heels all the time,” Felicity surmised, wriggling her toes.

Turning her, Oliver pulled her feet into his lap to massage them and she started to feel warmth flood them.

“Better?” he asked.

She nodded, “Mhmmm, thanks.”

Tilting her head back, she added, “I could get used to this. My feet are always freezing and sore.”

“Why do you wear heels all the time then if they bother you so much?”

“Besides the fact that they make my calves look great and allow me to look you in the eye without having to tilt my head back at a 90 degree angle?”

Oliver let out a laugh and his fingers trailed up her calves, “Valid points. I will gladly rub your feet in exchange for how your legs look when you’re walking around in your heels and short little skirts.”

“They aren’t that short,” Felicity protested.

"Hey I’m not complaining,” Oliver insisted and tickled a sensitive spot behind her knee.

She reacted reflexively by kicking her leg up and he caught it before it slammed into his chin, “Whoa there ninja.”

“Ooops, sorry. You were probably going to figure this out eventually, but I’m really ticklish,” Felicity admitted as he lowered her leg back down.

“Oh you should not have just said that,” Oliver said, a wide grin spreading across his face.

“Nooooo,” Felicity groaned as he leaned over and tickled her side, catching her before she could wriggle away, “You’re going to regret this. Somewhere on that hard body of yours there has to be a ticklish spot and I will find it.”

She reached down to yank his shirt up and off of him and they both froze when they heard voices
coming from the house a few yards away.

“Well dear, it sounds like things are about to get a little too exciting over there. Time to head inside.”

Rocking chairs creaked and a man spoke up, “Why do they always rent that house out to young couples?”

“Aww don’t be so grumpy, it’s adorable. I just don’t need to hear it. C’mon I made pie…” the woman’s voice trailed off as they headed into their house.

“Are things about to get exciting?” Oliver asked Felicity with a raised eyebrow, his eyes sparkling.

She bit her lip to keep from laughing, “You wish. I was thinking of going over there and checking out what kind of pie she made.”

As she stood up Oliver protested, “Wait are you serious? Come back….”

“Thanks for the foot rub,” Felicity tossed over her shoulder, “I’ll be sure to use your services again.”

“Fe-li-ci-ty,” Oliver complained as she retreated into the house, ”Is anything else cold? Do you want to cuddle?”

“It’s like 90 degrees,” Felicity mimicked his voice from earlier and Oliver pouted.

*He pouted. “Displays his full range of emotions” Oliver was still something she was getting used to and she tried not to laugh at his adorably disappointed face.*

“So you’ll just have to come into the air conditioning….,” Felicity continued from inside the doorway, “Oh look, I can feel myself getting cold already.”

She rubbed her arms and pretended to shiver. Oliver hopped up with a grin to join her, scooping her up into his arms and carrying her into the bedroom.
Send me a One Line Prompt #9

Chapter Summary

"I think I sprained an ankle." -Felicity to Oliver.

She eased herself to the ground once they had lost the guys who were chasing them and Oliver crouched down to assess her ankle. When he gently touched the skin that was starting to swell, she winced.

“Oh yeah, that’s definitely sprained,” Oliver concluded.

Felicity sighed, “I’m sorry, this is why I should just stay behind. I’m not exactly a valuable asset out in the field.”

“Hey that’s not true,” Oliver assured her as he cupped her face, “I wouldn’t have been able to get past that security system without you.”

“I probably could have done it remotely—”

“True, but then I would have been doing this recon all by myself and that’s boring.”

Felicity rolled her eyes as Oliver scooped her up, “You love being alone. Less chances for accidents like this to happen.”

“I have come to realize that there are advantages to not working alone all the time,” Oliver corrected, “And while this is going to put you out of commission for a few days, it didn’t stop us from getting the information we needed. So don’t worry about it.”

Oliver carried her towards the van and she breathed a sigh of relief that they hadn’t taken the bike.

“What happened?” Dig asked as Oliver settled her into one of the backseats.

“Sprained ankle,” Felicity supplied.

“We had to make a run for it and she missed a stair,” Oliver added.

“Can we adjust this story when we tell other people? Maybe tell them that I kicked someone in the face or something else a little more badass than tripping down the stairs?”

Oliver chuckled as he lifted her ankle into his lap and pulled an ice pack out of the medical supplies they had stowed, “Do you think that will be believable?”

Felicity glared at him, “I’ll have you know that I can get my leg pretty high in the air mister. I could kick someone in the face.”

“Oh I’m well aware of where your legs can go,” Oliver replied with a teasing grin.

“Please stop,” Dig interrupted, “We are 3 blocks from your house and then I will drive away and you can say whatever you want to each other and I don’t have to hear it. I still have not recovered from the incident last week.”
“Okay, in my defense, I did not remember that we were all on the same coms channel,” Oliver protested.
"Felicity! Is this the same pen? Did you keep it all this time?"

“Seriously Oliver? I have like 900 red pens, the chances of this being the same pen are very slim…”

Oliver raised an eyebrow at her.

“Okay maybe it is the same pen,” Felicity conceded, “But you can’t make fun of me for it. It’s my lucky pen.”

“I would never make fun of you…”

Now it was Felicity’s turn to raise her eyebrow.

“I laugh with you, not at you,” Oliver protested, “But as I was saying, I wouldn’t make fun of you for this, seeing as I’m the guy who still remembered the pen 3 years later.”

“I guess we’re both a little ridiculously sentimental,” Felicity replied with a grin, “I still can’t believe that you actually remembered that though.”

“It was a pretty life changing moment for me;” Oliver reminded her.

“Well then I guess it’s fitting that the pen makes it’s reappearance at another life changing moment,” Felicity remarked as she handed it to him.

Oliver retrieved it from her and leaned over to sign his name next to hers on the marriage license.

“Uhh,” the clerk spoke up as she assessed the document, “While I don’t want to step on your sentimental moment… you have to use black ink on this.”

“Ooops, sorry. Can we have a do-over?” Felicity asked, “See we’re kind of new at this whole getting married thing, well I am. He’s been married before, but it was kind of sketchy, and the guy who oversaw it is dead and we actually haven’t seen his “wife” in a while and the wedding didn’t really count for anything and there certainly was no legal documents involved in fact I don’t really think it was even legal so…”

Oliver placed a hand on the crook of her elbow to stop her ramble as the clerk looked at her with wide eyes.

“You know, I definitely think we can have a do-over, just give me one moment,” the clerk responded and retreated into her office.

“There are some stories that are probably best just to keep to ourselves,” Oliver commented.

“Yeah…”
“Alright Laurel, what’s the scoop on the new girl?” Tommy asked as he swiped some of her cotton candy.

She swatted away his hand and leveled him with a glare before answering, “Felicity Smoak, sophomore, super smart apparently, and her and her mom just moved here from Las Vegas. I know all this because her mom flirted with my dad when she stopped to ask for directions yesterday and they ended up going out to dinner.”

Tommy and Oliver returned their gaze to the petite blond who was standing in line for a funnel cake. Her hair was pulled back into a neat ponytail and she wore a floral print sundress. Adjusting her glasses, she stepped forward and plunked down her money for the sweet fried goodness.

“She’s cute,” Tommy commented, elbowing Oliver in the side, “And so very alone.”

“You know what I think would make her feel welcome?” Laurel added, “A giant stuffed panda bear. Why don’t you show off your skills Ollie?”

Oliver flashed them one of his charming smiles before straightening his shoulders and striding over to where Felicity was now perched on a bench. As he approached, she looked up and wiped away the powdered sugar that had spread across her mouth.

He slid in next to her, “I’m Oliver Queen.”

Raising her eyebrows at him she introduced herself, “Felicity. Smoak.”

“Fe-li-ci-ty,” Oliver repeated back to her despite the fact that he had already known her name and she nodded, “So what’s a pretty girl doing at a carnival all by her lonesome?”

A blush spread across her freckled cheeks and he couldn’t help but agree with Tommy’s assessment that she was cute. Very cute.

“I just moved here a few days ago. Truthfully, I was trying to spy, well not spy that sounded creepy, more like accidentally bump into some of the people who would be my classmates. For school. That starts next week, which you obviously know because you go to school. I mean I assume that you do. Maybe you’re not in high school, you look a little older…” she trailed off and her face reddened some more.

Oliver nudged her in the side, “Look at that. You have accidently bumped into one of your classmates.”

Felicity smiled and bit her lip before offering him a piece of funnel cake.

He accepted it before continuing, “So I don’t mean to brag, but you are in the presence of a carnival
games master. And as your new friend—"

“We’re friends?” Felicity interrupted him.

“You shared your funnel cake with me, that’s special bonding stuff right there. You can’t take it back, we’re friends now.” Oliver explained and she shook her head in amusement as he continued, “So like I was saying, as your new friend, I feel responsible to give you a little demonstration of my skills.”

“We are still talking about carnival games, right?” Felicity blurted out before wincing in embarrassment.

Oliver winked, “For now.”

Her eyes widened and she stuffed a piece of funnel cake in her mouth to avoid saying anything awkward.

“C’mon,” Oliver stood up and extended a hand to her.

She brushed the powdered sugar off her hands and reached for his as she stood up, “Where to first, Oliver?”

“Skeeball,” Oliver answered and tugged on her hand lightly.

An hour later they were sitting in a gondola of the Ferris Wheel with 5 giant stuffed animals accompanying them.

“I must say that I am very impressed,” Felicity complimented as they crept slowly to the top of the wheel, “I thought that some of those games were designed to be unwinnable.”

“Nah, it just requires a little finesse,” Oliver remarked.

Felicity laughed and glanced out over the edge as they neared the top. Her laugh faded from her lips and she paled, “I forgot to mention that I’m afraid of heights, which I just now learned.”

Reaching for her hand, Oliver intertwined their fingers, “On the brightside, if we go down we have a pretty good chance of our fall being broken by one of these stuffed animals.”

She dug her nails into his hand and ground out, “Not helpful Oliver.”

“Sorry,” Oliver apologized sheepishly, “I think what you need is a little distraction…”

“Wha—“

Felicity’s question was interrupted by Oliver crashing his lips into hers. When they felt the ride stop at the bottom, they broke apart and she looked up at him with a dazed expression.

“Welcoming to Starling, Felicity," Oliver broke through her stunned silence.

“Do you greet all the new girls with a kiss like that?” Felicity asked as they gathered up the various animals and exited the ride.

“Nope, just this one that I’m planning on asking out to dinner,” Oliver replied with a grin.

“Oh. Like a date?”
“Yeah, what do you say? You, me, this really majestic unicorn,” Oliver held up one of his winnings and she smiled, “And some Big Belly Burger?”

“What’s Big Belly Burger?” Felicity inquired.

“Oh Miss Smoak, prepare to be in love,” Oliver answered as he looped his arm through hers, “Big Belly Burger serves the finest meal of a burger, fries, and extra thick milkshake, in quite possibly the entire world.”

Felicity raised an eyebrow at him, “I’ll be the judge of that.”

“So it’s a date?” Oliver asked hopefully.

Felicity nodded, “It’s a date.”
Prompt: A fic with Conner and Andie being adorable and Parent!Olicity? Pleasseeeee!

“Can we get pop tarts?” Andie asked and reached her hands out of the cart towards the shelves.

“Not this time love bug, we’re just picking up a few things for Mommy’s birthday cake before we pick Connor up from school,” Oliver replied and reached down to smooth an errant blond curl out of his daughter’s face.

She pouted and Oliver continued, “I bet you can talk Uncle Diggle into making blueberry pancakes for you tomorrow and that’s even better than pop tarts.”

Andie’s eyes brightened, “Are we having a sleepover?”

“Yes, Uncle Diggle, Aunt Lyla and Sara are coming over for dinner and then you and Connor are going over to their house for a sleepover so Mommy and I can have the house to ourselves.”

“What are you going to do?” Andie questioned in a tone that suggested that no fun could possibly be had without her.

Oliver bit back a laugh, “We’re going to cuddle.”

“But I like to cuddle too,” Andie protested.

“I know you do love bug, but sometimes your Mommy and I like to cuddle by ourselves,” Oliver replied. Andie had developed a habit of crashing into their room every single night only a few minutes after they had laid down and insisting upon sleeping right in between him and Felicity. Trying to resist her sleepy blue eyes was futile. And while it had been cute at first, they were ready for a night without having to share their bed with anyone else. They hadn’t quite figured out how to explain to their kindergartener that if she was going to get that baby brother or sister she was always begging for she couldn’t sleep with them every night.

“Okay,” Andie relented, “What kind of cake does Mommy want?”

Oliver opened the freezer case and pulled out a carton of ice cream, “Ice cream cake.”

Andie licked her lips, “Yummy.”

“With brownie crust and Oreos on top,” Oliver continued as he pushed the cart down the aisle.

Andie patted his arm, “Oooh you’re going to get some good cuddles tonight Daddy. Mommy always gives you a big hug when you make her food.”

A lady standing a few feet away from them made a choking sound and he looked over to see her holding in a laugh. He shrugged at her with a sheepish smile and continued their walk down to the end of the aisle.
“Hurry up Connor, we’ve got ice cream in the car,” Oliver called out as they pulled up to the front of the school.

“Coming Dad!” Connor replied and ended his conversation with a petite redhead with glasses perched on her nose.

Oliver raised an eyebrow in the rearview mirror as his son slid into the backseat and buckled up, “Who was that?”

Connor blushed, “Samantha. She’s my partner for our science project. And I got lucky because she’s the smartest girl in the whole middle school.”

“Nice,” Oliver replied with a knowing smile.

“So what did you say about ice cream?” Connor asked quickly, obviously interested in changing the subject.

“We’re making ice cream cake for Mommy’s birthday,” Andie informed him.

When Connor first came to live with them, Felicity was unsure of what her role in his life was going to be. She certainly didn’t want to push the mom title on him. Connor had quickly become attached to her though, and when mom slipped out one day he hadn’t even batted an eye.

They pulled up to the house and Oliver grabbed the grocery bags while Connor helped Andie out of her car seat. Once they were set up in the kitchen, Oliver handed Andie a rolling pin and bag of Oreo cookies to crush and assigned Connor to mixing up the brownie batter.

“Should we have given her that job?” Connor asked warily as Andie’s face screwed up in concentration as she pounded the cookies.

“Andie, we need them to be in pieces, not completely destroyed,” Oliver reminded her gently.

Her hands stilled, “Oh, sorry.”

“It’s alright, I think they’re good,” Oliver assured her, “Why don’t you help Connor while I get the necklace to show you guys.”

He slipped out of the room and pulled a small box out of a drawer in his desk. Returning to the kitchen he opened the box to show off his handiwork. A delicate chain held two small pendants, a C and an A.

“Oooh that’s pretty Daddy,” Andie complimented.

“You think she’ll like it?”

Connor nodded, “Definitely.”

“We need to make her a card to go with it,” Andie declared and hopped off her stool to go in search of her art supplies.

Connor followed her and Oliver hung back in the kitchen to put the brownie in the oven. It was the sixth birthday that he had celebrated with Felicity as her husband. A lot had changed since that first year they were married. There were ups and downs, their family had grown, there were vacations and holidays and normal days (well, as normal as things could be for them), and even though he
didn’t know how it was possible he was even more in love with her now than on the day they had slipped wedding rings onto each other. His phone beeped and he looked down to see a text from her…

*Hey what time did you say dinner was?*

*6:30*

*Okay perfect. My last meeting is at 5. This will give me an excuse to keep it brief.*

*No rest for the CEO even on her birthday?*

*LOL no*

*Well birthday mode officially starts when you get home*

*Can’t wait :) Love you*

*Love you*

He went in search of his kids and found them sitting around the coffee table, crayons, markers and paper strewn everywhere. Andie looked up at him when he walked in and held up her card proudly. Most of the words were spelled incorrectly, but he knew Felicity would love it and it would have a prominent place on the bulletin board in her office. There was a big drawing on the front of her and Felicity surrounded by flowers and hearts and some things that Oliver had no idea of their identity.

“That’s a very pretty drawing, Mommy will love it,” Oliver assured her.

Connor shyly extended his card to Oliver and he took it. It was simply designed but there was a very sweet note inside that Oliver was confident would mean a lot to Felicity. The oven timer dinged and he advised them to clean up their mess while he finished the cake.

A few hours later the cake was setting in the freezer, Lyla had arrived with her chicken cacciatore, and Felicity stumbled in the door. She looked tired but her eyes instantly brightened when she saw her family gathered around the living room.

“Mommy!” Andie exclaimed and ran to meet her.

Felicity scooped her up, “Hey love bug.”

Connor walked over and grabbed her bag that she was awkwardly balancing from her, “Happy birthday!”

“Thanks bud,” Felicity replied as they walked into the dining room with everyone.

“Oooh Lyla that smells delicious, I’m starving,” Felicity remarked as she sat Andie down and took her seat next to Oliver, “Thea brought birthday lunch over but that seems like forever ago.”

“Well don’t eat too much dinner Mommy because we made you cake,” Andie blurted out.

Felicity reached over and tickled her belly, “I think I can handle it.”

Andie giggled, “I’m going to eat a huge piece!”

“She’s not going to sleep at all tonight, is she?” Digg asked.
“There’s a reason we’re sending her over to you,” Oliver answered with a wink.

As Andie had predicted, there was “good cuddles” to be had that night and at Felicity’s next birthday their family had grown to five.
The way I see it

Chapter Summary

Olicity's new relationship from Thea's POV

Thea stepped out of her bedroom and paused on the balcony at the sound of Felicity humming. Peering over the edge of the railing into the main room, she spotted her standing in the kitchen. A big, gray t-shirt that she knew was Oliver’s was slipping off her one shoulder and her hair was a wavy mess. Oliver had insisted on staying at the loft for a few days after they returned to Starling City so that she wouldn’t be alone while dealing with the delayed after effects of the pit and well, her brother and Felicity were a package deal now. Having Felicity humming to herself while making coffee in her kitchen? Definitely okay. Especially as she watched Oliver walk up behind her and engulf her in a giant hug, a smile on his face that there had been a time where she had thought she would never see again. A smile that reminded her of the days before their lives were so complicated; when their problems were picking a vacation spot, not threats from the League of Assassins. A smile he seemed to have found again in his time away with Felicity. He whispered something in her ear before kissing the top of her head and she blushed. Thea rolled her eyes and prepared to retreat back into her room. There were details that little sisters should never know about their big brother’s relationship and was not about to let herself be scarred for life. It appeared that she would be safe to ascend the stairs though when Oliver moved around the counter to sit at one of the bar stools. Felicity pushed a mug across the counter and she heard Oliver tease her about far exceeding her one cup, whatever that meant. Felicity shook her head and laughed before lifting her mug to her lips. Thea observed them in their happy and peaceful bubble for another moment before her grumbling stomach propelled her downstairs toward the kitchen. Felicity was ready for her with a mug of her favorite tea and she accepted it gratefully before opening a cabinet in search of some cereal. When she turned back around, Felicity was sitting next to Oliver, their hands intertwined as they drank their coffee and looked at something on her tablet.

“So when is this going to be like, official? Because you two are more married than some actually married couples,” Thea commented as she poured her cereal into a bowl.

“Soon,” she heard Oliver mutter and Felicity squeaked out an “oh.”

She looked up to see that their mugs had been abandoned and Felicity was being tugged into Oliver’s lap, her stool tipping precariously.

And this is my cue to exit. I’ll be eating on the outside balcony. If anyone needs me. Which I suspect you won’t.
Letter Prompts #1

Chapter Summary

- a: fire, flames, or excessive heat
- y: tears

Felicity jumped at the loud noise over the comms and asked frantically if everyone was okay.

“Just a small explosion, I’m alright,” Thea’s voice came through clearly.

One.

“Same with me, I’m going to go make sure there isn’t anyone trapped,” Laurel replied.

“Okay, be safe,” Felicity urged.

Two.

“I’m fine, just a little debris hit me,” Diggle grunted.

“You better let me check you out when you get back. In a platonic medical way. But you knew that — obviously,” Felicity babbled.

Three.

“Oliver?” she whispered.

No response.

“Has anyone seen Oliver?” she asked nervously.

“I can’t see him right now but the whole side of this building is catching fire so my view is kind of blocked by flames. I’m sure he’s around here somewhere, his comms might have just gotten messed up by the explosion,” Thea assured her.

It was silly, really, the tears that started to well up in her eyes. Thea was probably right and Oliver was probably perfectly fine. She was just… readjusting. Sure she had been the one who had pushed to return to their city saving activities, but she had forgotten how nervous she got when he was out in the field. She had gotten used to always having his voice, his presence around her in their time away that she had forgotten this feeling. This knot in her stomach that maybe something had gone wrong. She blinked and forced herself to focus on something else.

A few minutes later she spoke up again, “Any sign of Oliver?”

Laurel’s voice came across hesitantly over labored breathing, “No– but I’m on the other side from where he was trying to get some people out from underneath a collapsed beam before this fire spreads.”

“I don’t see him either Felicity but I think this explosion was just a diversion, our guy is probably on the run. Can you pull up the traffic cams and see if you can pin him down?”
Felicity listened as Diggle explained the car type that they were looking for and scanned through the traffic cams, ignoring the ever growing knot.

“I think I’ve got him, intersection of 5th and Madison,” she directed.

“You got that Thea?” Dig asked and Felicity heard the roar of Thea’s motorcycle.

“On it.”

Felicity tapped her fingernails on the counter and took note of their chipping red lacquer. They could use a re-painting tonight.

She took note of the fact that there was a little bit of dust along the top of her computer monitor and she brushed it away.

She occupied her mind with anything other than the fact that it had now been an hour since her last contact with Oliver and right now she really needed to hear his voice.

“Felicity!”

She snapped to attention, “Yeah?”

Thea’s voice was slightly drowned out by the sound of her motorcycle so she strained to hear her, “Good news, I found Oliver. I was right, his comms went out in the explosion, but he’s okay and he’s helping me close in on our arsonist.”

Felicity breathed out a sigh of relief, “Thank you Thea. Now get our bad guy and get everyone home safely.”

“Will do,” Thea promised and Felicity sunk back into her chair.

When they returned an hour later she sprung up from her chair and attacked Oliver in a hug. Pulling back, he noticed her tear stained eyes and frowned.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to worry you,” he apologized and pushed her glasses up onto her head to gently brush away a few stray tears that still rested under her eyes.

She rolled her eyes at him, “You really don’t need to apologize, what could you have done? Send up a smoke signal? I’m pretty sure no one would have noticed. We are definitely upgrading our comms system though.”

“Still, I should have gone looking for one of the others once I realized I was out of contact so we could reassure you that everyone was alright,” Oliver protested.

“Fine, if you want to be apologetic, I’ll let you make it up to me,” Felicity reached up and ran her finger along an exposed part of his arm that was covered in soot, “Let me clean you up?”

Oliver grinned, “To the shower m’lady…”

Thea made a gagging sound and Dig grunted, “Yeah I’m out. See you tomorrow.”
“So you’re sure you’re okay with this, because I don’t want you to feel pressured and if it’s too much for you to return I totally understand and—”

“Felicity,” Oliver interrupted her and reached over to pull her hand into his lap, “I understand why you want to go back and I told you I’m okay with it.”

Felicity smiled softly but there was still a crease in her brow, “I guess I’m just worried that umm—well, things aren’t going to change between us once we get home, right?”

“I’ve been home this whole time,” Oliver squeezed her hand reassuringly, “You’re my home.”

Felicity rolled her eyes but she couldn’t hide the wide grin on her face, “You are such a sap, like that is straight out of some cheesy romance novel.”

Oliver laughed before replying seriously, “It’s true though. And sure there’s going to be stuff that we’ll have to deal with when we get back but we’ll deal with it together.”

“Promise?”

“I promise,” Oliver reassured her.

“So I appreciate the sentiment that I’m your home and everything but we still have to figure out what our actual living situation is going to be. You can’t exactly live inside of me.”

Oliver raised a playful eyebrow at her.

“Despite your attempts to prove otherwise,” she continued, “I mean, I don’t know if I have commented on this yet but you really have incredible stamina, like I knew you had to, because all that salmon laddering has got to translate somehow, but I was not prepared. But anyway, back to the matter at hand, roof over our head. Assuming that you want to live together. But maybe you’re sick of seeing our toothbrushes sitting in a cup next to each other and having me kick you in the shins while we sleep and listening to me sing in the shower…”

Oliver rubbed his thumb over her knuckles, “I could never get sick of you. Bruised shins and all, I’m here for the long run.”

Felicity sighed, “Good.”

“We should find someplace new that’s ours, no bad memories from the past, just a fresh start,” Oliver suggested.

Felicity agreed, and after a few moments of content silence, she spoke up again, “Do you think we can find someplace with a big porch? I want a porch swing. And a nice kitchen with a bar that I can sit at while you cook for me…. Oooh and jacuzzi tub like at that one hotel we stayed at…. I should
really be writing this stuff down. You have a good memory though, so pay attention.”

Oliver smiled as she babbled on and debated hardwood vs. carpet floors, pool or no pool…..

“How many bedrooms?” he asked abruptly and she looked over at him.

“What do you mean?”

“Umm, do you, would you, in the future do you see us having a family?” Oliver fumbled out.

Felicity bit her lip to contain her grin, “Yeah… for the future, some extra bedrooms would be good.”
“Oliver stop pacing, you’re making me anxious,” Felicity complained.

Oliver paused and looked at her with a helpless puppy expression, “I hate not being able to do anything, we’ve been here for hours.”

“Yeah well, this baby seems to be about as stubborn as you so prepare yourself for a long night of doing nothing,” Felicity replied, “And please just sit down or something.”

Oliver obliged and came to sit next to her on the edge of the bed, “Are your contractions getting more frequent? Are you in pain? Should I get the doctor?”

Felicity gritted her teeth, “No, yes, no.”

Oliver’s eyes widened, “Like a lot of pain?”

“Oliver, I’m honestly not really sure what your definition of a lot of pain is,” Felicity remarked before wincing.

Grabbing her hand, Oliver rubbed soothing circles over her knuckles as her lip started to quiver.

“I just want it to be over. I want to hold our baby, but what if I can’t do it? I don’t know how to give birth, right now all I want to do is scream. How do people do this?” she asked frantically.

“Hey, you can do this,” Oliver reassured her, “And I’ll be right here the whole time, being completely helpless, but I’ll be here.”

“Thank you,” Felicity whispered, “I can’t believe it’s almost time. 9 months seemed so long…”

“And it seems like he or she is determined to make us wait a little longer,” Oliver complained teasingly.

“Yeah well if you could speed things up that would be great because I’m getting a little impatient,” Felicity directed towards her stomach, “Owww!!!”

Oliver stiffened, “Are you alright?”

“Okay now would probably be the time to get the doctor,” Felicity panted.

He hopped up from the bed and bolted out of the room, returning a few minutes later with a nurse.

“The doctor will be here in a few moments, I’m just going to check things out and see where you’re at,” the nurse explained.

Felicity nodded and Oliver returned to his place at her side so she could clamp her small hand around his. The doctor arrived shortly after and consulted with the nurse.
“Okay Felicity, deep breaths,” he instructed.

20 minutes later they met their baby girl for the first time. All the waiting, and pain, and tears were worth it.

“Are you okay?” Oliver asked after the umbilical cord was cut and little Andrea Moira Queen was whisked away to be swaddled by the nurse.

“If I wasn’t blissed out on maternal joy right now I would probably be a little less okay,” Felicity admitted, “I guess I’m mostly just tired, it’s been a long night.”

“Well you were amazing and you didn’t break any bones in my hand which I appreciate.”

“You’re welcome,” Felicity smiled tiredly.

The nurse returned with Andie and nestled her into Felicity’s arms. Oliver watched as Felicity brushed the gentlest of kisses to her head.

“Hello little love bug, you were so worth the wait,” she whispered.
Lightning flashed around her as she fidgeted nervously and silently urged the driver to go faster. She knew it was probably a little silly but she didn’t like Oliver to be home alone during bad storms.

She had taken notice soon after they had become friends the look that always briefly clouded his eyes whenever the sky grew dark. Memories of the island that he had buried, bubbled up as thunder boomed. His body would tense for a fraction of a second and maybe others didn’t notice, but she did. She had wanted to comfort him in some way but she always felt she had to walk that thin, just friends, line.

But that was then.

Now, when the clouds rolled in, she could do something other than just acknowledge his pain from the distance. Despite the great strides that he had made in freeing himself from the burdens of his past, there was something about storms that sometimes still haunted him. When she could see that he was struggling, she was silent and just let him bury his head in the crook of her neck as she curled up on his lap. Other times he was fine, but she still liked to stay close.

Relief flooded her when they turned onto her street and she thanked the driver quickly before quickly making her way to the door, the first few drops of rain beading up on the shoulders of her trench coat. She was greeted by the sound of glass breaking as a roar of thunder crackled in the sky.

“Oliver?” she sought him out, peeking her head in the entrances of rooms.

She found him in the kitchen sweeping up glass and her footsteps caused him to turn and great her with a sigh, “You’re home.”

“Are you okay?” she asked with a furrowed brow.

“Yeah. I was just lost in thought and the thunder startled me while I was getting a glass of water,” Oliver admitted.

She set her bag down as he finished cleaning up the mess and then she walked towards him for a hug. While she was enveloped in his arms she tilted her head up to ask him what he had been thinking about.

“You,” he answered simply, “I know you think you’re being sly, but I know that you like to keep an eye on me during storms.”

“Guilty as charged. Although to be honest I like to keep an eye on you all the time. You’re very nice to look at,” Felicity winked and she was relieved when some of the tension on his face dissipated and the corners of his mouth ticked upward.
It quickly turned to a frown though, “I thought I was past all this.”

“Oliver,” Felicity reached up to cradle his face, “You’ve been through more traumatizing stuff than just about anyone and you’ve had very little time to process any of it before it was on to the next thing. It’s okay that you’re still healing. What’s important is that you’ve let people in who can help you.”

Oliver turned his face to kiss her palm, “I love you.”

“I love you too,” Felicity squeezed her arms around him as lightning lit up the kitchen.
Felicity shook her head to clear the dense fog that clouded her brain. The last thing she remembered was leaving work and then… nothing. Blinking her eyes she tried to adjust to the dark so she could figure out where she was. There wasn’t a whole lot of clues, just blank walls and no furniture except the chair that—she tried to stand up— was tied to.

Well this is fantastic.

Oliver glanced at the clock again and tried to ignore the feeling of dread in his stomach. There was a lot of traffic today, it was possible she had gotten held up in a meeting, she might have needed to run an errand after work… Okay forget this, he was calling her. As he was picking up his phone, her face flashed on the screen and he smiled.

“Hey, I’m sure you’re probably just tied up in traffic or something but you should know that I’m making your favori–”

“Oh Miss Smoak is most certainly tied up,” a man’s voice greeted him, “Continue though, I’m curious to know what her favorite meal is.”

Oliver’s face twisted in anger, “Who is this?”

“Not important,” the man answered nonchalantly, “What is important is that I get to meet you Mr. Queen. I think you’ll agree, because it truly would be a shame if your lovely lady didn’t make it home for dinner.”

“Where is she?” Oliver demanded.

“Where are we, you mean. Don’t forget my terms and conditions. I get a little meet and greet and your dinner plans don’t get ruined too badly.”

“Why are you so interested in me anyway?” Oliver asked, frustrated that he couldn’t have Felicity track the caller’s location because she was— well apparently she was with the caller.

“Now that’s a good question,” the man responded, “I suppose I should give you an answer. You see, I’m interested in you Mr. Queen for many reasons. For one, you accomplished a feat many wouldn’t even dare attempt. Not only did you deceive him, but you slayed the demon’s head, which I might add I’m very grateful to you for. Ra’s was quite the inconvenience.”

“Damien Dahrk,” Oliver muttered.
“Indeed,” Dahrk replied, “I was beginning to worry that you might not come to this conclusion. I truly detest spelling everything out.”

The thought of Felicity in the hands of someone who’s ruthlessness matched Ra’s made Oliver’s stomach clench. He needed to get to her.

“Now the second reason that I’m interested in you has to do with the matter of my daughter,” Dahrk continued.

“You daughter?” Oliver questioned. He was beyond done with arranged marriages to power hungry psychos’ daughters.

“Despite cutting all formal ties with my family, I have of course kept an eye on my dear daughter. I knew that she had great potential; even at a young age she had a sharp intellect.”

Puzzle pieces started to click together in Oliver’s head.

“I don’t really know what my father is because he abandoned us…”

“You’re Felicity’s father,” Oliver concluded numbly.

“You’re another correct deduction Mr. Queen. Yes, Felicity is my daughter. And I am immensely proud of her, but she has not reached her full potential yet. I need her at my side, and yet I expect a reluctance from her to leave yours. Of course I could just eliminate you, but I see you as a valuable asset as well. So what do you say we sit down for a brief chat Mr. Queen?”

“Let me talk to Felicity,” Oliver growled.

“Certainly,” Dahrk replied calmly.

“Oliver,” Felicity whispered nervously once her father—

**HER FATHER**

— gave her phone back to her.

“Felicity are you okay?” Oliver’s voice came through frantically.

“Oliver I had a stand off with Ra’s Al Ghul, I think I can handle my dad,” she attempted to joke but her voice cracked.

The emotions surging through her body were sapping her courage a little more than she wished.

“I’m on my way, just— hang in there.”

“Oliver, we are done making deals with lunatics, okay? DONE.”

She heard her father chuckle at her words and she goosebumps broke out over her exposed skin.

“I can’t just leave you with him,” Oliver protested.

Felicity sighed and whispered, “Well then you better come up with a brilliant plan on your way over here.”
If there was one thing Oliver had learned in the debacle last year, it was that a brilliant plan was not usually one that involved going it alone. Thea’s reassuring arms wrapped tightly around his waist as he swerved his motorcycle around traffic to the rendezvous point that Dahrk had told him.

When they arrived Thea walked off to recon. He turned on his comms as he entered the building and surveyed the room, staying out of sight. Felicity was sitting tensely, bound to a chair, and Dahrk was pacing in front of her.

“This guy must be pretty confident in your compliance,” Thea’s voice crackled in his ear, “I’m not seeing any back-up.”

“I’ll distract Dahrk and take out the lights, you help Felicity. Standard wrist and ankle binds,” Oliver instructed.

“Got it,” Thea answered and he saw her slip in through another entrance.

He stepped forward into the dim circle of light around Dahrk and Felicity, making his presence known.

“Mr. Queen, a pleasure to finally make your acquaintance,” Dahrk stepped forward and extended his hand.

“You should know that using the person I love as a way to insure our meeting is not the way to get in my good graces,” Oliver ground out and gripped his hand tightly.

“Getting in your good graces is not an interest of mine, getting what I want is,” Dahrk countered.

“Well I’m afraid I’m going to have to disappoint you,” Oliver replied and tossed one of his micro arrows at the fuse box, enveloping the room in darkness.

After a brief moment of confusion, Thea was pushing Felicity into Oliver’s arms and they made a run for it.

Thea emerged from the building a few minutes after them, “That’s weird. He’s gone and he really didn’t even make an effort to stop us.”

“We didn’t escape,” Felicity muttered, “Not really. He might have let us go this time but this isn’t over.”

Back at home they found a message flickering across their TV screen.

_I applaud your attempts to evade me. It was so valiant I had to indulge you this time. But you were foolish not to align with me when you had the chance._

Felicity swallowed and walked over to pull the cord from the wall, the message still burned into her eyes. Oliver reached for her and led her gently over to the couch.

“Wrist,” Oliver directed and she extended them to him.

One at a time he carefully inspected where the rope had cut into her flesh and kissed the angry red marks tenderly.

“Ankles.”

She swung her feet up into his lap and he removed her shoes, giving her ankles the same treatment as
her wrists.

“What?” Felicity wrinkled her nose in confusion.

Oliver tapped her chest, “I’m concerned most of the pain isn’t visible.”

Tears sprung to her eyes and she leaned into him, “I’m scared.”

Oliver unwound her ponytail holder and massaged her scalp, “Me too. If anything happens to you —”

“You have to promise me something,” Felicity interrupted him.

“Anything.”

“Promise me you won’t try to stop him alone. You can’t be so afraid of me getting in the crossfire that you push me away. I’m already in the crossfire, you need to let me help.”

Oliver nodded, “We’re a team.”

Felicity cracked a small smile, “And a pretty good one too.”

“I’m sorry that your dad is uhh—”

“A supervillian?” Felicity supplied.

Oliver shook his head in amused and was about to responded when Felicity’s stomach growled loudly.

“Any chance that dinner is still a possibility?”

Chapter End Notes

So I wrote this before all the new spoilers about Damien Dahrk came out and now I'm starting to think he isn't Felicity's father, what do you guys think?
“Extended Summer hours at Castle Park begin tomorrow night,” Felicity read off of her news feed, “What does that mean?”

“They allow people in the park overnight during the summer for stargazing,” Oliver answered as he handed her a mug of coffee, “It’s far enough out of the city limits that there isn’t as much light pollution. To be honest it’s mostly just a popular place for high school couples to make out.

“Have you ever gone?” she asked casually as she scrolled on.

Oliver sat down across from her, “Um, no. In high school I was a spoiled brat who lived in a mansion with a king size bed. I didn’t understand why anyone would want to go lie on the cold, hard ground just to kiss.”

“Oh. Right.”

“However,” Oliver reached for her hands, “As you know I have spent many nights sleeping outside and no longer have that much of an aversion to the cold, hard ground. Also, I find just about anything enjoyable if it’s with you, so if you want to go make out under the stars…”

Felicity looked up at him and smiled, “Yeah?”

“Yeah, and then I can tell you cheesy star related pick-up lines.”

Felicity raised her eyebrow, “Such as…”

“If a star fell every time I thought of you, the sky would be empty.”

Felicity laughed, “Is that how you got all the girls when you were in high school?”

“No, that was more Tommy’s MO. This was his favorite: Is your dad a thief? Because I saw him steal the stars to put in your eyes.”

Felicity’s face fell and Oliver quickly realized what he said, “I’m sorry, I wasn’t thinking.”

“No it’s okay, it’s quite possible that my dad actually is a thief. So he might have stolen the stars for my eyes,” Felicity recovered and tossed him a flirtatious look over her glasses, “I must be the sun and you must be the Earth because the closer we get, the hotter you become.”

“Alright, Miss Smoak has some game,” Oliver laughed, “I think we can assimilate with the highschoolers just fine.”

“It’s a date then. And who knows? You might get lucky and I’ll let you put your hands up my shirt,” Felicity teased.

Oliver leaned across the table to kiss her, “I’ll be counting down the hours.”
q: one missed call
(technically this is 2 missed calls, I’m allowed to break the rules right?)

“Hey so I guess you’re out on patrol or something but I wanted to let you know that my flight got changed and I’m on my way home. See you in a few hours. Love you!”

Oliver smiled as the message played off his phone. She had been out of the country on a business trip for the past two weeks and the time zone difference and her busy schedule had made it hard for them to talk. Often he had woken up to a voicemail from her and he would leave her one to listen to before she fell asleep. To say he was ready for her to be back home would be an understatement. He was very ready to her to be home.

Looking at what time she had left the message and checking the current time he guessed it would probably be another three hours until he could meet her at the airport. He called her driver to let him know that he would take care of picking her up and then set to finishing cleaning up some of the projects he had undertaken in her absence. Painting supplies from the fresh coat of gray-blue in the bathroom, the pale yellow in the kitchen, and the lavender in her office; the box from the new bookcase he had assembled and adorned with the pictures and souvenirs they had picked up on their summer trip and hadn’t found homes for yet; and his tools he had used to install the new lights in the kitchen needed to be taken care of. Once he was finished, he stopped over at the florist to pick up a bright bouquet of flowers for her desk at home. Placing them in the corner, he glanced at the time on her computer monitor and hastily headed across the hall into their bedroom to change into clean clothes before heading over to the airport.

Felicity hopped up from her seat the second the pilot gave her the go ahead and grabbed her carry-on. She hoped that Oliver had gotten her call and would be ready for her. A pang of disappointment hit her as she stepped out onto the tarmac and found it empty. In hindsight maybe she should have just called her driver and surprised him at home. She was pulling her phone out of her bag when the Porsche rolled into view and she grinned. Oliver stepped out and she ran forward to attack him with a hug.

“Sorry I’m late,” he apologized as he wrapped his arms tightly around her.

“Mmmm no, you’re just on time,” she murmured as she buried her face in his chest, breathing in the smell of their laundry detergent, and him, and home.

He ran his fingers through her hair, “I missed you.”

“Missed you too,” she pulled back to look up at him and her mouth opened in a giant yawn.

“Let’s get you home,” he scooped her up and lowered her down into the passenger seat before going to retrieve her suitcase.
Oliver looked over at Felicity, her glasses askew, head tilted to the side, and soft snores escaping from her. Every so often the wind caused a strand of her to blow into her face and her nose scrunched up as it tickled her. When they arrived at their house he lifted her up and carried her inside and down the hall to the bedroom. He had been excited to show her what he had done while she was away but it appeared that that would have to wait until morning. Not that he was complaining, curling up next to her while they slept was one of the things he missed most when she was gone. Their bed seemed far too big when he was sleeping there alone. Lying her down, he carefully pulled off her heels and glasses. He paused and assessed how easy it would be to get her dress off without waking her. Side zipper, no problem. Gently, he tugged it down and slid the dress off of her. Taking his own shoes and clothes off, he laid down next to her and pulled her into his arms. A contented sigh escaped her lips and he pressed a kiss into her hair.

Felicity woke up to Oliver trailing kisses across her back.

Flipping over, she smiled at him, “Definitely a better way to wake up than the sound of my alarm.”

He returned her smile, “I have something to show you.”

“Does it require leaving this bed?” she asked, her fingers slipping into the waistband of his boxers.

He laughed, “Yes it does.”

“Can it wait?” she inched his boxers down his hips.

“Oh huh,” he muttered as she kissed along his jawline.

“— so see you in a few minutes kiddos!”

The last end of the message playing on their answering machine jolted Oliver awake. Felicity was sound asleep again next to him after he had thoroughly welcomed her home and showed no signs of waking soon. Even though he knew exactly who had left the message, there was really only one person who ever called them on their home phone, he pushed play and hoped that maybe he had heard wrong.

“I had a few days off and I really wanted to see all the work Oliver has been doing on the house so I got a cheap flight and I’m here in Starling, or Star City or whatever it’s called now and I’m in a cab and oh look we’re turning into your neighborhood, so see you in a few minutes kiddos!”

The doorbell rang and he scrambled to find his discarded boxers. Before he could put them on, he heard the door open and the sound of Donna Smoak’s heels clicking on the hardwood floor grew louder and louder. He hopped into bed and pulled the sheets over top of him just as she appeared in the doorway of their bedroom.

“Oh I am so sorry!” Donna’s hand flew to her mouth, “I forgot Felicity just got home from her trip, of course you two had some business to attend to….”

Felicity awoke at the sound of her mom’s voice and her eyes widened, “MOM! What are you doing in our bedroom?!?”

“Well no one was answering the door and I guessed that you might have a spare key underneath the mat just like we did at home while you were growing up and I was right so I let myself in and then I thought that maybe you… well actually I don’t know what I was expecting to find in your bedroom other than—” she waved her hands at the two of them with their hair sticking out in all directions and
the sheets twisted around them, “—-this. I just wanted to see the new stuff Oliver had done to the house….”

“What new stuff?” Felicity turned to face Oliver.

“That’s what I wanted to show you. I did some projects while you were away and I told your mom about them…. didn’t expect her to show up—- not that we aren’t happy to see you Donna,” Oliver added hastily.

“How about you go make yourself comfortable in the living room while we get dressed Mom?” Felicity added.

“Great idea,” she replied, backing up, “Oh and Felicity? It’s kind of chilly out there today, good sweater weather… maybe a turtle neck.”

Felicity looked at her mom in confusion, until she glanced over at the mirror above their dresser. She blushed and pulled the sheets up to her chin, while her mom winked at her before turning and walking out of the room.

“So.... You ready to see what I’ve been up to?” Oliver asked tentatively.

She glared at him, “Well my mom already has.”

He shrugged and gave her a sheepish grin, “I missed you.”
Chapter Summary

g: a fistfight

Felicity walked over to the freezer and dug around for an ice pack. Oliver followed her with an apologetic expression on his face.

“Don’t even try to give me those puppy dog eyes,” she declared, letting out a huff of frustration when she couldn’t find an ice pack and instead settled for a bag of frozen blueberries, “Just because I’m taking care of you does not mean that I’m not still mad.”

She pointed to one of their barstools and he sat down so she could examine the purple bruise that was forming across his cheek before handing him the makeshift ice pack.

“I mean what were you thinking? You can’t just get into fist fights in the middle of a restaurant. Who even was that guy?”

“Someone I knew a while ago and he moved away so he hasn’t been in Starling for years. He made some comments about you that I didn’t like,” Oliver answered in a small voice.

“So you decided to handle it in the most childish way possible,” Felicity remarked.

“I’m sorry,” Oliver offered up.

Felicity bit her lip, “What was he saying about me?”

“Nothing that you need to worry about. He doesn’t know either of us so his comments are completely unwarranted.”

“But you said you knew him…”

“A long time ago when I was not the person I am now,” Oliver clarified, “I mean the notion that you’re a gold digger is so ridiculous…”

“Considering my net worth is now more than yours,” Felicity teased, her anger starting to dissolve.

Oliver grinned as he sat down the bag of blueberries, “I told him you were my sugar mama right before I punched him in the face.”

Felicity threw her head back in laughter before shimmying her hips and pretending to make it rain money.

“For the record, I’m still mad at you,” she added as she climbed onto his lap.

“Really? ‘Cause the smile on your face is kind of suggesting otherwise….”

She sighed, “You are a loveable idiot. But if you get into another fistfight while we’re supposed to be on a date, even if it’s to defend my honor, I’m cutting you off. From all benefits.”
He nodded, “I promise.”

She rocked her hips against him, “Smart man.”

Oliver gripped her legs and lifted her as he stood up, “Mhm.”

He carried her into the bedroom and set her down gently on the bed before crawling over top of her and capturing her lips.

She pulled back, “Aren’t you in pain? I don’t want to hurt you.”

He scoffed, “It looks worse than it is. He didn’t know how to throw a real punch.”

“Oh. Good,” she commented, pulling his face back down to hers.

“And your hand?” she muttered into his lips.

He reached down and pushed her dress up her thighs, exposing the soft skin for his hands to caress, “Won’t be a problem.”
Felicity telling Oliver about her day sometime in season 1 following the conversation where he told her if she ever needs to tell someone about her day she can tell him

Oliver looked up as Felicity stormed down the stairs into the foundry, sincerely hoping that he wasn’t the source of her rage.

“I just can’t handle this anymore! If he questions my ability to handle simple tasks that a 5 year old could do, I’m going to show him exactly what I’m capable and unleash my cyber wrath on his personal computer,” she declared in a huff and set her bag down, “I mean this is ridiculous, I did not go to MIT to be—”

“Felicity, what are you talking about?” Oliver asked tentatively.

“I’m telling you about my day. Well actually multiple days because this has been going on for a while now. You told me I could tell you about my day, remember?” her voice dropped off and she seemed unsure of herself, fiddling with the arm of her chair.

“Of course,” Oliver replied, sliding his chair across the floor to sit next to her, “I forgot that sometimes your day doesn’t involve people getting arrows put into them.”

Felicity smiled weakly, “No it’s okay; I really don’t need to bother you with this.”

He reached a hand out to touch her shoulder, “Felicity. I meant it when I said you could talk to me.”

She sighed, “Okay. Here’s the thing. My supervisor doesn’t appreciate the fact that I am the smartest person on his staff because that would require him accepting that I’m more capable of doing his job than him. He gives me these basic tasks to do and he always has to check to make sure I’ve done it properly. Like I could set up an email account for a new staff member and he would have to evaluate me to make sure that I didn’t somehow screw it up and— well it’s insulting.”

Despite his lack of office experience, Oliver understood what it felt like to be dismissed as incapable of meeting expectations.

He squeezed her shoulder reassuringly, “Don’t let him get to you. And hey, Digg and I are more than willing to accept that you are smarter than us. Do you want me to put an arrow in him?”

She shook her head, “No that won’t be necc—wait you would do that for me?”

He shrugged, “He has failed this FeliCITY.”

“Did you just make a pun? A terrible pun, might I add. Did I just see a glitch in the default brood setting?”

Oliver cracked the amused smile she always seemed to bring out of him, “Feeling better now?”

“I am. Thank you Oliver.”
“Anytime.”

She turned to her computer and Oliver returned to sharpening arrows.

A few minutes later he spoke up, “So you never really answered me about the whole arrowing your supervisor thing…”

“No Oliver!”
Sick Day

Chapter Summary

Prompt: CANON OLICITY! BECAUSE ALL THE CUTE COUPLE THING I'M BEING SUPER IMPATIENT FOR. PROMPT: FELICITY WAS SUPPOSED TO MEET OLIVER SOMEWHERE (LUNCH OR SOMETHING MAYBE) BUT DOESN'T SHOW. INSTEAD HE FINDS HER AT HOME SICK AND OLIVER BEING THE GOOD BOYFRIEND HE IS TAKES CARE OF HER!

Oliver wove in and out of traffic on the Ducati as he made his way over to Palmer Tech. He pushed down the wave of annoyance that his family’s company still bore that name. A name was just a name, what was important was that the person behind the CEO desk was family in everything but name— for now.

Wednesdays were their day for him to pick her up for lunch at Big Belly Burger and he was eager to get to the office. He had left the house very early that morning to help Thea check up on a lead in the Glades, which prevented him from saying good morning to her as she had been working late the night before and he didn’t want to wake her.

Pulling into his parking space, he frowned at her empty one. It was possible that she had parked somewhere else that morning, or that she had called in a driver, but either scenario was unlikely. He checked his phone and didn’t see any messages from her so he headed into the building.

In the lobby he ran into her new friend, “Mr. Holt, good to see you. Is Felicity in her office?”

“Good to see you too, Mr. Queen but I actually haven’t seen Felicity today. I thought maybe she was still in bed….”

He winked and gave Oliver a nudge which Oliver returned with a blank stare, “Okay then… I honestly don’t want to know what you two talk about— Anyway, I’m here to pick her up for lunch. I guess I should just call her.”

When she didn’t answer, he walked off towards the elevators, thinking that maybe she was in a meeting. Jerry would know. Upstairs, Jerry was pacing the lobby outside her office nervously and jumped when Oliver stepped out of the elevator.

“Mr. Queen. Is Felicity with you?”

“No,” Oliver’s fingers twitched, “She didn’t show up today?”

“No, and I tried calling her—multiple times, and she didn’t answer. She had an important meeting this morning. I took care of it for her, not the meeting obviously, rescheduling.”

Oliver took a deep breath, “Thank you Jerry. I’m sure she will appreciate that. Why don’t you go home and take the day off, I’ll find Felicity.”

“Find her?” Jerry looked at him in panic, “You mean she’s not just taking a sick day and forgot to tell me… or you? Don’t you live together? How do you not know where she is?”
“Calm down Jerry,” Oliver put a hand on his shoulder, “You’re probably right. I’m going to go home now and take care of her so that she’s ready to come back to work soon and you can channel all of this nervous energy into fetching her coffee and keeping her schedule straight.”

Jerry nodded and grabbed his things while Oliver reached for his phone to try and call Felicity again. Despite what he told Jerry, he was a little concerned that she wasn’t answering. But no reason to jump to the worst possible conclusion first. She had been working hard lately, she might be feeling a little under the weather. Not to mention the fact that she was a heavy sleeper and her phone might not be waking her. He quickly made his way back down to the parking lot and hopped onto the bike to head home. When he got there he was relieved to see that there was no sign of anyone breaking into the house and Felicity’s work things were still arranged on the table by the door.

“Felicity?” he called as he walked towards their bedroom.

A groan was the only response he got from a Felicity shaped lump under the covers. Sitting down on the edge of the bed, he lifted the quilt and peeked underneath.

“Hey.”

“Hey,” she replied quietly before coughing.

Oliver toed off his shoes and slid all the way onto the bed to rub her back, “I’m sorry you’ve been all by yourself this morning. Why didn’t you call?”

“I can’t move and my phone is dead,” Felicity muttered before rolling over suddenly, “I had a meeting this morning.”

“Jerry took care of it for you,” Oliver ran his thumb over the crinkle in between her eyebrows, “What’s important is that you get better. What can I do for you?”

Felicity sighed, “Not to complain, but I’m freezing, I can’t breathe, I’m a little hungry, and I feel like I’ve been run over by a train.”

Oliver kissed her forehead, “I think I can fix all of that.”

“Yeah?” Felicity gave him a small smile.

“Mhmmm. I’ll be right back,” Oliver rolled off the bed and pulled the covers around her tightly.

He walked into the kitchen and pulled out the leftovers from the soup he had made the other night. Ladling out a bowl and tossing it into the microwave he went in search of her favorite towel, his towel actually, to put in the dryer. When the microwave dinged, he grabbed a spoon and took the soup into the bedroom.

He helped her to sit up against the headboard which he had padded with a bunch of pillows, “Eat up, I’m going to run you a bath.”

Felicity accepted the soup from him, “Thank you. And that sounds wonderful.”

Oliver walked into the en suite bathroom and turned on the faucets of their Jacuzzi tub. When they first had been looking for a house, a large tub hadn’t exactly been a necessity. After a few rough missions though, they had found that it was the perfect place to unwind and he was glad they had it. Steam clouded the bathroom as the warm water filled the tub and he went to retrieve Felicity.

“Ready for your bath? This will help with the chills and your chest congestion.”
“Yes Dr. Queen,” Felicity replied and set her bowl on the bedside table to pull her pajamas off.

He walked over to the bed to scoop her up and carry her into the bathroom. Once she was settled into the tub, he stripped his clothes off and joined her, nestling her against his chest.

A cough shook her body and he pressed a kiss into her hair, “The steam should start opening you up soon.”

Felicity took a ragged breath and relaxed against him. Rubbing her thighs, he listened as her breathing started to even out and her coughing stopped.

When the water started to chill he got out to retrieve her towel from the dryer and wrapped her up, “Feeling better?”

“Mhmmm, you’re the best,” she rolled up onto her toes to give him a kiss, “Let’s cuddle.”

“That is, in fact, phase 3 of my make you feel better strategy,” Oliver replied as he followed her into their bedroom.

“Despite the fact that I still feel a little bit like I’ve been run down by a train, I would say that your strategy is working pretty well so far,” Felicity remarked as she crawled onto their bed.

Oliver laid down beside her and wrapped her in his arms, “Good.”

After a few moments, Oliver spoke up again, “Hey Felicity?”

“Mhmm?”

“I love you.”

“I love you too,” Felicity pressed a kiss to his chest above his heart, “Thanks for taking care of me.”

He thought about the ring box that was nestled inside the pocket of his coat hanging by the door.

“Always.”
This is just a quick one shot I wrote because I’ve been watching Chuck and I wanted some Oliver and Felicity (feat. Thea) out on a mission together that I hope we get in s4.

“Okay at this point I think we’re going to have to admit that we’re lost,” Felicity muttered, “I’m 90% positive we’ve passed this spot twice already.”

“We’re not lost,” Oliver grunted as he readjusted his backpack.

Felicity just gave him a look and sat down on the ground, “Fine, we’re just a little disoriented. Either way, it’s getting dark.”

She pulled her water bottle out of her bag and took a long drink. They were attempting to infiltrate the home of one of Damien Dahrk’s close associates who lived in an impenetrable fortress in the middle of nowhere. Without declaring their presence with a helicopter, their only other option was hiking in.

And they were definitely lost.

“Can you get a signal on your tablet?” Thea asked as she came to sit down next to her.

“I’m going to go with no,” Felicity answered but pulled it out anyway, only to have her suspicions confirmed, “Nothing. We’re just going to get more lost if we try to continue on in the dark and flashlights will attract guards right to us.”

Oliver crouched down in front of her, “Is your phone getting reception?”

“No,” Felicity emphasized, “We are in a technological dead zone. I feel paralyzed. We’ll have to make camp for the night then and get our bearings in the morning.”

He sighed, “I just don’t want Digg and Laurel to worry when we don’t make contact. I wanted to be in and out all in one day.”

Felicity put a hand on his arm, “It’ll be okay. They’re busy with their patrols back in the city, I doubt they’ll have time to worry. And we brought along supplies in case it turned into a longer expedition than expected.”

“She’s right Oliver,” Thea chimed in, “Besides, I’m exhausted. We’ll be able to protect Felicity better after a night’s rest.”

That was all that was needed to convince Oliver. He already wasn’t happy that for Felicity to be able to access the information they needed she had to have direct access into the mainframe. Meaning she had to enter the home of someone who was buddies with one of the world’s most dangerous men. Putting her in danger had always been hard and not for the first time did he wish that they were still tucked safely away in their little beach house they had occupied over the summer.

“Okay. I’ll get a fire going,” he consented and the girls sighed in relief.
Felicity and Thea pulled out the hammocks they had packed just in case and strung them up in between trees around the clear spot where Oliver was building the fire.

“I’ll take first watch,” Oliver offered from where he was sitting by the crackling flames.

Thea told him to wake her up when he was ready to sleep before tucking herself away in her hammock. Felicity stepped forward and rested her hands on Oliver’s shoulders, massaging them gently.

He relaxed into her touch, “You should get some sleep.”

“I will. I just wanted to make sure that you were okay. It’s not your fault we got lost, these woods are crazy even for a wilderness pro like you.”

“That’s not what’s bothering me— and we’re not lost, it’s just a longer hike than I anticipated,” Oliver protested.

Felicity let out a small laugh, “Okay. What is bothering you then?”

“It’s stupid,” Oliver muttered.

“Stupid or not, you can tell me.”

“It’s just—” Oliver paused and Felicity squeezed his shoulders in encouragement to continue, “Getting back into this life… it’s hard having to put you into situations like this. It’s always been hard, even before I realized how much I love you, the casino, the Dollmaker… Slade, to put your safety at risk for others. But now more than ever, I can’t lose you. And I know it’s stupid because we wouldn’t be able to do this without you and it’s your choice to help and—”

“Oliver,” Felicity interrupted him and moved around to sit next to him, resting a hand on his knee, “You’re right, it is my choice to help, and it’s not like you or Thea could figure out how to access this information. I’m not going to be nervous for myself going in there tomorrow because I know you and Thea have got my back. But of course I understand why it makes you nervous. I’m on pins and needles every night when you’re suited up, until you come back to me and I can feel your heart beating against mine. We knew though what we were getting ourselves into when we came back; we have to do dangerous things.”

“I know,” Oliver sighed and lifted her hand off of his knee to rub his thumb along her knuckles gently, “And I don’t regret our decision. Sometimes I just wish we were still away together without a care in the world, instead of lost in the woods on our way to infiltrate a heavily secured estate.”

“So we are lost,” Felicity remarked teasingly.

“A little,” he grumbled.

She leaned in to rest her head on his shoulder, “I knew it.”

“You really should get some sleep now,” Oliver insisted.

“Okay,” she pressed a quick kiss to his lips as she stood up, “Love you.”

After she was nestled into her hammock it wasn’t long before she was fast asleep. Later, she was awoken briefly as Oliver joined her and tucked her into his side.

“We can pretend we’re in our hammock at the beach house,” she whispered into his chest.
“Not with my little sister 10 feet away,” Oliver whispered back in protest.

She tilted her head up to look at him, “The clothed version. That doesn’t end with us flipping into the sand.”

“That was not one of our best ideas.”

“No it wasn’t,” she laughed softly at the memory.

He kissed her forehead and slipped his warm hands up the back of her shirt to pull her in even closer. Hooking one of her legs over his, she quickly found herself falling back asleep.

“Wake up lovebirds,” Thea’s voice pulled her out of her sleepy haze, “I climbed up a tree to get a better vantage point and I know where we need to be heading.”

“Good,” Felicity slid out of the hammock and reached for her glasses that were sitting on her backpack.

“Ready to go Ollie?” Thea shook the rope on the hammock.

Oliver swung his legs around to stand up and nodded, “Let’s get this over with.”

With Thea leading, they made it to the house in an hour and her and Oliver made quick work of the first layer of security guards. Felicity took over from there and cracked into the access panel. Once they were inside the property, she pulled up the blueprints of the estate on her tablet that they had found and led the way towards the mainframe. Weaving in and out of hallways to avoid people and cameras, they only had one close call with a guard who found himself tied up in a maintenance closet before he could call for back-up.

“Sorry buddy,” Felicity apologized as Oliver closed the door, “Hopefully someone comes looking for a broom later.”

Oliver raised his eyebrow in amusement before gesturing for her to continue leading them down the hall. A few doors down, they entered the room holding the HIVE secondary mainframe. Oliver and Thea stayed posted at the door and Felicity walked over to the desk to hook up her tablet.

A few minutes later she raised her fist in triumph, “I’m in.”

“How long will it take to copy the data?” Thea asked.

“Hopefully not too long, they’re going to be tipped off that something is wrong soon,” Oliver warned them.

Felicity looked up at them, “I’d say 3 minutes, tops.”

Two minutes and forty-five seconds later they heard loud footsteps coming down the hallway and Oliver grunted in frustration.

Felicity’s brow crinkled nervously, “Uhh what are we going to do?”

“Finish what you’re doing and then stay behind Thea and I,” Oliver directed her as he secured the door.

She nodded and as soon as the files had transferred she disconnected her tablet and stood up to join them.
“Sounds like 4 guys,” Thea whispered.

“No problem,” Oliver grinned and shoved the door open.

Shielding Felicity, he had two of the guys on the ground quickly and Thea took care of the others. They could hear others coming though and knew they needed to get out of the building—right now.

Oliver scanned the hallway and noticed a large window on the end.

Following his sightline, Felicity sighed, “I’m going to be sore for weeks.”

“It’s not that far of a drop,” Oliver assured her, “Hold on tight and I’ll take most of the impact.”

The guards were getting closer and Oliver started running, the girls on his heels. At the window, Oliver reached for Felicity and she latched onto him, protecting her face in his chest, as the broke through the glass and flew through the air. They hit the ground with a thud and rolled for a few feet, Thea landing nearby. Scrambling to their feet, they didn’t pause to assess their condition before darting for the gate they had entered the property through. Once they were deep into the woods, they stopped to catch a breath. Felicity brushed herself off and extracted a piece of glass from her ponytail. Oliver had a gash on his face and she dug through her backpack for the slightly smashed first aid kit.

“The tablet is still okay, just in case anyone was wondering. Developed the case myself,” she announced proudly as she cleaned Oliver’s wound, “It can even withstand bullets. For when we visit our favorite coffee shop.”

Oliver shook his head and grinned, “Good. Are you okay?”

“Yeah, I mean you’re probably going to find some bruises on me tonight but I’m fine. Safe. Alive,” she tapped his chest pointedly, “And we got what we came for.”

She rolled up onto her toes to give him a kiss and he wrapped his arms around her back.

Thea coughed, “Uhh guys? I hate to burst your bubble, but on our little escape sprint, I don’t think we were really paying attention to where we were running and—“

Felicity pulled away from Oliver and groaned, “We’re lost.”
As Long As I'm With You

Chapter Summary

Just a little season 4 spec drabble based on some stuff from the trailer…

Oliver reached for Felicity’s hand as Laurel spoke to them, told them that they needed the Arrow to return. He knew it was impossible, the Arrow was dead and gone, and he didn’t want to live that life anymore anyway. However, there was that part of him that felt a pull back to his city, the city he had risked his life again and again to save, if it truly needed him. He brushed his fingers over Felicity’s knuckles, feeling her silent support next to him, knowing he wasn’t alone in making this decision. Laurel stopped talking and waited for a response.

“Felicity and I need some time to talk about it,” he said, turning back to give Felicity a questioning look which she responded to with a nod, “Make yourself comfortable in the meantime.”

Laurel nodded in understanding and sunk down into one of their armchairs.

Oliver tugged Felicity up off the couch and they headed upstairs. Bright and cheery and everything Oliver never thought his life would ever be, their bedroom was a stark contrast to what they would be returning to should they choose to pack their bags for Star City. Nestling into the cozy armchair in the corner, Oliver drew Felicity into his lap and pressed a kiss to the top of her head.

“What do you want to do?” she asked softly.

He sighed, “I think this is more a case of what I should do than what I want to do.”

She twisted slightly so she could look up at him, “At this point, I think you deserve your chance to do what you want to.”

He smiled down at her, “I just want to be with you.”

“That won’t change, even if our zip code does, you know that,” she promised and pressed a gentle kiss to his lips.

He turned her fully so she was straddling him and returned the kiss eagerly.

When he pulled back, he looked at her with a content expression, “Being here with you, in our house, made me think that I could be the person with a normal life, that we could just do this forever. That I’d have endless days of coming home to you attempting to cook and one day I’d get lucky enough to build a tree house in the backyard for our kids and when we’re old we’d sit on the front porch in our rocking chairs.”

Felicity absorbed his words. She knew as soon as they bought the house that this was they life they were both envisioning, but to hear him voice it aloud made her heart skip. Every once in a while she still had to remind herself that all this was real. That Oliver, the man who had always kept his emotions under lock and key, didn’t even try to hide his dreams anymore of what their life could be like together. For a second she let herself be transported to a place where she sat in their backyard and watched as Oliver built a treehouse for their children. Reality sunk in all too quickly though.
Leaning into his chest, she fiddled with his shirt as she spoke, “I think you’re right. I think we could live a happy life here, we’ve been living a happy life here, and I’m sure you’re an amazing tree house builder, but how long would we be able to ignore the fact that the people we love aren’t safe? That we could help them? You’re a hero Oliver, it just who you are, and I don’t think you’ll be able to stay out of that life forever.”

“We’re both heroes, the city needs you just as much as it needs me,” he corrected her, “It’s just—the last couple of months have been the best of my entire life and even though this is never how I saw my life unfolding, I thought this was it for us you know? I just don’t want to go back to the way things were before.”

She tapped his chest, “Oh believe me, we are only going back if you agree to some new terms and conditions for how this little team of you and I is going to function outside of mostly carefree bliss. But I’m not really worried that things are going to go back to the way they were; we aren’t returning as the same people that left. We’ve had time for wounds to heal, to figure out how to be an us.”

He sighed, “So we’re going to return?”

Reaching up, she cupped his face, “I think we need to go back. See Thea at the very least and asses what’s going on. It doesn’t automatically mean that you have to suit up and even if we do stay it doesn’t have to be for forever. We can keep our house here, and when we’re done saving the city, we can come back and one day fill up those extra bedrooms—- if that’s what you want.”

He turned his face to kiss her palm and down her wrist, “It is.”

“But maybe we’ll decide instead to stay and build our life there. Maybe normal for us will be like John and Lyla’s normal. Saving the city and having a life too. There might not be enough room for a tree house in the city though…”

“We’ll make it work,” he muttered into her lips before kissing her.

“We will. All of it,” she replied resolutely, “I love you.”

“I love you too. More and more every day.”

“You are such a sap.”

He kissed the tip of her nose, “You love it.”

“I do. But we need to remember that Laurel is downstairs waiting for us, because you’ve got that look on your face.”

“What look?”

She placed her hands in his chest and pushed herself off of him, “The look that is usually followed by the removal of clothing, which normally would not warrant any complaint but as I said, we have a guest.”

They returned to Laurel in the living room and gave her the verdict.

“I’m not the Arrow anymore and I can’t be. But we’re going to come back and see what we can do to help.”

“I know I’m asking a lot of you to leave what you have here, thank you. The team, the city really needs you two. I should be heading back now, but I’ll see you soon?”
Felicity nodded, “Very soon.”

Once she was gone, Oliver turned to Felicity, “We don’t have a guest anymore.”

“Shouldn’t we start getting things arranged to leave?”

Oliver shook his head and scooped her up, “In the morning. They’ve survived months without us, I think they can handle things a little bit longer.”
Chapter Summary

Prompt: Could you do a prompt of Felicity working like that and Oliver finding her schlumped over the desk asleep? It doesn’t need to be episode related maybe just a baddie of the week or something?

Oliver glanced over at his phone and smiled as the contact picture he had set for Felicity popped up. He had finally gotten along to replacing his old picture for her with one he had taken over the summer. Sun-kissed skin, freckles dotting her nose, and a beautiful smile that he was confident was unrivaled by anyone.

He tapped the screen of his phone to accept her call and started talking as he pulled dinner out of the oven, “Hey hon, I was just finishing making us a late dinner but if you’re putting in some extra time tonight I can pack it up and bring it to—–“

“Uhhh Mr. Queen? It’s Curtis. Curtis Holt.”

His heart clenched and he cursed his mind for immediately jumping to the worst possible conclusions as he blurted out frantically, “What’s wrong? Where’s Felicity?”

“She’s right here Mr. Queen,” Curtis assured him.

Oliver released his tight grip on the counter and swallowed, “Why are you using her phone then?”

“Well I didn’t have your number and sure, I could probably find it, but I figured it would be easier to just pick up Felicity’s phone. Sure enough you’re her first contact on speed dial, nice picture of the two of you on her background by the way. Is that Bali? I’ve always wanted to go to Bali…..”

“Curtis,” Oliver interrupted.

“Right. Sorry, not relevant. I’m calling because Felicity hadn’t been answering my texts for the past 2 hours or so, and when I went to check on her I found her asleep at her desk. I would just wait it out until she wakes up, because I know she’s not always fond of the suggestion that maybe she should go home and take a break, but considering the fact that I don’t think anyone’s life is on the line and she’s really not being very useful if she’s sleeping, I think she should probably call it a night. Also, the position she’s in cannot be good for her back.”

“Can’t you just wake her up so she can come home?” Oliver asked, sticking a thermometer in his chicken to make sure it was finished.

“If I wake her up, she’s going to be convinced that her nap will have been enough to keep her going for the next couple of hours but she’s been drowsy since she showed up this morning. I feel like you might have a better chance at winning that argument.”

“She didn’t get a lot of sleep last night,” Oliver remarked. It was a long night for all of them, dealing with a ghost strike on a pharmaceutical warehouse.

“I assure you that I didn’t need to know that,” Curtis muttered.
Oliver rolled his eyes, “Because she was busy with her second occupation.”

“Oh, right. That’s definitely what I was thinking you meant. Does it bother you that she runs around the city at night with another man?”

“Well she doesn’t normally do any running but---” Oliver stopped himself before he accidently gave anything away. Not that he wasn’t totally convinced that Curtis hadn’t put the pieces together yet. “Just let her sleep and I’ll be there as soon as possible.”

He hung up and put the dinner in the fridge before grabbing his keys and jacket to head out the door. Arriving at Palmer Tech, he took the elevator up to her office on the top floor. Her assistant was sitting at the desk that used to be hers what felt like a million years ago and he waved as he passed. An amused smile lit up his face at the sight of her slumped over her desk, glasses askew, papers spread out underneath her and an overturned coffee cup precariously close to falling off the edge. The office hadn’t changed much since when he had occupied it, save for the fern on the coffee table and some pictures of the two of them. When he walked in, Curtis hopped up from the couch and patted him on the arm as he left for his lab.

“Good luck,” he whispered.

Oliver shook his head and stepped up to her desk.

“Fe-li-ci-ty…”

A soft snore was her only reply.

Circling around her desk, he rubbed her back and tried again, “Felicity?”

She mumbled something unintelligible and keep snoozing. She wasn’t the heaviest sleeper, but he knew that when she was tired enough she was nearly impossible to wake… and his usual methods weren’t really appropriate for in her office. Which meant he would have to resort to plan B.

Spinning her chair carefully, he hooked his arm through her bag before scooping her up. She let out a sigh and he paused, thinking the movement had woken her, but she slept on.

He carried her out of the office and answered her assistant’s inquisitive look, “You can go home now; she’ll be back tomorrow.”

He nodded and hopped up to open the elevator door. Felicity woke up on the ride down to the lobby and blinked sleepily.

“What’s going on?” she asked groggily.

“We’re going home.”

“Oh.” She wrapped an arm around his neck and curled into him, her eyes closing again.

When they stepped out into the lobby, the receptionist opened the front doors for them and he carried her out to the car. It was a little tricky maneuvering the opening of the door and settling her into her seat, but he had certainly accomplished more difficult feats in his life.

Once they had gotten home and up to their bedroom, he laid her down gently on her side of the bed. Slipping off her heels and dropping them to the floor, he reached underneath her to seek out the location of her zipper. He tugged it down and pulled her dress off. After draping it over the chair in the corner, he undressed and curled up next to her. Tiredness was starting to settle over him too, but
just as he was about to fall asleep he felt her tense up and turn into him.

“Oliver?” she nudged his shoulder.

“Wha—“

“How did I get here? I need to get back to my office, I need to finish preparing for my meeting, I need to---“

“Felicity…” he stroked his thumb over the crinkle between her eyebrows. “I brought you home because you were asleep at your desk. You can’t be the amazing CEO that you are if you’re too tired.”

“But I really needed to--- Wait, did I really sleep the whole way here?”

He laughed, “I thought you woke up briefly on the elevator but it’s possible that you were talking in your sleep.”

She smiled sheepishly, “Oh. I guess I did need to come home.”

“Mhmm,” he nodded. “You’re welcome.”

She leaned in to kiss him when her stomach grumbled. “Uhhhh, I don’t remember when I last ate.”

“Good thing I made you dinner. Hold on a minute.” He kissed her forehead and rolled off the bed.

In the kitchen, he reheated their dinner and put together a tray to take back upstairs.

She tilted her head when he appeared in the doorway, “Have I told you yet today that I love you? Because I do.”

“Because I made you dinner?” he teased, setting the tray on the edge of the bed.

“For a million reasons. One of those being your amazing cooking skills.”

“I love you too. Do you want a t-shirt?”

She nodded enthusiastically, “Oooh yes, the super soft blue one please.”

He turned to open his dresser drawer and she spoke up again, “And Oliver? Thank you for coming to pick me up. Literally. I did need a break.”

Tossing her his t-shirt, he crawled into bed and reached for their dinner tray, “What’s your meeting about?”

“Hmmm?” She took a bite of her chicken.

“You said you were preparing for a meeting…“

“Oh, right. Well now that Ray was able to officially complete the transfer of ownership, I’m no longer the acting CEO. I have real power now,” she said with a grin.

“And what are you planning on doing with that power?”

She reached for her tablet on the bedside table and pulled up a file.

“While originally I wanted to respect Ray’s legacy… he’s not dead anymore, he can continue his
legacy on his own.”

“I’m not sure where you’re going with this…”

She tilted the screen towards him and he opened his mouth in surprise at the Queen Incorporated logo, “But why? It’s your company…”

She reached for his hand, “It wouldn’t exist without your family. I’m just the next chapter in the story they started.” She dropped her eyes down to their intertwined hands, his thumb grazing over her knuckles. “It seemed like the right way to honor that.”

He squeezed her hand, “Thank you.”

“Besides,” she continued with a grin, “I don’t need my name on the side of the building to know I’m the boss—” she was cut off by a giant yawn.

“I think it’s time for the boss to get some sleep,” Oliver commented, clearing their empty plates and turning off the lamp.

As he pulled her into his arms to sleep, he brushed his fingers against her ring finger.

It wasn’t his family anymore, it was their family, and he wanted to make sure she knew that. She was so much more than the next chapter in the story of the company, she was the next chapter in his story. A chapter he wanted to spend the rest of their lives writing.
“Hey Smoak!”

Felicity looked up from her tablet to see Tommy Merlyn hanging out of the passenger side of Oliver Queen’s car.

“What are you two doing in this neighborhood?”

It was almost 11 o’clock, her mom just left for her next shift at work, and she was finishing her homework out on the front porch.

“Breaking into the public pool,” Oliver piped up, leaning forward into her view.

She rolled her eyes, “Don’t you both have pools at your houses? Heated, sanitary, non-decrepit pools?”

Tommy shrugged, “Yeah. But what’s the fun of that?”

“I don’t know, not getting in trouble? Which you definitely are going to, because there’s no way you can be sneaky in that car. It’s worth more than all the houses on this block, you can’t just drive it up to our pool without attracting attention.”

“Then be an accomplice in our mission Smoak,” Oliver replied.

“Uhhhh….”

She could count the conversations she had had with the two of them on one hand. Half of a hand. In fact she’s pretty sure the only conversation they ever had was in the sixth grade when she was paired with them for the science fair and she had done all the work. So really there wasn’t much conversing there either. She was actually quite surprised that they knew her name— well her last name at least. As was the case with probably 98% of the female student body at Starling High, she had a crush on each of them at some point. Not anymore though. And it didn’t matter, they didn’t hang out with her, which is why she wasn’t sure why they would actually be asking her to join them now.

“C’mon,” Tommy chimed in, “Don’t you ever just want to break the rules sometimes?”

“I head up a hacking organization masquerading as a 23 year old woman from New York,” she deadpanned.

Tommy started to laugh and then his face turned serious, “Wait, you’re kidding right?”

She shrugged, “Maybe.”

Standing up to go inside, she tossed over her shoulder, “Park in the driveway, I’ll be right out.”

After putting her tablet away, she tightened her ponytail and met them back outside.
“If we get caught and suspended from school—” she began, but Oliver cut her off.

“Relax Smoak, there’s only a week of school left, they aren’t going to suspend us.” She shot him a look and he hastily added, “And we’re not going to get caught so it doesn’t even matter. I thought you said this pool was nasty anyway, why do they care if people break in?”

“Oh I don’t know, maybe because it’s still trespassing on private property?” she pointed out.

“But it’s the public pool…”

“It’s still owned by people and when it’s closed, we’re not supposed to be there. And I have no idea why I agreed to this,” Felicity pressed her palm into her forehead as she led them around the back of her house.

She led them through a maze of backyards, a slice of moonlight lighting their path, until they made it to the fence of the pool.

“I promise this is not going to be as exciting as you two were envisioning,” she muttered, peering through at the dark, dingy pool.

Oliver clambered over the fence first, Tommy following right after.

“You coming?” Oliver asked.

She dragged her toe in the dirt, “I think I’ll just stay out here. In fact, do I even need to stay? I mean you guys can probably find your way back….”

Oliver rolled his eyes, “We could have found our way here, that’s not why we invited you to come.”

Panic made her eyes widen, “Is this a kidnapping attempt?”

Tommy chuckled, “Seriously? Do we look like kidnappers to you?”

“Well I don’t really know you all that well and suddenly you show up at my house inviting me to come out to this sketchy pool in the dark and wow I really should have thought through this some more. I’m just going to back away slowly and then start running…”

“Felicity,” Oliver spoke up before she could move. “We asked you to come because you were just hanging out by yourself.” He shook his head, “Why would we kidnap you anyway?”

She bit her lip, “I don’t know.”

“And as for you not knowing us very well, that’s kind of ridiculous since we’ve gone to the same school since third grade,” Tommy pointed out.

“During which time we’ve talked maybe once,” she countered.

“And now we’ve talked twice. So climb over the fence and let’s go swimming,” Oliver said, pulling his shirt off.

Swallowing hard, she reached for the fence and pulled herself over. Tommy and Oliver had both stripped down to their underwear and if it wasn’t for the fact that it was dark out, they would have seen how red her cheeks were. She wasn’t entirely sure that this wasn’t a dream. It wasn’t normal for the two most popular guys at school to be standing in front of her in their underwear.

“You’re going to get a skin disease from that water,” she warned, crossing her arms.
“Will it be bad enough to miss school for?” Tommy asked. “I have to weigh the cost of destroying this beautiful skin.”

She rolled her eyes, “You’ll just have to find out.”

He shrugged, “Well, we made it this far, might as well take the risk.”

They both dove into the pool and she cringed at the splashing sound that seemed deafening in the quiet of the night. Slipping off her shoes, she walked over to the edge of the pool and sat down, her legs dipping into the water. It actually wasn’t as dirty as she remembered, it seemed like the owners had actually figured out how to use the proper ratio of chemicals since the last time she had been here.

“Aren’t you getting in?” Oliver asked, floating by her on his back.

“I don’t have a bathing suit,” she said lamely.

“Underwear’s working pretty well for us.”

“Oh are you completely naked under your clothes?” Tommy walked over. “Because I would not be opposed to skinny dipping…”

Oliver shoved him in the shoulder, “Ignore him.”

She folded and unfolded her hands in her lap, considering what she wanted to do. Before her mind could talk her out of a little bit of spontaneity, she started unbuttoning her shirt. Standing up, she slipped out of her shorts and dropped them onto the deck with her shirt.

The guys stepped aside as she dove into the pool, the cold water cooling the flush that had spread across her skin.

They spent the next hour floating in the pool, mostly in silence, but every once in a while reminiscing over a shared teacher or other memory. When they walked back to her house afterwards, water dripping from her hair down the back of her shirt, Oliver’s fingers brushed up against hers and she felt her heart skip. Okay so maybe she still had a little bit of a crush on him.

She retrieved towels for them and they sat on her porch eating fudgesicles she had dug up from the back of the freezer.

“You know, you’re not so bad Smoak,” Tommy remarked, patting her on the shoulder.

Oliver nodded in agreement, “Yeah, we thought you were shy and boring, but you’re actually pretty cool.”

“I’m so glad I’ve received your seal of approval,” she said sarcastically. “But now I’ve got to kick you out because my mom will be home soon and I don’t want to have to deal with her freaking out that I managed to get, not one, but two guys to spend time with me.”

As she laid in bed after they left, she replayed the events of the night in her head. They were so random, she still wasn’t entirely sure she hadn’t dreamed the whole thing. It wasn’t until the next day in school, when she passed by Oliver in the hall and he winked at her, that she knew for certain. She bit back a smile and shook her head as she headed into her next class.
Felicity groaned as the sound of her alarm went off, jarring her from one of the longest blocks of sleep she had had without having to get up to pee in a long time. Oliver reached over her swollen belly for her phone to shut the alarm off.

Opening her eyes slowly, she was blinded by bright white light streaming in from the window.

“You don’t have to get up,” Oliver mumbled, his face buried into her shoulder. “We got almost 10 inches of snow overnight, the city is shut down. No one’s risking the drive into work today, especially not a very pregnant CEO.”

She sighed, “That’s the best news ever. I was so not feeling the whole getting dressed in anything other than sweats thing today. I think I’ve surpassed the Blake Lively levels of pregnancy chic and now I’m just a blob.”

Oliver chuckled, lifting his head to look at her. “You’re not a blob; you look beautiful,” he said before kissing her cheek.

“You have to say that,” she grumbled. “I’m your wife.”

He reached up to cup her face, his thumb trailing over her cheek, “How did I get so lucky?”

A soft smile lit up her face, “I love you.”

“Love you too. And you’re almost there, less than two more weeks and you’ll be holding our son.”

She rolled her eyes, “He’s a Queen; he’s going to be late. I would bet on at least three more weeks of having a blob for a wife.”

Oliver grinned and slipped underneath the sheets. She opened her mouth to ask what he was doing when he nudged her legs apart to settle in between them. His hands started down at her ankles, massaging the aching flesh from weeks of hobbling around. Slowly, they trailed up her calves, his thumbs continuing to rub soothing circles. She closed her eyes as he pressed a kiss to the inside of each thigh, just above her knees. She felt him push the t-shirt she was wearing, an old one of his that had stretched out as her stomach grew, up to expose her hips. He peppered kisses teasingly along the edges of her underwear, before dragging the piece of fabric down her legs. Her toes curled as his scruff brushed against her, and she reached her hands down to grip the sheets.

He was so close to where she needed him when her mom radar broke through the fog in her head and she heard the little footsteps coming down the hallway. Oliver stilled just as their door was pushed open and their daughter, blond curls a sleepy halo around her face and cheeks flushed with excitement, announced her presence.

“Mommy! Did ya see da snow?” She looked around in confusion, “Where’s daddy?”

“Uhhhh…” Felicity fumbled as she took a few more steps towards the bed.

“Is he under da covers?” her eyebrow rose in an expression that made her the spitting image of her father. “What’s he doing?”

“He is…” Felicity began. “Umm he’s just checking on your little brother?”
She felt Oliver laugh and she stifled a moan as the vibrations shot through her body. Nudging him with her thigh, he took the hint and quieted.

“Oooh I wanna see him too…” the toddler skipped over, reaching to lift the edge of the sheets, and Felicity quickly moved to cover her hand.

“Sweetheart, how about you go play with your toys for a few minutes? Daddy be down soon and I bet he’ll make you a good breakfast and then help you build a snowman if it’s not too cold out.”

Her eyes lit up and she nodded enthusiastically, “’kay!”

She wandered back out of the room humming to herself and Felicity breathed a sigh of relief.

Lifting the sheets, she whispered, “Crisis avoided.”

“Ahh yes, and I believe I’m all done checking on our son now so I think I’ll be heading down to make some pancakes…” he teased.

“Oliver,” she growled, trying to reach past her belly to hit his shoulder and failing. “Finish what you started.”

He grinned before dipping his head back down, re-focusing on his task. Waves of pleasure cascaded over her as he slowly pushed her over the edge, his name slipping from her lips in contentment. Pulling the sheets back, he brought his eyes up to meet hers as he pushed her shirt all the way up and pressed a tender kiss to her stomach.

“You’re never more beautiful to me than when you’re bearing one of our children,” he whispered, happiness shining in his eyes. “It’s a gift that, for a lot of years, I never thought I’d get to see.”

She reached down to card her fingers through his short hair, “You deserve it. Now go enjoy a snow day with your daughter. Your son and I are going to take advantage of the fact that we aren’t needed anywhere, and we’re going to get some extra sleep.”

He readjusted her shirt and kissed her forehead before rolling off the bed, “I’ll bring some pancakes up later, okay?”

“Okay….” she mumbled, her eyes already closing again.
Pumpkin Pancakes

Thea pushed open the door to the loft and walked in a few steps to find herself face to face with Oliver, a kitchen knife in his hand.

She raised her hands defensively, “Easy there Bobby Flay, it’s just me.”

He lowered the knife, running his other hand down his face, and apologized, “Sorry, I’m just—I’ve been a little on edge lately.”

Her brow crinkled in concern at how tired he looked. Nights spent at Felicity’s bedside in the hospital had worn him down and it didn’t seem like he had gotten much sleep last night when she had been released to come home either. The accident had taken a toll on him too, even though he had come out of it in far better shape than Felicity, and he needed time to recover. She could only imagine though how Darhk’s latest display of his ruthlessness, flashed through his mind every time he dared closed his eyes. The images were inescapable for her as well.

“I came to check on Felicity.” She laid a hand on his arm, “And you too. You do remember that you were in a near fatal car accident not that long ago, not to mention other emotionally traumatizing events, right? You have permission to take it easy.”

“I’m making Felicity breakfast,” he explained, leading her into the kitchen where a myriad of ingredients and mixing bowls littered the counter. He sighed, “It’s something I can do for her. I’m tired of feeling so useless.”

Thea settled herself onto one of the barstools and dipped a finger into the largest mixing bowl. “Well then I guess I came at a good time.” She licked the batter, “Pumpkin pancakes?”

Oliver nodded, “A recipe I perfected while we were living in Ivy Town.”

“You wish you were still there, don’t you?” Thea asked. “Things were simple for you, safe.”

“No… yes… I don’t know. Sometimes I miss the days where the biggest problem was that Felicity’s attempt at cooking summoned the fire department.” A small amused smile flickered across his face at the memory. “But we were always meant to come back here. I just wonder if we’ll ever get a break, you know? Slade, Ra’s, Damien, you get rid of someone and there’s a new person trying to kill us. I want to believe that we can always come back no matter how dark things get, but when you see the person you love breathe what you think is her last breath…” A shadow fell over his face and Thea knew she had to pull him back from drowning in the memory of that terrible night.

Thea took his hands in hers across the countertop. “But it wasn’t her last breath. She’s upstairs waiting for you to bring her breakfast. Upstairs wearing Mom’s ring because she wants to marry you. Don’t lose sight of that. Darhk hasn’t succeeded at taking your reason to fight away from you yet. You took a hard hit, we all did, but we’ve come back from far worse. There are days where honestly I’m not sure what I’m living for anymore, but I do know that I owe it to you to do whatever it takes to make sure that you don’t lose anyone else that’s important to you. When you’re finally ready to lay down your bow, you’ll still have Felicity, so let’s finish the fight.”

Oliver squeezed her hands, “Thank you.”

Thea shrugged, “I learned from the best on how to give motivational speeches. Now finish making those pancakes because I’m starv—I mean, Felicity is probably starving.”
Oliver shook his head, a smile on his face, and she was relieved to see some of the weight visibly lifted off of him. She meant what she said. Oliver had sacrificed everything for her, she would do anything for him.

When he had finished stacking up a plate for him and Felicity, she followed him upstairs, hanging back a few paces, and leaned against the doorframe of their room. Felicity looked just as tired as Oliver, and her face was scratched up, but she lit up as soon as Oliver stepped into the room and it put a smile on Thea’s face as well. When Oliver had talked to her about his desire to marry Felicity, she had been quick to encourage him. She was more than happy to share her spot as Oliver’s favorite girl if it was with someone who obviously loved him every bit as much as she did.

“Did you make me breakfast?” Felicity asked, her voice a little rough from lack of use.

Oliver nodded and sat the tray down on the bedside table before pressing a gentle kiss to her forehead.

“Pumpkin pancakes.”

“Mmmm, way better than the hospital food,” she sighed.

Thea watched as he helped her sit up, putting more pillows behind her to support her back. It always amazed her how he had come so far in realizing that he could compartmentalize the person he had to be with the mask on from who he was with the mask was off. Hands that could inflict such pain, could also be so loving and careful with Felicity. She teased him for having turned into such a sap who packed his girlfriend lunch and made eggs in the crockpot, but really she was glad he had found the shred of normalcy he needed in their crazy lives.

“How did you sleep last night?” he asked Felicity, handing her the plate of food and settling in next to her with his own plate.

She smiled weakly and looked up at him, “Better. It was hard to sleep alone in the hospital bed. I mean, I knew you were right there, but it’s not the same as being able to feel your heart beating under my fingertips. I sleep better knowing you’re safe…”

Thea ducked out of the room, giving them privacy. She would talk to Felicity later, but she could see that she was going to be just fine. For now there was a stack of pumpkin pancakes downstairs calling her name.
6 minutes after Felicity is shot

Everything in him wants this to be a nightmare. Some sick nightmare he slipped into sometime after he slipped the ring on her finger.

He feels her blood seep through his suit jacket and he knows this is real.

This isn’t how he should be holding her right now, bleeding, dying in the street. They should be at their home, smiles on their faces that can’t even begin to show how happy they are. She should be in his arms as he makes love to her for the first time as his fiancée, not as she is fading away from him.

He wants to be angry, furious that Darhk won’t rest until he’s ripped her from him, but in that moment all he has the strength to do is whisper, “Stay with me. Please. Felicity.”

8 minutes after Felicity is shot

The ambulance arrives that he barely remembers calling and he numbly allows them to lift her out of his arms and strap her into the back. He keeps his eyes on her the whole time and stumbles to his feet to join her, stand as close to her as they’ll let him, as they race through the streets back to the hospital. There are frantic voices all around him, calling out instructions, numbers, a jumble of things he doesn’t care about or understand. All he can focus on is the slow beep of the heart rate monitor as he watches them bustle about her in the cramped space. She’s still with him. As long as she’s still with him, he can breathe.

15 minutes after Felicity is shot

They burst into the hospital. There’s a room ready for her to go into surgery, he hears someone say. He’s suddenly hit with the painful memories of watching his sister being pushed down this same hallway. Things need to end go better this time.

Nurses tell him he needs to stay back but he can’t, can’t take his eyes off of her. They’re hooking her up to tubes and wires and it all looks so familiar and he feels like he’s falling.

He hears someone whisper, inquire if he’s family.

They don’t know that she’s his whole world.

He hears the word fiancée pass from his lips. Strained, barely a whisper. This isn’t how he imagined it would go the first time he introduced her as his fiancée.

They glance over at him and he clears his throat. Tries to put the emotions into his voice that he’s supposed to be feeling when he tells them, she’s my fiancée, but it comes out flat.

16 minutes after Felicity is shot

The steady beep that had been keeping him going ever since they had hooked her up to the heart rate monitor in the ambulance falls silent as the line flattens out. His heart has to have stopped with hers, that has to be what he’s feeling as he collapses against the wall, rakes his hands down his face.

Less than an hour ago he had been imagining their whole life together and now he was facing the reality that it might already be over.
He can’t breathe, can’t move.


Blood courses through his veins again.

45 minutes after Felicity is shot

She’s stable.

Those two words were what he was clinging to in that moment.

She’s a fighter.

He didn’t need the doctors to tell him that, he already knew.

The next 24 hours are crucial.

He wasn’t sure how he could make it even one more hour without knowing she was going to be okay.

Her eyes were closed as he sat next to her and all he wanted was for her to open them. Wanted to see those beautiful blue eyes that he loved to get lost in. Wanted to see them filled with life. Filled with the joy he had seen reflected in them when he asked her to marry him.

7 hours after Felicity is shot

He hasn’t stopped watching her. The gentle rise and fall of her chest was keeping him going. Others had come, more would come later, he would stay. Stay by her side. Where he’d be the rest of their lives as long as they lived them. If she didn’t make it out of this room then he didn’t want to lose a single moment of being at her side.

This isn’t how things were supposed to be right now. They should be side by side right now, tangled up in the sheets of their bed. She should be telling him about her dream wedding and he would nod, listening intently while tracing patterns on her skin with his fingertips, knowing full well that he would say yes to whatever she wanted. The only thing he needed for his dream to come true was her as his bride.

9 hours after Felicity is shot

She still hasn’t opened her eyes yet. He hopes she’s dreaming something peaceful. When he was fighting for his life, holding on as tightly as he could, it was his dreams of her that pulled him through. Dreams of her smile, her laugh, her hand in his as they drove off together. Just the two of them.

He hopes she’s dreaming whatever she needs to pull her through.

He needs her to pull through.

He needs her.
Felicity cringed as she carefully removed a shard of glass from Roy’s arm.

“Just like old times,” she muttered. “When I said you should eventually visit, this isn’t what I had in mind.”

“How do you think Kuttler found out about you?” Oliver asked as he walked past them, putting his bow back into its case.

Roy shrugged and then winced in pain as Felicity returned to cleaning up his arm. “I don’t know. I was being careful, not staying in one place for too long and the next thing I know he shows up and tells me he would alert the police that I was still alive if I didn’t do what he asked. And that’s how I ended up—“ he paused suddenly as he noticed something and grabbed Felicity’s wrist.

“Oww, what—“

“What is this?” Roy inquired.

“What’s what?”

Roy raised an eyebrow and looked down at her ring finger.

“Oh!” Felicity held up her hand and wiggled her fingers. “This would be my engagement ring. I guess the news didn’t make it very far out of Star City.”

Roy grinned, “No, it didn’t. Congratulations. Took him long enough. I mean I’m assuming—“

Felicity nodded, a smile on her face, “Oliver, yes. You’ve missed quite a bit since you’ve been gone Scarecrow.”

“So I’ve noticed. New fancy lair, new suits, I heard Oliver’s got a new name now too.”

“Ahh yes, Green Arrow,” Felicity commented. “And yet we still haven’t discussed my code name. You know, I really should have brought that up when I was stuck in the hospital and I had his undivided attention… I feel like villains won’t really take me seriously if he keeps calling me honey over the coms.”

Roy laughed, “I miss it here, miss being a part of this, but I don’t for a minute regret my choice. And knowing that you two are together and happy, it makes the sacrifice worth even more.”

Felicity looked down at her ring and then back up at Roy. It wasn’t that she had forgotten all that he had done for Oliver by turning himself in, it was just that until that moment that she hadn’t fully realized the impact his sacrifice had on her. She had no idea where she would be now if Oliver was sitting in jail. Things would be so very different, that’s for sure.

“Thank you,” she whispered.

Oliver walked back over to them just as she was putting the last stich into the cut on Roy’s arm.

“You planning on sticking around?” he asked.

Roy shook his head, “Not really sure if that’s possible. I’ll help you take down Kuttler but then I really should be off again. I do however, expect a heads up when there’s a date for the wedding.”
Oliver nodded and rested a hand on Felicity’s shoulder, “Of course.”

“Hey you guys wouldn’t know anything about these reports I’ve gotten about someone running around in a red—“

Lance’s voice caused them all to turn their heads in his direction as he entered the lair.

“Okay, is anyone actually dead anymore?” he asked, eyeing Roy suspiciously.

“Ahh no I think you’re all caught up on the resurrections slash fake deaths now,” Felicity tapped her fingers on the counter awkwardly. “That we know about.”

Lance shook his head, “Hmm. Okay. I’ve gotten the answer to my question and I’m assuming you’re handling it so I’m going to go now and pretend I don’t know about this.”

Roy looked over at them, “So… things are better with Lance now I’m assuming?”

Felicity nodded, “They are. He’s kinda sort of dating my mother, so that’s weird, but he hasn’t tried to arrest us in a while.”

“Nice. I guess I should probably keep off the streets though until I leave if there’s been suspicious reports.”

“Do you want to stay with us while you’re here?” Oliver offered. “We have a spare bedroom at the loft and you can lay low during the day.”

Roy looked at them skeptically, “Ehhh.”

“You should,” Felicity insisted. “Oliver’s making lasagna for dinner.”

“Well I wouldn’t want to miss out on Oliver’s lasagna,” Roy replied, amusement in his voice. “I wish this Oliver would have emerged a lot sooner, like when he was growling at me and telling me to hit bowls of water. I could have gotten cooking lessons instead.”

“I would still make you hit bowls of water,” Oliver assured him, grabbing his jacket and walking towards the door.

“I used to be afraid of him,” Roy commented, sliding off the counter where Felicity had been stitching him up.

“Yeah, now he makes eggs in the crockpot,” Felicity teased, grabbing her purse and following him out.

“I heard that honey,” Oliver called over his shoulder.

“And also kicks people in the face,” she added seriously.
Oliver looked up in surprise when the elevator doors opened to reveal Felicity.

She looked equally as surprised to see him.

“Oh.” Her eyes dropped to her toes awkwardly, “Sorry… I guess I should have figured that you’d be here. I was just--- coming back for my jacket.”

They had fought earlier, after an attack on Dahrk had failed, but he knew it was just the fuse that had lit the emotions bubbling up inside of both of them. He wasn’t sure if fighting was better than the apathetic tip-toeing around each other that they had attempted for the past few weeks. Regardless, he was tired of all of it.

He missed her.

He wanted a second chance, wanted to believe that he deserved one.

Grabbing her jacket off of the back of her chair, he walked over to hand it to her, “I’m sorry about earlier.”

“Me too. I shouldn’t have snapped,” she pressed a palm into her forehead. “I just want this to all be over.”

He sighed, “Believe me, I know. And I promise I’m going to find a way.”

He watched as she started pacing back and forth thoughtfully before saying, “You said that you had seen Dahrk’s magic before, right?”

“Yes. On Lian Yu.”

Pausing, she turned to him, “So is the secret to stopping him on Lian Yu?”

The last place he wanted to be right now was Lian Yu, he was trying not to be that man that the island had made him into, the man she had accused him of never being able to fully escape, but she might have a point.

“There is something that could be worth investigating…”

“Alright.” She pulled her phone out and started tapping on the screen. “I’ll make arrangements for the company jet. We should be able to leave within 24 hours.”

“We?”

His brow furrowed in confusion, “What?”
“I told you that you needed to find a way to kill Dahrk, I didn’t say you had to do it on your own.” She mentioned casually, continuing her typing. “Diggle is unstable and Thea doesn’t need to go through anymore potentially traumatizing experiences, so that leaves me.”

“But you have a company to run and Lian Yu isn’t exactly---“

She looked up at him and raised an eyebrow, “Isn’t exactly what?”

“Safe.”

“I survived my last two visits,” she pointed out. Her phone dinged and she looked down, “Oh frack. I forgot that we have an investor’s event tomorrow night. We can leave right from there though.”

“Are you sure about this?”

She hadn’t exactly been jumping at the chance to spend time with him as of late, so he was surprised at her willingness. The last time they were on the Palmer Tech jet together, they had been at a crossroads as well, and he couldn’t help but feel a spark of hope that maybe this could be a good thing for them. Taking her to Lian Yu and showing her the things he was going to have to show her to find what they needed, meant he was going to have to be honest with her about what happened to him during that chapter of his time away. Less secrets couldn’t be a bad thing, right? He could show her that he was serious about letting her be his teammate, not only when they were Green Arrow and Overwatch, but when they were just Oliver and Felicity.

“I need to feel like I’m doing something Oliver. Sitting behind my computer and watching you guys fail over and over again to get at Dahrk is driving me insane. No offense,” she added hastily. “I’m not sure where my place is anymore, on the team or off, but I do know that I need to see this through. For Laurel.”

Right. This wasn’t about them. Still, whether she realized it or not, she was giving him the second chance he wanted, the chance he needed.

He nodded, “Okay.”

She bit her lip and asked hesitantly, “Also, do you think that maybe you could come to the event? I need it to go well to be able to launch the rebranding and new research initiative…”

“And apparently there’s people in this city who respect me?” He finished her sentence teasingly, in reference to the news that he had garnered so much write in support in the mayoral election.

“Yeah.” She gave him a sheepish look, “I mean, I don’t want you to feel like I’m using you I just---“

“I will gladly talk you up,” he interrupted her, reaching out a hand for her shoulder before catching himself and dropping his arm.

“The company,” she corrected him. “Talk the company up. It starts at 7pm. You can drop off whatever you’re taking with us in my office and I’ll have the jet ready to go as soon as things wind down.”

He nodded in confirmation, “I’ll be there.”

“Thank you,” she replied genuinely, before turning on her heel to head out.

“Felicity…”
She looked back at him over her shoulder.

“Thank you.” He stuffed his hands into his pockets. “For doing this.”

She gave him a sad smile before stepping into the elevator and hitting the button, “I’ll go anywhere with you, remember?”

He swallowed as the doors closed and she slipped out of view.
i’m very much aware that things are not looking good for samantha at the moment but i am on team “let’s not kill off everyone’s moms” so for the sake of this ficlet i’m using my own personal headcanon of her moving to star city after the lian yu debacle so that oliver can be more involved in william’s life and that’s why felicity makes a mention to “picking up william on the way” :)

inspired by this tweet...

Making her way to the check-out counter at Francesca’s with a stack of dresses draped over her arm, she spotted a mug sitting out with the novelty gift items that read “Good Morning Handsome,” on it
and she decided to grab it for Oliver.

At the register, the young girl ringing her up gave her a friendly smile, “Congratulations!”

For a second she was confused until she realized that she had probably noticed her engagement ring. The 3 karats on her left hand didn’t exactly fly under the radar.

She returned her smile. “Thank you.”

“She just love these mugs. Such a cute way to tell them,” she remarked as she wrapped it in paper. Felicity thought something about her comment seemed a little odd—

A cute way to tell them good morning? That they’re handsome? Both?

—but she brushed it off as the girl moved on to telling her that the rosy pink dress she had picked out would look perfect with her complexion and hair color.

The next morning, Felicity awoke groggily to Oliver giving her a good morning kiss on the forehead and saying something about going for his run. Her attempts to fall back asleep after that were futile so she reached over to her bedside table to her phone to check her notifications before crawling out of bed and pulling on her pajamas that were on a pile on the floor. She wasn’t sure why she had even bothered to put them on in the first place last night since they had been promptly removed by her fiancé.

Padding downstairs to the kitchen, she started a fresh pot of coffee. She had given up on making Oliver breakfast—attempting to make Oliver breakfast—a while ago, but she could handle his morning cup of caffeine goodness. It brought a smile to her face to remember her original position on making Oliver coffee, the way he had acted when it came to this particular issue like a little boy pulling her pigtails on the playground because he didn’t know how to tell her that he liked her. In truth, it had never even been about the coffee for her, just his tendency to make decisions that affected everyone without feeling the need to consult them first.

Something he had made leaps and bounds in approving upon since then, and it filled her with pride to see the way he led the team now in a much more democratic fashion.

Oliver returned from his run and gave her a sweaty kiss before gratefully accepting his coffee that she had poured into the new mug she had gotten him yesterday. “Thanks honey.”

“You’re welcome handsome,” she did her best attempt at a sexy wink, even though she knew it always looked more like an awkward blink because he had oh-so-fondly told her so one time.

He huffed in amusement as he noticed the inscription on the mug before taking a sip of the black substance that she didn’t understand how he could drink. She was an extra sugar sort of girl, thank you very much.

“I’m going upstairs to take my shower.” Tapping him on the chest, she added, “Don’t forget that we’re going over to the Diggle’s for Lyla’s birthday brunch.”

Slinging an arm around her waist, he lowered his voice, “Is that your way of telling me not to join you in the shower or we’ll be late?”

She bit her lip and wriggled out of his grasp to head for the stairs before her willpower to resist
dragging him along with her dissolved. “Just drink your coffee! We have to get moving since we’re picking up William on the way…” Her voice trailing off as she disappeared into their bedroom.

When she had finished in the shower and had started doing her make-up, Oliver walked up behind her and grinned at their reflections in the mirror before wrapping his arms around her and kissing her cheek.

And then he started rubbing her belly.

_What the frack is he doing?_

He apparently didn’t notice her stiffen in confusion because he launched straight into, “I know we haven’t gotten a chance to really talk about this so that’s probably why you were nervous to just tell me in person, but I want you to know that I couldn’t be happier. I’ve dreamed about this and—”

“Oliver,” she cut him off. “What are you talking about?”

He spun her around to face him, “You’re pregnant…?”

“I am?”

She had read somewhere that other people, especially ones who were very in tune to you like a best friend or partner, could sometimes tell when you were pregnant before you realized it yourself. But she was quite certain that was not the case here.

Uncertainty was etched across his face. “The mug you got me… it said ‘you’re going to be a daddy’ on the inside.”

“Wow. That whole interaction is suddenly making so much more sense,” she muttered in reference to the cashier congratulating her. “Oliver, I didn’t even look at the inside when I bought it,” she confessed. “I hadn’t noticed it said anything… like that.”

“So… you’re not pregnant.”

“I’m not pregnant,” she confirmed.

“Oh.” Disappointment appeared on his face for a moment before he neutralized his expression and then feigned amusement at the whole situation. “They should have a warning label on those mugs. I can imagine you’re not the first person who’s accidentally made an unintentional pregnancy announcement. Probably not all of them as well received.”

“Yeah.” She trailed her fingers along his chest. “I’m sorry.”

“What are you apologizing for?”

“For getting your hopes up. I mean, you were so excited and—”

He caught her hand and intertwined his fingers with hers, “Felicity. It’s okay.” Kissing her ring finger, he continued, “I’m excited about us being a family just the way we are. You, me, and William. It’s perfect.”

“For now,” she added with a shy smile. “Because one day, I would like very much to use that mug for a real, intentional pregnancy announcement.”

His face brightened. “Yeah?”
She nodded confidently, “Yeah.”

A year later, she slid his morning coffee across the counter and a grin spread across his face as what she was trying to tell him with her mug selection registered. He lifted her up and peppered her face with kisses, the coffee forgotten and left to go cold as they reveled in their excitement and joy.

End Notes

Come talk to me or send me prompts on tumblr mogirl97.tumblr.com :)

Please [drop by the archive and comment](https://example.com) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!