Masquerade
by Mel_Sanfo

Summary

When Felicity Smoak agrees to go to an Alpha/Omega Masquerade party, to support her friend on her first time meeting her Mate, the last thing she expects is for a dashing stranger to make her reveal some of her most well kept secrets.

Alpha/Beta/Omega AU.

Don't knock it till you've tried it ;)

Notes

I wanted to explore the A/B/O dynamics a bit in a story and decided to try and do this bad boy.

This AU is so far off canon I don't even know if it has a category to be a part of! LOL

Also, it's my own flavor on A/B/O.

In this AU the Alpha's are Vampires (Non-Sparkly ones). They live for centuries after turning, can go out in the sun but it weakens their vampiric powers. Plus it makes them extremely hungry and cranky.
The Beta's and Omega's are humans.

Beta's are the grey area, usually blood donors for non-coupled Alpha's.

And as always Omega's are the Alpha's OTP. Once bonded the Omega's benefit with longevity due to the bond.

See the end of the work for more notes.
At the masquerade

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Let it be known that Felicity Smoak is a good friend. Nope. Scratch that, Felicity Smoak is a GREAT friend.

Sure, her awkward babbles can make most people run for the hills before giving her the chance of becoming their friend and she does do a lot better, a whole lot better, communicating with computers using code but to those selected few that stick around she is a wonderful, giving and accommodating friend. Which is why she is accompanying one of her friends to one of the two places, open to the public, in Starling City she had promised to herself she would avoid like the plague.

Even though every brain cell she has is telling her that this is a terrible idea and that the level of recklessness on her part for doing this far exceeds her quota, which isn’t too high to begin with, she can’t just leave. She cannot abandon her friend, even if this whole situation warrants a big, imaginary, ‘dumb ass’ stamp for her forehead.

She is not remotely interested in being here, at one of the most popular nightclubs in Starling City on a Friday night attending (drum roll please!) an Alpha/Omega Mate masquerade party. In fact, she has spent most of her life avoiding the ‘honor’ of being matched and keeping away from other parties just like this one. Hell, she’d even created a computer program to monitor herself, keeping up to date on her heat cycles with almost pinpoint precision and able to get the best suppressants available to her delivered in the blink of an eye if all her precautions didn’t pan out.

She went to great lengths to not tempt the Alpha’s around her. After all, a girl from Vegas (where all the big sharks went at least once) knew of the dangers! Special toiletries helped (body wash, lotions, shampoo and conditioner) to diminish or neutralize her innate Omega scent plus a certain brand of perfume one of her friends from Boston had developed while in college, as a just in case clause if the other options did not work completely, to mask her even further and leaving her with a scent closer to a Beta than her true nature. It all came down to affording her peace of mind and great lengths of freedom which in turn helped her to deal with her heat cycles.

And now here she was, wearing her best high heels, in a halter topped peacock blue cocktail dress that demurely reached her knees, the open back of it being a completely different story on the demure department though with the fabric reappearing to wrap about her form just an inch or two above the small of her back; right before the swell of her bottom. The fact that the dress made her ass look amazing was the reason her friend, Katie, had pretty much forced her to buy it for this special occasion. Her hair was loose, playful blonde ringlets that covered the top of her bare back while her face was covered with a peacock inspired mask; forcing her to wear her contacts instead of her usual glasses since it shielded her from her nose and the middle of her cheeks all the way to her hairline where small green and blue feathers fanned out like a peacock’s tail.

Here, in one of the less than visible alcoves of the ground floor of Verdant, where the strobing lights didn’t quite reach every time they went off, she watched avidly as her friend met up with her Mate, face to face, for the first time. The controlled environment had been Felicity’s idea, because Alpha’s could be rough if their strength went unchecked with their excitement especially if they hadn’t fed properly beforehand. Also, a girl has to be careful of possible creeps and serial killers out there.

What she didn’t expect was the fact that the controlled environment her friend would choose was Verdant; the club owned by the Mate Felicity had been trying to avoid since she pretty much had set
foot in Starling.

But of course she couldn’t tell Katie that! Katie was a romantic at heart that believed whole heartedly in the Mate claim. Felicity believed in choice, mostly, and that the attraction between an Alpha and an Omega was more of a guideline in possible compatibility instead of an irrefutable sign of a love that would last a LONG lifetime, because duh Vampires. She had told Katie about her Mate. Or at least she had admitted to having one, omitting certain parts of the story because if she’d told her that she knew who her match was Felicity knew damn well that the tiny red head would’ve been moving heaven and earth to get them together.

There was no way that she’d tell her friend that she’d seen her Mate the very first week she’d lived in Starling. That she’d been on a sidewalk heading towards the bottom of the stairs to the entrance of Queen Consolidated and she’d seen him, from a safe distance, getting into the back of a silver Bentley. The whole moment couldn’t have lasted more than a few seconds and she’d only seen his profile, as he walked with his bodyguard but she knew who he was immediately. And with the wind blowing in her direction the way it was she’d gotten a full on whiff of his Alpha scent and promptly freaked out. She had stopped dead on her tracks in shock, inhaling deeply before forcing herself to calm down, turn around and walk away quickly. That was the day she learned Oliver freaking Queen was supposed to be her Mate.

For the millionth time that evening Felicity wondered if her fire headed friend was part Irish part Fate for choosing this particular nightclub.

Tearing her gaze from her friend, who seemed to be hitting it off quite well with her Mate, she reminded herself that his name was Mark in order to avoid all future gaffes; she scanned the crowd from her not so hidden hiding spot. There was just one man she had to avoid tonight and the chances were 50/50 that he wasn’t even in the club at present time but she kept a sharp eye out. If her body so much as itched funny in reaction to anything she was going to tear through the nearest exit faster than the Flash and explain to Katie later; not that her friend was paying her much attention now or anything.

She could practically see the tension between those two, Mark and Katie, Katie and Mark. They were doing some serious heart eyes at each other and Felicity was sure that if she listened hard enough, past the club music which was a bit more subdued today for the benefit of the chatting couples, she’d hear the wedding bells in the air.

“Mawage. Mawage is wot bwings us togeder tuday…” Felicity muttered to herself with a breathy chuckle, grinning at her own silliness “Always beat both awkwardness and nervousness back by imitating the priest from…”

“The princess bride.” A male voice supplied making her ‘eep’ and turn to face the owner of the voice with a start, holding onto her glass of red wine with so much force she was surprised the glass didn’t shatter or slush its contents when she almost jumped out of her skin.

“Holy mother of Google! Someone needs to put a bell on you!” The hand that held her small black clutch lifted to cover her heaving chest, as if the touch would calm her thundering heart. “The award for stealth goes to you though! Gold Stars all around in that particular department.”

“I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to startle you.” He replied coming to stand next to her while leaving a respectful distance, looking out into the crowd of people.

He was tall. Felicity noticed that first. Even in her heels, her ‘they give me legs to die for and almost cost me a full month of rent money’ black lace 5 inch heels, her forehead would’ve only been level with his chin if she had been facing him. And he was broad too! Her hiding spot becoming tiny now
that they were sharing it, even though there was still enough space between them that they weren’t even close to touching.

“I have a good reason for stealth.” He admitted turning his back to the crowd as the lights swung their way, glancing at her sideways with a slight tilt of his head.

His blue eyes (yep, very blue, thank you strobe lights!), chin, lips (was that a tiny mole by them?), the tip of his nose and stubble covered jaw the only features left visible thanks to his black mask. He even wore a piece of black fabric, covering his hair, tied at the nape of his neck in order to conceal his identity better. In Felicity’s mind he was a modern day Zorro or even a Wesley (since she was already on the Princess Bride train of thought), without a sword but wearing a killer expensive black suit, light shirt and no tie he was just as lethal as those two fictional characters. “See the small brunette standing by the left end of the bar, scanning the club? Red sequined dress, red mask and probably pouting?”

“Yup!” she replied having spied the girl he meant “Possible significant other or disappointed dejected Mate hopeful?” she asked before she could control herself and decided to take a sip of her drink afterwards to be on the safe zone of occupying her mouth without babbling.

“Neither; Determined little sister.” His answer came with a soft chuckle. “She got me here by nefarious means yet is rather disappointed at my lack of interest in mingling and sniffing the air, so to speak.” He admitted.

“Ah.” She replied with a quirk of her lips. “Let me guess. She has found her Mate and is now obsessed with making you share the high?”

He nodded his head just once, tilting his head again as if studying her.

“Gotta love the ‘I’m so happy I could puke rainbows, hearts and glitter so I want you to do that too’ mode. I am seriously considering making up a club to balance the ‘giddy’ out. Maybe add a ‘my blank, insert BFF/Sibling/Acquaintance name or title, just found their Mate and all I got was this coffee mug.’ incentive. Because all other clubs have T-shirts but coffee mugs are so much more practical… And I’m babbling about coffee mugs. I swear I’ll stop in a moment. There. Stopped.” She popped the D at the end of the word before pressing her light pink lips together as if the pressure on the flesh would actually keep the words from spilling.

“If you ever get that club off the ground let me know, I’ll happily join it.” Her unlikely companion stated with another chuckle. “I’ve been hit hard lately with the…what did you call it? The ‘giddy’ mode?”

“Dare I ask?”

“Both my best friends and my sister.” He offered.

The grimace on her face was genuine. She even scrunched up her nose cutely at the mental image. She could only imagine getting the ‘giddy’ from all angles like he seemed to be. With Katie as her only source of ‘giddy’ it was easy to disengage whenever she needed a breather from it but if she’d had 3 Katie’s to handle Felicity wasn’t sure how she would’ve managed. She physically shuddered at the thought.

“Just for that I should give you this hidey hole to have all to yourself.”

“Please don’t.” his reply was instant “If I stand here with you it might actually delay her reaction time on deciding I need to mingle more.”
“Well in that case you are more than welcome to use me, as long as I get to use you too.” It took her exactly the span of two heartbeats to realize what she had just said before her babble instinct kicked in. “Not like that!” she amended lamely “Though I’m sure you get offers like that all the time, what with the eyes and rocking the stubble and all that but not like that from me! I mean, not to say that I wouldn’t; I could, maybe. It’d probably take a few glasses of wine to lower my inhibitions enough to even attempt something of the come-hither notion, which you really didn’t need to know about and not that I’d have to be drunk to hit on you because I’m sure you’re absolutely prime hitting on material. The width of your shoulders alone can make any girl pant…or guy, if that’s what you’re into, there’s nothing wrong with that either…” She closed her eyes and pressed her lips together again, biting her lower one for good measure before daring to take a peek out from under one of her eyelids at the man after a second or so.

His smile was warm, a barely there uptick of his lips, soft and charming.

“3.2.1.” she took a deep breath and opened both eyes “I swear that I have the capacity of carrying on a full length conversation intelligently without becoming a babbling mess. Sometimes.” She offered with a tiny smile, blushing prettily under her mask. “What I meant to say was that I will help you with that because it’ll help me out too in the end; Just in case my friend decides to play matchmaker with me whenever she pries her attention away from her own match.”

“You don’t want to be matched?” He sounded curious with a hint of surprise staining his voice.

“Yes and no?” she replied after having emptied what was left of her drink and placing the wine glass on a nearby table. “It’s complicated.”

“Why?”

“Why? Why don’t I want my friend to play matchmaker or why is it complicated?” she asked

“Both?” Again there was no hesitation to his reply. “I was recently told that talking to someone, a stranger, might help complicated situations. And since we’re both keeping people at bay and we don’t know each other perhaps I would qualify to play a fair devil’s advocate.”

“Please tell me you’re not a shrink.” She muttered.

“No.” he chuckled “Just a concerned and curious by stander.”

Glancing towards Katie, who was still deep in conversation now standing really close to her Mate Felicity wondered if there’d be any real harm in this particular topic of conversation. Then she felt guilty. Out of all her friends Katie was her closest and she had never spoken to her about him… Not really.

“I don’t talk about him.” She offered with a one shoulder shrug. “Not to anyone. Don’t get me wrong, it’s not that I have something against him, I don’t. Technically I don’t even know him I just know of him. Did I mention it was complicated?”

“You might’ve mentioned it. Yes.” He said

With a deep breath she continued.

“The guy, my Mate, I’ve known about him for a few years. It’s really one of those matches that make you go, ‘Oh wow, talk about polar opposites!’ There are so many reasons it could go terribly wrong but that’s not why I’ve avoided contacting him.”

“You’ve known about him for years and you haven’t met him or contacted him? Why?”
“Yeah… Like I said, it’s…”

“Complicated?” he offered with another quirk of his lips.

“Now you’re getting it!” she teased, beaming a smile his way before sobering up. “My whole life I’ve firmly believed that the whole Alpha/Omega attraction response was more of a guideline. I’m not one of those girls that dreamed only about finding their Mate, settling down after having the big pompous white wedding and popping out several babies.”

“You believe in choice.” He said.

“In a way.” She admitted licking her lips while collecting her thoughts. “I don’t feel its right to drop into someone’s life and go ‘Oh look! We have this insane biologically engineered chemistry together, we should totally hook up’ and expect the ‘giddy’ afterwards to do the rest. In my opinion attraction is all well and good but there’s more to a relationship, a healthy one anyways, than that.” She said

“At first, and this is probably going to sound really selfish, like so so so selfish but still. At first, when I learned of my type of biology I wanted to rebel and have a life beyond it. Just like I knew my Mate was doing. I wanted to go to college and get my degree, be my own person, establish myself in my profession of choice before broaching the situation with him. And I did. I did all of that. Then things got complicated on his side and now I don’t think it’d be fair to pop up out of the woodwork and into his life and force this on him. He’s had some serious stuff happening in his life as of late and for me to waltz in and drop this on his already pretty full plate? It just seems unfair.”

The silence between them stretched after she was done talking and she made it her mission to keep her gaze averted from him, watching the people around them instead because in all truth how the hell was she supposed to face this stranger now that she had dumped a whole lot of complicated on his lap without even knowing him!? Curse her babbling! To make matters worse these were things she had never even confided in Katie! Things she didn’t tell anyone! Which in turn made guilt bubble up within and start eating at her. For some odd reason she’d spilled the beans to him like trusting him was as easy as breathing!

He surprised her by coming to stand before her once more, facing her fully, looking down at her from his height with those impossibly blue eyes of his which held a warmth that made her want to suck in a breath.

“Shouldn’t that be his choice though?” He asked softly then shook his head “You talk about being selfish for wanting to be your own person before you went to him but you’ve held yourself back because you believe that that’s what’s best for him at the moment. I don’t think that’s selfish at all. I think it makes you remarkable.” He offered with a small quirk of his lips, a sad smile that tore at her heartstrings. “You said he’s had it bad lately. Let me ask you this. What if you are the missing piece that would make things, if not better, at least bearable for him? What if he needs you?”

She gaped at him. Honest go Google, gaped. Wide eyed. Mouth opening and closing like a goldfish out of water, the whole nine yards gaped thing, almost unblinking in her awe. For once in her lifetime her words failed her and she couldn’t find a reply to his questions to save her life.

What if he was right?

A whirlwind of a girl in red interrupted the heated meeting of blue on blue of their eyes by placing her hand on his arm, forcing him to break the breathtaking eye contact to glance at the new comer.

“Hey, brother dear, can I talk to you for a sec?”
Finally snapping out of it the blonde smiled, shyly at the duo before her.

“That’s my cue to go check on my friend. I’m just gonna go.” She offered side stepping the siblings, intent on getting to Katie’s table.

“Sure, Thea.” His voice held tons of affection but it wasn’t that what struck Felicity. It was the name.

Thea. Thea…THEA! Thea Queen!

Almost tripping on air Felicity righted herself instantly and walked far away from the duo as quickly as she could without showing distress or running. Because if that girl was Thea Queen, which she probably was, Felicity was almost absolutely sure that she was, this was not a good thing; and considering the name wasn’t all that common and where they were. Yes. Thea Queen managed Verdant for her very busy and successful CEO brother. Then that meant trouble. BIG trouble.

Felicity recalled the mental image of the girl standing by the bar searching for her ‘hidey hole’ companion and imagined her without the bejeweled blood red mask she now wore. It was a DUH moment if she’d ever had one… which meant one thing.

Her present time Zorro/Wesley. Her companion in hiding from possible matches and matchmakers alike. No. No. NO. Not HERS. She had to get that out of her brain pronto! The man (Yup! that worked) that had asked her those impossible questions and made her wonder if her Mate needed her was none other than the man she’d been avoiding all throughout her time in Starling. How the hell had she not scented him?! He’d been right there next to her! Then it hit her, like a ton of bricks. If she was able to get suppressants for occasions such as these…why couldn’t he?

If you were in a room full of potential Mates and you wanted to fly under the radar, which he’d made pretty obvious he did, that was the way to go!

Holy FRACK she’d had a serious conversation about him with HIM!

When she looked over her shoulder, as she walked towards Katie’s table, glancing towards the alcove that had sheltered her for the better part of the night there was no doubt in her mind that those eyes that she locked on were the eyes of Oliver Queen.

Chapter End Notes

This fic is for Matty (SuperSillyAndDorky06) and TheAlternativeSource because they are awesome!

I hope you guys like it.

Also, Here's my Info, you can find me on both Twitter and Tumblr.
There's fire and then there's FIRE

Chapter Summary

An accident at Verdant causes revelations.

Chapter Notes

Even though I'm gifting this to two amazing women the OC Katie is based on my IRL friend who not only shares the character's name but is also battling cancer right now. Good thoughts, vibes and prayers for Katie are appreciated.

Thanks for reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Turning forward once more she zigged and zagged past all the people that littered Verdants floor. There seemed to be more of them than just a few minutes ago but that could’ve been the paranoia that was attempting to burst from her at the moment. There were so many emotions going through her that she couldn’t quite pin point one, stick to it and feel it in full. She was mortified, embarrassed, angry at herself, feeling guilty, feeling excited (she wasn’t going to touch that particular emotion right the fuck now, not with a ten foot pole, that was for sure), nervous, afraid…on and on and on.

Reaching the table where her friend was she touched Katie on the shoulder and tried to smile at the couple though she wasn’t sure if she managed a real smile or more of a grimace. By the look on Katie’s face when she looked at her she was leaning towards the latter.

“What’s going on?” the red head asked at once.

As per usual there was no beating around the bush with her!

“I’m going to go get us some drinks. How’s that?” Mark offered ready to turn on his heel to leave.

“No!” she cringed at how desperate the word sounded and cleared her throat before trying again. “I mean, no. There’s no need.” She said forcing herself to sound calm and collected. “I just came to let you guys know that I was heading out. It seems things are going good so I’m not really needed here anymore.” Turning to her friend she took Katie into her arms for a hug. “I want a text from you when you get home. Ok?”

“Yeah, sure.” The red head agreed immediately giving her friend a tight squeeze “You ok?” the whisper she placed on Felicity’s ear made the blonde hold her a bit tighter.

Because what were the odds that the woman in her arms could be any more awesome or braver? Tonight had been a big step for her after everything she’d gone through. Meeting her Mate so shortly after her own personal crucible; it was the reason why Felicity was in the club. To lend Katie some emotional support but she was aware now that her friend really didn’t need it even though at the beginning of the night both of them thought she might.
This woman had battled cancer with all the scars and tribulations that doing so entailed. She who had thought dyeing her hair a shocking shade of purple one week before cutting it all off when it started to fall out, then the next week she rocked a shaved head like a bad ass armed with a wide array of colorful bandanas as accessories, only to let it grow out to the foxy pixie cut she had now on her natural fire-y color after her remission. That woman was fearless and she didn’t need Felicity to hover. She hadn’t just won that battle. She’d beat the crap out of the sickness and come out stronger on the other side. She might have needed a push in the door tonight but she didn’t need Felicity now.

That worked just fine for the blonde. But what floored her was the selflessness of her friend, because here she was, on one of the most important nights of her life, making sure that she, Felicity, was ok.

“I’m fine, Kate. I’ll call you tomorrow and we’ll talk. I need some serious processing time.” She replied pulling back from the hug and nodding a few times to let her know that all was as well as it could be.

That’s when all hell broke loose.

She didn’t know exactly what happened but all of the sudden all the lights in the club came on, the music stopped and then the sprinklers started pouring water down on all the guests while an alarm came on, the blaring sound alerting everyone to head for the exits.

There was immediate panic. And Felicity found herself looking towards the alcove she’d been hiding in. With the lights on there was no mistaking it, the man standing there now grasping the shoulders of his brunette counterpart and pointing towards an exit was the man she’s seen on that side walk years ago, even if he still wore his mask.

Mark’s reaction, Google bless him, was to grab Katie by the hand, who in turn clasped one of Felicity’s with her free one, and started leading them both as quickly as possible for their human nature through the shifting wave that was the crowd, as safely as he could manage towards their nearest exit; which at the moment didn’t seem to be that close since there were people screaming and trying to run in all different directions all over the place.

When they got closer to the door Mark shifted his stance, coming to stand between both of them holding them by the shoulders. The water was still pouring from the sprinkler system making everyone soaking wet; girls and guys alike were slipping and falling all over themselves in the stampede, rushing to get out. Mark, with his Alpha strength was keeping both Katie and herself from getting dragged away by the crowd and she’d never been happier to be somewhat man-handled. If the handsome dark haired dark eyed Alpha hadn’t been Katie’s Felicity could have kissed him for helping them out.

In this moment of panic Felicity couldn’t help the instinctual part of her brain that demanded her own match though, so she looked once more towards the alcove but it was empty now. A quick scan of the surroundings, as she was pushed and pulled by the crowd in an impromptu mosh pit of doom, showed her a flash of a red sequined dress getting ushered through another exit door on the opposite side of the club, the black clad blur (Thanks to the water in her eyes) that she figured was Oliver Queen had stopped only momentarily to look around before following.

She felt relieved. Both Thea and Oliver had gotten out. It was as if a weight had been lifted off her shoulders.

With Mark’s help they managed to get outside of the club, pushing and pushing through the crowd till they were standing several hundred feet away from the building, the three of them huddled together. There were was the flicker of flames licking towards the sky coming from the very back of the building as well as smoke staining the air. People were taking video and pictures of the whole
thing like it was a morbid spectacle they had a right to partake in.

The firefighters arrived in record time, even if the fire was in the Glades, followed by the police and had started their work to put out the fire immediately.

“I thought you were a Beta.”

Felicity wasn’t sure where her mind had wandered off to while watching the water battle the fire but Mark’s words brought her right back to present time.

“What did you say?”

“I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to be rude about it or anything… I just, I thought you were a Beta.” He repeated, brushing Katie’s arms with his hands to warm her up a little after having given her his suit jacket. “Your scent.” He explained, making all the color drain from her face “It’s different now. Less chemical more Omega.” He said and inhaled sharply once to make sure of his assessment. “And getting stronger by the second.” He offered.

Oh Frack.

“Oh no.” Katie muttered, knowing perfectly well how hard Felicity worked to stay below the radar.

“I gotta go.” Felicity said at once “You gonna be ok?” she asked but she was already moving away.

“We’ll be fine.” Katie assured her with a nod, linking her arm with Mark. “Go Go Go. I’ll text you when I get home.”

Without a second thought Felicity headed towards the street. She couldn’t stay there. Not when the water from the sprinklers had washed off her masking products. Not when he was close by, probably taking care of whatever had gone wrong in the club with the help of his sister. Nope! That was not happening! She refused to meet him when she’d made such a fool of herself tonight.

She picked up the pace, moving past several groups of people that had gathered together to gawk and talk about the ordeal, only glancing over her shoulder when she was about to take the corner and disappear from view.

One last guilty indulgence till she could get all her ducks in a row, she promised herself. One last peek before leaving. That was all she wanted.

Standing by one of the squad cars, surrounded by a group of black suited individuals (Bodyguards she supposed) and with an arm banded around his sister’s shoulders was Oliver Queen. He’d taken his mask and head wrap off and her first thought was that it was unfair how in all his wet glory he looked deliciously rumpled and not disheveled at all.

Fuck! She was in trouble!

As if her gaze had called to him silently from the distance she watched as he nodded at the police officer that was taking his statement only to slowly look around the crowd. When the wind picked up she saw him tilt his head ever so slightly backwards in order to scent the air and a feeling of cold dread filled her veins. Bright blue eyes landed immediately on her and the pull she felt from them was unmistakable. As was the impossible shade of electric blue that lit them up momentarily from within with Alpha recognition.

Oh no. Oh crap, oh crap, oh crap!
Her heart started beating double time and she wondered if even at the distance from where he stood he could still hear it. She was so glad she had kept her mask on! The scrap of plastic, glitter and now soaked feathers was the only source of concealment she had left. The look of realization on his face said it all. He knew her, he remembered her from their little chat but more importantly he knew her scent.

Which loosely translated to her really needing to get the hell out of dodge right now!

With her peripheral vision she saw Thea turn to him then, once again forcing him to break the eye contact between them and when he snapped his head towards the brunette in order to reply to whatever it was she’d asked or said Felicity took the opportunity to make her escape rounding the corner as quickly as she could in five inch heels.

She was lucky that the party had made a long line of cabs be at the ready for anyone who couldn’t drive themselves home after too many drinks. Lucky that because of the emergency the cabby had been lenient and still given her a ride even if she was soaking wet and looked more like a drowning blonde rat than a party goer. She was lucky that she didn’t have to stay another minute on the outskirts of the club waiting for the inevitable to happen.

If she’d been unsure of facing Oliver Queen before now, with her gaffe at the club, she was in an even bigger mess.

She wasn’t ready for it… She wasn’t ready for him.

Her phone chirped with a text message alert as the cabby took her home, startling her out of her musings. Thanking every deity out there that her clutch was lined and kept the contents dry she fished out the device and swiped the screen to look at the message.

It was Katie.

‘Oliver Queen just sniffed us then asked us about the ‘girl in the blue dress’… wtf is going on?’

So much for her being lucky!

Felicity groaned loudly in the back seat of the cab and re-read the message several times trying to come up with a reply that wouldn’t make her friend hate her. Because how the hell was she going to explain this one?

The arrival of another message interrupted her.

‘We tried to cover for you. M. said we’d helped blue dress girl out of the building and that’s how we got her scent on us.’

That message was immediately followed by.

‘You’ve got some ‘xplaning to do Lucy.’

Well, fuck.

‘Tomorrow, 12:30 PM @ Big Belly Burger on 4th and Main. I’ll explain then. Thank M. for me and don’t hate me?’

Her fingers paused over the touch screen for a moment and then hit the send button.

Tomorrow she’d come clean to Katie and hope that her ‘giddy’ would keep her friend from
strangling her. Hopefully the fire cracker red head would be lenient towards her when the time for her to tell her the whole truth came. She knew that Felicity was a private person, didn’t have too many friends and always kept things close to the vest but this was a big deal; the blonde wasn’t sure what exactly would keep her out of the dog house this time.

She really tried not to think about it, she did, but the image of her Mate searching for her after she’d left, going as far as to approach a recently matched Alpha and his Omega just because he could scent traces of her on their clothing left her feeling torn.

On the one side she was nervous about it. After all, Katie and Mark had just met and Oliver’s approach could’ve been seen as hostile by the other Alpha, just because of biology.

On the other hand she felt flattered. The thought of him trying to find her, even after her blunder at the club, made her stomach fill with imaginary butterflies that sent the whole thing aflutter.

The whole scenario played in her head and left her with a burning question.

WWOQD. What would Oliver Queen Do? Or more accurately what wouldn’t he do in order to find her?

‘It’s a date. I’ll hate you if you don’t buy. I’ll expect a milkshake and onion rings with my order. See you then. ;)’

That night Felicity didn’t sleep too well. Katie messaged her again an hour and a half later letting her know that she’d made it home but even with that out of her system she just couldn’t sleep. She tossed and turned most of the night and by the time dawn rolled around she decided it was a lost cause altogether and rolled out of bed.

As she got ready to face the music that morning Felicity decided to forgo all means of masking her scent. She used regular body wash and hair products, the ones that she usually allowed herself to use only when she’d be at home for the rest of the night or day. She decided against perfume altogether too.

If she was going to tell Katie the truth she was going to go at it full on Omega, not diminishing anything. After all, it was the middle of the day and her destination was in the Glades, she should be quite safe from another unscheduled run in with her ‘intended’. It really felt like showing up smelling as clean of products as she could was the least that she could do after having omitted things to her friend for so long.

A yellow short sleeved blouse with tiny turquoise polka dots, dark blue jeans and her trusty panda flats were her armor of choice for the upcoming battle; her hair was up on her no-nonsense ponytail, her glasses in place and her lips held a bright shade of magenta because today a light shade of pink seemed way too subdued for what was to come. No. She needed something with a bit more kick than her usual pink.

She arrived at Big Belly Burger with five minutes before the scheduled time of the meeting and grabbed them a booth, glancing towards the door every few seconds. Her phone was on top of the table, just in case Katie sent her a message for whatever reason and as the time ticked by she felt her nerves beginning to fray.

It really had never been her intention to lie to her friend, let alone put her and her new Mate in a position where they’d have to lie for her. If she got away by just buying Katie a milkshake, instead of a regular drink, and an extra order of onion rings she knew she’d be damn lucky. Deep down Felicity doubted that if it had been her on the redhead’s shoes she would have been THAT
Katie arrived without fanfare. She walked purposely towards the booth, giving Felicity a one armed hug and a kiss in the cheek before sitting across from her after setting her big purse on the seat.

“Ok, Miss Smoak. Spill it.” She said, linking her fingers together on top of the table and watching Felicity like a hawk.

They’d known each other since Felicity arrived at Starling City and the blonde had never felt smaller. Never in her life had she felt so much in the ‘hot seat’ as she did right now because this was the moment that could make them or break them and she really didn’t want to lose her friend. As if on cue the words started piling behind her lips and before she could contain them the babble that could wreck their friendship ensued.

“Oliver Queen is my Mate.” She blurted covering her mouth with both her hands for a single moment, as if the babble could be kept at bay that way before she started waving them around as she explained. “I realized it a few years ago when I first arrived to Starling, I saw him and scented him once, from afar so I knew who he was…I mean obviously I knew who he was, everyone and their grandmother knows who he is because he’s Oliver freaking Queen but I knew who he was to ME but I wasn’t ready for it then and so I ran the other way. Not ran, literally, but walked really really fast the other way to get away from him before the wind shifted.”

“And then all the things happened to him, while I was doing my own thing, and I decided that I would wait till things settled a little bit on his crazy life. But then you met Mark, or were going to. And we ended up in Verdant, where I REALLY didn’t want to go let me tell you because guess who owns it? Oliver Queen, that’s who! Long story short, I was waiting in an alcove while you and Mark got your Alpha/Omega connection thing going in the privacy of your own little bubble and I met this guy.”

“But I didn’t know who he was because of the masks and I think he was using masking products just like me but he was charming and we got to talking. I ended up talking to him about my Mate and my choice to not engage, as it were, but we got interrupted so I was headed to your table when I realized who he was and I freaked.”

“Then the fire started and the sprinklers came on and washed all the products off me and off of him probably. And let me tell you it is SO unfair that after all that he looked the way he did. Did I mention that I sneaked a peek at him while I was leaving? Because I totally did, I couldn’t help myself. So when we were standing outside the wind shifted when I was leaving and he scented me and now he knows my scent.”

“So I’m guessing because we were holding hands and Mark kind of shielded us on the way out of the club my scent got on you guys and when he recognized it he wanted answers. I am so so sorry that I didn’t tell you Katie. But I really didn’t want you to want to push the ‘giddy’ on me. And you were sick and hadn’t found your Mate yet so I didn’t want to be the bitch that HAD found her Mate and was taking her sweet time to go to him. And I didn’t…”

“Whoa Whoa Whoa…Breathe, Fel!” Katie grabbed her friend’s hands in mid-air forcing them down to the table, locking her gaze with her friend. “Breathe. You’re turning blue from doing that babble all in one breath; which is really impressive by the way. I think that one was at least a top three on your air supply usage history.”

Her eyes were wide and a bit dazed. After all she’d just said Katie wasn’t looking at her any differently, if anything she looked somewhat amused, sympathetic and a bit smug. Felicity did as her friend asked; taking a few deep breaths to calm herself. She didn’t even know she’d been shaking
until she noticed Katie’s hands were the steady ones and hers were trembling.

“I’m so sorry, Katie.” She murmured

“No need to be sorry. I just think it’s cute you think this is the first time you’ve told me about him.” Katie offered with a tiny smirk.

“Wh..what?” her eyes were wide as saucers at that and her heartbeat increased to double time.

“Felicity.” Katie said rubbing her hands with her thumbs in a soothing way before releasing them and leaning back on her seat. “You’ve lived in Starling for years and except from when I was sick and you swore to me that you wouldn’t drink while I was on treatment because I couldn’t have alcohol I HAVE been present for all your drunken moments.”

“Oh…no…I didn’t. Did I?”

“Oh yes. Yes, you did.” Katie replied with a Cheshire cat grin adorning her face “About a year and a half ago actually. You went on a bender and told me it was because of your time of the month but then the wine got to you and you spilled the beans. You even told me you didn’t want to approach him till he had gotten things settled after his kidnapping and time away.”

“Oh my Google.” She muttered hiding her face with her hands before peeking at her friend. “You knew?! And you didn’t say anything?”

“Really? After you supposedly kept this from me for years I think the least I could do was give you a bit of a hard time.” Katie offered with a shrug.

The waitress appeared by their table then and Katie ordered immediately. An extra order of onion rings and a monstrous strawberry shake added to her regular order. Felicity was in awe of her friend but ordered her food all the same after she was able to regain her voice.

“So… you’re not mad?” she asked once the waitress had gone to put their order in.

“I was, for a little bit after you told me that night a year ago.” Katie admitted “But I understood where you were coming from. You were really looking after him in a way, to make sure he was in a good place before dropping another bombshell on the poor guy. I get it.”

“Oh thank Google.” Felicity exclaimed reaching over the table to give her friend a hug. “I thought you were gonna be so mad at me.”

The awkward hug, thanks to the table between them, lasted a second before they released one another.

“Don’t sweat it, sweetheart. Like I said, I get why you did it. Now, well, now is a completely different story.”

“Yeah… I don’t know what to do. I just don’t get it. I just talked to him like I’d known him forever and yeah I felt bad that I was because it was something I hadn’t even told you, supposedly anyways but it was like…”

“You couldn’t help yourself?” Katie offered with a quirked eyebrow. “It’s part of the link, you know? Last night I actually talked to Mark about a lot of things I didn’t want to even broach on our first meeting.”

“Really?”
“Oh yes. I even mentioned the C word to him.”

“You told him about the Cancer?” Her disbelief was obvious.

“Yep.” Katie admitted while blushing a bit. “He was concerned obviously. What I’m getting at by telling you this is that you don’t need to beat yourself up because you opened up to him about stuff, even if you didn’t know it was him. You couldn’t help it.”

“What am I going to do now though? I am so embarrassed!”

“Well. You know who he is. You know where he works and you know the club he owns. Plus you and I both known that if you wanted could always use your magical way with tech to contact him in a less than legal way whenever you’re ready.”

“That is… very true.” Felicity admitted with a few nods of her head because her friend was right.

Felicity had her ways, her less than legal ways, to contact people if she so wanted. It wouldn’t take long to find a way in and be able to message him, call him, smoke signal him, something, if she really wanted to. The question was… did she dare?

The food arrived then and being busy eating some of the best burgers in the city the friends delved into easier topics. Katie spoke about Mark and how their first meeting had gone. She did have the ‘giddy’ going but it was minimal. Either that or Felicity’s busy brain was making it far more bearable than it should have been. She wondered if when she finally reached out to Oliver she’d be on the same ‘giddy’ boat as her friend.

Once they were done Felicity picked up the tab and they walked out of the burger joint together.

“That is so weird.” Katie said as they were walking down the sidewalk towards the parking lot where their cars were.

“What’s weird?”

“You know when I first started losing my hair and I was a bit paranoid about people looking at me all the time?” she asked.

“Yeah, I remember. It lasted a whooping two days then we had a ‘F it all’ party and got you your first batch of colorful head scarfs so when you shaved your head you’d have cool accessories.” Felicity said.

“Well. I’ve had this… feeling, since last night. Like someone’s been watching me. And I keep seeing the same car. Like, I saw it last night after Mark dropped me off and then this morning and now there it is again. No! Don’t be obvious, Fel. I just think I’m having a paranoia moment.”

“Which car?” she asked

“The dark blue town car, right over there parked on the curb by the jewelry store. Don’t look!”

But Felicity had already turned head to look. And when her brain caught up with her a fire lit up from within as she recognized one of the ‘suits’ she’d seen at Verdant the night before, after the fire, when Oliver and Thea Queen had been talking to the police while surrounded by bodyguards. He was one of them! The man was Asian with long hair and facial hair. He wasn’t wearing a suit, or at least it didn’t look like he was, while seating behind the wheel of the innocuous town car.

“Fel?” Katie’s voice came from far far away as Felicity’s ears filled with the sound of her blood
rushing.

How.Fucking.Dare.HE!?

“I’ve got this. Go home and give Mark a hug for me next time you see him.” The blonde said, giving her friend a hug before walking towards the blue town car in question with the determination of a poked bear.

The man behind the wheel seemed interested at her approach and decided to get out of the car, meeting her at the curb which was a good choice considering that Felicity was pissed off enough to try and pull him physically (but not likely successfully) out of the car.

“Call your boss.”

The man quirked an eyebrow for a moment but still did as she asked. In silence he pulled out a cell phone from the pocket of his slacks and pressed one of the speed dial buttons. He didn’t even try to put the device to his ear instead offering it to her after he’d done as she asked.

Felicity took the phone from him and put it to her ear waiting, keeping her blazing blue eyes trained on the man before her. The line rang only two times before the voice of the man that was supposed to be her Mate came through loud and clear.

“Maseo? Is everything Ok?”

“Oliver Jonas Queen!” she growled into the phone, her small hand gripping the device in a death grip. “You better call off your dogs from following MY friend or I swear to Google I will remove myself from your reach so fast your head will spin. And believe me when I say I can disappear from your radar so thoroughly you will never get the chance to scent me up close for as long as you live. Is that clear?” she asked, her gaze softening towards Maseo “No offense.”

“None taken.” The man answered with a small amused smirk.

“It’s you.” Oliver’s voice on the other side of the line called her attention once more. His tone was awed before turning offended. The switch happening in the span of a second. “Your friend and her Mate LIED to me about you…”

“And Google forbid that they were looking after my best interest, right? It didn’t occur to you in your haste that they were trying to keep the eager Alpha from the not so sure about the whole meeting thing Omega?” she asked “So, of course, the best option was to have one of your bodyguards follow her. Because that’s the obvious way to go! My friend, the woman that just went into remission from Cancer and doesn’t need the stress of being followed! Yes! That sounds like the best plan in existence!”

There was a moment of silence from the other side of the line and then he sighed. And when he did he sighed deeply, as if what he was going to say next would actually cause him physical pain.

“Perhaps that wasn’t the best course of action.” He admitted begrudgingly “But you have to understand…”

“No. No. No. No. No Buts. I don’t have to understand anything.” She interrupted him “You need to understand that I need time because, unless you forgot with all the excitement of last night, I made a major fool of myself and processing time is a necessity for me. That level of awkwardness is difficult to get over in just a few hours.”

“You should quote the priest from The princess bride.” He replied at once.
She couldn’t help it. His statement deflated her and all the anger that had churned within her sputtered out, leaving a small grin on her face. Because of COURSE he’d remember that.

“Maybe.” She admitted, turning away from Maseo and holding her free hand to her temple. “Just… don’t have Katie followed anymore.”

“I’ll call off Maseo immediately.” He agreed

“Thank you. I’ll hand over the phone back to him now.”

“Wait.”

“Y..yeah?” Now that her anger was gone she was nervous… and excited, the butterflies once more fluttering in her stomach.

“I’d like to know your name.” his voice was soft, not quite a whisper but gentle.

“Oh.” She bit her lower lip considering her options. “If I give it to you, do you promise not to do anything creepy like hiring a private investigator to learn all things about me?”

He chuckled at that.

“I’ll promise, as long as you have Maseo give you my phone number. For when your processing time is done.”

“Ok.”

“Ok?” he asked, the surprise on his voice evident. There was a hint of hope there too.

“Ok.” She replied before taking a deep breath. “Felicity. My name, that is… My name is Felicity Smoak.”

“Fe-li-ci-ty. I like it.”

The way that he said her name made her both flustered and relaxed. It was an amalgam of feelings quarreling within her. She shouldn’t be feeling weak at the knees from one word but she totally was. She wondered what it’d be like if he was standing before her, pinning her with those bluer than blue eyes of his while saying her name…

“Bye Oliver.” She said, needing to be done with this phone conversation before her babble could kick in.

“Bye, Felicity.”

She ended the call and turned over her heels glancing back at the bodyguard who was waiting patiently by the car, hands shoved on the pockets of his slacks watching her with curious dark eyes,

“He said I should take his number from your phone.” She offered sounding a bit sheepish before focusing her attention on getting what she sought from the device, making a new contact on her own cellphone before handing the phone over. “Was that his office number or..?”

“That was his personal cell phone number.” The man replied taking the little device from her.

“You might want to give him a call to see what he wants you to do now since tailing my friend is out of the question.” Felicity said, putting her phone away.
“Will do, Miss Smoak.” He replied with a slight nod

“Hopefully I didn’t get you in too much trouble.” She said with a cringe.

The man, Maseo, surprised her with a smile.

“I think that by making that call you just placed me as far away from trouble as you could.”

“Good… That’s… that’s good.” She said waving once before turning over her heel and walking away.

The full weight of what she’d just done settling in her stomach like all the butterflies there had turned to lead. She had just called and raged at Oliver Queen, her biologically determined Alpha! His phone number was burning a proverbial hole on her phone and she had willingly given him her name.

Oh FRACK!

She was going to have to stop at the store and stock up on red wine and Mint Chocolate Chip ice cream in order to process everything…

Chapter End Notes

This fic is for Matty (SuperSillyAndDorky06) and TheAlternativeSource because they are awesome!

I hope you guys like it.

Also, Here's my Info, you can find me on both Twitter and Tumblr. @Melmo2010 and https://www.tumblr.com/blog/melsanfo
They say that when Life gives you lemons you learn to make lemonade. Being the Omega daughter of a feisty Beta who worked really hard to give her the best opportunities she could Felicity wasn’t one for settling or accepting things as they came.

Life, being the nice one out of a family of three sisters (her mom had told her that analogy multiple times), has a way of giving you signs that are meant to be followed. A crumbs trail, if you will, to find your way ‘Hansel and Gretel’ style. But if those signs go ignored then the biggest bitch of them all, Fate, can intervene in the name if its lovely little sister (Life) and throw you head first into trouble. And pray to Google you don’t get in the bad side of Karma, the middle sister of the whole bunch.

For two days Felicity had held a staring contest with her phone, on and off, glancing at a particular brand spanking new contact on her list that both appealed and appalled her in equal measure. She was ignoring Life’s signs as best she could. She still managed her computer repair shop while burying herself in some code, creating an app that if all went well, as her previous ones had, would leave her set for the rest of the quarter even if her store didn’t do so hot. If it did really well she’d be able to fly herself, Katie and her mom for a Spa retreat in celebration.

Every time she had a moment to spare though her phone was in her hand and she was looking at the contact number for one Oliver Queen. She was still trying to figure out what her next step should be. Right now the ball was in her court and she wasn’t sure if she wanted to serve…or kick…or whatever sport analogy would fit the situation.

She really needed to pay more attention to stuff like that.

On the third day, a boring Tuesday since she had managed to finish the app in record time, she found herself behind the counter of her shop having to cover for her employee who had gotten sick out of the blue. Reading between the lines she knew that the forever on and off relationship her employee was in was very much back ON as of the night before and she needed some reconnection time with her significant other.

Felicity had been glancing down at her phone like it was a creature from outer space that would bite her at any moment before straightening up her spine, making sure to adjust her position on the stool she was sitting on so she wouldn’t fall off of it by doing so, and grabbed the offending device.
“Ok, Felicity. You can do this.” She muttered to herself, swiping at the screen in order to open her contacts. She got as far as to looking at his number before freezing.

It was Tuesday. Just after 1 PM. She was sure that if she called he’d pick up (probably...). What she wasn’t sure about was what she’d say to him. And she didn’t want to be that creeper breathing heavily (out of nervousness!) on the other side of the phone not knowing what to say. Hell. No.

She settled on a text message instead of a call.

The blank little text message box stared back at her smugly while she raked her brain for something to write. A simple ‘hello’ didn’t seem enough. But her mind was struggling to come up with anything else. Well, not really, the babbles were full, front and center in her brain but the letter count kept that at bay pretty well.

Huh! Maybe she should have all her conversations in text, that way her babbles wouldn’t rule her life!

It took her 23 minutes to come up with the first text message that she’d ever send her Mate. And to be completely honest she wasn’t even sure she was satisfied with it. But she knew that if she put it off any longer A. She’d procrastinate a few more days and probably force her Alpha to look for her again or B. Katie would end up kidnapping her, stuffing her in a box and sending her as a pretty gift to the man himself, just to get things over with. Or started, as it were.

“Here goes nothing.” She muttered to herself hitting the send button before leaving the phone on the counter settling her gaze on her laptop which sat next to it. “Time to get some work done.”

The reply to her message came within two minutes and her text alert made her jump on her seat before scrambling to grab the phone and look at the words there.

‘Green. Yours?’

And that’s how their game of twenty questions (though there were many more questions after they reached twenty) began. With her text of:

‘What’s your favorite color? <<Felicity’

She was sure that poets for the ages would be quoting her in their works for centuries to come. Oh, the romance (NOT)!

Felicity learned that Oliver was born and bred in Starling and that though he’d gone off state in order to go to college, which he’d been forced to attend by his parents, he’d come right back to work under his father’s ever watchful eye at QC. While in college he’d been surprised to learn that he was very good at learning languages. He was fluent in Russian, Mandarin and English (obviously) and was currently learning both sign language and Spanish.

On and on bits of information began to surface about her Mate and the more she learned the more questions she had which at some point he mentioned on a text saying…

‘It wouldn’t be you if you didn’t.’

But he never seemed angry about her questions though she had tried her best to stay away from breaching heavy subjects. Even though it was tempting she managed to not pry about his ‘time away’. His kidnapping and all that followed, she figured, would be a subject for a face to face conversation. Sometimes he delayed in replying but so did she, after all she had a business to run and he had his company.
No questions went unanswered however. And after every answer he gave her he’d ask her a question in return, whether it was related to the one before or not she answered them all the same, growing more and more comfortable with the idea of him not as the imposing Alpha that she knew he was but as Oliver. Just Oliver.

It was three days later, 4 PM on a Friday afternoon, and she was once more at her store. Her employee’s relationship was OFF again and she’d needed time off to lick her wounds. Felicity had been working on her laptop, reviewing the inventory for parts, while fuming. She really needed to find a more responsible customer service person! The bell on top of the door jingled announcing the arrival of a costumer forcing her gaze away from the screen. In truth Felicity should have had an electronic way of announcing when someone entered her store but her mother had gifted her the damned string with bells and she didn’t have the heart to take them down, no matter how much better a techie upgrade would be.

Two men were walking into the store, both of them brunette, one of them taking off expensive looking sunglasses. Both of them had light colored eyes and were handsome in their own way. One was dressed to the nines, three piece suit in a dark blue that was almost black and high end dress shoes. No knock offs for dude #1! And she knew her knock offs, after all! (Thank you, Las Vegas!) The other man, the younger looking one, was the opposite. He wore jeans, sneakers and a red hoodie with the hood pulled back and hanging pooled at the back of his neck. Red hoodie was carrying a laptop under his arm.

Dude #1 was all Alpha scent while Red Hoodie was an Omega, just like her.

“Welcome to Smoak Solutions. How can I help you, gentlemen?”

When Mister Expensive suit dazzled her with a smile she froze in place. That face, with that particular smile, was as well-known along Starling just as much as her Mate's. Mostly because both Alpha’s were usually together! Coming to lean casually on the other side of the counter was none other than Starling City's (and tabloid) sweetheart Tommy Merlyn.

“Hello there!” He said happily, putting his sunglasses away on the inside pocket of his suit jacket. “We’re hoping you’ll be the exception to the rule today.”

“Dude. You can lay off the charm.” Red Hoodie said placing the lap top on the counter “Prince Charming here spilled a latte on this laptop and now it won’t work.” He explained cutting to the chase. “We’ve gone to several stores already but they all wanted to put us on waiting lists for repairs…”

“And unless we get it fixed, ready and back where it was before his darling girlfriend finds out I fried it, or might have, we’re going to be on the chopping block. And let me tell you. This face? It was not made for receiving physical punishment.” Tommy finished motioning to his face with one of his forefingers before trying another charming smile on Felicity. “So if you could get one of the techie nerds from the back to take a look at it pronto, that’d be really really good.”

Red Hoodie rolled his eyes so dramatically that Felicity was surprised he didn’t physically hurt himself.

Felicity moved her own laptop to the side, after saving her progress on the inventory and closed the lid with a snap.

“Let me get this straight.” She said with a head tilt. "You spilled a latte on this beautiful baby.” Her hands moving over the surface of the injured laptop “Which you have, pretty much, kidnapped from its rightful owner and now you’re freakin out to get it fixed before your ass can be held accountable
for your actions? Am I correct?” she asked with a sickly sweet smile pulling at her bright red lips.

“Yeah. That sounds about right.” Tommy offered with another smile. “So, which geek do I have to bribe to get this done like right now?”

“Well. You came to the right place to get this done. That's points for you boys.” Felicity offered pulling the laptop towards herself. Opening the lid she grimaced at the sight of the sticky keyboard and liquid on the screen. “But, Mister Merlyn, and yes I know who you are obviously, I’d appreciate it if you stopped with the charm and most importantly the derogatory terms for my people.” She glanced at him pointedly then over her glasses, which were sliding down her nose. “This is my store and I’m the biggest nerd and geek in attendance every single day of the week. So, since I’m the one that’s going to save your ass the least you could do is show a little bit of respect; Unless you want me to change the settings of this computer so that every single sound it makes comes out as a different kind of animal fart.” She smiled at him then, almost evilly before she turned her gaze towards Red Hoodie.

“Don’t look at me.” The younger man quickly said holding both hands up “I’m fine with letting his butt fry.”

“Hey!” Tommy sent an appalled looked towards the younger man before turning his attention towards Felicity. “A. You don’t look like a geek or a nerd so my apologies. And B. I didn’t mean anything by it, I swear, I’m just desperate. His girlfriend is a spitfire that knows WAY too much about my past and may have access to some pretty embarrassing baby pictures of me with the potential of being used for blackmail.”

“There’s a Starbucks three blocks that way.” Felicity pointed to the left. “I’d like the biggest Caramel Flan Latte that they can make, with an extra shot of expresso.”

“Coffee.” Tommy replied at once.

Felicity nodded her head.

“Roy, would you…” Tommy was about to turn towards the other guy.

“Nope.” Felicity said pursing her lips before she shook her head. “You asked who YOU needed to bribe, Mister Merlyn. That’d be me. So, with that said YOU get to go and get ME the coffee while I work on the laptop so we can keep your butt out of the fire.”

“I like you.” Roy offered, having a hard time keeping a straight face.

“Thank you, Roy.” She offered with a smile and then glanced at a flabbergasted Tommy.

“How desperate are you again, Mister Merlyn?” she asked cheekily.

“I don’t know if I should be offended or happy that you’re even willing to help me, you blonde evil genius.” He said with a shake of his head and a laugh. “Fine! I’ll get right on it. Try not to miss me too much!”

After he was gone Felicity shook her head and smiled at Roy who finally had let out a few chuckles at the exchange.

“I don’t think I’ve ever seen anyone else put him in his place quite as good as his Mate. But you did good.” Roy offered, leaning his elbows on the counter. “You really think you can get that fixed there, Blondie?”
“Watch and learn, Red Hoodie. Just. Watch. And. Learn.” She said getting to work.

Three hours later, having taken a break to drink the coffee brought to her by her own personal Billionaire delivery boy and having a bit of a chat with the two men Felicity closed her store before heading to the back, where the men and the laptop waited. Merlyn had perched himself on one of the work benches while Roy was sitting on top of one of the tables, watching her work with interested eyes.

Night had fallen when she was finally done. It was painstaking work but she had managed to replace the parts that needed it, clean the parts that could be salvaged and put everything back together. She booted up the laptop and when it came to life, with all files intact, Tommy Merlyn crowed and did a swirl on his tip toes on the other side of the table she was using to work on the device.

“You!” he said coming around and grabbing her shoulders before giving her a big kiss on the cheek. “Are a GODDESS of technology and if I hadn’t already found my Mate I would lay myself at your feet, you saucy Omega you!”

“I don’t think my Mate would like that but thanks for the offer anyways.” She quipped while laughing shooing him away with her hands before shutting down the computer properly and unhooking the power cable she’d used on it. “Here.” She said handing over the piece of technology. “Make sure you get this baby back before the owner notices it’s missing.”

Hopping down from the table Roy came over and took the laptop before Tommy could grab it, holding it close to his side.

“No way you’re getting close to Thea’s laptop again.” Was his explanation before turning towards Felicity and nodding once. “Thanks for the save, Blondie.” He offered with a small smirk. “Make sure he pays good for your time, he can afford it.” He added leaving the back room.

Tommy was already getting his wallet out of his suit jacket.

“No need for that.” She offered leading the way out of the backroom and into the store, grabbing her jacket as she went.

“What do you mean?” Tommy was right on her heels, looking confused. “You spent HOURS bent over that computer and you don’t want me to pay you?”

“Yep.” She said with a Cheshire smile after having led both men out of the store, setting up the alarms remotely with her phone she turned to look at him. “No need for money, just deliver a message for me? Tell Oliver I said Hi.”

“Oliv… Why would I.?”

Felicity could have sworn that she saw the cogs working in his brain and when realization dawned on him the look of both surprise and disbelief was in one word EPIC.

“You… You’re Felicity? THE Felicity? Blue dress girl Felicity?!”

“Well, not blue dress Felicity today.” She said looking down at her purple coat, the white sundress with little watermelons as a print all over it and her bright red wedge sandals. “But yeah, I’m Felicity. Felicity Smoak. Hence Smoak Solutions.” She said offering her hand. “Nice to meet you Mister Merlyn.”

“Holy shit!” she heard Roy mutter from behind her.
Tommy shook her hand as if in a daze glancing between her and Roy.

“Can you believe this? I’m actually shaking the hand of the elusive Felicity. I gotta tell you, for a little bit there we thought Oliver had made you up!”

“Nah, man. And I don’t even want to know how pissed he’s gonna be that he chose not to help us out with this errand.” Roy offered with a chuckle before shaking Felicity’s hand too.

“Well, gentlemen, it was nice to meet you both. Merlyn, make sure you give him my message, ok?” she asked already turning and planning on walking away from the duo.

“Hold up!” Tommy stopped her by holding her elbow gently, coming to stand before her. “There is NO way that you’re getting away this easy. You, Roy and I, we’re doing dinner.”

“Uh. No.” she replied instantly making Roy snicker.

“Oh yes!” Tommy offered wrapping his arm around her shoulders and moving her in the direction of the Bentley parked in front of her store. “There is no way, I say, NONE that I don’t get to spend some quality time chatting up my best friend’s Mate before he can corrupt you with his broodiness!”

And that was how Felicity found herself in a booth at Big Belly Burger, with the unlikely duo, having burgers for dinner. Surprisingly the three of them got along splendidly well! Where Tommy was over the top and charming, Roy was a bit more reserved, he was what Felicity liked to call a ‘sharp shooter conversationalist’. He’d lay in wait, listening, never missing the flow of the conversation and when the moment was JUST right he’d insert a quip or sarcastic comment that was so good and on point that in more than one occasion she almost choked on her soda because of it.

Sometime during dinner Tommy had asked for her opinion on the ring he was going to present his Mate, Laurel. He had pictures of three different ones that he had on hold at a very high end jewelry store but he was unsure which one would fit her best. Felicity asked all kinds of questions about the woman and after she thought she had a good idea about her, ignoring the heart eyes that Tommy got when he spoke about her, she pointed at one of the pictures on his phone.

“That one.” She said. “The emerald cut is classy and sophisticated but the side baguette stones give it a bit of oomph. Plus, we know that you’re rolling in the money and can afford a big rock but you have to keep in consideration her profession. Lawyers are the butt of enough jokes as is and since she’s working with those less fortunate people need to be able to relate to her a bit. If she’s carrying an 8 carat diamond ring on her finger they’re going to dismiss her as a snob the moment the get a glimpse of it. So a smaller rock of better quality would be your best bet. Especially if it’s an emerald cut diamond because those show even the smallest imperfections so you want a flawless center stone or as close as you can get it…You’re giving me a look. Why are you giving me a look? Do I have ketchup on my face or something?”

“I would REALLY like to have that brain of yours.” He muttered while looking at her in wonder. “Where have you been all my life?! You, you’re like this… petite colorful encyclopedia of knowledge that I never knew was important like flawlessness of a center stone on an engagement ring based on the cut or how to fix a computer that has been bathed in coffee. Whatever the case, you are on it! Are you sure you’re happy with your store? Because I can tell you right now, I would love to hire you as my Personal Assistant. You’d make my life SO much easier.”

“No way, Merlyn.” She shook her head. “I like my store, creating my apps and side projects. I am not made for anything remotely close to the secretarial arts.”

“Maybe you can help this guy out.” Tommy said clapping Roy on the shoulder. “Our boy here will
be needing a ring soon enough himself.”

“Dude…” Roy looked highly uncomfortable at that, shoulders tensing up and jaw clenching slightly.

“What? It’s true!” Tommy continued oblivious to the younger man’s discomfort. “All I’m saying is Thea will want something shiny sooner rather than later and it’d help you out if you have an honest well educated opinion already. Besides, Ollie and I can totally help you with the purchase budget wise.”

Felicity could see Roy shutting down at that. His walls, which had come down quite a lot during their time together, going right back up at being reminded of the obvious difference of social status between him and his Mate.

“I gotta call Thea.” He muttered sourly before getting out of the booth and walking away.

Silence descended on the booth for a few seconds before Felicity turned her attention from watching the young Omega leave towards Tommy with a sharp look.

“What?”

“You really have no idea where you went wrong there, do you?” She asked “Seriously, Merlyn? You have no clue how difficult it is to be an Omega, especially for a guy. Society deems the males as providers, which is an outdated theory anyways, but for an Omega male it’s even worse. Because they have a war going on inside them between what they think they should be as men and what they are as Omegas. It sounded like you were offering him charity.”

“That wasn’t it.” Tommy replied immediately sounding somewhat offended before taking a moment to think about it. “Was it?”

“In his mind, yeah it was. You pretty much just told him you don’t think he can make it on his own to satisfy one of his Alpha’s needs. Any Omega will tell you, that is one of the worst fears to have. To not measure up, to not be what they need. To feel that their Alpha has been saddled with an Omega when they could/should have someone better? It’s agony. Biology is biology, yes, but insecurity touches everyone.”

“You seem to be doing just fine.” Tommy offered with a tilt of his head.

“Fine? Are you kidding me?” Felicity offered with an unladylike snort. “I’m freaking out! I haven’t stopped freaking out since I found out who my Alpha was! He and I, we shouldn’t make sense. No. Sense. At. All! I mean. He has more money than Google for crying out loud. He has drivers, maids, bodyguards, a mansion or two. Not counting vacation houses and other properties of course; a fortune 500 company to run and a name that opens doors pretty much everywhere in the country, Canada and some parts of Latin America AND China. No pressure there. Me? I’m an IT girl from Vegas who came from a single parent home, a Doctor Who and all things geeky fan, coffee addict with a computer repair store in the outskirts of the Glades who wouldn’t know what to do with all the forks you rich people have during your fancy dinners unless it’s to use one as a dinglehopper and if you don’t know what a dinglehopper is let me tell you right now, you sir had no childhood.”

“A dingle…wha?”

“A dinglehopper!” Felicity exclaimed throwing her hands up in the air “See?! This is excellent proof that I am INDEED freaking out. You don’t even know what a dinglehopper is! What are the odds that HE will know what I’m talking about when I go on a babble rant about it?”

“I’m so confused.” Tommy muttered to himself looking somewhat ashamed.
“It’s a fork, Merlyn. It’s what Scuttle the seagull told Ariel that a fork was called. A dinglehopper. From…”

“The little mermaid.” Said a voice from a few feet behind her.

That voice...

It made her babble die in her throat and her heart rate pick up.

“Buddy!” Tommy’s excited voice barely registered with the sound of her blood rushing in her ears.

She followed Tommy’s movements with her eyes as he got out of the booth and greeted his best friend. Felicity’s hands curled into the fabric of her dress on her lap as she watched them because how was this her life? There he was, the man she’d been texting with for a few days now, the man that she was sure she wasn’t as intimidated by as she’d been a week ago, the man who biology had said was meant to be hers and for her to be his.

And here she was, once more, freaking out and planning an escape.

If she thought that it was unfair he looked that good wearing a soaked suit the way he looked dressed casually was a crime. The brown leather jacket seemed painted on, showing off just how wide his shoulders really were; it was open at the front (Not even the zipper could contain all of THAT, she was sure) showing off a dark green button down, he wore jeans and brown work boots. And, as if any more torture was needed, he was holding a motorcycle helmet in one of his hands.

Because of COURSE Mr. Alpha sex on a stick could ride a freaking motorcycle. Of. Fucking. COURSE!

“Look who I met today!”

Tommy’s happy tone and motion towards her made Felicity swallow hard, pushing an imaginary strand of hair behind her ear, even though her ponytail had been just as tight and in place as ever before last time she checked it when she went to the restroom.

She wanted the booth to open up, along with the ground, and swallow her WHOLE.

And then he turned his attention to her, a whiff of his Alpha scent hitting her nose and making her swallow hard again, her own scent reacting to his. His blue eyes flashed again with Alpha recognition, just as they’d done that night at Verdant, but at this distance the sight was truly magical. It was as if blue lightning had shimmered in them from within. His deep intake of breath and the low purring sound that came from deep within him almost turning her into a puddle of goo right there on the booth seat.

With his eyes locked on hers it was as if everything else around them just dimmed down into nothingness. There was nothing around, no sound, no world, just blue meeting blue and a million emotions being exchanged from less than three feet away without words.

“Hello, Felicity.”

“Hello, Oliver.”

They say that when Life gives you lemons you learn to make lemonade…

When Life drops your Mate into your lap, figuratively speaking, while at a burger joint with awesome milkshakes? After the initial shock (and fighting off the need to escape) the next logical
step is to try and decide if you have room for one of them suckers… preferably to share and hope you survive it.

Chapter End Notes

This fic is for Matty (SuperSillyAndDorky06) and TheAlternativeSource because they are awesome!

I hope you guys like it.

Also, Here's my Info, you can find me on both Twitter and Tumblr.
@Melmo2010 and https://www.tumblr.com/blog/melsanfo
Big Belly Burger, the place to be.

Chapter Summary

There's more talk of dinglehoppers, sexual tension and doubts.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

If anyone had asked him Tommy would have said that the interaction started off as a tennis match, or at least that’s what it felt like to him. He kept looking from one to the other as if he was watching the posh sport... but nothing was happening. He knew what it was like when your Mate came into the room and you had eyes only for them but this? THIS was almost obscene. The amount of eye sex his best friend and his Mate were having could’ve lit up the whole city with its electrifying properties and they’d only said ‘Hello’ to each other!

Talk about being able to cut the tension with a knife! A flimsy plastic butter knife at that!

“I think I’m going to take this opportunity to go and fix my little faux pas with Roy.” He announced before moving away from the blonde duo though he wouldn’t have been surprised if they really didn’t notice that he’d gone.

Wow those two were in for something heavy!

Oliver did manage to tear his gaze from her at Tommy’s departure, feeling both elated to have the chance to talk to her alone but also feeling a bit uneasy. He didn’t want to push her, her ‘processing’ time wasn’t done or at least she hadn’t let him know yet, so this could either turn out really really good or be catastrophic to the budding relationship. He REALLY didn’t want to mess this up.

Meanwhile Felicity took the time to take a deep breath and give herself a mental pep-talk.

“You can do this, Felicity. It’s not that different from texting. Only he’s standing like right there, not three feet from you now. Be thankful that you were already sitting down and didn’t make a fool of yourself by falling over, tripping and face planting or something because THAT would’ve been a very understandable response to him being here out of the blue. Oh, Google, why did he have to appear in the middle of one of my freak outs and looking like that? Not that he has much say on his looks, mostly genetics but the leather does work for him a LOT…”

“You were freaking out?”

His voice snapped her out of what was supposed to be a mental rant, forcing her eyes back to his face. She blinked owlishly at him for a moment before pressing her lips together in order to contain her babble reflex.

A minute went by before she spoke.

“Just... how much of all that was said out loud exactly?” she asked, feeling the heat of blush blooming on her cheeks and spreading down her neck.

“From the ‘You can do this’ part.” He replied with a small smile that made her stomach butterflies
“Well frack.” She muttered, face palming right after. “That was supposed to be an internal mental thing not an out loud thing. Although now that I said it out loud it sounds like I’m going mental and not that it was supposed to be an inner thoughts sort of monologue.” She sighed heavily.

He tilted his head at her then, still smiling before settling his helmet on the booth seat across from hers, the one that Tommy and Roy had occupied, before sliding in to sit there himself.

“So… you were freaking out because?” he asked cautiously.

“Oh, you know. Just had the usual Omega worth and compatibility to their appointed Alpha’s sort of conversation. Nothing out of the ordinary.”

“What?”

“Tommy had a bit of a slip and Roy didn’t react very well so I was trying to explain to Tommy how Omega’s insecurities can play tricks on us when a match is…shall we say, a bit unthinkable?”

“Unlikely.” He offered after a moment of silence.

“Sorry, what?” she asked, tilting her head to the side curiously, giving him her full attention.

It really wasn’t difficult to do that. At. All. What, with those eyes of his and that face and the stubble, she was surprised she didn’t combust from just looking at him. And he seemed to sit up straighter at her perusal which made him seem even larger, his gaze as unwavering as his attention on her.

The potential for spontaneous human combustion on her part tripled when he smiled, a slow and soft smile that barely made his lips curve, a smile that she wanted to steal right off his lips with her own.

Her hands tightened into fists on her lap to keep herself from moving forward and she felt her pulse picking up even more speed.

Damn his Alpha hotness! Thank GOOGLE he wasn't using his scent against her or else by the end of the night she was sure she'd be charged with indecent exposure.

“Unlikely pairings. Not unthinkable.” He explained settling his hands on top of the table.

Her gaze drifted from his to follow the motion and she had to swallow, hard. Those were some really big hands… very big capable looking hands… Ooh man.

“Thea and Roy.” He continued forcing her eyes back to his with his words. “They are an unlikely pair, yes, but once you see them together it’s obvious that there’s something there. Something undeniable, sincere and quite possibly amazing.” His blue eyes softening as he looked at her. “That potential, even if the pairing seems unlikely at first, is the gateway. After that all it takes is one moment of blind faith to see where it goes.”

“I don’t think we’re talking just about Thea and Roy anymore.” She muttered while shifting ever so slightly on her seat.

“No. We’re not.” He admitted with a sigh, leaning back on the booth's seat and rubbing the back of his neck with one of his hands. “Were you freaking out about me?” he asked

“A little.” She agreed “How much of the conversation did you manage to overhear?”

“Only about the dinglehopper and how if he didn’t know what it was there was a good chance I
wouldn’t know either.”

“Oh. Well. Uh…” she linked her fingers together and placed her joined hands on top of the table. “It started with him acquiring my foot in mouth syndrome for a moment and making Roy feel less than worthy as an Omega and from there it shifted to him thinking I was not freaking out about the prospect of who my Mate is.” She said “Which, after our conversation in Verdant, you should be fully aware by now that THAT is not the case. Not that there’s anything wrong with you. Oh no. You’re fine. More than fine. You’re like FINE fine. It’s just well, technically you and I, we’re not in the same league. More like we’d be in two separate sports, if I knew sports I’d make a better analogy. Google, that sounded like a high school thing to say. I could make a code analogy but that’d probably just get me into a bigger tangent. Maybe books? Yes! Technically speaking, we are not only NOT on the same page but we’re not even in the same book. Or shouldn’t be.” The more she talked the more her fingers tightened together, as if by keeping herself from gesticulating her thoughts would be less muddled up. “Anyways, I was telling him about the differences between us and how unlikely, our pairing was. And… yeah, somehow that evolved into a rant about the multitude of forks rich people, AKA you guys, use during dinners and how I’d probably use one as a dinglehopper. Not that I’m completely ignorant about dinner etiquette or anything it just wasn’t…”

“Felicity.”

If her name coming from his lips hadn’t shut her up the fact that he placed one of his hands on top of both of hers and gave a tiny squeeze would have. It was the most effective way that anyone had ever managed to shut her up.

“Would you like to go out to dinner with me?” he asked

“The word dinner was all you got from all that?” she asked automatically

He chuckled then, prying her hands from each other with his own before engulfing her digits with his, his deliciously calloused ones. Both of his hands holding hers; The level of warmth she found in them should’ve been illegal. His thumbs were brushing the skin on the side of her wrists sending thrills of sensation up and down her spine.

She didn’t even know that her wrists could be a ‘hot’ spot till right that very moment. Holy COW!

“No.” he replied “but I think back to our conversation in Verdant, to the remarkable woman that had such strong opinions about being matched and I realize that unless I give you a really good reason to want this then the doubts, on both our parts, are going to snuff this before it can truly begin.” He offered

“You… have doubts? are you even supposed to have doubts, being an Alpha and all?” she quipped with a quirk of her lips.

“Felicity, you are unlike any Omega I have ever met.” He admitted, his voice carrying wonder and caring. “Half the time I’m not sure what is going to come out of your head in either text or words. You’re not submissive or compliant in any way. You not only withheld yourself from meeting me for years you even ran from me that first night at Verdant. Twice.”

“Yeah and then you sniffed my friend…”

“My point being, as an Alpha my biology is telling me I should be sure about myself at this point and sure about this but you… you’re unlike anyone in my life.” He smiled again then, a blinding smile that could’ve seriously been made into a toothpaste ad. “You fearlessly walked up to one of my men
so he could call me just so you could yell at me for a bonehead move on my part. You chose to let me have some space to regroup after my time away because you thought it’d be what was best for me. You don’t even let me get away with things in text. I can’t be sure of anything with you. So yeah, doubts, but not about you being right for me or us being wrong for each other. Doubts about me, as an Alpha and a man, because the blue print that was presented to me from the moment I was born, from the moment I changed doesn’t work, not for you and I’m beginning to realize it doesn’t work for me either. You’re not the stereotypical Omega and because of that I need to be an unlikely Alpha. And that causes doubts and worries.”

“Whoa.” The word was a breath coming from her as if the weight that was lifting from her shoulders had released her lungs in an exhale shaped as that single word “So, I’m not the only one freaking out a bit?”

“No.” he admitted with a shake of his head. “Not by a long shot.”

“Oh.”

There was silence then, not only in words but the jumble of thoughts in her brain seemed to slow down too. She wasn’t sure if it was all he’d said or it was the warmth from him that was transferring from his hands to hers, all the same there was a calm there that she’d never felt before and she wondered if this was what all Alpha/Omega pairs felt from a simple touch.

“So.” He said solemnly, straightening his impressive shoulders “Felicity, would you like to go out to dinner with me?”

“You mean… like a date? Like a date-date? A pre-determined moment in time set aside for that particular endeavor instead of just running into each other at an eatery?” she asked teasingly, pressing her lips together in order to hide the fact that a smile was threatening to overtake her features.

“Well, it is implied.” He offered giving her hands another squeeze, narrowing his eyes at her before leaning forward, his big body allowing him to cover some of the distance over the table, so that their faces were only a few inches apart, without him actually having to stand up. “Would you like to go to dinner with me, Felicity?” His voice was lower then, with a hint of a purr to its quality, his eyes flashing electric blue again.

“Yes.”

“Do you like Italian? Everyone likes Italian right?” he asked as he leaned back onto his side of the booth again with a pleased look on his face.

“I love Italian.” She admitted shifting her hands on his so that their palms were pressed together and her fingers felt the strong pulse of his blood within his veins.

The switch made his eyes flutter closed for a single second before his eyelids snapped open again; he was gazing at her with renewed interest. It was a simple shift of the skin on skin contact but it turned simple comforting hand holding into a far more intimate stance.

This was her leap of faith.

Alpha’s needed blood to survive, they ate real food but the sustenance they gained from blood was a completely different level of nurturing. The connection between an Alpha and their Omega was strengthened due to the blood and intimacy of the act of blood sharing. The fact that she allowed him to feel HER pulse, not just listen to it, served as affirmation that they were in fact very much in the same league, sport and book.
“I am SOOOOO glad that the heart eyes are at a much tolerable level now!”

The statement heralded Tommy’s arrival before he actually came to sit next to Oliver. Roy following behind him and taking a seat by Felicity. It was the safest sitting arrangement that there could be yet there was still a bit of a growl from Oliver’s part at the interruption.

“So glad you approve, buddy.” He said through clenched teeth making Tommy smile widely.

Felicity gave Oliver’s wrists a bit of a squeeze before releasing him altogether, placing her hands on her lap once more before turning her attention to the younger man sitting next to her.

“Everything sorted?” she asked

“As much as it can be. He’s lucky I didn’t tell Thea he almost fried her computer as retaliation.” Roy offered with a wry smile.

“Keep that for future blackmail purposes.” She offered with a wink.

“Ok. You two need to be separated at once. Ollie, I don’t like this. They’re like on the same wavelength or something.” Tommy said

“You sound like a teacher, Merlyn. Making students sit away from each other because they talk during class.” Felicity said while smiling, glancing towards Oliver who had a small glimmer of amusement in his eyes.

“So you did manage to find someone to fix my sister’s computer then?” the blonde man asked, folding his arms over his chest, glancing at his best friend.

“Well, maybe if you two weren’t plotting against me I’d be more lenient.” The dark haired billionaire pouted. “Yes, your Felicity saved me big time. Though you should know she made me fetch her coffee.”

“Really?” He asked side glancing towards the woman that was his Mate.

“Is that judgement I’m hearing?” she asked quirking an eyebrow at him.

“Pride.”

“And just so you know we haven’t even started on that plotting thing but we can give it priority if you’d like.” Roy quipped

“Is everyone in this table against me today?” Tommy asked mocking hurt as he stood. “Just for that I’m going to go home to my lovely Mate so she can help me with my wounded soul.” He patted Oliver’s shoulder once, as well as Roy’s. “Felicity, it was a pleasure.” He said offering his hand and when she took it he kissed the back of hers. “Don’t be a stranger.” He added and was on his way to the door.

“I think I’m gonna see if I can catch a ride with him.” Roy said getting out of the booth as well.

“Oh! Roy, I just had a thought. Well, actually I had it a bit ago but you weren’t here.” She began “I don’t know if you’d be interested but I need some help at my shop, since my current customer service rep leaves a LOT to be desired of regarding her standards of responsibility. If you’re looking for a part time I could totally use the help.”

Roy was surprised at her statement and glanced towards the other man at the table before returning
his gaze to her.

“I already have a job at Verdant. Besides I don’t know much about computers, Blondie.”

“Just think about it, even if it's while they deal with the repairs of the fire.” She said motioning towards Oliver. “You could be making a bit of extra money. And besides you wouldn’t be dealing with the computers.” She said quickly “It’d be more manning the front of the store, making sure no one steals anything, take notes on the repairs the people want done to their tech, helping with the inventory and restocking in the back. Plus a bit of cleaning every once in a while.” She said “It’d be 10 to 4, Tuesday to Friday with the possibility of overtime. And you’d still have time to work at Verdant during the night once everything goes back to normal.”

Roy seemed thoughtful before nodding his head once.

“I'll let you know.” With that said he went chasing after Tommy.

Once they were alone again Felicity settled her gaze back on her Mate.

“Why did you do that?” He asked curiously

“Remember that little mishap I mentioned earlier between Tommy and Roy?” she asked, when he nodded she continued. “I won’t go into details. That’s not my babble to tell about but I figured a good honest part time job for Roy would help him deal with some difficulties regarding it and it wouldn’t be a hand out from the Big Billionaires Alpha’s at the table.”

“You’re remarkable.”

“Thanks for remarking on it.” She answered.

A chime from her phone forced her gaze away from his. Digging into her pocket she pulled out her phone and glanced down at the screen. It was a text from Katie. The glance made her realize the time and she stood immediately.

“Ooooh boy, I’m going to be so late.” She muttered glancing nervously at Oliver. “I am so sorry, Oliver. I have to go.”

He was out of the booth in an instant, his bike helmet already in his hand.

“Running again?” he teased

“No. No. No. Definitely not running. Not intentionally.” She said while placing one of her hands on his arm “I forgot I had a thing planned with Katie tonight and since Tommy kidnapped me for dinner now I have like 20 minutes to get home before she gets there and finds I’m not there.”

“I can give you a lift.” He offered leading her out of the restaurant with a hand on the small of her back while she typed furiously onto her phone.

“Oh no...” she started to say with a shake of her head before realizing that she really didn’t have a choice.

Tommy and Roy had given her a lift to Big Belly Burger.

That little weasel had left her there with Oliver on purpose! Oooh he was good. She would underestimate him no more!

“Actually… I think I might have to take you up on that.” She said looking up at him with a sheepish
smile. “Because your best friend kind of left me stranded here and I just remembered that.”

“Come on.” He said leading her towards a slick looking motorcycle. It was a powerful looking death trap mostly black with a bit of red and Felicity felt herself freeze the moment that they stood by it.

“I…should probably mention I’ve never ridden on one of these before in my life.” She gulped after her words putting her phone away on the pocket of her jacket before doing all the buttons at the front of it.

“Don’t worry. I’ll take care of you.” He said with a hand on her shoulder.

“Ok.” She said with a nod and a long exhale. “How do we do this?”

“You put this on.” He said presenting her with the helmet. “I get on the bike, you get on behind me and hold onto me tight. Just try to relax and lean with me when I lean towards the turns. I’ll get you home in no time.”

“I somehow imagined you saying some of that to me under much different circumstances.” She muttered looking down and studying the helmet before snapping her gaze back up to his. “I mean… 3.2.1…I know what? I really don’t think that one can be salvaged. To be completely honest. So I’m not even going to try.” Her cheeks were burning with blush so much so that her whole face felt like it was on fire.

The amused expression on his face, along with the slight darkening of his gaze, told her that he didn’t mind the innuendo or the mental image that it brought... As it was full of promise.

“Address?” He asked

After rattling out her address to him she once more glanced at the helmet, trying to figure it out. She heard him chuckle before he took it from her.

“Let me.” He said coming to stand well within her personal space bubble, he looked down at her and with a fleeting smile he leaned down and kissed her forehead (a butterfly touch of a kiss that sent her heart into overdrive) before placing the helmet on her head and securing the strap below her chin.

When the helmet situation was settled he walked them around to the left side of the bike and got on it. He saw her gather the bottom of her pea coat jacket and her skirt with her hands, shifting the hold on the fabric to just one of her hands before using his shoulder to steady herself as she got on the back of the motorcycle. Once perched, somewhat precariously, she didn’t let go of his shoulder while arranging the fabric around her legs so it was tucked in neatly and tightly around her legs, so the wind wouldn’t have her flashing some leg at everyone they passed on the road.

Mentally he approved.

“Scoot a bit forward.” He instructed.

She moved a single inch forward. That wouldn't do, so he reached behind himself with one of his arms and wrapping his arm around her waist he placed his hand on the middle of her back and pulled, making her slide forward on the leather seat till her front was just an inch from being against his back.

“There.” He said with a dazzling smirk over his shoulder and a wink. “Hold onto me tight, Felicity.” He warned.

The vibrations of the bike coming alive made her tense up behind him. He felt the slight movement
of the bike as she shifted and her feet dug onto the foot rest pegs, her tighs clenched at his sides, due to the height different of the driver/passenger spots on the bike he was able to spy the warm skin the tucked in fabric didn’t quite cover at the height of his hips and waist. Both slim arms came around his chest like small iron bands; her front was now plastered to his back and he couldn’t help but grin to himself as he got them out of the parking spot he was in and into traffic. His vampiric hearing allowing him the gift of hearing her squeal first in fear then in delight as he took them roaring down the street.

He could get used to having her molded to him like this… unknown to him she was thinking the same thing! This was obviously the place to be.

Chapter End Notes

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I hope you guys like it.

Also, Here's my Info, you can find me on both Twitter and Tumblr. @Melmo2010 and https://www.tumblr.com/blog/melsanfo
You and Me

Chapter Summary

Oliver takes Felicity home and they set a time for their date...

Chapter Notes

I am sorry for all typos. I did not get to read this over as much as I like to do before posting so I will be editing probably tomorrow. I just wanted to get it posted for you guys.

I do not speak Russian so YAY Google translate for the win. Also when you see (( ))) the text inside is the translation of the Russian statement before it.

As per usual I don't own Arrow or anything like that.

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The bike ride itself was uneventful… if you considered being plastered to the back of your intended Mate for fifteen uninterrupted minutes, almost being a second skin to his hard and big frame uneventful. All right, so the word uneventful might not be the right one to use however it was the only one that came to mind due to lack of mental processing at that particular moment in time. She was THAT close to him. And if he’d been able to affect her mental capabilities while he was a few feet away, or even further, being pressed against him left her with barely half of her IQ.

With both arms around him and her hands laced at the front, on his chest, feeling the shifting of his upper body under the layers of clothes whenever he had to use the throttle, clutch or break she was both in heaven and hell. And how she could remember the name of some of the components of the handlebar while she was having trouble remembering to breathe she had no idea. Not that it mattered at the moment. Her brain was split into two categories. Number 1 was the ‘holy crap please let me live through this’ category and Number 2 was the ‘Oliver Queen sensory overload’ category.

She had never realized how much one had to use one’s body in order to ride a motorcycle until this very moment. It wasn’t just his hands doing things on the handlebar, it was also his torso and core to take the turns and keep balance plus one of his legs kept brushing against hers; though she wasn’t sure why exactly it kept moving up and down at certain intervals, she did notice that the roaring of the bike changed whenever he did so she imagined it had to do with shifting gears.

She REALLY had to look up more information about motorcycles…

Before she knew it he was slowing the motorcycle down to a crawl on her street and stopping at the curb right before her townhome. Katie’s car was nowhere to be seen yet and for that she was thankful. He set both feet firmly on the ground and looked at her over his right shoulder as he killed the engine.
“Use the foot pegs and my shoulders to balance yourself as you dismount. Do it on the left side. The right side has the exhaust mufflers and I’d hate it if you burned yourself.” He instructed with a small smile.

Damn him for seemingly being so cool and collected after she’d pretty much been a boa constrictor on his frame for a considerable period of time. She was not going to admit that after she’d let go of some of the fear she’d actually had fun, at least not right now. That was a conversation for another day.

Untangling her arms from around him she placed both her hands on his shoulders and as gracefully as she could, with very little feeling on her legs from the vibration treatment of the motorcycle, dismounted the metal beast. Her legs seeming to cooperate until she took a step back and tripped over the curb, that’s when they lost their solidity altogether.

A small yelp left her throat as she began to fall backwards but a strong arm shot out and was around her waist in a second, before she could hit the ground, holding her aloft. In less than a blink not only had he hit the kickstand of the bike but he had gotten off the bike and was now holding her up.

“You’re ok. I’ve got you.” He said as he righted her up as if she weighted nothing at all, her hands clutching at his arms for support while he did so. “Are you good?”

If she got a bit of enjoyment out of the touch well no one could really blame her. Hello! ARMS!

She nodded once and then fought with the helmet’s strap below her chin before getting it loose and taking the whole thing off. The smile on his face made her wonder just how bad a case of helmet hair she was sporting but before she could do anything about it he released her waist and used his own hands to smooth some stray strands behind her ears in a tender caress that made her eyelids flutter closed.

“I think you turned my legs to Jello.” She muttered, her eyes flying open and up to his an instant later. “I meant, your motorcycle turned my legs to Jello…because of the vibrating and the speed and… I’m just going to stop right there.” She added offering the helmet to him with a thin smile and blushing cheeks.

His blue eyes twinkled with mirth as he took the helmet from her and placed it on the seat of the motorcycle before turning to face her once more. She was trying to tame her helmet hair with her hands when his blue eyes connected with hers again and a smile tugged on his lips.

“Since our conversation was interrupted by Tommy before I’d like to retake the topic of dinner.” He said, taking ahold of both of her hands. “Do you have plans tomorrow night?”

“No plans.” She replied, letting the warmth of his hands soak into her.

“Great. Pick you up at 8?”

“Not on the deathtrap.” She replied instantly and closed her eyes, chastising herself mentally with a shake of her head while biting her bottom lip. “What I meant to say was that I don’t think my legs could take that kind of work out two nights in a row… Oh frack.”

If it was possible to achieve the color ‘fire engine’ red by blushing she was sure it was the exact shade her face was sporting now. It, at least, felt like her face was on fire from blushing so furiously at her verbal blunder. Sneaking a peek with one of her eyes she saw him smiling down at her, very much as he’d done in Verdant, and she relaxed.

“I promise, there will come a time when I will be able to hold a full conversation with you without
“I hope that never happens.” He admitted “Not a lot of people feel like they can tell me exactly what they are thinking, Felicity. It’s just another trait that sets you apart from everyone else in my life.”

“Oh. Well… if it’s any consolation I think you’re the first person who actually enjoys my babbling, aside from its comedic timing and relief so…”

“So, tomorrow at 8?” he asked patiently rerouting their conversation.

“Yes. Tomorrow. 8 PM. It’s a date.” She replied with a deep breath and a dazzling smile, squeezing his hands with hers.

The smile he granted her mirrored her own. The butterflies in her stomach bursting once more into flight and making her feel both elated and a bit sick. Feeling bold she stood on her tip toes, using his hands to keep her balance and pressed a sweet and short kiss to his stubbled cheek before withdrawing from his touch altogether, taking a few steps back.

The payback for the forehead kiss he’d sneak in before putting on the helmet on her was a dish best served cold.

“Good night, Oliver.”

He seemed stunned for a single moment before he narrowed his eyes at her and then smiled, his eyes flashing electric blue not with Alpha recognition but with hunger…

“Good night, Felicity. Я убедитесь, что поцелуй земель на моих губах завтра.” ((I will make sure that kiss lands on my lips tomorrow.))

He straddled the bike with ease, after picking up the helmet, and Felicity felt herself blushing again because damn those jeans of his were a work of art on his legs and ass. And the Russian! She had no idea she had a thing for that particular language.

What a revelation!

“Oliver, you know I don’t speak Russian.”

Hearing her and the way her heartbeat picked up he looked at her and winked.

“I know.” He said before putting the helmet on, strapping it below his chin and in a well-practiced motion removed the kickstand from the ground, bringing the bike back to life before darting away down the street.

Holy. Mother. Of. Google. The level of sexiness from her Mate could NOT be legal.

Thankfully by the time Katie arrived, several minutes later, Felicity had gotten her face back to its normal color as well as her heart rate. Their original plan of watching movies, eating ice cream and drinking wine during girl’s night went out the window the moment that Felicity told Katie that not only had she interacted face to face with Oliver but she had a dinner date with her Mate the next day.

She should’ve known that her friend, fueled by the ‘giddy’ would take date preparations to the next level.

It was well past midnight when Katie was done examining Felicity’s entire wardrobe and deciding that none of the dresses in there was suitable for the monumental event. And of course one could not
Felicity didn’t want to think of how off the wall her friend would be if (when?) she asked for her help when she was in search of a wedding gown…

That night Felicity dreamt of Russian words she couldn’t understand in a voice that made her feel warm and fuzzy.

Just as she had warned her the night before Katie arrived back at Felicity’s bright and early on Saturday morning armed with two of the biggest cups of coffee that she could buy at their favorite coffee shop, BuzzCups, and a bag with a bounty of blueberry scones.

Then it was off to the hunt for the elusive dress, which in truth turned out to be not that elusive at all. The item in question was found on the first store they visited, Felicity’s favorite shop in all of Starling. She was such a regular there that when the woman who owned it, Melinda, spied her and Katie she shooed the sales clerk away from the pair and took over the sale personally. Felicity had helped her set up the several programs for book keeping as well as inventory management when she’d first opened the shop so whenever she came in, if Melinda could take the time, she got the VIP treatment.

They had been in the store less than 10 minutes when the woman approached them, sending the annoying fake happy clerk Tiff away. After Katie had filled her in on what they needed (Felicity was calling it ‘the mission’ in her head) she smiled, an almost evil smile, and turned on her heel.

“I have just the thing. You said his favorite color is green, right?”

The speed in which she was shoved into a changing room and told to strip was almost dizzying. Felicity was very happy that she had gotten to finish her coffee and have a few scones before they’d made it to the store or else she would’ve been wearing her java. Once she was down to her underwear a dress was presented to her, via over the door of the dressing room, and she had to hold in a gasp.

“It was perfect!”

The dress was short, coming to a stop at mid-thigh in a lovely shade of emerald green. Sleeveless with a demure scoop illusion neckline with gold detailing inlaid on black netting that translated well with the illusion black/gold detail at the waist. The fabric was flowy and soft, just begging to be touched and so comfortable! Even though the button at the back of the neck was a pain on the butt to do up the zipper at the back was not much of a problem and when she twirled inside the changing room, watching herself in the mirror, she knew she was in love.

“Melinda, you are a genius!” Felicity’s praise rang out before she stepped out striking a pose for both Katie and Melinda who immediately gushed their approval.

“Your Mate is going to have a hard time eating dinner with a bruised jaw from it hitting the floor.” Melinda offered with a smirk. “I suggest four inch heels or taller, gold, and gold accessories. Not too many though. Earrings are a must and a bracelet. No necklace. With the way you’ll look he might want to taste you tonight.”

The mental image of Oliver losing his well-kept cool and sinking his fangs into her neck sent a flutter of anticipation to her heart and desire into her veins. It was a very very tempting mental image that threatened to burn her mental hard drive. She knew that Katie and Melinda were talking but she had
been so busy keeping her mind for imploding that she only caught onto the conversation after a bit.

“… Sinful sweet toes. They just opened a store and my friend runs it. They have a great selection of shoes. If you’re going to find the shoes to go with that dress it’ll be there.” Melinda was saying.

“I’m just gonna…” She was so flustered she didn’t even finish the sentence instead she ducked into the changing room again and took off the dress, putting her regular clothes back on after hanging it up.

Oliver… latched onto her neck…drinking her blood. How was she supposed to function with THAT swimming around in her brain?!

Katie had gotten the directions to the new shoe store while she changed and after Felicity had paid for her dress they were on their way there. The shoe store was like heaven to both women. Felicity ended up finding the perfect pair of shoes; A simple pair of golden t-strap stilettos with four and a half inch heels. Katie splurged on two pairs of shoes for herself (because you never know…was her reasoning) and they decided Felicity had enough golden accessories that they’d find something to go with the ensemble.

After a quick lunch Katie decided that a mani/pedi was in order for her friend and dragged her to her favorite salon where they were pampered for a few hours.

If she was truthful by the time she made it back to her place Felicity wanted nothing more than to lay down for a nap but her drill sergeant of a friend would not allow it. She was all about getting her ready and polished till she shined. It was truly a miracle that she managed to convince her to leave BEFORE Oliver arrived to pick her up and she whined the whole time she was helping Felicity with the make-up and taming her curly hair into playful ringlets.

It was 7:48 when Katie was finally out the door, demanding that Felicity text her when she left and as soon as she made it back. She also warned her friend that if she didn’t receive a text of her getting home by tomorrow at noon, she was giving wiggle room just in case things went REALLY well on their date, she was going to hunt down Oliver Queen and demand her friends whereabouts.

By 7:50 Felicity was almost having a panic attack, pacing back and forth by her coffee table in her living room before sitting down and then standing back up before doing the circuit all over again.

“Ok, Felicity.” She muttered to herself. “There is nothing to be worried about.” She continued “You like the guy just fine, he’s your Alpha and he’s extremely handsome. There’s no reason for you to be freaking out. Ok, maybe a little. Because he IS that damn handsome and he’s Oliver Queen. No, don’t think about that. He’s just Oliver. The guy you’ve been texting with. The guy that gave you a ride home last night and fumbled on asking you to dinner… Don’t think about what Melinda said. Just don’t go there…”

With those thoughts rolling through her mind she made her way to the mirror by her door and made sure her hair and make-up were still intact. She’d gone for the natural look, with very little products on her face and a pale natural pink color on her lips that was glossy but not sticky because it was just a pain whenever you kissed someone and it felt like you left a trace of goo on their skin. Her curls were a contained riot down her back, held behind her ears by two small golden pins shaped as feathers.

The knock on the door forced her away from her reflection and after taking a deep breath, not even bothering to calm her galloping heart, she moved to the door. Taking a quick look through the peephole she opened the door and smiled at her date for the night (and quite possibly every other night of her life).
If Oliver Queen was a sin in casual clothes and in costume Oliver Queen dressed up for a date was devastating. He wore a dark grey suit that seemed to be tailored to perfection with a white dress shirt, black dress shoes and no tie; the top two buttons of his shirt were undone giving him a roguish look that made her want to pull him into her home and not let him leave for several hours (if ever).

To make the picture even more perfect he held a small bouquet of sunflowers in his right hand.

“You remembered.”

The words coming out of her mouth before she could contain them and forcing him out of his perusal. Not that she minded him looking. Oh. No. She very much liked that he was looking at her the way that he was. There was hunger, appreciation and awe in those blue eyes of his and a flicker of electric blue that kept glinting and banishing showing her Mates innate approval.

“Of course.” He replied while holding the flowers out of her, having to clear his throat so it didn’t sound too growly, the sight of her obviously affecting the primal side of him.

“Thank you, Oliver. They’re beautiful. Let me just take a second to get these in some water. Come on in.” A quick retreat to her kitchen, with the flowers, was exactly the thing she needed to get herself back into the right mind space.

It took her a few minutes to get the flowers set and when she came back to the living room she found him standing by the door, looking at her bookcase. Her heels clicking on her hardwood floors made him turn and smile at her, meeting her at the door.

“You look stunning, Felicity.” He said, leaning down to place a tender kiss on her temple.

“Абсолютно захватывающий дух.” ((Absolutely breathtaking.))

The murmured words against her skin made her tingle in places that would’ve made her embarrassed if she wasn’t so bowled over him speaking Russian again.

“Still don’t speak Russian, Oliver.” She murmured, placing one of her hands on the lapel of his suit, right above his heart.

“I know.” He replied pulling back to look down at her.

Even with her heels she was still so much shorter than him that she had to look up.

“Are you going to tell me what you said? Tonight and last night?” she asked with a quirked eyebrow.

“Maybe later.” He answered playfully.

“All right, Mister Queen, we’ll see how long you can withhold information from me.” She said, using her free hand to pick up a light jacket from the coat rack by the door.

He took it from her and she smiled, turning so he could help her into it. She did a few of the buttons at the front, fumbling with one of the buttons when she felt him tugging her hair carefully from below the fabric. Once it was done he came to stand by her and offered his arm.

“Do you have everything you need?” he asked.

“Yes. Ready.” She said, grabbing the small gold clutch from the table by the door and smiling up at him. “Whisk me away, Oliver.”
He led her out of the house, only pausing so she could lock the door, before taking her to the stylish black car that sat on the curb, right where he’d stopped the bike the night before. It was slick and somewhat alien looking, Felicity had no idea what kind of car it was but it looked like one that could go very fast. He opened the passenger door for her, like a gentleman, and walked around the car once she was settled.

She would not admit to ANYONE that she’d been staring at how well that suit was tailored as he walked. Nope!

Felicity had been right about the car. It did go fast, or at least Oliver drove fast, but not enough to make her uncomfortable. She sent Katie the 'duty' text and then buried her cellphone on her clutch. The leather seats were very comfortable and the car purred, honest to Google purred, like a kitten in a way that reminded her of their meeting at Big Belly Burger when Oliver had purred his approval at her presence.

The thought made her shift on the seat a bit.

It was a quick ride to downtown Starling City and to the restaurant he’d chosen. She’d heard of this particular restaurant but it was one of those places where you splurged if you had a struck of luck only. It surprised her that there were no cars waiting in line for the valet parking. Instead they drove right up to the stand and Oliver lost no time to get out, toss the keys to the guy behind the podium and open the passenger door for her.

With her hand on his arm he led her into the building, his other hand resting lightly over her hand at the crook of his elbow.

The Maitre D’ was instantly at their side, the man looked like he was vibrating with excitable energy, leading them into the restaurant.

The lack of chatter should’ve been Felicity’s first clue that there was something wrong about the whole thing but she was too caught up with Oliver’s presence, scent and the restaurant itself until it was glaringly obvious that this was not your regular setting for a date.

There was only one table prepared dead center in the middle of the restaurant. It even had a candle for romantic ambiance. And, to her delight, there were no other diners aside from them. In fact there was no other people aside from a lone waiter standing by the door to where she guessed was the kitchen, the Maitre D’, Oliver and herself.

“I hope you don’t mind but I really didn’t want to risk getting interrupted again.” He explained in a whisper, leaning into her as they were showed to their table.

Oliver helped her out of her coat and handed it over to the Maitre D’, along with her clutch, who quickly disappeared from their side with both items. Pulling the chair back for her he waited for her to seat and then took a seat across from her, his blue eyes linking with hers instantly.

“So, am I to assume that when you made the reservation you decided to rent out the whole restaurant for the evening?” she asked, pressing her lips together in order to hide a smile.

“Yes.” He replied simply. “We keep getting interrupted by outside sources so I decided to stack the deck a little. First, it was my sister; then the people and the fire at Verdant. After that it was the police. Your friend and her Mate, then Tommy and Roy last night.” He listed reaching for her hand over the table, which she gave him gladly. “I’d like to say the texts have been uninterrupted but with my work and your store we both know there has been lapses there…”
“What about the bike ride last night?” she asked with a head tilt.

“No chance for conversation.” He replied while stroking the back of her hand with his thumb. “I want you all to myself during this dinner. No interruptions. No other people, aside from the waiter; just you and me.” He admitted looking a bit sheepish. “Do you mind?”

“No,” she replied with a shake of her head. “You and me sounds perfect.”

And if she’d known how much she’d jinxed them by saying such a thing she would’ve made her tongue her main course for the evening…

Chapter End Notes

This fic is for Matty (SuperSillyAndDorky06) and TheAlternativeSource because they are awesome!

I hope you guys like it.

Also, Here's my Info, you can find me on both Twitter and Tumblr.
@Melmo2010 and https://www.tumblr.com/blog/melsanfo
Chapter Summary

The date takes place.

Chapter Notes

Again. All Russian is from Google translate. Just like on Chapter 5 when you see ((text)) the text is the translation in English, when needed.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

In all her life Felicity had never been on a date that she could consider the max on the scale of 1 to 10. The closest she’d gotten was a solid 7 only to find out that the reason for that was that the guy had plenty of practice with all the other girls he was stringing along at the same time so after putting him on the ‘no flight’ list as a possible terrorist she’d erased him from her memory, the only reminder of his existence being that date.

Her only 7.

Her date with Oliver was going strong at a solid 9 and she couldn’t have been happier. The waiter was as inconspicuous as it could get. The guy was truly a ninja. He HAD to be! He’d taken their drink and food order, sure, but aside from bringing said items back to the table and making sure that their wine glasses never ran low he was as good as invisible. It was like her glass would refill magically with the luscious nectar of the gods Oliver had chosen for them in the form of red wine.

Magical.

That was the only way that she could describe their date.

They had started with him sitting across from her but as the night wore on, the more they talked and laughed, she found his chair getting closer and closer to her own till they were sitting next to each other; the chairs angled towards one another while sharing a gelato dessert with a name she couldn’t even begin to pronounce that was OH so delicious she might or might not have made a sexy little mewling noise on the back of her throat when she tasted it. She was not going to admit or deny anything…

“In the end it was Tommy who had to streak through campus that night. He got caught by campus police half way through the appointed circuit but he still got into the fraternity of his choice because he bribed the guard to sweep the incident under the rug.” Oliver was smiling as he spoke, shaking his head while remembering.

“I am so glad that I never joined a sorority, I would’ve never managed to survive pledge week.” She said with a small laugh, resting her elbow on the back of her chair, resting her chin on her hand while looking at him.
He looked so unbelievably relaxed now she couldn’t help but find it endearing. His blue eyes sparkled with the soft lighting from the restaurant and the candlelight which was flickering still though hanging on by a thread, the candle itself almost completely gone. His broad shoulders were relaxed, his whole body language shouting his contentedness but as usual it was his eyes that gave him away.

Those damn blue eyes…with their single minded focus and their depth. She could get lost in there easily.

“I don’t think you’ve babbled once since we’ve been here.” He commented, taking a sip of his wine.

“Oh, don’t tempt me.” She offered while shaking her head.

“What if I want to tempt you?” He asked leaning forward on his chair.

Their seats were so close now that their knees were almost touching, his gray slacks contrasting with the soft color of her skin. Settling his elbows at his knees he rested his chin on his hands in a thoughtful manner, studying her intently. Throwing caution to the wind she took a fortifying drink of her wine and then mimicked his position, only where his head was straight hers was slightly tilted to the side while she looked at him.

“And why would you want to do that, Mr. Queen?” she asked

The gleam in his eyes should’ve been enough of a warning for her to know that he was going to play dirty. She was a genius, for crying out loud, but she still didn’t see it coming. Not until he hand moved one of his hands and was playing idly with one of her curls, running the strand between his fingers almost absentmindedly while looking deeply into her eyes.

“Можетбыть, япростохотелуслышать, каквашпульсподнимает, когдаяискушалвас.”

“That… is not fair.” She murmured, mock glaring his way. “I could start answering all your questions in binary, you know? Then we’d see how you’d like not understanding a word I say.” She teased “So cut me some slack and tell me. What did you say just then?”

He chuckled at her reply, placing the strand of her hair behind her ear tenderly.

“I said that maybe I just like hearing how your heart rate picks up when I tempt you.”

Sincerity sparkled in his blue eyes and just as he expected her heart stuttered at his admission before gaining up some serious speed. A furious blush appeared steadily on her cheeks before spreading evenly down her neck and further down. She knew it was impossible for him not to hear her thundering heart. And the way that his eyes flickered down to her neck, following her blush as it went further south made her squirm in her chair and lick her lips.

Using the tip of one of her forefingers she touched the underside of his stubble covered chin lightly and his eyes snapped back to hers, flashing electric blue.

“How long has it been since you fed?” she asked softly.

Outwardly she was perfectly cool and collected but inwardly she was vibrating. She wasn’t quite sure what the feeling was within her; Excitement? Fear? Anticipation? All of the above seemed to apply and merge together. His eyes flashing with hunger and her question brought back the mental image that Melinda had placed in her mind at the store.

Oliver. At. Her. Neck.
“Two days.” He admitted looking almost sheepish. “I’ve been, uh, hungrier than my usual as of late.”

“Oh?”

“It’s hard to explain.” He offered moving his gaze away from her.

“Try me.” She answered moving her touch to his cheek, her soft warm hand cradling his skin gently, the stubble tickling her palm a little.

“Felicity…” The murmur of her name as he linked his gaze with hers was followed with a deep intake of breath before he covered her hand with his own, angling his face just enough so that his nose was close to her wrist. “I didn’t want to talk about this with you now. Not yet.”

“Considering all the things I babbled out about you TO you that first night I think you can tell me anything, no matter how embarrassing.” She said with an encouraging smile.

“It’s not embarrassing. I’m…worried it might make you uncomfortable.” He admitted.

His blue eyes spoke volumes of his hesitance before flashing electric blue again. He closed them immediately, as if to rewind that primal slip on his part and nuzzled her wrist lightly with the tip of his nose.

“Since the night at Verdant, when I scented you the first time, my hunger has grown. Yes.” He explained softly. “And it’s not about the frequency of my feedings or my intake; it’s the fact that I’m not getting what I want. Not really.” He shook his head minutely while holding her touch to him, as if to anchor himself through his confession. “I crave you, Felicity. My brain, it knows we are nowhere near the point where you’d be comfortable allowing me to taste you but that doesn’t mean my body doesn’t yearn. I don’t think I can describe it accurately.” His brow furrowed in concentration and maybe a hint of frustration before he continued. “Think of your favorite food and your favorite scent, mix those two things together in your mind and multiply it by ten; imagine not having that for years, to the point where you’ve practically forgotten it. But then it’s there, it’s within your reach and all you can think about is…”

“Having me.” She finished for him before shaking her head and backpedaling mentally as fast as she could. “Not me me, I mean but it. And by it I mean my blood, which would technically be considered me since it is actually a part OF me. But what I’m saying is…”

“Yes and no.” He interrupted reopening his eyes for her to see, the electric blue crackling there in the most mesmerizing of ways made her suck in a breath. “Feeding is something all Alpha’s have to do and yes it can be enjoyable but not when you want more. Not when all you’re getting is this substitute on both blood and closeness and you know there’s a better option out there that encompasses both in a much more fulfilling way.” He sighed “My reaction to you might be more noticeable when it comes to the blood. Your pulse. Your blushing. It does things to me. The hunger, the yearning… I crave you, Felicity, but not just the blood and not just the scent of you.” He whispered as if he was telling her the biggest secret to ever be told.

“When the fire broke out at Verdant I scanned the crowd for you as I was leading Thea out to safety. Back then you were just the girl in the blue dress with the peacock mask but I knew, even then, that you were special to me and I had this irrevocable need to find you. That’s why when I caught your scent outside I didn’t hesitate to approach your friend and her Mate. It’s why I had your friend followed afterwards, because I couldn’t stand the thought of not getting to you. I couldn’t... I had
you, at arms-length at most and I didn’t even know how pivotal that moment was until you had gone. So when I say I crave you, Felicity, when you see my eyes flash don’t think for a second I’m only talking about blood or responding to you in that way. It’s more, so much more. I can’t explain it, I can’t completely control it. It just…happens.”

If her heart had been hammering before now she was pretty sure the muscle was working itself into a fit. What exactly was she supposed to say to all THAT?! When he was looking at her so earnestly, his eyes pleading with her to understand that he didn’t want to rush her yet the electric blue within them was unmistakable in its primal glow. She was sure she had never blushed so steadily in her life!

“I think that’s the most words you’ve ever said to me… like ever.” She muttered dumbly face palming into her free hand right afterwards. “I swear my brain thinks of the worst things to say sometimes.”

It was the shifting of skin and muscle below her hand on his cheek that made her look at him once more. He was smiling at her. The electric blue was gone from his eyes now but they shone with happiness and mirth instead. Turning his face completely he held her hand away from his face and kissed her wrist, right at the pulse point there, letting his lips linger on that patch of skin for a few seconds before withdrawing the touch altogether.

“So you’re not..?” he started to ask.

“Uncomfortable?” she guessed with a tilt of her head and a quirk of one of her eyebrows. “No. Surprisingly enough, its… kind of reassuring.” She admitted, pressing her lips together to keep a babble at bay.

This was NOT the time for her to babble. No WAY.

“Let me take you home.” He said simply, bypassing her gaffe altogether which she was thankful for.

After motioning for the waiter and taking care of the bill he escorted her back to the entrance of the restaurant where the Maitre D’ met them with Felicity’s jacket and clutch. Oliver helped her into the garment and soon they were on their way back to her place.

The silence in the car should have been awkward, after all he had admitted to, but Felicity was surprised to find that they were surrounded by a comfortable silence instead. It was as if with all that he’d said he felt lighter and with all she’d absorbed she felt more secure of this whole whirlwind.

It wasn’t that she was unsure of herself. Absolutely not! She was an independent beautiful woman who, like all others, had her bouts of insecurities now and then. Having Oliver Queen as her destined Mate could make those insecurities mutate into mental monsters though, since he was pretty much a Greek god in whatever he wore or didn’t wear (Her brain was NOT going that way…Ok maybe for like a lingering second). Add to that the usual ‘match compatibility’ insecurities and it was a bit of a recipe for disaster.

But as she pondered on their date all her mind came up with was the fantastic time they’d had together; what came back to her were the laughs, the food, the good conversation about everything and nothing as well as the looks. Oh lord Google, the looks! She knew she’d given him the smolder a few times, without wanting to and he’d reciprocated in kind.

Parking the car at the curb once more Oliver got out and came to open the door for her. Then he dutifully walked her to her door, with his hands buried on the pockets of his slacks. Was he trying to keep himself in check? She gathered he might have been and the fact touched her heart. He really was trying his best to make her at ease.
“I almost forgot.” She admitted turning to look at him, with her door only a few feet behind her. “You were going to tell me the other Russian phrases you used before.”

“Did I say that?” He asked her playfully, tilting his head to the side in a thoughtful manner, pretending to try and remember.

“Yes.” She replied tapping one of his lapels with her forefinger. “You said ‘later’ and it is now later, Mister.”

“I recall saying Maybe later.”

“It’s still later.” She quipped immediately.

“You’re going to hawk me until I do, aren’t you?” he asked with a slight narrowing of his eyes.

“I’m a hawker.” She replied

“Very well, Miss Smoak.” He said taking a deep breath. “Абсолютно захватывающий дух. I said that one earlier and it means Absolutely breathtaking.”

When he took a step closer to her instead of removing her touch from his lapel she used his closeness to her advantage and played with the fabric a bit more before settling her hand flat on the hard surface of his chest, right above his heart.

“And last night’s Russian bit?” she asked

“Oh. After you kissed my cheek. Я убедитесь, что поцелуй земель на моих губах завтра.” He repeated with a glint of mischief in his eyes. “It means I will make sure that kiss lands on my lips tomorrow.”

The pronunciation alone made her weak at the knees but the meaning had an even bigger effect on her. Her poor heart, which had gone back to its normal pace was once again in overdrive.

“So if I were to, say, attempt to kiss your cheek again tonight..?” she asked curiously, biting her lower lip afterwards.

“I’d keep my word about the statement.” He stated looking down at her with utmost focus.

“Well then, I suppose, if there’s really no way of avoiding it.” She teased

“None.”

“Huh.” She offered with a slight nod. “Then I have one last question for the night.”

With another step he was right there mere inches from pressing his body to hers and she wouldn’t have had it any other way, even if she did have to tilt her head back to look up at him, even if her hand had to grasp at his lapel for balance.

She wanted him this close.

“Oliver?”

“Yes?”

“Would you kiss me?” The question itself was barely a whisper, just for his vampiric ears to pick up, but it was enough.
Two big warm hands cradled the sides of her face with the gentlest of touches as he leaned down, holding her in place. There was no rushing it on his part nor was there any hesitation. The touch of blue eyes on blue lingering as he drew closer before her eyelids dropped down out of their own volition at the first touch of their lips. He kissed her softly; a chaste press of his lips to hers that pulled a sigh of contentedness from deep within her. Automatically the fingers stationed at his lapel curled without her command in an attempt to keep him in place as she reciprocated. As clichéd as it sounded, and her mind made it very evident to her that it did before short circuiting, kissing Oliver felt like she’d come home. It was all warmth and softness, languid and slow, as if he had all night to dedicate to this.

“Felicity…” the whisper of her name against her lips made her whimper.

She’d never heard her name uttered so deliciously. He’d said her name multiple times but never like that, never with such a trace of need and her heart soared.

The sound she made must have snapped something in him because one moment she was still a few feet away from her door and the next her back was pressed against a hard surface which her addled brain, thanks to ‘Oliver sensory overload’, recognized as either her door or the doorway. Not that it mattered really.

The kiss had escalated in a single second and she couldn’t care less what the hard surface behind her was when the wall of hard flesh that was Oliver’s body was pressed to her completely now.

The moment her nose picked up the unmistakable spike on his Alpha scent as it permeated the air all bets were off.

Wherever the chaste kisses had gone off to Felicity really didn’t care.

Good riddance slow and gentle! Hello bold and demanding!

His mouth was slanted over hers in an unrelenting assault and she gave as good as she got, letting her scent spike as well as she cheekily nipped on his bottom lip, making a growl rumble from within his chest while his body pressed her even harder against the door (Doorway? Wall? Whatever! Not important!). At least she had his arms about her waist and his hands on her back to cushion her somewhat…though she had no idea when THAT had happened.

Huh!

Nor was she sure when both her arms had wrapped around his neck and her hands had found their way into his short hair. (Hadin’t she been holding her clutch? Well, Not anymore!) Her short finger nails raking lightly over his scalp.

The slight hiss on his part, a reaction to her touch, gave her the perfect opportunity. It was like getting the golden ticket only instead of touring a chocolate factory this was an even sweeter endeavor. She used it wisely too, licking at the already faltering seal of his lips in blatant invitation which he happily, and greedily, took.

The taste of him was intoxicating. She could still detect traces of the red wine they’d had with dinner and their chocolate dessert, but below all that was Oliver and she found herself moaning softly at the taste of him, her knees buckling.

His hands were at her hips and at the ready, as well as the rest of his body, to catch her before she ended up a puddle on the floor. One of his thighs had somehow found its way between her legs, the dress’s skirt allowing the not at all unwelcomed intrusion, his talented hands angling her hips just so
to create the perfect amount of friction between the apex of her legs and his powerful thigh.

A gasp escaped her at the thrill of arousal that shot through her body and he plundered her mouth with gusto in retaliation, pressing even harder against her, enough for her to feel his hard length against her belly/hip. She bucked instinctively against his thigh at the feeling of him earning a low purring sound of approval from her Alpha.

“Oliver…” His name was a whine she’d probably be embarrassed about in any other situation but she was very much distracted at the antics his lips were playing on her jawline and the spot below her ear as well as his hands which were now steadily guiding her to move against his leg.

“God, Felicity…” He muttered against the skin of her jaw, nuzzling against her earlobe “You smell so good…so damn good.” His voice had dropped to a lower register and it felt like velvet on her senses. It was the warmth of his lips nipping at her earlobe and the soft nibbling which followed that did her in and made her buck against him a bit harder.

This time his body replied to hers, mirroring her motion, unabashedly rubbing himself against her own body causing heat to flare within her and wetness to pool even more between her legs, making the scent of Omega even stronger in the air.

When his face dropped to her neck and she felt his lips and tongue (Was that a little nip? Oh Google yes it was!) at her vein she shuddered harshly against his body, tilting her head and offering her neck in the true submissive instinctual way of the Omega. She had never wanted anything more but to have him drink from her, her innate response and her choice converging into one solid thought.

She wanted to be his.

“Fuck!”

The muttered curse brought her back to reality and what they had been about to do. She was sure it wouldn’t have taken much for her to come undone just by rubbing on him and she wanted to believe she wouldn’t have been alone in that pleasure trip. But all of this was happening outside her house, where any of her nosy neighbors could have seen them at their most vulnerable. Not to mention the fact that she had offered him her neck. An offer not only to drink but the way things were headed to Bond! The most private and beautiful melding of two people… Out. In. The. Open. She flushed furiously at that.

His hands were no longer at her hips but up on the surface behind her at each side of her head. His own hips had come to a standstill and she could feel his whole body shaking with the effort to contain himself. Lowering her arms from his neck she wrapped them around his waist and used her hands to soothingly stroke his back, her head leaning back to rest (with a thud) against the surface there while she regained her composure.

“Not like this, not with you, not like this. There’s so much I need to tell you…” he was murmuring to both himself and her as he tried to reign himself back under control. “A part of me wants to do this right. I want to…to take you out on as many dates as you want and show you, convince you that…” a growl of frustration escaped him (I’m right there with you, buddy!) and she felt him press into her again resting his lips on her temple. “The other part of me wants to claim you. Right fucking now.” He admitted with another shudder in a husky whisper that sent shivers up and down her spine. “Tell me to stop, Felicity…”

His plea shattered her.

This had to be the hardest choice she’d ever been presented with in her life. Sure, she’d made several
big decisions before. She’d decided early on that she was not going to be another cocktail waitress in Vegas, like her mother, even though there was nothing wrong with that. She had decided to take school seriously and then on a prestigious college. She’d even made excellent choices on a career. And on a move across the continent to live in a brand new city where she could spread her wings and either fly or splatter. But this? She wanted him so BAD yet she wanted the same things he did on both accounts! It was maddening!

“Not like this.” She found herself saying, echoing his sentiment while moving her hands from his back to his chest pushing him gently, enough for him to take the hint and move a step back and when he did she took his face in both her hands making him look at her. “Oliver, tonight was perfect.” She offered with a soft smile. “And I’m thankful that you want to do this right and not rush me. I am so grateful for that.” She admitted while stroking his cheeks with her thumbs. “I want you but not like this. Not tonight. Ok?”

He nodded, slowly at first, as if he was coming out of a daze.

“Ok.” He repeated forcing his body to relax before taking another step back. Taking her hands from his face he kissed both her wrists, at the pulse points, keeping his electric blue infused eyes linked with hers all the while. “Я буду терпеливым сейчас.” ((I will be patient, for now.))

“Still don’t speak Russian.” She offered before biting her lip. “Maybe you can tell me what that one means on our next date?”

“Tomorrow.” He replied immediately, giving her hands a squeeze before releasing her and taking another step away from her. “I want to take you out again tomorrow.”

“Ok. Tomorrow then.” She said “Text me when you get home?”

“Of course.” He said with another nod of his head before he went to turn away, he thought better of it and looked at her once more. “Good night, Felicity.”

“Night, Oliver.”

If her voice was all breath like no one could’ve really blamed her at the moment.

The sturdiness of the door behind her was the only thing keeping her up and Felicity damn well knew it. After he’d turned his back to her she carefully leaned down and picked up her clutch from the floor, opening it in order to rummage through its contents for her keys. She’d just turned back towards the street to watch him go, after managing to unlock her door, when it happened.

There was a flash of light then a wave of both deafening sound and force. An explosion so close to her that it rattled the floor she stood on, the force of it knocking her back into her door frame and throwing Oliver, who had been approaching the car, backwards towards her garage. Her ears were ringing from the booming noise, the sound coming and going in intervals, enough for her to hear the car alarms the explosion had set off on the street. She pulled herself up to her feet using her home to steady herself.

The sight before her was one of nightmares.

The sleek black car that had taken her and Oliver on their perfect date was now engulfed in bright orange and blue flames.

Her world stopped.

“OLIVER!”
This couldn’t be happening… This just couldn’t be happening. No. No…NO!

She couldn’t even hear herself scream. Her body moved, unsteadily, off of her porch and onto her lawn. All she could hear was her heavy breathing and the blood rushing through her ears. She felt her chest tightening, her breathing becoming difficult. In her shock she headed towards her garage, half stumbling, half crawling when her legs gave up on her, in order to make it to the prone form clad in a grey suit on the ground.

There was a dent, considerable sized dent, on her garage door and she didn’t want to think how it’d gotten there. Because ‘metal garage door –VS- Vampire’ was still a tough match. Especially for the Vampire since they could still break bones and all that fun stuff.

“Oliver!” she cried out dropping to her knees by him. She immediately sought out his pulse with her fingers, digging at his neck and when she felt it she let out a cry of relief. Leaning closer to him she took stock of his possible injuries. He had some bleeding cuts on his face as well as some burns but at least his arms seemed fine. One of his legs was bent unnaturally however. Obviously broken.

“Hold on, Oliver. Help’s coming… Just hold on. Please… please please.” She knew she was talking but the ringing in her ears kept her from hearing herself.

If she’d been more aware of her surroundings she would’ve noticed the black van that had come to a stop a few feet from the burning car and the three people that came pouring out of the back of it. It was only when she was pulled back roughly by a strong set of arms and yanked to her feet that she realized they were not alone. Instant panic made her struggle against the attacker, twisting and wiggling against the grip on her throat which only made them shift their hold on her into a headlock. The hold was unrelenting and tight enough that it immediately cut off her air intake making her gasp. Her hands attempted to pry off the arms around her throat unsuccessfully and in her desperation she struggled again and again, getting nowhere.

Even as her eyesight blurred she watched as two men dressed in black with balaclava masks picked up Oliver’s body and started heading towards the street. The last bit of strength that she had left she used to try and struggle again, to get to Oliver, to keep them from taking him, to do something! But it was all for nothing. As she started to slip into unconsciousness, which she fought as much as she could, she was tossed to the side, her head connecting with the corner of her garage and knocking her out.

She didn’t see the men reach the van. She didn’t see other three black cars arrive and she didn’t see the gun fight that ensued. It was all lost to her in her unscheduled nap. She never saw that Oliver’s bodyguards had arrived to save the day or that they’d manage to hold back their attackers from taking Oliver, forcing them to retreat speedily empty handed before the authorities started pouring in from both ends of her street.

It was Maseo who found her. Maseo who stood by her and motioned for the paramedics to approach while the firefighters battled the blaze of the car and another set of men in blue checked over an unconscious Oliver, who was surrounded by the rest of his men. It was Maseo who gave the medics her name and took the information of the hospital they were taking her to. Maseo who watched the ambulance take her away before walking over to the head of security to give him the information.

John Diggle was an imposing Alpha. All six feet plus of dark skin and muscles, with arms the size of tree trunks and a stoic look that could make lesser men squirm. And right now he was as FAR from happy as he could get.

“Reynolds and Sanderson are in pursuit of the van.” Diggle told Maseo while rubbing his face with his hand. “I’ll ride with Oliver in the ambulance. It’s all hands on deck, whoever we don’t use
straight away will be on stand-by. I want a group of six men stationed at the hospital in civilian clothes, plus three on the private wing. Two with Miss Smoak.”

“Right away.” Maseo answered at once with a nod and left, heading for an awaiting car.

Maseo knew he was going to personally take point at Miss Smoak’s side. After all he knew having a known face around in a moment like this could make all the difference in the world plus he’d rather be there than to be at the private wing when their boss woke up.

Oliver was not going to be happy…

Chapter End Notes

YAY for my brother making a signature for this story. I love it. What do you guys think?

This fic is for Matty (SuperSillyAndDorky06) and TheAlternativeSource because they are awesome!

I hope you guys like it.

Also, Here’s my Info, you can find me on both Twitter and Tumblr. @Melmo2010 and https://www.tumblr.com/blog/melsanfo
“Oliver…”

They were in their cells, cages really, as if they were nothing but rabid dogs sitting there wearing the same clothes that they’d been kidnapped in only God knows how many days ago. His father occupied the cage next to his and every time their blue eyes met Oliver couldn’t believe just how sick and unkempt the man looked. Robert Queen, Business magnate and CEO of a multibillion company, who his son had never seen as anything but proper and perfectly styled was now an all over dirty and bloodied man with overgrown facial hair, bruises and haunted blue eyes.

“Oliver, we don’t have much time, son.” He said pushing his body close to the bars that separated their cages.

“Dad.” His voice cracked from lack of use and thirst as he moved himself closer to the older man. “What are you talking about?”

“Their experiments, Oliver. They’re taking a toll on me. I can feel it.” The man explained, pushing his hand out of the cell and grabbing his son by the neck of his soiled polo style shirt pulling him closer to the bars desperately, bordering on unkindly. “You have to survive this, son. For your sister, if nothing else, she will need you.” He said placing his hand on the back of Oliver’s head and stroking his longish hair in an affectionate manner. “When an Alpha is lost their Omega soon follows, Oliver, it is the way of balance and I am so sorry that my failure to protect us both will be your mother’s undoing.” The guilt in his eyes was evident. “You must live, son. There’s a man here.
He will help you escape but you must survive till then. Do what you have to do but you must survive. Promise me, Oliver...”

“Promise me... Promise me, Oliver... Oliver...”

Reality blurred before his eyes then and he yelled his father’s name at the top of his lungs. The cage by his was empty now, along with all other cages nearby...all cages empty except for his.

Then he wasn’t in his cage anymore. He was dangling, a few inches off of the floor, from a chain attached to the roof by his manacled wrists and he was shirtless. His shoulders had popped out of their sockets hours ago but no one paid any attention to that. He’d just endured another bout of torture. His body was littered with fresh bleeding wounds and older scars courtesy of his captors.

He’d already lost track of how much time he’d spent in captivity...

He was an Alpha not yet turned and in the name of science they wanted to see how much his pre-Change body could take, even if all that meant was that he was pushed to the limits of human capacity. Oliver knew that the so called ‘scientists’ took pleasure in his pain. He didn’t understand why, he didn’t know why him, it didn’t make any sense to him but that really didn’t matter. He’d made a promise to his father, a vow to survive and he damn well would.

His Change came suddenly, in the middle of the night. He’d been in his cage, after another round of torture. They’d done so many tests on him and taken so much blood from him he felt like he was truly dry with nothing else to give. That’s when it happened.

He remembered very little of it aside from the pain and the heat. No one had paid him any mind as he writhed in pain while clenching his teeth, jaw set and eyes closed. No one was there to explain to him that his body was changing, morphing. It was his crucible to bear alone, as all Alpha’s did before him; forged by the heat from within him, the genes of his parents, the strength of his father’s Alpha line, made him into something else.

Something stronger.

When one of his keepers came to retrieve him next the Oliver that was in the cage was not the Oliver from before. His long fangs and wild electric blue gaze said it all...

He had Changed. And he was Feral.

They brought a Beta female to him, to appease the blood lust. They had him strapped down to a metal gurney, as a precaution, staring up at the bright lights on the ceiling. All of his limbs were tied down, even his head was held back by a thick leather strap and he fought it. He fought it all. He didn’t know this female. She was no Omega, not HIS Omega by any sense of the word. But she was there and her red hair was a veil around her pretty enough face as she leaned over him. The blood called to him and as if it was her duty, which it probably was, she placed herself within reach of the beast and he sank his fangs into her neck, drinking...

The blood was good...

Beta blood was sustenance, he had to survive and he needed to feed.

‘You must live, son... Do what you have to do...’ the memory within this reality hit him full force and he drank even more deeply.

But this was not the delicious heat of Omega blood he’d heard of. Dreamed of. This was not what his body craved more than anything.
It was wrong…This woman, she was a red head. Not… something else. Something else? What was he expecting? Blonde, his mind supplied him instantly in a whisper. He was expecting blonde! Her scent was wrong too, she was a Beta, not an Omega. There was no mix of gardenias and lily of the valley to her in that delectable way of Omega scent. Her skin and scent only the blank slate of a Beta.

Then it hit him.

Even her blood was wrong!

Wrong, Wrong. WRONG!

She wasn’t… the right one, she wasn’t…

“OLIVER…!”

That voice… He knew that voice. He KNEW that voice!

The red head was gone now and he was back, suspended from the chain that dangled from the roof…they were beating him, taking a baseball bat to his torso and legs to measure his pain threshold and the formation of bruises, or at least that’s what they said. He was sure it was because they were sadistic bastards.

Swing. Hit. Swing harder. Hit harder. Swing lower. Hit lower. His tibia broke with an audible crack and he grunted in pain, his chin pressed to his chest as he tried to control his breathing. Pain… He felt pain everywhere. And… heat? No. There hadn’t been heat… Not in the room with the chain dangling from the ceiling. Not ever.

“Oliver!”

His head jerked up at the sound and his attackers had vanished. He was in a different room altogether. A room he didn’t recognize at all but he was strapped again to the gurney; except for the head strap it was the same as whenever they’d fed him but this wasn’t the feeding room. No. He started to struggle immediately upon finding he was alone in the white room with no windows and no doors. No guards either? That was odd.

A phantom touch on his neck… followed by a cry of…relief? Why was the voice relieved? She was relieved…

“Hold on, Oliver… Help’s coming…”

The voice, the voice he knew, that voice somehow managed to both sooth him and make him want to…to… to do something! It was all around him now along with the unmistakable scent of Omega and blood. Blood? The red head wasn’t here. That one called him ‘Lover’ every time she fed him but she wasn’t here. And it wasn’t her blood he smelled.

Where was the blood scent coming from then? It made no sense. And yet it swirled around him, enticing him, pulling him…Lily of the valley, gardenias and the coppery undertones of blood surrounding him along with the voice. Do what? What was it that he wanted to do because of that voice?!

“Just hold on, Oliver… Please… please please…”

Blood…
Omega scent...

Gardenias...

There...

Lily of the valley...

Right next to him!

‘How long has it been since you fed?’ The voice was soft and caring as it had asked that question. She’d asked it...before. When?

Hunger deep within stirring and then flaring at the idea of feeding from her... So hungry for her! Just her.

No.

He strained against the binds on his limbs again, hearing the fabric (or whatever it was that was holding him down) start to tear.

This wasn’t just any Omega... This was...It was her...It was his Omega. She was his.

SHE was his!

His Omega!

And she was BLEEDING!

A blood curling scream made him renew his trashing against the binds. Even if he was alone in the white room, even if he didn’t know where she was at this very moment, it didn’t matter. Nothing mattered. He was going to get out of his binds, out of the white room and find her. He was going to go to her and whoever had hurt her, whoever had made her bleed, was going to dread ever laying their hands on his Omega!

‘NO! What are you doing?! Help! Leave him alone! Oliver!’

He woke up with a roar of fury, using the full force of his body against the restraints on his arms. Before anyone could react he had ripped the straps from the sides of the bed, the leather and cotton wrists cuffs still attached to his flesh as he crouched on the bed taking in his surroundings in an outmost animalistic way. There were three people in the room with him. No, it wasn’t the white room, not anymore, though the image of that damned room kept flickering into existence and then disappearing, showing him the other room. The one he was in now; the room with no voice and no scent of his Omega.

No!

He had to find her! She was hurt!

In this room there were flowers, several vases of them, on a table close to the bed and a young man, an Omega, with a red hoodie now stood shielding and holding back a slight girl with dark hair and huge green eyes that were looking at him with shock. Alpha. Thea. Not a threat.

Move on.
There was a black man in a suit who though calm on the outside was coiled to react at any moment. He reeked of Alpha. Threat. Oliver immediately raised his upper lip and showed the other Alpha his elongated fangs as a warning, a low growl escaping him.

Taking a sharp deep breath that hurt his ribs he snapped his head towards the door and then he was gone, a blur of tanned skin and light grey, from the pants that were covering the bottom part of his body. The scent! It was here! She was here! Gardenias, lily of the valley, blood!

He followed it at the highest speed that his Vampiric body could attain even if his right leg was hurting like a son of a bitch… Why was his leg hurting? Baseball bat? Sledge Hammer? Something else..? He couldn’t remember…He was so focused on the scent he didn’t even register the hallway or the many doors that he passed as he went.

He had to get to his Omega!

And then he was there.

The scent had led him to the open door of a room not that far from the one before and he stood there for a second. Just a moment to assess his surroundings; the room itself was just like the one he’d just left but there was only one vase with flowers and colorful balloons. A red headed woman was on a chair on the other side of the bed. No. Not the woman from his memory. Different red head. Not a Beta. Omega. Not a threat. And there was an Alpha. An Alpha male standing by the side of the bed closest to the door with his back turned towards Oliver, reaching for the body that lay there which Oliver couldn’t quite see. He could only see the legs of the figure that was obviously resting on the bed, covered by a purple and blue duvet with swirls and curly cues on it.

Not important now.

The other Alpha was close to his Omega!

He reached the side of the bed in the blink of an eye, the red head having let out a yelp of surprise upon seeing him move. But it was too late. He’d grabbed the Alpha by the back of the jacket he wore as well as his jeans and had flung him away from the bed, towards the wall by the door, turning to face his challenger with a loud snarl showing his fangs. His whole body came alive, curled and poised to strike. The pain on his leg and torso now forgotten in his fury.

The other Alpha reacted accordingly, catching himself mid-air and shifting his body weight, forcing himself land with the grace that only an Alpha could possess, crouching low to the ground with a hand on the linoleum steadying himself; he growled back at Oliver baring his own set of teeth in response as he straightened. Both their Alpha scents exploding into the room as a warning to the other.

The challenger Alpha was shorter and leaner but that didn’t mean that Oliver should take him for an easy target. He wasn’t, the black fire burning in his dark eyes was enough to tell Oliver that he was willing to go to any lengths to protect the Omega…

But damn it she was his! No one else’s! She didn’t need protecting from him!

It all happened simultaneously; just as Oliver was about to launch forward and meet his challenger head on a set of hands shot out from behind him, from the bed, and grabbed his arm at the height of his bicep. The warmth from that single touch made lightning run up and down his spine, stopping him in his tracks! His Vampiric hearing registering a sped up heartbeat that called to him like none other had ever done. He turned his head sharply for a second to look down at the pale long fingers with…dark green nails? Green. Green was important. Why? Why was green important?
His attention turned back to his challenger just in time to see that the red headed Omega had skirted past him while he was distracted and flown into the arms of the other Alpha with a soft cry of ‘Mark’ leaving her lips. The other Alpha held her for a single moment then quickly moved her behind himself and snarled at Oliver even more fiercely than before, widening his stance to protect the red headed Omega behind him.

Red head. Omega. Katie..? Was that her name? Yes. He knew her… He knew them both. He’d scented them…when? It made no sense. They hadn’t been there. They hadn’t been in the cages. Neither one of them had. They hadn’t been to hell. No. Somewhere else then. This was wrong… Katie. Yes. He knew her. She was important. And she was not his. She was the dark haired Alpha’s Omega. SHE was the one he was protecting from Oliver, not the Omega on the bed.

Outside the room Thea and John Diggle came to a halt behind the pair, followed a few seconds later by the young man and a tall Asian man wearing civilian clothes. He knew them too. The young one was Thea’s Mate, Roy. And the other man was Maseo, a Beta, the man that had helped him escape hell when he’d saved his wife Tatsu from the fate they shared!


There was a tug on his arm and he looked back down to the hands with green nail polish. They were holding his bicep in a vice like grip now tugging again to make him move or maybe trying to call for his attention. As if anyone else could ever hold his attention like she did. Slowly, ever so slowly, he turned on his heel and came face to face with the Omega he wanted to see more than anything. His mind flooded with every single encounter he’d had with her, every memory, every moment, it all narrowed down to one single word.

Felicity.

His Mate.

His Omega.

God, she was beautiful!

“Mine.” The purr tore from his chest in a much lower register than his usual voice.

Even with her glasses sitting askew on the bridge of her nose. Even while she was looking flushed, with big owlish blue eyes blinking up at him, her heart thundering, she was gorgeous. Her naturally pink lips were parted as she looked at him, her brow furrowed with worry and confusion. Her blonde hair was a messy bun on top of her head with some strands dangling and sticking out of place, looking like wisps of gold to him. She was kneeling on the bed, with the duvet now tangled at the bottom of the mattress.

“Oliver..?” her voice was a bit hoarser than usual and he frowned at that but his body reacted all the same, a thrum of contentedness rushing through him. Calm. Finally. She was here.

He moved even closer to the bed, her hands releasing his bicep to give him freedom to move. He took into account the small needle in her left hand, an IV, and then he moved further. Closer. The pull he felt towards her was irreversible and he didn’t care that the others were still there watching. She was here…and she was hurt!

“Give us a minute.” she said to the others glancing past him towards the entrance of the room but
didn’t wait for a reply. It wasn’t a question either. It was a statement that left room for no argument.

He crawled onto the mattress with her, his muscles contracting and relaxing, prowling like a big jungle cat towards its prey. She shifted so they were facing one another then sat back on her heels, tilting her head at him in a silent question. He reached out to touch her temple. There was white gauze taped there, his fingers stopped a mere millimeter away from it before his hand moved down, his frown deepening as he studied her further.

There was also a bruise around her neck, the blue and purple mark looking alien and offensive in her lovely skin. He almost touched that too but refrained at the last second. A low growl of disapproval tore through his chest and his electric blue eyes linked back to hers; an amalgam of confusion, anger and caring swirling there.

He saw movement out of the corner of his eye, at the door and his head snapped in that direction. His attention was unwavering as he glared, the interruption unnerving him to the deepest of levels.

“Felicity...?” It was the red head Omega, trying to make her way into the room and being held back by her Mate and Diggle.

“It’s fine, Katie.” Felicity’s voice was calm and made him uncurl his upper lip. He hadn’t even realized he was snarling at the other Omega. “Just... go, guys. Give us a little bit.”

He didn’t tear his gaze from the door for the longest time. Not until everyone had left except for Maseo who simply posted himself at the door, leaning against the doorframe, with his back to the room while keeping guard. As a Beta Maseo was the least threatening presence of the group to Oliver, in his agitated Alpha state, and so he stayed.

“I’m Ok, Oliver.” She whispered hoarsely, touching the side of his face with her fingertips, from temple to chin and making him turn to face her.

She was looking into his eyes again, reaching out blindly and taking his hand with her free one. Looking down in surprise at what she found there with her touch, she frowned in disgust at the sight of the binds still attached around his wrists. She undid the belt carefully, tossing it on the floor, before taking his other hand and doing the same to the other one. Glancing up at him again she motioned for him to follow while moving back on the mattress, getting a bit more comfortable.

Sitting with her back resting on the headboard of the bed she tugged on his hand, giving him direction again and he followed the silent command. He wasn’t satisfied with the position available to him however so he took it upon himself to move her. He picked her up, with one arm below her knees and the other at her back, scooting her back down on the bed till she was laid out on her back with her head resting on the pillow; he was gentle, careful not to jostle her body too much, mess with her IV line or hurt her further in any way. He moved her as if she weighed nothing and was worth everything; His touch on her reverent.

Only then did he lie down on the bed himself, resting on his side. He had enough of a mind to keep his weight off the leg that was hurting him even more now. His ribs were burning too but he didn’t care. He moved his body so that it partially covered her legs in a protective manner, his head resting on her stomach and his arms wrapped securely about her hips.

“We’re OK, Oliver.” She murmured to him, carding her fingers through his short hair and he shuddered. A body shudder that he couldn’t control, his whole frame trying to expel some of the tension he held. Her touch attempting to exorcise the demons in him.

“It’s like I’m here...but I’m not here. I’m there too.” He whispered burying his face against her
stomach, as if she’d be able to chase away what wasn’t real and set his mind to rights once more. “…this isn’t real. It makes no sense.”

“You’re here with me, Oliver.” She whispered. “Can you hear my heartbeat?”

Could he? Of course he could. It had gone down in speed but it was still the most beautiful thing he’d heard in what felt like forever. He nodded against her belly, nuzzling into the soft cotton of her bright orange tank top and inhaling her scent. Gardenias and lily of the valley, blood…his Felicity was his anchor. He could feel his own heartbeat falling in sync with hers.

“Just listen to that and know that it’s real.” She offered tenderly. “We’re OK. We’re safe here. You’re safe here.”

“Not OK. You’re hurt.” He growled against her stomach.

“So are you.” She countered even if she was still playing with his hair in the most soothing motion he’d ever felt. It truly felt like the most comfort he’d ever received. “Close your eyes, Oliver. It’s OK. We’re safe. Rest for a little bit.”

“My Omega.” He rumbled while tightening his hold on her hips, already feeling the pull of exhaustion tugging at him.

He wanted to remain awake, to remain vigilant. His Omega was hurt…so was he, but he had to keep her safe. He had to make sure she was OK. But her heartbeat was lulling him into sleep and he didn’t have the energy to fight it. Maseo was there, he made sure to glance towards the door one more time and took some reassurance from that. He trusted Maseo. He allowed his eyes to close as he settled against her.

If this was a fevered dream he was having in his cage, while in hell, he hoped to not wake from it any time soon; if ever. It would make perfect sense for Felicity to be a dream. She was too bright, too caring, too smart and so…good. There was no way he’d be lucky enough so that his Omega would be someone like her. No, he had to be dreaming. He was dreaming this entire thing up even her denial of this all being a dream. And if she happened to be a dream? He was just going to hold onto her just a bit tighter for a while longer… before his next round of torture and ‘tests’ began.

Only she wasn’t a dream.

Hours later the sound of glossy paper being flipped brought him into consciousness. He didn’t open his eyes right away, allowing his other senses to do the work for him. There was no heartbeat monitor in the room but he didn’t need it. Felicity’s heartbeat was steady and her breathing even. She was deeply asleep curled up with her back to his front, one of his arms draped about her waist. Her warmth was seeping into him, her light soaking into and dispelling his darkness.

There was the sound of liquid, moving through the tubing of the IV lines. Not one…two. Two IVs were running. He took stock of his body. His leg was hurting a lot less, as were his ribs, but there was bit of discomfort on the hand that was flat against Felicity’s stomach and the unmistakable feeling of medical tape on his skin. Ah. So they’d had put one on him too. It was surprising that they had managed without waking him.

The sound of glossy paper flipping came again and he knew instantly who else was in the room. That heartbeat was as well-known to him as his own. Paper has a distinct sound to it, especially gloss paper. It meant that it wasn’t pages of a book being flipped but a magazine and there was only one person who read those and used Chanel as a perfume that had access to this private wing.
“Did you know that she wears PJ pants with cupcakes as their print?”

Even if she was talking he knew that her volume was barely above a whisper, enough for his Vampiric ears to pick up but not loud enough to wake the slumbering blonde in his arms. Curled around her as he was he had to shift back slightly in order to look. Thea was right; Felicity’s legs were covered by a pair of light yellow long PJ pants with cupcakes topped by different bright colors as frosting.

“No. I didn’t.” he used the same volume as his sister had before curling himself once more against the blonde, retaking his position as the ‘big spoon’. He nuzzled the back of her head softly, letting the loose strands tickle his face lightly, noticing the small piece of gauze at her hairline, by her ear. She was hurt there too…how had that happened?

Thea was there, by the side of the bed, in a flash. She was silent as ever, with just the minimal rustle of clothes as the warning of her approach. Not enough for a regular person to hear. Only another Alpha. She was looking down at him with concern and the steely resolution that he’d come to associate with her as an adult.

“You’re lucky I had her moved to the private wing or else things would’ve been worse.”

“How bad was it?” he asked.

“Bad enough.” She replied “I’ve never seen you like that.”

In whispers Thea offered all she knew. From the moment he woke up disoriented, Feral and ready to take Digg down if he didn’t back off, to him leaving his own room in a blur of speed. To the moment Digg, Maseo, Roy and herself reached Felicity’s room to watch the stand-off between Mark; Katie’s Alpha and himself.

As she spoke bits and pieces filtered into his mind, the memories of his episode unlocking like flash cards before his mind’s eye. It was like he could remember but the memories weren’t really all there, sluggish, like a mirage he was watching as an out of body experience.

“Your Felicity was pretty impressive, Ollie.” Thea offered glancing at the woman. “When we came back to the room after a few minutes you were already sleeping it off. She warned us about trying to restrain you again. She wouldn’t stand for it and told one of orderlies off for even suggesting it. Mark backed her up citing that the binds might have been what triggered the episode in the first place, even if subconsciously.” She explained.

A warm sense of pride and caring bloomed in his chest at the thought that even not knowing what he’d gone through during his time ‘away’ she had enough empathy to know exactly what he needed at one of his darkest moments.

Without having a clue she’d made things better.

“Apparently Mark is some sort of shrink that specializes in trauma, long and short term. He said that since he’s seen you quite possibly at your worst he’d be willing to take you in as a patient, if you’re willing and work from there. I think you should take his offer.”

“Thea…”

“No, Ollie. You didn’t see yourself in that moment. It was bad. You were fully out of it and the only thing, the one thing, that calmed you down was her. We have been going round and around on this topic before but now it’s different. If nothing else you have to think about her. Because this time she made it all better but next time she might not be around to set you straight.”
The conversation came to a sudden pause when Felicity stirred. She grumbled something about kangaroos in her sleep then turned so she was facing Oliver and snuggled even deeper into his hold.

“You’re right.” He admitted, using the same volume they’d maintained throughout their conversation. “I will make an appointment.”

“You better.” She said before smiling a little. “I actually like her, Ollie. We got to talk for a bit as you slept. I think she’s good for you but you have to work on yourself too.” She said and cupped his cheek with one of her hands. “I’m going to go get some food. I’ll check on you both later.”

It was only minutes after Thea left that Felicity woke up. She stirred a few more times before her whole body tensed in a controlled stretch and then relaxed against his once more only to freeze completely. One of her hands brushed softly against his side and he had to keep himself from moaning at the contact. Then, in an almost comical way, that same hand patted its way, unsurely, to his abs and then up, towards his chest; as if she couldn’t quite be sure of what her sense of touch was telling her. Slowly she moved her head back from where it had been nestled under his chin and looked up at him, blinking the sleep out of her eyes.

“Ol’ver?” Her voice was thick with sleep, still a bit hoarse but just as beautiful.

She lifted her hand to brush her eyes but when the IV pulled she thought better of it and used the other one.

“Huh… I almost forgot you were shirtless. Don’t really know how THAT could happen because you, sir, are solid. Rock hard solid, like a wall, and not easy to forget at all. I mean, the leather jacket, the bike ride and the suit made it unbelievably clear just how built you are but no shirt? Its wow factor material, which makes me wonder how exactly my brain could ever forget about the no shirt thing… Oh, frack, my filter is even worse after sleeping with you. NOT sleeping sleeping with you, as in sharing a space while slumbering together. Slumber, it’s such an odd word. Hmm I think my IV has some drugs in there… Forget I said all that. How are you feeling?”

In one word, she was adorable. Rubbing the sleep out of her eyes with one hand and babbling away while so close to him… she was adorable, alluring and his, which made everything so much better. Someone must have taken her glasses off, or maybe she had, while he slept because they weren’t there to shield the blue intelligence that sparkled in her eyes. He was sure they were close enough that she didn’t need them to see him clearly, with their bodies almost intertwined as they were. Her ramble had forced a small smile to quirk his lips ever so slightly even in his uncertainty.

“Better.” He answered, feeling his heart constrict with apprehension.

She had seen the beast. Seen him in a state of mind where he was more monster than man. She had watched him attack her friend’s Mate out of possessive fury and confusion. And the scars he always hid from everyone? Those were displayed for her to see, and touch, in all their graphic glory too. He was shirtless, which he tended to avoid doing around other people, just as he had been when the episode took over and he woke up in a daze of rage and worry for his Mate.

She must have seen something in his eyes because what came out of her mouth next left him breathless with the amount of hope that forced itself inside his chest.

“I had a roommate at MIT… Her name was Marta; she was this tiny Puerto Rican woman, and when I say tiny I mean she was tiny! She made me seem tall, which considering I’m like five foot nothing is a lot to say. She cooked the most amazing food you can possibly imagine. Her arroz con pollo and habichuelas guisadas con papas? Priceless.” She was saying, wistfully sighing at the thought of the food. “Anyways, she joined the military right after high school then after her tour overseas she
decided to take on college. When we got roomed together she warned me about her ‘situation’ and more than once I had to help her through some of her ‘blue screen’ moments. That’s what she called them, I mean. We’re talking flashbacks, nightmares, disorientation…you name it and she probably went through it. It wasn’t easy but we were friends so I knew about the ‘no touch’ or ‘ask/talk before touching’ ‘no sudden movements’ tips during her ‘blue screen’ moments. Which, I know, I totally botched during yours by the way. What I’m getting at is that she did fine most of the time, she just needed a bit of guidance when she wasn’t. So before you freak out about it, I’m going to stop you right there.” Her blue eyes were sparkling at him as she spoke in whispers, as if they were lying in a luxurious bed somewhere in paradise sharing secrets instead of a hospital bed. “I don’t know what happened to you, Oliver. I won’t ask you about it either. What I know is that this is something that’ll happen. So now I know to keep an eye out for it.”

“Well…” The words spilled from him without hesitation. He needed to ask. If nothing else was said after this he needed to know.

“Not in the way you’re probably thinking.” She replied “Startled me? Yes. It was quite the sight, sort of sexy. With you going all ‘Grrr Angry face’ fangs showing and all. I am not even going to lie about that one since you’d probably notice from my heartbeat if I tried to anyways. You surprised me because last I heard you were under sedation, so you’d keep off the leg long enough for it to heal somewhat, so I really didn’t expect you to show up here. The scary part was seeing you hurting like that. THAT was scary. I didn’t like that at all.”

Heaving a sigh of breath he didn’t know he’d been holding he pressed his lips against her forehead and held her, pulling her tight against his body in a protective hug that was for both their benefits, though mostly for his.

Because this was his Felicity and she was bright, caring, smart and so so good it threatened to undo him from the inside out. He might’ve been forged by the strength of his parent’s genetics but this woman…his woman, with all her traits and her compassion, was going to shape him into something extraordinary.

And just like that he knew two things for sure and had made up his mind. #1. He was already falling in love with Felicity Smoak. #2. He’d been truthful to Thea during their conversation. He would make that appointment, only now it was at the top of the priorities list.

Well…

Third on the priority list, really.

Right after he found out exactly what happened after his car exploded and he’d gotten his hands on whoever had DARED to hurt his Omega.

Chapter End Notes
This fic is for Matty (SuperSillyAndDorky06) and TheAlternativeSource because they are awesome!

I hope you guys like it.

Also, Here's my Info, you can find me on both Twitter and Tumblr.
@Melmo2010 and https://www.tumblr.com/blog/melsanfo
Scars

Chapter Summary

The hospital. Felicity's POV on past events and more.

Chapter Notes

So! It is Sunday and here’s the new chapter, as promised. I actually LOST this chapter when I was working on it (my brother's lap top sort of died then came back to life but the screen was shot so the 2k words I already had for Chapter 8 were lost) so I had to redo the whole thing and it turned into something else. I wanted to get somewhere specific with it and my muse went 'NOPE, take a detour' so scenic route it is and here's what she gave me.

I did not have nearly enough time to edit this so I'm terribly sorry for all typos.

As per usual, I don't own Arrow.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

It had taken two days for all hell to break loose. Two days since she’d woken up in a fancy hospital room that was more like a hotel suite than anything else. Two days since the first person she recognized was the bodyguard she’d almost (or at least had wanted to) pulled out of the car that had been following Katie around. Maseo, she remembered, had filled in the blanks for her, quite patiently and then had her tell him what she knew.

She recalled the explosion of the car. She’d hit the back of her head, close to her ear, on the doorjamb of her townhome then stumbled over to Oliver, who’d seemed to be unconscious at the time. She also remembered the attack. The men dressed in black with their masks, grabbing Oliver while one of them had her on a hold; around the waist first and then a chokehold from behind. She remembered struggling and yelling when the hold had been about her waist. She’d yelled for help; yelled for the men to leave Oliver alone. That’s when the man behind her had shifted his stance onto a choke; still she’d manage to say Oliver’s name one more time before the man had tightened his hold on her, cutting off the circulation to her brain and all air flow.

Felicity had been teetering at the edge of unconsciousness herself when the man had thrown her away from himself. There had been a sharp pain on her head, at her temple, which she touched gingerly as she remembered, before blackness took her.

Maseo explained that Oliver’s team of bodyguards had arrived at the scene in the nick of time, preventing his abduction. It seemed having nosy neighbors had worked in her favor since several of them had called in the authorities after the explosion happened so first responders had given her immediate medical attention upon arrival, only a minute or two after Oliver’s men.

And then once she was in the hospital, way before she regained consciousness, Thea Queen herself had demanded that, for security purposes, Felicity be transferred to the Queen VFP wing of the
hospital (AKA Very Fucking Private, or at least that’s what she was calling it in her head), which suddenly explained her lavish accommodations. How was it possible that a hospital bed was more comfortable than her real one? That was both unheard of and unfair! The bed she was in now, which had to be a least Queen sized (HAH, so much potential for a pun there), was so deliciously comfortable it was almost a crime.

The first day, when she’d woken up to find Maseo at her side, along with a nameless bodyguard at her door, she’d been informed by the doctor (She couldn’t really remember his name but was calling him 7 in her head since he looked a bit like the 7th Doctor from Doctor Who) she had mild concussions from her head wounds, which they’d already patched up and that he wanted to keep her in for a few days for observation because of it. He also wanted to keep an eye out for possible ear damage; which turned out to be an unnecessary precaution. Years of Goth and Heavy metal music back in college had made her ears quite resistant so the ringing from the explosion was mostly gone by day two. The bruising on her neck was also a concern but from the check up there wasn’t any permanent damage. And with the nurses checking on her every few hours during her first 24 at the hospital she broke out of the concussion danger zone with flying colors.

Katie and Mark had arrived together early during the second day, with Maseo having to receive approval from the head of security (Mr. John ‘Arms like tree trunks’ Diggle) for their visit the day before and then escort them to the room because of all of the security precautions that were in effect. The private wing was a bit Fort Knox-y for her liking but she understood the reasoning.

Felicity had texted Katie a few hours after she awoke to make sure her friend didn’t freak out from the lack of contact on her part but of course once she had explained the whole situation and the fact that she couldn’t really talk much because of the attack her friend freaked out anyways. The blonde was surprised she managed to convince her friend to stay away during that first day while she got clearance; oh the redhead had used some colorful language at hearing that but once she had calmed down and Felicity had asked her to take care of her store and make sure that her house was secure, Katie was sufficiently occupied to let it go. Felicity was sure to tell her that she’d probably be sleeping most of the time anyways and she had plenty of people watching her sleep as it was so Katie had dropped the subject and resigned herself to a visit on Tuesday.

When the redhead arrived the second day escorted by her Alpha, Maseo and Rob (Yup! She had gotten ‘Mister Nameless’ name after all) gave the women and Mark some privacy. Katie, as was to be expected, had come prepared with Felicity’s own pillow and her duvet, plus some of her comfty clothes from home as well as a fresh change of regular clothes for whenever they sent her friend home. Felicity had received them both with hugs, even going as far as to kiss Mark on the cheek in thanks for keeping Katie calm through the whole thing and then had excused herself to the bathroom to take a shower. She desperately wanted to wash her hair too but decided against it because of her bandages.

She’d been visiting with Mark and Katie for a while when she’d gotten a small twinge in her neck, one of the lovely side effects of having been flung against a building. Mark had been there to help her get comfortable on the bed, going as far as to fix her pillow for her when it happened.

In all honesty she wasn’t sure WHAT it was that happened at first. But all of the sudden Katie had yelped, Mark had been thrown towards the door and a wall with ashen blonde hair, scarred flesh on his back and wearing grey PJ pants hanging dangerously low on his hips was standing by her bed in full on protect mode. There was snarling going on, growling, fangs being shown and she’d found herself on her knees immediately, almost whimpering when the explosion of Alpha scent hit her nostrils.

Oliver.
A very pissed off Oliver.

What.The.Hell?!

She didn’t know how she knew, there must have been a twitch on his part or something but she knew instantly when he was going to launch at Mark, who’d landed all ‘Underworld’ style, like a boss, close to the door instead of hitting the wall next to it. She recognized the throes of an episode immediately and knew deep down that she shouldn’t touch him but that twitch made her throw caution to the wind and hold onto him. The muscles on his arm twitched below her touch. His head swiveled sharply to look down at his arm where her fingers were now holding onto his flesh and with the corner of her eye she watched Katie move from her seat, as fast as her Omega legs could carry her, towards the door.

Of course that caught Oliver’s attention again. Fuck! She’d messed up the ‘no sudden movement’s rule’ too! Once Katie was behind her Alpha Felicity tried to call for Oliver’s attention again with another tug on his arm. She knew damn well that if he didn’t want to be moved she couldn’t make him, he was an Alpha and from the looks of it he was deep in an episode or flashback from what she guessed was his time ‘away’, which she knew nothing about but wasn’t really going to make a difference now if she did.

The moment he turned and looked at her Felicity had to keep herself from gasping. A. there was a WHOLE lot more of nakedness on this side of him (or at least it seemed to be. Hello Abs!). B. along that same train of thought, there were a whole lot more scars on this side of him. C. The far-away glaze on his electric blue eyes that seemed solely able to focus while looking at her told her that he wasn’t really ‘here’. Plus D. His fangs were HUGE!

“Mine.” He purred, honest to Google purred, at her and for a second she wasn’t sure if she was still solid. Clean up on bed one! Bring a bucket.

Holy.Fucking.Hell! Don’t dwell on the hotness. Don’t react to the hotness. Please, for the love of Google don’t babble about the hotness!

She called his name softly, her voice was still affected by the attack and though she knew he noticed, by the little frown that appeared between his eyebrows, it seemed to do the trick. Before she knew it she’d released him and asked for the peanut gallery at the door to give them a moment. He’d climbed on the bed with her and was assessing her wounds with furious and pained eyes. As if he couldn’t believe that this had happened to her of all people.

Katie’s interruption was a surprise, though it shouldn’t have been. She shook her head at her friend, motioning with her hands for her not to come any closer. She could handle this. She was sure of it. She told Katie that it’d be ok and then requested privacy again. This time it seemed to work and only Maseo remained by the door, watching the hall outside.

She was really beginning to like Maseo.

It was her touch on his face that made Oliver turn back to her. His eyes had not lost the electric blue to them and by the way he was moving and reacting to everything she knew this wasn’t just an episode, this was his Feral side that had come out to play during the episode. Her Alpha, who’d been so caring and patient, so calm and collected, had lost that mask of his completely and this was the raw power that resided within him. It sent a shiver down her spine just thinking about it. The Alpha in him was desperate to make sure that his Omega was well from the looks of it. And so she reassured him with soft words.

She tried not to let the flare of anger show when she realized he’d been bound, taking off the straps
with care, before rearranging herself on the bed. Only she didn’t stay as she’d chosen for long. Oh no. He apparently had not liked it one bit so he didn’t hesitate, he’d picked her up and moved her himself, getting her into a comfortable position and taking a few seconds to assess her approval with electric blue eyes that seemed to burst with caring before draping himself by her side, with part of his body on top of hers; as if he was shielding her from unknown and unseen forces. The hold he had on her hips, the tense set on his shoulders and all the muscles that she could see made her heart tighten. What had happened to her Alpha? That tightness grew into a vice like grip when he whispered to her.

“It’s like I’m here…but I’m not here. I’m there too.”

She’d felt murderous before in her life, but this? This was fever pitch. She didn’t know WHO exactly had hurt Oliver but those scars of his did not look self-inflicted and she would’ve paid a good amount of money to be left in a room with the person responsible and a blunt weapon at her disposal.

It was heartbreaking to see him so lost. So unbelievably hurt that he wasn’t sure what was real and what wasn’t. She tried to convince him, to have him listen to her heartbeat, still carding her hands through his hair in the most caring manner that she knew of, using her short fingernails to massage his scalp a bit.

He disagreed with her when she said they were fine. He mentioned she was hurt and she replied that so was he and that he needed rest.

“My Omega.”

Yes, she’d wanted to say and for a moment she had to fight with herself to keep that from slipping. This wasn’t the time to admit that she’d accepted him. No. She’d wait till he’d gotten out of the nightmarish reality he was living and then…Then it’d be a completely different story.

Thea Queen was the first brave soul to appear back in Felicity’s room. Oliver had been fast asleep by then and Felicity was still playing with his hair in a soothing manner, looking up at the brunette that came to stand by the bed. The sad smile the girl gave her said it all and Felicity couldn’t help herself, she reached out with one of her hands and gave one of Thea’s hands a squeeze.

“He’ll be fine.” She whispered.

With that simple touch and those simple words respect had been earned.

“Don’t take this the wrong way but you are not what I had pictured in my mind as my brother’s Mate.” Thea said after they’d been talking back and forth for a little bit.

“Let me guess. Brunette, tall, leggy and stick figure model thin? Am I warm? Cold? Room temp?” she asked

“Uh…yeah, basically. Dead on.” Thea offered with a grimace. “Does that make me a horrible person?”

“No. Actually, that’s exactly what I pictured him with too.” Felicity had admitted with a shrug. “I’m not under any illusions here. He is Oliver Queen, former playboy of Starling City turned responsible club owner and CEO. I’ve seen the pictures and the videos from before. I know I’m as far from his usual flavor as I can get so no, it doesn’t bother me or make you a horrible person to think that, Thea. Based on statistics alone I’m like the 3% margin of error here. In fact, if nothing else, this makes you a great person. You had the decency to talk to me about it instead of just waiting for it to blow up in our faces.”
“Huh.” Thea offered with a shake of her head “Pretty and smart? My brother won’t know what hit him. That explains the dopey smile I’ve seen him sporting around the house when I do get to see him. He usually has his phone in hand when it happens. I take it that was you?”

“More than likely.” Felicity had agreed and then the conversation had shifted, with Thea bringing a chair closer to the bed so they could keep chatting as Oliver slept.

There was a bit of an argument when Oliver’s doctor came in with an orderly, ready to restrain Oliver once more. Felicity had shut down that idea immediately, her blue eyes blazing with anger even though the logical part of her brain knew that the orderly and the doctor were only trying to do their job.

It was Mark who made them come to their senses, mentioning the adverse effects that restraining the patient might have. And after that it was smooth sailing. Well, after they’d set up an IV for Oliver to make sure he got his meds and fluids anyways. Katie had been worried at first but after she and Felicity had exchanged some soft words between them the redhead had understood what was really going on. She was all for Felicity helping her Alpha.

Felicity wasn’t sure when she fell asleep. She had snuggled a bit better with Oliver, who was like the best muscle-y blanket ever and had been lost to the world. She didn’t even know how long she slept for, she only knew that she HAD started to dream about Kangaroo’s chasing her and she’d shifted in her sleep towards the warmth that seemed to be there for her use. Instinctively seeking refuge within her Alpha’s arms. Like a safety feature. Sleep slowly left her and just like every morning she stretched before relaxing back onto the bed. Only…this wasn’t her bed. And there was someone in it with her.

Her sleep addled brain didn’t supply her companion to her right away but her hand’s explorations made it very VERY obvious to her that it was a very well built male body against hers. Oh, yeah… She knew that body. She’d held onto him on the bike ride, felt him against her whole body at her door and held him after his episode.

Oliver.

Nope. Wait… That wasn’t it… Shirtless Oliver…

Her brain short circuiting gave way to a babble that she’d been holding in since she first noticed his bare torso. She wondered if the IV bag had something else in there aside from just regular fluids. Maybe a little cocktail to loosen up her tongue even more? As if she needed it! They were so close there was no need for her glasses; she could’ve counted his eyelashes as a hobby right then and there and the little beauty mark by his lips? Oh, she wanted to kiss it badly. Yep, definitely drugs on the IV bag then.

His apprehension was palpable to her; she saw it in his eyes and the tension that was returning not just to his shoulders and the rest of his frame but the hardening of his features. As if he was getting ready for her to reject him because of what she’d seen. And sure, if she’d been a weaker woman she probably would’ve been scared shitless of having what appeared to be an unstable Mate. But Felicity Smoak wasn’t just any woman.

So she told him about Marta, her college roommate. She told him about her friend who had a problem that resembled his; told him that she had helped her when needed. Told him that even though she’d probably messed up this time she’d be more prepared the next time it happened. And with all she told him she tried to make it obvious that the situation had not frightened her but of course he had to ask her anyway. Point blank. No sugar coating… And of course her answer had to do with calling him sexy in that primal state, for which she wanted to smack herself right after but
didn’t, because he was kissing her forehead and holding her as if she was something utterly precious. So she held him back because he was just as precious to her, even if he wasn’t ready to hear it just yet.

“And another thing.” She whispered, burrowing herself a bit more firmly into his hold for a few seconds before pulling her head back to look at him. “I saw the look in your eyes when I mentioned you were shirtless.” She began, feeling him tense up immediately. “Don’t think for a second that these scare me.” Her fingertips were trailing the scars at the small of his back with barely there feather like touch. “I understand if you don’t like to show them and I won’t ask you to explain or display them, Oliver, but I don’t want you to hide from me. I think we’re past that. Don’t you?”

“They…are hard to look at.” He murmured in reply, still as tense as a board.

“Maybe the person looking wasn’t looking with the right mindset.” She offered. “I’m from Vegas, Oliver and something that I learned in the city of sin was that skin is a fickle thing. It burns, stains, wrinkles, puckers, blotches…Blah, Blah, Blah, on and on and ooooon. You wouldn’t believe the amount of complaining showgirls can do… It goes green/yellow if you’re sick, red if you’ve spent too long in the sun, pale if you don’t spend enough, blue if you’re cold, purple if you’re bruised and grey if you’re old or dying. I could keep rambling on and on about it but my point is. Oliver, these?” she flattened her hand over the scars she’d been touching before. “If this is what you’ve been worrying about then don’t.”

“They don’t offend me; I don’t find them ugly. I don’t find them pretty either. They just…are. Don’t get me wrong, it makes me mad that someone hurt you and that you have them in the first place because someone hurt you. And yes, I will admit, I’d pay good money to make them hurt just as bad but what I see when I look at them? I don’t see flaws, I see victories. And I’m sorry if it seems a bit much but just bear with me.” She pleaded

“Oliver, your scars are a testament to your strength as a person. Because you went through whatever it was that happened to you and they, whoever they were, tried to break you. And every single scar on you? It’s a sign of their failure because you survived it; you survived it all. With a few unwanted souvenirs but you did. Just, think about it and give it time. One day you might see it that way too.” She offered pressing her forehead against his in an almost cat like greeting. “For now you’re here. In Starling City general, listening to me babble and probably becoming more uncomfortable by the second. So, sorry about that. Hmm, I really think there’s something in my IV bag. I, seriously, cannot be held accountable for my babbles while in medical care. I wonder if they have a warning bracelet for that. Chronical babbling. Is that a thing? Because I really th-”

She didn’t get to finish that statement. It all truth she didn’t get to finish the thought! Because there was an eager mouth slanted over hers, lips encouraging her own to play and play they did. The kiss was hard, with a hint of desperation and so much relief infused into it that she found herself sighing. As if she was stealing the fear and the pain from him, filtering it through her own body and expelling it into the cosmos with that sigh.

A throat been cleared somewhere close to the door made the kiss pause. Felicity could have murdered whoever was interrupting and she was sure that Oliver let out a small growl of displeasure before pulling himself away from her and propping himself up on his elbow while she glanced towards the door.

The doctor, 7, was there, looking at them with sparkling mischievous eyes and a smile like the cat that caught the canary. After the little ‘row’ that Felicity had with the other doctor she was more than happy to see hers instead of Oliver’s.

“Glad to see you kids are feeling better.” Was the opening line and then onto the medical stuff they
went.

The man had the patience of a saint and that was apparent. He checked on Felicity first, poking her neck lightly to check on the bruising and then paying attention to the wounds under the bandages. As he worked Felicity explained to Oliver how she got each one, or at least how she thought she got them. And if he growled again when she told him about the attack no one could’ve really blamed him. Digg was supposed to debrief him when he woke up but he’d been a bit too out of it to do anything of the sort.

The doctor also took a look at Oliver, who grumbled under his breath that he was fine but allowed the man to do his job. His ribs were obviously better and so was his leg, which they hadn’t even put into a cast due to the rapid healing that Vampires did.

As he was almost out the door the doctor turned around and with a big smile said.

“I will make sure that you are given some privacy. Feeding is such an intimate thing.”

And with that he was gone, closing the door behind him… unknowingly throwing both Oliver and Felicity for a loop.

Feeding? Oh… Frack.

Chapter End Notes

This fic is for Matty (SuperSillyAndDorky06) and TheAlternativeSource because they are awesome!

I hope you guys like it.

Also, Here's my Info, you can find me on both Twitter and Tumblr.
@Melmo2010 and https://www.tumblr.com/blog/melsanfo
The sound of the door clicking shut sent Felicity’s mind, and heart, into overdrive.

Oh. Shit.

How could she have forgotten that Oliver, having been hurt, would need to feed? She wanted to face palm so badly she had to curl her fingers into a fist to keep from doing so. He had told her he was hungrier than his usual during their date and that had been two days ago. That was without him being hurt! He had gone 4 days now without blood, hungry and two of those days he’d been healing.

Holy. Mother. Of. Awkward. How could she forget such a thing?!

“You don’t have to.”

He must have heard her heartbeat picking up speed at the idea of the feeding. The question was; did he realize it was because she wasn’t really opposed to it? A whole lot had happened since they had met at Verdant. She’d had quite a hefty amount of processing time to consider not just finding but interacting with her Mate and all that doing so entailed. Sure, they hadn’t known each other for long but if they were going with quality instead of quantity, which in her head she sure as hell was, they’d experienced so much together already that she wasn’t sure how far along their whole thing would be considered in a normal ‘relationship meter’.

“I don’t?” she asked while turning on the bed so she was laying on her side once more, looking up at him.

“Of course not.” He said with a slight shake of his head.

“Are you certain?” she asked “Because I’m pretty sure the doctor just gave us the ‘you crazy kids’ look mixed with a heavy dose of ‘I’ll put a sock/tie/hairband on the door handle for you on my way out so you won’t be disturbed’ sort of wink wink cheeky look.”
A small grin appeared on his troubled features then and he laid himself back down so they were face to face, only inches from each other.

“Felicity.” He started tenderly while brushing a strand of her hair away from her face. “I’m certain. You don’t have to feed me. I can call on Tatsu. She’s usually the one that helps me with my…dietary requirements.”

If she had been any other woman the fact that some other female was feeding her Alpha would have probably sent Felicity into a hissy fit. However Felicity wasn’t that kind of woman, she was as far from a hissy fit thrower as they came. And the name sounded very familiar. All of the sudden it hit her and the moment she realized who he was talking about she frowned.

“That could take longer than you’d probably like.” She offered with a grimace. “I’ve had Maseo by my side since I woke up; and since you know me then you know that silence and I aren’t exactly the best of companions. So we’ve talked a bit and if I’m not mistaken he did mention his wife Tatsu and his son, are overseas visiting a relative.”

A frown knotted his brows together before he sighed, heavily, laying himself on his back and looking up at the ceiling of the room. He laced his fingers on top of his chest and took some deep breaths, as if trying to contain the annoyance at his plan faltering.

“I must have forgotten…I’m sure there are options for people like me. Betas volunteer at hospitals all the time in order to help and feed Alpha patients. It’ll be fine.”

Quirking an eyebrow she sat up on the bed and folded her legs below her, looking at him from her newly gained height with confused eyes.

“Options?”

“Yes.”

“For feeding you?”

“Yes.”

“Why?” she asked with a tilt of her head.

“Why?” he echoed, frowning up at her. “Felicity, you’re hurt. Even if you were willing to feed me, I won’t have you do that.”

“Do you doubt I’d be willing to do it?” she asked before continuing “Oliver, you are NOT making any decisions for me. It’s my life, my choice. Only I can decide what I do or don’t do.” She poked him on the chest to drive her point home. “And besides, you were the one that came into this room all ‘Grr’ like naming me your Omega and claiming me as yours. If you haven’t changed your mind then you have to stick to the rules. You can’t claim me then turn around and refuse my help.”

“You are hurt!”

“And so are you!” she rebuked “My wounds did not cause any major blood loss so that shouldn’t be a problem.”

“Fe-li-ci-ty…” His voice betrayed his annoyance as he rubbed his hands over his face and in retaliation she folded her arms above her chest while scowling at him.

“O-li-ver…” she replied using the same pattern of speech. “You don’t get to ‘Felicity’ me when you
are not making any sense at all.”

He sat up then, quicker than she could have registered but she didn’t even flinch. He was holding her face with both his hands before trailing the fingers of one of his hands down to her neck, brushing over her pulse point which was tainted with molted skin.

“You. Are. Hurt.” He explained running the length of the bruise around her neck with the pads of his fingers, forcing her to use all of her resolve in order not to shiver. “I am hungry. I will most likely not be as gentle as I’d like to be. I am not going to damage your neck further, especially the first time I feed from you.”

“Well, thank goodness! Words! Finally!” She exclaimed, keeping herself from throwing her arms up in celebration that they’d gotten past the ‘no with no explanation’ point of their conversation. “Then don’t drink from the neck, Oliver.” She offered at once, holding his touch to her skin, right above her pulse point. “I am willingly and knowingly offering my blood to you. Because in case you forgot someone blew up your car and we don’t know if there’ll be another attempt.” She reasoned. “What we both do know is that Omega blood, my blood, will make you heal faster than any substitute out there and I want you to be well just in case whoever that was or whatever that was that happened happens again.” She sighed heavily then, her blue eyes having linked with his as she spoke, the electric blue was sizzling from within his in a slow burn that could not be hidden. “I am not a good Omega, Oliver. I am not submissive or compliant and I will never just let you choose things or make decisions for me without my input and I will get on your nerves very much like I’m doing right now. I’m too independent, too stubborn and set on my ways, which are more of ‘the Beta’ way than the Omega way. But this? This I can do.” She said “You need to let me do this for you. I need to know you’ll be ok and you won’t be 100% without my help. So, Oliver, please would you let me help you?”

“Femoral artery.” He replied after a moment of silence, reopening his eyes with a deep breath.

“Meaning..?” she asked

“The femoral artery would probably be the best choice… in my current condition.” He offered looking somewhat uncomfortable. “It’s just as good as the carotid artery, which is on the neck, big enough not to collapse due to the size of my fangs unlike the sources on your wrists and elbows…”

“But? I sense there’s a ‘but’ in my immediate future. Why is there a ‘but’ to this statement? Because, if you think about it, this really should be a happy occasion happening. I’ve heard from many Omegas that the first feeding is one of the most important moments in the timeline of a pair. I admit at the time it made me wonder if it was like breakfast being the most important meal of the day and all that but what I mean to say is that you’re finally seeing that I’m right and that alone is always a good thing considering I’m a genius and all…”

“Felicity.” Oliver was smiling somewhat shyly at her now, brushing the apples of her cheeks with his thumbs. “The femoral artery. It’s on the inside of the thigh.”

“Oh?”

One heart beat… Two heart beats… Three heart beats… Imminent mental system reboot in 3…2… 1…

“OH!”

If the mental image of Oliver drinking from her neck that had assaulted her the day of their date had done a number on her brain the idea of Oliver drinking from her inner thigh had made her mouth
both water and run dry at the same time while imploding her brain. She was both instantly happy that she kept herself ‘bikini ready’ all year round while also being appalled that that was the first thought that crossed her mind in this particular situation. Because of course it wasn’t important that the man that was her Mate was going to feed from her for the first time, Oh no, she was worrying about her grooming habits instead. And the fact that she was wearing her cupcake PJ pants, which were as far from sexy as they could get. Not that in order to feed him she would have worn something slutty or sexy, because that probably wouldn’t have happened but cupcake pants? Really? The pun was just too much! Then again the legs of her PJ pants were wide enough that she could just hike them up almost all the way up to rest between her legs so they had THAT going for them...

“Just…how high on the thigh are we talking here?” she asked without thinking, with her brain rebooting she was unable to recall the most basic human biology and the cardiovascular system in all the glory that she should’ve probably paid more attention to in high school. “Never mind that question. That is not important.” She said with a shake of her head to get herself out of the daze. “Ok.”

“Ok?” he asked looking dumbfounded.

“What? Were you thinking that I was going to revoke my offer because of the bite’s placement?” She asked with a soft un-lady like snort. “Oliver, you need this. I can give you this. Sure, it might be happening faster than we both anticipated but I’m surprisingly comfortable with this idea. I’m sure this is what I want. Are you?”

The electric blue crackled in his eyes again and he shook his head for a moment before linking his gaze with hers once more. Slowly, without looking away, he retrieved his touch from her and removed the IV from his hand, letting the little needle, medical tape and the line dangle perilously from the bags perch. Sure, this was as far from the intimate image that Felicity had come up with in her head regarding their first ‘exchange’. Then again they’d come pretty freaking close to him feeding while he had her against her front door of her home the night of their date so she really should not be picky about it happening in a hospital room.

At least there was privacy here!

Getting up from the bed Oliver rolled his shoulders back, forcing himself to relax while looking down at her from his height. He looked like a god of war, with all his scars on display and his perfectly carved muscles. His blue gaze was intense as he looked at her, a bit of uncertainty swirling in that pool of blue along with gratitude so palpable she wanted to reach out and touch him, reassure him some way that it would all be ok.

“Are you certain?” He asked in a deep breath, allowing the electric blue to take over the usual color of his eyes.

There was only one answer to give…

“Yes.”

Taking care that the IV line wasn’t going to pull on the skin of her hand she scooted to the edge of the bed, facing him and parted her legs once they were dangling off the mattress. With trembling fingers, and a thundering heart, she started rolling the fabric of her right pant leg, revealing untainted skin in the fabrics retreat, until it was bunched all the way up at apex of her legs. Looking up at him she bit her lower lip before smiling, a small quirk of her lips that she hoped conveyed not just how OK she was with all this but also gave him all the reassurances he might need.

As if in slow motion she watched him kneel, in between her legs, his hands coming to rest at her
ankles where he stroked her flesh in soothing motions. His electric blue eyes were shining so very brightly she momentarily wondered if he’d be overcome with his Alpha needs, then again even if that happened she knew deep down that he wouldn’t harm her. Even if the Alpha nature did take over the Alpha imperative was to take care of his Omega, no matter how hungry or hurt. This, him kneeling before her, looking up at her with so much unspoken need and devotion (because, yes that was what she was seeing in those mystical eyes of his) was the purest form of reverence and she had never felt more beautiful or cherished.

Swallowing hard Felicity aided him to lift her leg onto his shoulder, widening her stance even more to accommodate his broadness and once it was perched there he turned his face and kissed the side of her knee; making her sigh softly and her skin twitch involuntarily. Reaching forward with one of her hands she ran her fingertips through his hair while he got to work, laying butterfly kisses on his way to her inner thigh. One of his hands settled on the outside of her thigh, holding it in place while at the same time maddeningly stroking her flesh with his thumb, both soothing her and enticing her. And how he managed to do both at the same time she wasn’t entirely sure.

It was on the first open mouth kiss to her flesh that she felt it, the hardness of his fangs brushing against her skin while his lips played and his tongue lavished the chosen spot with attention. A shiver ran down her spine, making her arch her back, a whimper escaping her lips before she pressed them together (hard!). The night of their date flashed in her mind’s eye for a single second, remembering how she had wanted to feel his fangs on her neck when he’d nipped her. How she’d wanted to be his... But it had been his regular teeth then, not the elongated Alpha fangs required for his feeding. Not at all like what she felt right now.

Her breath caught in her throat when she accepted his bite. It surprised her that there was only a hint of pain related to the injury, in all reality it felt more like a slight burn; which was saying something considering how huge his fangs had looked and then nothing but a swirling warm pleasure in her head and the feeling of his lips sealing around the wound before he took that first pull directly from the source.

Directly from her…

The fingers that she’d been carding through his hair tightened reflexively, not pushing him away but holding him in place instead and she moaned, low in her throat, at the feeling of his avid drinking. She felt, more than heard, his purr of approval at her vocalizations and if it had been any other moment of their acquaintance she would’ve blushed and babbled helplessly but at this precise moment in time she wasn’t even embarrassed at the sounds she was making (and was probably going to keep making). Every pull made her mewl, gasp or whimper with both need and pleasure. She was simply unable to stop herself and though she should’ve probably felt somewhat ashamed, she didn’t. No. This was too much, too good…

Sure, Felicity had heard stories from others, Betas and Omegas alike, on how it felt for an Alpha to feed on them but she hadn’t been expecting this. It was something else. Betas didn’t feel like this, to them it was more of a light headed feeling. Omegas on the other hand had spoken of the pleasure and the warmth but she had never believed the gushing (all the pun intended) about it. Even more so when some claimed to have gotten off just by their Mates drinking from them. No, she had put those stories firmly on the ‘romanticizing the act’ or ‘wishful thinking’ cupboard in her brain and that was that. But she had been wrong. So very very wrong! Here she was, the proof making her underwear moist with her excitement and filling the room with her scent.

Not in a million years had she expected the sheer warmth that shot through her whole body, nor the arousal that filled her veins which made a delicious feeling of anticipation pool low in her belly, or the overall feeling of this being ‘right’.
This WAS right… With her Mate. With her Alpha.

She felt both weightless and anchored to the present thanks to the Alpha drinking from her. The pulls he took were deep and slow, as if he was savoring her, his lips never detaching from her skin as to not spill a single drop. She wanted to squirm on the bed, seek friction to add to the pleasure already given to her from his drinking but he’d gotten even closer to her in her haze, while still holding her leg in place, just enough to wrap his free arm about her hips effectively pinning her in place on the edge of the bed and keep her from moving; his big hand spanning the small of her back.

As if she had wanted to be anywhere else… still, being able to swirl or move her hips would’ve been nice.

Her head fell back of its own accord, another moan shaped like his name releasing from her throat in a breathless sound. She wasn’t sure exactly how long the exchange took; it could’ve been minutes or hours, her mind felt foggy in an almost afterglow sort of way, but she did manage to register his tongue swiping at the wound, stroking the flesh once, twice, three times along with a prickling sensation as if the spot had gone numb and was now coming back online to feeling things properly. Tilting her head forward once more she looked down just in time to see Oliver remove his lips from her.

The wound on her thigh was small and seemed to be shrinking before her addled senses.

Before she could register exactly what it was that her eyes were seeing Oliver was moving. He somehow managed to move her leg off of his shoulder while still holding to the underside of her knee as he rose from the floor, using his other arm to band about her waist and lift her from the bed in a careful move. Her legs instinctively wrapped around his hips, her arms about his shoulders and she groaned at the feeling of him hard and heavy right against her center.

“Oliver!”

She wasn’t sure how he managed it and in all honesty she didn’t care to know. All that mattered was the next thing that registered in her pleasure hazed brain was her back to the sinful mattress of the bed and Oliver’s heavy body looming above hers, their hips pressed together so tightly there was no escaping the feeling of him through their clothing.

The first thrust on his part made her arms about his shoulders tighten and her back arch of the bed, pressing herself even more wantonly against him. Not caring that one of her legs was still bare while the other one was covered she tangled both with his, her feet at the back of his thighs, keeping the cradle of her hips wide open for him. And then the friction that she’d been aching for during his feeding was there. He set up a steady rhythm, with his arms under her back and his hands holding onto her shoulders while his hips rubbed against her core over and over and over again till she was making incoherent sounds against his ear. The heat within threatened to make her burst into a million pieces at any second.

“Come for me, My Omega.” He growled against her ear, giving her earlobe a playful nip before he pulled his head back in order to look down at her with incandescent electric blue eyes that held her captive. “My Felicity.”

She came apart with a sharp cry, her eyes closing and her whole body bowing off the mattress arching beautifully against his while the waves of pleasure ripped through her. He didn’t stop his movements, instead her release seemed to spur him on; to grind a bit harder against her, to make the motions a bit deeper even in their clothed state, sending her into a frenzy of pleasure that had her gasping his name like a prayer as she held on to him for dear life and rode the inescapable crest of a climax that seemed truly never ending.
He followed only a few thrusts after, a low growl erupting from deep within his chest in a garbled version of the word ‘Mine’ along with his Alpha scent exploding into the air. His hips stuttering to a halt a few moments later, settling into the apex of her legs as if he’d always belonged there.

Even when all she could hear was their heavy breathing and the blood rushing through her ears she didn’t let go of him, nor did she open her eyes. Instead she pulled him closer and when he settled on top of her fully she pressed her face to the side of his neck, not caring about the light sheen of sweat that was there. It really didn’t matter.

They hadn’t Bonded, that’d come later, probably with her Heat cycle, but all the same for the first time in what felt like forever Felicity was home.

Chapter End Notes

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I hope you guys like it.

Also, Here's my Info, you can find me on both Twitter and Tumblr. @Melmo2010 and https://www.tumblr.com/blog/melsanfo
Of love and first fights.

Chapter Summary

Oliver and Felicity have their first fight.

Then there's drinking. Lots of drinking.

Chapter Notes

I apologize for being late on this update. Life got in the way of my writing time so I'm a few days behind.

Also, I am considering a new day to post the updates but that has not been decided. I will let you guys know if I decide to change it.

After all the intensity of the past few chapters I'm happy to say this one is a lot more lighthearted.

As per usual, I don't own Arrow or any of the recognizable characters. I'm just borrowing them. I only own the OC's and my mistakes, since I don't have a Beta (insert all the puns here).

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

It is well known that every couple has a honeymoon stage. For some lucky (and sickeningly annoying) couples it can last a considerable amount of time, for other’s it is a short lived sort of affair. For Alphas and their Omegas it’s really not that much different. Even if their biology predetermines their affinity the personalities still play a big part of things. Which is why when Tommy Merlyn walked into the Queen Private wing of the hospital, in order to pay some of his favorite people a visit, he was not prepared for what greeted him.

It was Wednesday. Their accident had happened early in the morning Sunday (or really late at night on Saturday, depending who you asked) and although he had swung by to check on them since then, sometimes accompanied by his own Mate, this visit was different. Oliver had been released from the hospital the day before. Apparently after his feeding the Omega blood had helped him heal completely in just a few hours (he’d refused to leave, though, until his Mate could do so as well) and today was the day that Felicity Smoak was supposed to be set free into the wide wild world. What he expected was a happy bespectacled blonde with a penchant for bright colors and an even happier (on the inside, since his broody personality allowed nothing else) best friend of his.

What he got was a complete 180 from that.

His Vampiric hearing picked up snippets of the argument from as far as the little lobby that housed the nurse’s station. He proceeded with caution from there. As he approached the room he saw Rob, patiently waiting outside the door with a blank expression, his shifty eyes however spoke volumes of just how uncomfortable he was with the whole situation. The door was open and when Tommy
peeked in his favorite pair of blondes was engaged in a face off, standing only a foot or so apart from one another.

Felicity Smoak, with her glasses and her bright colors, was gesticulating vigorously dressed in dark jeans, pink flats with panda faces (Pandas? Really? Yup! Those were panda faces on her feet) and a bright purple button down blouse with sleeves that came to end at the height of her elbow; Her hair was up in a ponytail, all strands away from her flushed face and she looked like a fearless rainbow warrior fighting against the stoic opponent clad in a stuffy dark suit that was his best friend.

“Oliver! You are being ridiculous!”

“I really fail to see how!”

“Are you freaking kidding me right now?” she asked throwing her hands up in the air with a huff before turning away from him “I cannot deal with you when you’re acting like an honest to Google overprotective caveman. I told you, you do NOT make decisions for me.”

“I am trying to protect you! This is for your own good, Felicity.”

“The answer is no!”

“Whoa…Hey... Need a referee?” Tommy asked as he stepped into the room, spreading his arms out “Because I will be more than happy to render my services in order to sort out this little spat for you guys.”

“NO!” the blonde duo answered at once turning towards him before facing each other once more.

“I won’t hear it, Felicity. You will…”

She laughed then, a sharp wry laugh that lacked all humor in the existence of humor and effectively cut Oliver’s speech off.

“Oh, ho ho! ‘You won’t hear it and I WILL…’?” she asked still laughing and shaking her head. “If you think for one second that I will just follow your lead blindly just because you SAY so, Oliver Queen, you could not be more wrong!” she poked his chest with both of her forefingers to punctuate the ‘not’ during her statement before slinging the strap of the over sized bag that rested on the bed over her shoulder, grabbing the neatly folded duvet that had been under it and holding it to her chest right after that. “That won’t be happening! Ever!”

With that said she marched out of the room, running almost face to chest into Diggle before sidestepping him, like he wasn’t a mountain of muscle and flesh that had gotten in her way.

“Felicity.” Oliver growled, almost at the end of his rope turning on his heel to watch her.

“Nope!” The blonde said over her shoulder, not even bothering to look at her Mate, disappearing down the hall.

Curling his fingers into fists Oliver glanced towards Digg and gave the other Alpha a minute nod. The man in question simply quirked an eyebrow, dark eyes glinting with amusement, before he moved from the door, leaving an uncomfortable Rob standing just where he had been before, in order to follow the irate petite blonde.

“Well…” Tommy said, looking from the door to his best friend a few times before approaching the man and laying one his hands on his shoulder. “You look like you could use a drink and a chat on what exactly you did to piss her off.” He offered with his trademark 1000 watt smile.
“It’s the middle of the day, Tommy.” Oliver ground out through gritted teeth.

“First, we own a bar, so that’s not a real problem in this situation. Second, look at it this way. Take it from someone that has pissed off their Mate more times that they can count without even trying. The making up period after this? Totally worth the blood pressure hike you’re going through at the moment.”

When Oliver turned his attention to him Tommy wiggled his eyebrows up and down playfully at his friend, wrapping his arm around his broad shoulders, leading him out of the room.

“Let us commiserate together on the predicament and conundrum that is brought into our lives in the shape of women with copious amounts of alcohol while the sun is still high in the sky. We have not done that in forever anyways! You and me, buddy, we’ll figure out how hard you’re gonna have to grovel to fix this one, whatever it is that you did.” He said happily. “Come along, Rob, my friend here is going to need your driving skills after I’m done with him.” He announced.

Diggle had caught up to Felicity down in the lobby of the hospital as she was headed for the main doors.

“Don’t you have a stubborn megalomaniac to keep safe?” She asked as soon as he’d come to be walking by her side without pausing in her stride.

“He seemed more interested in your safety, Miss Smoak.” He offered.

“Isn’t that the excuse of the week?” she grumbled. “Surprise, surprise there! Of course he is.” She added with a shake of her head, as if to displace her anger, glancing at him with the corner of her eye. “I take it you’re gonna stick to me like glue until he calls you off?”

“Until Maseo is back on duty, I can trade places with him then.”

“You do realize it was not my car that was blown up, right?”

“We are aware.” He answered “We are also aware that until we know more or get to deal with the possible threat everyone related to Mr. Queen will have an appointed security detail.”

When she stopped dead in her tracks so did he and when she turned to face him, tilting her head back to be able to look him in the eye he turned his body to face her, giving her his best unruffled ‘nothing can phase me’ look, crossing his arms at the wrists in his best patient bodyguard pose. She had already met John Diggle a few times. Throughout her stay at the hospital she’d seen him in several occasions. But they had never been alone.

After she had fed Oliver (she wasn’t going to think of what had happened after the feeding. Nope! Not going there! She was too pissed at him for that right at the moment.) her infuriating Alpha had made such a drastic recovery, thanks to her blood, that he’d been released from the hospital later that same day; shortly after he’d left her hospital bed in order to shower and dress in fresh clothes at his own room, leaving a lingering warm kiss on her lips and a promise to return to her as quickly as he could.

She knew that he’d met with John Diggle after his shower and that the bodyguard standing before her now had debriefed him on the danger situation because when he’d come back he’d had the other man with him. They had talked with Felicity about the whole ordeal, going over it once more and though there was no new information on her part the head of security had let her know that the police now thought that the car explosion and the fire at Verdant were connected; Something to do with the same methodology and how the first attempt (Verdant) had gone wrong so it ended up as a fire and
not a full on explosion. Oliver, being the big dork that he was, had decided he wouldn’t leave Felicity’s side and so he had stayed with her.

The man in question, John, had one of those faces that could not be read easily but for some reason, deep down, Felicity felt like she could trust him. What was more, she was sure that under the hardened exterior the man was more like a teddy bear than anything else; if you didn’t count his impressive physique, imposing height and the hulk like arms, that is. A very fit, very menacing looking teddy bear. Maybe a war time teddy bear?

“Okay.” She decided with a nod ‘But can we drop the whole ‘Miss Smoak’ thing? Because every single time I hear any of you say that it makes me want to look over my shoulder and see if my mother is around.”

There was a slight tug on his lips that wasn’t quite a smile but the mirth in his dark eyes was undeniable.

“We can do that.”

“Oh, thank Google. You have no idea how paranoid I’ve been about that. The last thing I need right now, after almost having been blown up, is having my mother showing up here unannounced.” She said and then smiled at him. “Well, since we’re stuck together for a little while I will warn you that I am in some serious need for coffee; you have no idea what such a deficit will do to me. The nurses up in the VFP wing cut off my entire caffeine intake during my stay, so do you think we can make that happen on the way to my place? I am not a real person until I’ve had my coffee. Obviously I’m a real person but you know what I mean. Coffee is a necessity for me.”

“VFP?” he asked while turning her around, leading her towards an alternate exit of the hospital so he could get them to the parking garage and to his car. The fact that they’d avoid the paparazzi he knew were littering around the entrances of the hospital being a bonus to the detour.

“Very Fucking Private.” She explained with a shrug. “Don’t get me wrong, I appreciated the privacy and the bed. The bed was nice. So so nice… I might actually have to ask Thea what kind of bed it was because that was not a regular hospital bed by any sense of the word but…”

His chuckle made her pause mid rant and she turned her head to look at him almost startled.

“Was that a chuckle, Mister Diggle?” she asked, teasingly.

“Call me Digg.” He said, opening the door to the stairwell that would lead them to the parking garage.

An hour later Felicity and Digg were sitting on opposite sides of a table at BuzzCups, her favorite coffee shop in all of Starling. He was nursing a medium sized cup of coffee (Black, Two sugars, very Sherlockian of him she thought) while she had gone for the biggest café latte they offered as well as a triple chocolate muffin, which she was picking at with her fingers. She could feel the heavy gaze of the man on her and when she lifted her gaze to him she wasn’t surprised to see him watching her.

“Are you going to eat that or dissect it?” He asked curiously with a quirked eyebrow.

“What if I said that destroying this muffin keeps me from breaking your bosses pretty face and having you get mad at me?” She asked with halfhearted anger, making an annoyed face before popping some of the muffin into her mouth and chewing thoughtfully.

“I’d say the muffin didn’t deserve such a death.” He offered, taking a sip of his coffee.
“Your boss is an idiot sometimes.” She said after she’d swallowed.

“Oliver is not just my boss; he’s also my friend.” He offered, leaning back on his seat “Which means I can honestly say that you are not wrong.”

She let out a soft huff of laughter before taking a sip of her drink.

“With that said I’d like to know what exactly he did.” He admitted “From the way you were mumbling in the car I think he’ll need all the help he can get to figure it out.”

“Maybe you shouldn’t help him out.” She answered “He can’t learn if everything is handed to him.”

“Oh no, I won’t hand him anything. A slight nudge in the right direction while sparring can go a long way though.”

With a heavy sigh she pegged him with her gaze for a long moment.

“I told you. He’s being an idiot. An over protective annoying idiot that has decided I apparently have no semblance of free will any longer.”

He seemed to ponder her words, drinking his coffee in silence while he mulled them over. Meanwhile she was slowly picking at her muffin, one tiny delicious chocolatey pinch of pastry at the time.

“I can see where he’s coming from.” He said finally. “Oliver, he hasn’t had it easy in the last few years. When you go through something like he did then find something good in your life you can get irrational about keeping it safe. With him, his need to protect is ingrained in his personality. It’s not just because he’s an Alpha.”

“I get it, Digg, I do. I can understand the fear of losing someone. Not that you can technically lose them when they choose to leave of their own accord, which isn’t really the case now anyways… 3… 2… 1 ” She said as she set her half empty cup down. “What I meant to say is that I have made it perfectly clear, several times, that I am not in any way the placid and yielding damsel in distress type of woman or Omega for that matter. He might be my Mate but he shouldn’t have the power to make these kinds of decisions for me. I can’t accept that. I won’t. I have a life. I have a business that I need to run. I have my own home that I need to go back to. I can’t just hide behind his army of bodyguards and get comfortable in his McMansion while he goes off into the world and does whatever. That’s not me.”

“He’s just worried about the attacks, Felicity.” Digg offered.

“And it’s good that he’s so aware of the danger. But the danger is not directed at me. It was his club that caught fire. His car that blew up; Sure, I was collateral damage on the second one but I wasn’t the target, on either one of those. In fact, I wasn’t even really in the picture for the first one.” She said “So the leap from ‘I need you to be careful’ to the full paranoia that is gripping him right now? That’s not OK.” She shook her head at that before taking another long drink from her coffee cup, the mangled muffin forgotten.

“It’s not the protectiveness that I’m mad about anyways. It’s the entitlement.” She explained, setting the empty cup on the table. “If he had asked me about it things would’ve been different. I would have been fine with agreeing to keep a security detail and I MIGHT have even considered staying with him and Thea at the Queen Mansion while things resolved themselves. But noooooo. Instead he waltzes into the hospital room and pretty much dictates that I will leave with him and go with him to his home. That I will close the shop for the time being because it’s not safe to operate it at this time.
He leaves me with no choice! No room for argument. No discussion and no compromise in sight. Do as I say because I say so? No. The fact that he’s worried doesn’t give him the right to do that. He doesn’t get to just decide I will be leaving my store unattended for a while or my home and moving in with him.”

“People can react in all kinds of ways when it comes to people they care about being in danger and the possibility of losing them.” He sagely responded.

“I know.” She admitted “Like I said, I understand the fear of losing someone you love but that’s not an excuse to be this level of overprotective and overbearing. It’s not a valid one to me, anyways. So, I’ll be going home and let him stew for a little bit. With that said though, I’m not an idiot, Digg.” She offered tilting her head to the side. “For the sake of everyone involved, if the offer is still on the table, Mr. Head of security, I would like to keep the two guys I already know as my appointed detail; if you can spare them that is. Maseo and Rob can be assigned to me just so Mister High and Mighty won’t give you too much grief. Though I can tell you right now, they’re going to be bored out of their mind.”

Diggle couldn’t help but grin, admiring the woman across from him. That spine made out of steel that she obviously had was going to come in handy while dealing with Oliver, of that he was sure. It made him extremely happy to see that his friend’s Mate was going to keep the man in his toes while bringing much needed light and color to his life.

And if he noticed that she mentioned the word ‘love’ during her rant, he didn’t mention it. It was one of those ‘file away for later’ sort of details…

Hours later in Verdant two men sat almost hunched over a table. Tommy was far less drunk than his best friend, even though they’d been drinking for a while. But where he’d been pacing himself Oliver had taken to the bottles of several kinds of alcohol like the bottom of every single one would hold a sentence or hell, even a word, on how to fix his current problem with his Mate.

“So I said… I said to her that she woul’ move into the mansion immediately. She’d close the sto… store for now. Til everyth’ng was fine.” The blonde was saying, a tumbler of scotch held firmly in his hand, as if his life depended on him being able to keep it there. “I jus’ want her to be safe. You know? T’mmy, I can’t… she doesn’t understand. She…she doesn’t see it. Why can’t she see it?”

They’d been going round and around on the same topic since they’d finished off the first bottle of scotch. At first, true to his Broody Mc Man Pain routine, Oliver had been completely silent about the whole thing. Simply alternating between sulking, staring into space, checking his phone for updates from Digg and drinking from the glass that Tommy kept full at all times. After Tommy had pretty much tricked him into drinking most of that first bottle by himself, while the brunette sipped leisurely at his single serving, everything had come out into the open…

Nope, scratch that thought. It might have been after bottle #3.

“All right, buddy…I think this was probably one of the least brilliant ideas I’ve had in a while.” Tommy said, trying to move the bottle away from the table as he stood.

Oliver, however, was having none of that and grabbed the bottle before Tommy could take it away, serving himself another healthy dose of the amber liquid, his motor skills so impaired that some of it splashed out of the glass and dribbled down the crystal surface and onto the table.

“How was I wrong? I din’t do anything wrong. I do… I don’t see it. I mean… She’s mine. My Omega. And… I have to protect her.” Oliver was saying, tapping himself in the chest with the bottle before setting it down on the table with a loud thump. “Why does she have to make it so diff…
“Oh, buddy.” Tommy said, picking up the bottle and sprinting away with Vampiric speed, to set it back behind the bar before reappearing at the table a second later, skidding onto his seat. “She might be yours, my friend…but your Felicity, she’s full of fire.”

“Yesh.” Oliver slurred, his already glazed eyes seeming to take on a more dreamy quality. “She’s… fire. So mush fire.” He agreed looking at his friend. “And her blood…” He started to say losing his train of thought as he leaned back while closing his eyes, as if he was able to taste it once again by the power of his imagination.

When he swayed on his seat Tommy reached over the table and steadied him which made Oliver chuckle below his breath, taking a swig from his glass of scotch after he was settled securely on his seat once more.

“This is n’thing.” He said with a frown of distaste, setting the glass on the table and glaring at the now offending object. “I wanned her so Soo Soooooo bad, T’mmy. And she jus…she juss let me. She gave her blood to me. And I thought.” He said poking himself in the chest with his forefinger. “I thought I was going to hurt her. But Shhhh…I didn’t though. Nope, I couldn’… She was so soft. So soft and warm and…firey.” He said wistfully. “It was like peace.” He admitted. “Like… finally, Finally I had it, like before I went away but better… She tasted like happy. It was transc…trans…. It changed me. It changed everything… I wanned her and it was so good.”

“Ok. I think that’s it for you.” Tommy said, highly amused by his drunk best friend and his attempts at philosophy.

The Ollie from old would’ve been on top of the table offering to strip at the drop of the hat just because he could, being belligerent and obnoxious; which at the time Tommy would’ve been right there by him. It was funny to see how time and experience had changed them both. Now, Tommy was slightly buzzed and keeping an eye on the other man while Oliver was several sheets to the wind and attempting poetics about his Mate’s blood.

“I’mma call her.” The man in question said stumbling from his seat and fishing in his pocket for his phone.

“No! No no no!” Tommy was by him in a flash, grabbing his phone from him. “It is my best friend right to keep you from doing that, Ollie.”

“Give it back, T’mmy.” The blonde attempted to grab the phone from his friend with little luck, stumbling once again to the side when he missed getting a hold of Tommy.

“I’ll make you a deal, big guy.” Tommy was saying, shaking the phone in his hand. “If you can say her name, without problems or slurring I’ll dial her number for you.”


“Yeah, you are.” Tommy offered with a laugh, putting the hijacked phone on the inner pocket of his own jacket. “Let’s get you home. After you wake up tomorrow and we fix the overwhelming hangover that you will most assuredly have we’ll figure out how to get you back into your Felicity’s good graces.” He said while bringing one of Oliver’s arms around his shoulders to help support his weight and lead him better. “You are in so so deep my friend.”

As he led his friend out of the club and into the backseat of the town car that waited outside for them both Tommy and Oliver failed to notice the car parked not far away from the club. None of them
noticed the car as Rob drove them away and right by the watchful gaze of the woman behind the wheel.

“Aww…you had company again. And here I was hoping to catch you alone. No worries… I’ll see you again soon enough, Lover.” She said to herself before bringing the car to life and driving away.

Chapter End Notes

This fic is for Matty (SuperSillyAndDorky06) and TheAlternativeSource because they are awesome!

I hope you guys like it.

Also, Here's my Info, you can find me on both Twitter and Tumblr.
@Melmo2010 and https://www.tumblr.com/blog/melsanfo
When Felicity made her way to her store the next morning, with Maseo as her security detail, she was surprised to find Roy waiting by the front entrance of the building. He was wearing his usual red hoodie, jeans and sneakers, his hands buried deep in the little pocket at the front of the red garment.

“Hey, Roy!” The blonde said happily, using her tablet to remotely turn off the security alarm and unlock the store. “To what do I owe the pleasure?”

“Hey, Blondie. Maseo.” He said greeting them both with a nod “I thought about that offer you made me about the part time job.” He explained, rubbing the back of his neck with one of his hands. “I wanted to give it a try, if that’s ok.” He admitted, looking sheepish.

“That’s great.” She said leaning reaching for the door knob but Maseo was there first, keeping her from opening the door. “Oh, yeah. You go ahead first; I keep forgetting you need to check everything before I go anywhere. Ugh, all the rules. I’m so not used to having security with me.”

Maseo granted her a bit of a smile and then stepped into the store first. Even if it had been secured for the night he went on to make a perimeter check before his charge could go in. It left Felicity and Roy just outside the store and while they were there Felicity placed one of her hands on his shoulder.

“You have perfect timing, actually. My employee called me this morning saying that she wasn’t going to make it in so I can totally give you a trail run today if you want, see how you do and if it’s something that’ll work for you. You know, after we’re allowed into the store and all.”

“Yeah, that’d be great.” Roy answered immediately, looking quite hopeful.

Felicity knew that though the damage to Verdant hadn’t been substantial they were still working on getting things back up to code; Thea had been going on and on about it while Oliver slept after his episode at the hospital and Felicity had even helped the younger Queen by rattling out some code specifications that had not been part of the law before Verdant opened but could now pose a problem.
for them if they went unchecked.

The younger Queen had been impressed and Felicity had babbled about having the time doing research, stumbling into building codes and how she had found it interesting because she’d been looking into the several different buildings she’d had to choose from when she’d been looking to rent a space for her store.

“No worries. Like I said, you won’t have to deal with the technical part of the job. Unless you’re interested in learning, that is. I’m sure I could teach you how to do stuff with the machines themselves if we have the downtime, if you wanted.”

“I think I’ll stick to the desk part of the job for my first day.” Roy offered with a little grin, a glint of excitement showing in his eyes.

“All clear.” Maseo announced coming back to the door and holding it open for her and Roy.

“Ok. Let’s get to work.” She said, linking her arm with Roy and leading him into the store in order to give him the summary of his duties.

By lunch time Felicity was highly impressed. Not only had Roy made a miracle in organizing the storage and back room of her store but it turned out he was a natural when it came to the programs that she ran for both accounting and inventory.

“You kinda have to know your numbers when your main income comes from pick pocketing, Blondie.” He had explained with a hint of blush staining his cheeks.

She had laughed at that. Not because she didn’t believe that the source of his income could’ve been a less than legal activity before he worked at Verdant and had possibly turned his life around but because it was such a witty thing to say without real shame on his part that she couldn’t help herself. It was a horrible thing to say to a prospect boss but she liked the honesty.

“So, tell me.” She said while tinkering with one of the desk top computer she was fixing. “Was Tommy right? Are you going to be in need of a ring soon?” she asked looking up at him as he placed one of the remaining boxes on her back room in place.

“Yeah.” He replied with a nod. “I mean… I know that with my income it’s not going to be anything up to her usual standards or anything but I still want to give her something special, you know?”

Setting down the tools she’d been using Felicity swiveled her chair around to face him fully.

“I don’t think she’d care too much about it being her usual, as long as it came from you.” She offered, reaching over to pick up her cell phone. “And I think I might have a deal for you. I happen to know a very talented Arts major with a minor in jewelry making / metal working AND multiple gemologist certifications.” She said, waving her phone a little. “One text and she can be here in less than an hour if I give her the right incentive.”

“What’s the catch?” He asked her with narrowed eyes.

“Well, you’d need capital to start off which I would happily provide...”

“Blondie, I don’t need your charity.” He said at once.

“Oh no, I’m not saying charity, Roy. Charity implies that I expect nothing in return. I’m talking business here; More along the lines of a loan actually.” She said with a smile gracing her lips “You will work for me in order to pay off whatever amount you use.” She said “That way you can go as
big or as little as you want. Though, if you want my opinion, I don’t think she’s into gaudy. I’d say she’s more into unique WHICH is perfect considering my friend would ensure that the design would be an original piece and no one else ever would be seen wearing it unless it’s a knock off which Thea would probably love. Being a fashion icon; imitation being the biggest form of flattery or something along those lines. Plus, it’d be a win-win for everyone. Think about it. You get the perfect ring for Thea, Thea gets a great and from the heart design that you will have complete choice over and my friend gets to make a one of a kind piece of jewelry for none other than Thea Queen! That will boost her career exponentially.” She stood up from her chair, approaching the young man and placing one of her hands on his shoulder. “You say go and we can make sure that you at least meet my friend. That way you can talk it out with her. Make an educated decision.”

It took him a whole minute to make a decision and once he did Felicity was on her phone sending out the text faster than Sherlock Holmes from the BBC’s series. Just like Felicity had promised Katie arrived less than an hour after the text had been sent and the blonde was glad that the day was a slow one at her store. That gave them plenty of time to set up shop in the back room. Katie came armed with her own laptop, where she had her artwork portfolio and after she’d set it up to the gallery the women had sat Roy down on the chair that Felicity had used before and the three of them had set up to browsing through Katie’s art pieces while Roy mentioned likes and dislikes.

“Pink and yellow are horrible choices.” Katie was saying, sitting on top of the table, swinging her jean clad legs back and forth while she drew something on her sketch pad with the speed of a woman possessed “At least, from a fashionista point of view. If we’re going for unique you want to go with something like an olive one.”

“There’s olive diamonds?” Roy asked sounding so out of his element it wasn’t even funny… OK, so it was kind of funny.

“Absolutely. They are rare but they exist.” Katie said with a few nods “Though with her complexion the olive one would be bad.” She offered and then turned the sketchpad to him. “How about something like this? It’s classic with a bit of edge to it. For someone like her you want it to be classy but not boring. Boring is very bad.” The redhead was saying, tapping the sketch with her pencil. “The halo gives it the classical look, the center stone in pear shape is not the usual cut for just any engagement ring. PLUS, we can play a bit with the band, if you like, add some scroll work here and here and the stones on the halo can hold some colored some colorless so it’s really different.”

“Orange.” Roy said after a moment’s consideration then pointed at the center stone. “It needs to be orange. Can it be orange?”

Felicity and Katie exchanged looks and then the redhead was squealing loudly, jumping off the table and throwing her arms about the young man in her exuberance.

“You are a genius!” she said releasing him after a moment picking up her laptop in a twirl before setting it back down on the table, away from him, and opening a program that would allow her to start creating the blue print for the ring itself. “I can probably get you a more detailed design in a few days. Gives me time to make some calls too, see if I can find us a great quality and intense in color orange diamond. Because most orange ones come from Africa and Felicity, you know I don’t deal with blood diamonds, that’s just sick and wrong.” She said absentmindedly “I’ll try my best to keep the cost to a minimum but it’ll still cost ya.”

“How much are we talking here?” Roy looked spooked.

“A few thousand.” Katie answered, nonchalantly.
“Thousands!!”

Felicity’s hand came down on his shoulder then.

“Your ass is mine for a while, Red.” She said, teasingly.

And while Roy was recovering from a slight heart attack at the news on the other side of town Oliver Queen was sitting in the waiting room of Mark’s office.

The place itself was nice, clean, organized. It was one of the office spaces in a brownstone building not that far from QC. The inside of the office was done in light grays with blues and spots of purple. There was white washed wood paneling which gave it a homey feeling altogether but the desk and chair the secretary occupied were modern style. So was the white couch where he was sitting. The desk itself was metal and glass, very much like the one he had at QC, but his desk didn’t have little touches like the mosaic vase in bright pink holding a little bunch of equally pink flowers that he thought might be daisies.

He had kept his word and had made the appointment with Mark before he had even left the hospital. And now he had to meet with the man that he almost attacked not even a week ago and talk about his feelings.

His hangover was almost completely gone by now but that didn’t mean that he was any less cranky. There was a steady throb right behind his eyes. His stomach was as still as it could be at least. He was far more sensitive to light than on his regular days, which made him even more cranky than just being out in the sunlight did any other day of the week. And he was still dead set on the fact that he’d been in the right and Felicity was being uncooperative, which didn’t help his mood any.

The heavy wooden door on the other side of the room opened and a little girl with chestnut hair, wearing a tiara and a bright blue princess gown came out, holding onto an older woman’s hand. They didn’t pay any more attention to him than strictly necessary. The little girl smiled shyly while the woman nodded her acknowledgement to him as she passed. The woman was leading her away before anything could be said between them and the receptionist, who had been typing away at the computer and taking calls quietly while he waited glanced his way after they were gone.

“Mr. Lexington will see you now, Mr. Queen.”

Getting to his feet Oliver made his way towards the door, hands shoved deep in the pockets of his brown leather jacket. Mark was waiting at the doorway, holding the door open for him and after he crossed the threshold the man closed the door without much fanfare.

“Have a seat.” He said motioning to a comfortable looking set of grey arm chairs that rested close to a book case to the left of the office. “Would you like a drink? I have water, orange juice and cranberry.” He had moved towards the other side of the room.

“No. Thank you.” Oliver replied as he sat down on the very edge of his chosen arm chair.

“Ok.” Mark said coming back around and sitting right across from Oliver, his dark eyes settling on the man across from him. “Do you prefer formalities or would you rather I call you Oliver?”

“Oliver is fine.”

“All right.” He said, leaning back on his chair, linking his fingers together on his lap. “I can tell you don’t want to be here, Oliver.”

“Not particularly, no.”
“Then why are you?” Mark asked.

“I promised my sister.” Oliver immediately answered.

Mark thought about that for a moment.

“Try again.” He said

Oliver was thrown off. Looking at the other Alpha in the room he measured the man from head to toe. He was dressed comfortably, with dark brown loafers on his feet, khakis and a pin striped blue and beige button down. His demeanor was calm as it could be and yet his dark eyes glimmered with both intelligence and hard earned knowledge.

“You know why I’m here.”

“I know why you should be here.” Mark offered. “I don’t know why you are.”

Oliver settled himself further back on the chair, folding his arms across his chest; A clear defensive move that didn’t go unnoticed by the man who sat opposite him. He knew that it was an obvious tell of how truly uncomfortable he was right now but he couldn’t help himself. Just like he couldn’t help but stare defiantly at the other man.

“Ok.” Mark said after a long moment of silent where they did nothing but stare at each other, even though it was obvious to Oliver that his best CEO intimidating stare had no effect on the man. It actually earned him some respect points. “How about you tell me what has you on edge, aside from being here?”

It took a few heartbeats then he rubbed his face with his hand and sighed heavily.

“I had a fight with Felicity.” He admitted and when there was no immediate comeback he tilted his head then chuckled wryly. “Isn’t this when you ask me how that makes me feel?”

Mark laughed at that. Full on, head thrown back, guffaw before he was brushing a hand under his left eye to wipe away the tear of mirth that had escaped his eye.

“No.” he said after he’d calmed down, shaking his head. “I was going to say if she’s anything like Katie I can see that happening.” He admitted. “You and Felicity both have very strong personalities. I’d be surprised if there were no misunderstandings from the get go.”

Oliver heaved out a sigh, a breath really, he didn’t know he’d been holding and then rubbed his face again, with both hands.

“I don’t think I was in the wrong.”

“And she doesn’t see it that way?” Mark asked curiously.

“Oh no.” Oliver said with another chuckle. “She made it very clear to me that I was being a controlling idiot.”

“And I take it a compromise could not be reached regarding the situation?” Mark asked then.

“Uh…” Well, shit. Wasn’t he mister eloquent!

“I see.” Mark offered and then grinned, a sincere gesture that put Oliver a bit more at ease. “Yes, we do say that one. The ‘how does that make you feel?’ is really a last resort sort of thing but the ‘I see’, well, that can be applied to numerous scenarios.” He teased, running his hand through his short dark
“Oliver, your relationship with Felicity is on its early stages, just like mine and Katie’s. However, you have to understand the obvious difference that’s there. Katie, she’s always lived her life as an Omega. Felicity has not, or at least not fully.” He began to explain.

“When she came with Katie to Verdant that night, so Katie and I could meet, she was wearing masking products for a reason. I saw it as a defense mechanism after her scent was revealed, in the level of her obvious desire to blend in as a Beta. I can only guess as to what type of deep rooted insecurities caused the type of trauma where she feels like she needs to hide her true nature. I can guess about it all I want but if I were to venture into it I’d say it came from very early on; Quite possibly related to a bad childhood experience.” He said and then shook his head.

“You’re probably wondering where I’m going with this and I promise, there’s a reason for it all so stick with me. I am merely speculating here but think of it from this perspective. It’s possible that as long as she’s had a say in the matter she’s been passing herself as a Beta. If that were to be the case then how would a Beta react to a controlling idiot?” he asked leaning back on his chair and glancing at Oliver with a quirked brow.

FUCK!

“I am an idiot.” Oliver ventured to say after a moment of silence where the words sunk in.

If it had been anyone else telling him this he would have resisted. Digg had tried that very morning, during their training session with the eskrima sticks. Tommy had called him around lunch to try and lead him in the right direction too, to no avail. Even Thea had noticed his less than stellar mood and guessed the root of the problem, making sure she used a really loud volume to irk his throbbing head when she had threatened to disown him and adopt Felicity instead if he didn’t ‘FIX IT’.

“And the light bulb goes off.” Mark said in a teasing tone. “I think you would benefit from a good talk with your Mate. Preferably with someone acting as a mediator.”

“What? Like…marriage counseling?” Oliver asked

“Sort of.” Mark admitted nodding his head. “An apology on your part will probably not do the trick alone. Who’s to say she won’t see it as another way to ‘control’ her?” he asked. “Give yourself a day or so to really think on things from her point of view and see exactly where the communication broke off. You might’ve had the best intentions in the world by trying to control the situation, whatever it might be, but sometimes it’s not what you say but how you say it.” He said. “Think of it as teaching methods. Not everyone learns the same. Some people have to make lists, some people absorb by reading, other’s by merely listening. Just like that not everyone takes to Alpha tendencies the same. Some Omegas take to the dominant nature of their Mate right away, others are a bit more reserved. Can you imagine someone that hasn’t really had time to adjust fully to accepting being an Omega? Think of how overwhelming that could be.”

“I think…you should do it.”

“Do what?” Mark asked looking somewhat confused.

“Play mediator.” Oliver answered at once.

Mark seemed to think about it for a while, considering his options.

“Technically I’m not licensed to do that kind of work.” He admitted with a shrug. “But I think I’ll make an exception just this once… If you tell me why you’re here.” He said, pinning Oliver with his
That’s when he knew that nothing really escaped this man. Not really. He might take the scenic route in order to get to the bottom of things but it all came back around to the nitty gritty in the end.

“I did promise my sister that I would come.” Oliver began to say. “She said I had to think of Felicity and of the possibility that an episode might happen and she won’t be there to stop me or calm me down. She said it was all well and good that my Mate was able to do that for me but that I had to take care of myself too.” He admitted and then pressed his hands to his lips, fingers together as if in prayer mode “I don’t want to use Felicity as a crutch for my…shortcomings.” He whispered finally.

“Not shortcomings.” Mark explained at once. “Your experiences shaped you into the person that you are. You only have to learn how to deal with the aftermath of it all.” He offered and then smiled, gently. “I actually had a cancellation earlier today so I have an opening tomorrow afternoon at 3 PM. Make sure you arrive early, I have a feeling that your Mate will not put up with tardiness. We can take care of the misunderstanding then and after that I expect to see you here, in my office, at least twice a week so we can work solely on you.”

A little ray of hope attached itself to Oliver’s heart at the words of the other man and he couldn’t help but grin himself.

“So, is it a good time for me to say sorry I wanted to kill you not so many days ago?” He asked.

Mark shook his head and laughed.
Heats and other disasters

Chapter Summary

Break up or Make up time?

Chapter Notes

With the crazyness of voting on the Girl on Top poll I didn't have a chance to work on a chapter last week.
Never fear though, apparently I am a major masochist so to make it up to you guys not ONLY did I write a chapter almost on time (YAY!) BUT its a monster.
So, for the person who commented they wished the chapters were longer? This puppy has 11k words on it.
As per usual I don't own Arrow. And I'll probably edit typos tomorrow :) Enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

After closing up the store for the night Felicity, Katie and Roy had found themselves at Big Belly Burger. Everyone at the table agreed that the place had the best burgers in the world and after Roy had survived his first day working retail (so to speak, though there hadn’t been much business) the siren song of masterfully made milkshakes was too much to pass up. He was reluctant at first to let Felicity pay for it but since she was treating Katie too he let it go after a while.

And so they’d sat together, Katie and Felicity on one side and Roy across from them on their selected booth. The girls chattering away about everything and nothing while Roy injected his opinion here and there like the conversationalist sniper that he was. Felicity was NOT going to let that description go ever since it was too perfect for him.

When Roy’s cell phone rang he fished it out of the pocket of his hoodie and a smile immediately tugged on his lips.

“Thea.” He explained getting up from the booth. “I’m gonna head out, see if she wants to meet somewhere. Thanks for the food and today, Blondie.” He said with a nod before doing the same towards the redhead. “Katie.” He acknowledged and then he was gone, phone pressed to his ear, talking lowly.

With the two females alone in the booth Katie moved to the side that he had occupied and rested her elbows on the table, her fingers entwining so she could cradle her chin from below and look at her friend with curious eyes.

“OK, Fel. Spill it.” She said without preamble.

“I have no idea what you’re talking about.” Felicity offered, drinking some more of her delicious strawberry shake through the straw while holding her friends gaze, even if she was squirming inside.

“Oh yeah?” Katie asked in a disbelieving tone. “So there’s no reason you’ve been using poor Roy
“and Bodyguard over there as shields all day so I could never get you alone?” she asked pointing one of her thumbs towards Maseo who was sitting at the counter, eating silently.

“I have not!” Felicity claimed immediately.

The look Katie gave her made her squirm in her seat and then she sighed dramatically.

“OK, fine, I have. I don’t want to talk about it.”

“Which, in Felicity speak, means you secretly not only want to talk about it but quite possibly rant about whatever it is.” Katie pointed out.

“I hate it when you do that.” The blonde murmured setting down her milkshake.

“You love me and will tell me all your secrets because it’ll make you feel better. I’ll even order you another milkshake if it’ll help.”

“No, thanks, I think a bottle of wine would be more effective towards the helping anyways.” Felicity admitted leaning back on the booth and groaning, letting her head roll back for a long moment before looking at her friend once more. “Oliver and I had a fight.”

“Aah, the first fight.” Katie offered with a grin. “What was it about?”

“Well, he was being… overbearing and pushy.”

“So, he was being a text book Alpha.” Her friend offered with a wave of her hand as if that sentence alone explained everything.

“And I didn’t take it.” Felicity stated with a shake of her head. “He wanted me to move in to the mansion for crying out loud!”

“Oh! Nice!”

“No. Not nice! There was no ‘would you’ to the sentence, it was a ‘you WILL.’ And you know how…”

A different ringtone invaded the air making Felicity pause mid-rant, glad that she’d been cut short before she could really gear herself up to full venting mode or else there would’ve been very little chance of stopping her. This time it was Katie who had to fish out her cell phone from her purse.

“You and I are not done talking, missy.” She warned Felicity before glancing down at her phone and smiling, very much like Roy had done.

Felicity didn’t need to be told who the cause of the dopey smile on her friend’s face was; she knew it had to be Mark.

Aaaand the ‘giddy’ strikes again!

This call only made the fact that Oliver hadn’t even tried to contact her, by phone or otherwise, throughout the day even more obvious to her. Yes, she was mad at him. Yes, he was probably equally mad at her, but after the intimacy at the hospital and the fact that he hadn’t really left her side after he woke up; even more so after she’d fed him, the void from the lack of his presence was growing and it felt utterly wrong. It had been more than 24 hours since they last spoke (or yelled at each other) and she hadn’t heard a peep.

It was worrisome. And annoying! She was supposed to be mad, not acting like an idiot waiting by
the phone for him to call… yet she couldn’t help the worry.

The insecurities that she fought so hard against came festering back to life like a zombie, crawling from the deep recesses of her mind as she tried her best to not overhear the conversation Katie was having with her Mate.

Maybe, this was a sign?

Perhaps the fact that she hadn’t just bowed her head and bent over, like it was expected of an obedient little Omega, when he had made his demands had turned Oliver off so much that he had decided to run for the hills instead of giving things between them a real chance? Ergo, the lack of communication on his part...

It made sense, didn’t it? Oh, she hated when she made perfect sense.

Her heart constricted within her chest at the thought, a sharp pain going straight through the beating muscle. Logic, as usual, was both her best friend and worst enemy.

Was this it? Had she done it again? Was she, once more, a disappointment for yet another Alpha in her life? Google knows that Oliver wouldn’t the first to feel that way. Oh no, her father held the title (and championship belt) for ‘being the first male disappointed by Felicity’s inadequacy’ quite firmly in his grasp, wherever the hell in the world he was. If he was even alive still… And now, it seemed, Oliver had joined in on that club. Tag team of doom anyone?

So much for the ‘against the giddy’ club she was supposed to start and he was supposed to join…

She knew she wasn’t like all other Omegas out there, she had told Oliver as much, several times in fact and at first he had seemed pleased, maybe even intrigued, that she wasn’t but there’s only so much that someone can take, isn’t there? Sometimes you have your mind set on something so firmly that when an unknown variable comes into play, no matter how attractive the unknown can be in the beginning, it always ends up messing things up. She’d seen it happen before; she knew what the consequences could be when an Alpha was dissatisfied.

Hell, she had lived it!

After her father had left her mom had tried really hard to convince her that it had nothing to do with her being an Omega but that his leaving had to do with problems between them, the adults; Felicity had never mentioned to her mom that she had overheard their fights on many occasions. That she was aware of how Donna had tried her best to make her father see that Felicity’s nature wasn’t a burden or something to be ashamed of.

Her father hadn’t shared her mother’s point of view. Not. In. The. Least.

And so one day a 7 year old Felicity came back from school and found her mom crying bitterly in the living room. She would never forget how her mom had held her tightly and told her that it was just the two of them from now on and that they would be enough for each other. Without her father there to aid them monetarily Donna had been forced to go work as a waitress in a casino, because that was an easy enough job to get in Vegas and her personality afforded her good tips pretty much from the moment she set a high heeled foot in the door.

Felicity’s young (logical) mind granted her the insight that she’d keep for the rest of her life. Her mom was strong. She hadn’t withered and lay down to die, as many Omegas would’ve done if Rejected by their Mate, in real life and in the many books that she read. No, her mom was a Beta and Beta’s were strong enough to not settle, strong enough to keep going, strong enough to fight. She
wanted to be strong, like her mom.

The long odd hours Donna had to work allowed Felicity to submerge herself into her love for computers. A world ruled by ones and zeroes, software, hardware parts and wires. Computers were her way out, her form of disconnecting from the pain. It was a reality where things either worked or didn’t and if they didn’t work then a tweak here or there could make things work again, sometimes even better than before. And the best part of it all? It didn’t matter if you were Alpha, Omega or Beta, anyone who was good enough could have control over things. Being a genius she strived to be one of the best…

“You have the look.” Katie said tearing her away from her deep and not at all good thoughts. “You went dark, didn’t you?”

“Maybe a little.” The blonde admitted with a shrug of her shoulders; she had been so deep in thought that she hadn’t even noticed that her friend was done with her phone call.

“Maybe this will cheer you up a bit. Your Mate, Mr. Obstinate, is actively seeking the help he needs. Mark asked me to request your presence; he said to please drop by his office tomorrow at 3 PM. He has convinced Oliver to see him regularly but he needs you there tomorrow for something specific. He wouldn’t say what it was but I’m thinking it can only help.”

With a heavy sigh Felicity lifted her cup and took a healthy pull from her milkshake.

“Let me finish this up, then we can go home and get some of that wine, I think I’m going to need it to continue our conversation AND to prepare for tomorrow.”

“That’s the spirit!”

They had both kept their word. Katie had gone home with Felicity that night, along with Maseo, and together the women had drank half a bottle of wine before the redhead had called it a night and left, getting a promise from Felicity that she would show up at Mark’s practice before she crossed the threshold in order to leave.

And that’s how the next day, after leaving everything set at the store with both Roy and her irresponsible employee (who was less than thrilled to have competition for the job) she’d found herself arriving at Mark’s office just in the nick of time, without Rob, who she had convinced to renounce his post since she was going to meet Oliver anyways. She’d practically stumbled into the reception with the clock ticking down to 3 on the dot. The receptionist had given her a small smile and motioned for the wooden door that Felicity gathered led to either Mark’s inner sanctum or a creepy sex dungeon, one of the two.

The moment she approached the door Mark was there opening it for her and she smiled warmly at him, kissing his cheek in greeting before entering the cozy office fully. Sitting on one of the corners, the one furthest from the door, of the inviting looking couch was Oliver Queen, somewhat rumpled looking CEO.

Huh! How had THAT happened? He was supposed to be mister ‘in control’! Apparently he hadn’t gotten that memo today…

His suit jacket, a dark charcoal color that matched his pants, was tossed over the back of the couch, carelessly and he had rolled up the sleeves of his crisp white button down shirt to his elbows. He wore no tie and two of the buttons at the neck of the shirt were undone.

Damn the man for showing a bit of neck skin… And damn herself for noticing!
The moment she stepped into the room he stood from the couch, his body tensing up as he came to stand at his full height and for all intents and purposes he looked like he was unsure of what to do now that she was here. The situation made Felicity tilt her head in silent question, her eyes narrowing at him not in anger but in curiosity.

“May I take your coat?” Mark asked standing by her with another dazzling smile.

“Thanks.” She replied, removing the purple pea coat she was wearing and handing it to Mark who graciously took it from her.

‘A warrior without the right armor is nothing’

Her mother had said to her many times when she was younger while speaking about the dresses and shoes she had to wear in order to go to work. Felicity had taken a page from her book today, choosing one of her favorite dresses to wear just for this occasion; her choice had been her gray and black sheath dress, the one with the orange color blocks at the waist and the black stripe serving as a pretend belt, paired with black leather high heeled boots that came to a stop just an inch below her knee.

Part of her brain was convinced that this was it. This would be the moment when Oliver would have Mark as witness to his Refusal of her as his Mate and she had wanted to at least look dignified and to be completely honest, hot. Looking hot while being Rejected was important, in her brain, because it would at least leave her with some sense of pride when he broke her.

At least, she thought, he had chosen to do it in private. It would’ve been so much worse if he had Refused her while they had a big audience!

“Felicity…” Oliver voice was soft, her name a mix of a prayer and a sigh, pulling her from her dark thoughts and forcing her to lock eyes with him from where she stood.

“Oliver.” She greeted, glad that her voice had not wavered as she said his name.

“Please, Felicity, have a seat.” Mark said motioning towards the same couch that Oliver had occupied.

Almost robotically she made her way over and sat down, on the far corner from where Oliver had been sitting, so close to the arm of the couch that her hip was pressed against it. She sat primly, feet firmly planted on the ground and knees kept together, hands on her lap with her fingers interlaced, her back straight and her eyes shifting from Oliver to Mark every few seconds.

The men sat only after she had; Mark looking relaxed on his Khakis, dress shoes and plaid button down shirt, comfortable on the wing chair across from the couch while Oliver looked just as tense as she felt. He had retaken his spot on the other side of the couch; his hands brushing over his thighs before he had settled for adopting a posture very much like hers, which she then immediately changed, shifting her legs so that her feet (Ankles together, Felicity! Like the lady that you are!) were tucked close to the couch and her knees were leaning to the side, away from Oliver.

Yes, it seemed petty on her part but that’s where she was mentally today anyways! He was going to Reject her! She didn’t have to be nice to him! She just had to be proper, not cause a scene and keep some of her dignity for her own sake when it happened…

“Ok.” Mark said after a moment of heavy silence. “First of all, thank you for agreeing to come to this session, Felicity.” He said while leaning back on his chair. “This isn’t usually my field of work but I understand that dealing with more recent problems only aids in the way to recovery from older types
of trauma.”

“I’m sorry… what?”

For being a genius, Felicity was pretty confused right about now. Looking towards Oliver, the wall of muscle and sinew that was her Mate (though probably not for long) looked sheepish at best and very uncomfortable at worst.

“Oliver asked me to be a mediator between you two in order to resolve the mishap from the hospital.” Mark explained, frowning when a buzzing sound came from his shirt pocket, picking up the cell phone that resided there he touched the screen once without really looking at it and sending it straight to voice mail.

“Hold on.” She said turning her attention to the dark haired Alpha. “Mishap? Like it was a misunderstanding?” she asked slowly, as if she had to taste the word in order to get its meaning. “There was no misunderstanding at the hospital.” She said at once, shifting her position to look at Oliver, blue eyes blazing behind her glasses as the end of her ponytail swished against her neck. “Is that what you’re going with? A misunderstanding? Because, let me tell you, Oliver, there was none of that from where I’m standing… or sitting, whatever, my current position is not important.”

“Felicity.” Oliver began, rubbing his hand on the back of his neck. “I obviously chose the wrong way to express myself…”

“You think?” She stood up then, willing herself to take a deep breath, placing both her hands on her hips. “A misunderstanding happens when person A. says something and person B. understands something else to what was said. There was no misunderstanding between us. YOU stated I would do something and I said no. I understood you perfectly, Oliver, I just didn’t agree with you.”

“A disagreement then!” He said getting up from the couch too. “Fine! Let’s go with your words since you’re obviously much better at them than I am. Plus you seem to think you’re always in the right!”

“Excuse me?”

The buzzing from Mark’s phone didn’t interrupt the arguing couple and the therapist simply touched the screen again to send the call to voice mail once more while watching the couple in front of him. Just as he had suspected, stubbornness on both sides was part of the problem here.

“That’s because when it comes to me I usually am!” The petite blonde was saying, poking herself in the collarbone.

“Not this time!” Oliver almost roared back “I am trying to protect you, Felicity! We don’t know what these attacks mean and you are being ridiculous, choosing to risk yourself unnecessarily! Just like you’re doing right now!”

“Why?! Why am I being ridiculous, Oliver? Because I didn’t let you whisk me away to your castle so you could put me up in a tower, somewhere and protect me from the big bad dragon that we don’t even know is coming for me? What is that last thing even supposed to mean?”

“You ditched your security detail, Felicity!”

“You wanted me to drag him here? That makes no sense, Oliver!”

“We don’t even know that what’s happening doesn’t have to do with you, Felicity! That’s the whole point! We don’t know enough! And meanwhile you’re seemingly perfectly okay putting yourself in
The door opening was the only thing that made them pause their bickering. All heads in the room turning towards the door where the receptionist stood, looking highly uncomfortable.

“I’m sorry to interrupt the session, doctor Lexington.” The woman said, her wild dark curls a halo around her face “Your Mate called, she said she tried your cell phone but couldn’t get through. I told her you were in session and you don’t like being interrupted when you’re with clients but she begged me to tell you that ‘it’s time’.”

The silence in the room turned deafening then, for several long seconds, before Mark was out of the chair and to the door, picking up his own jacket from the coat hanger there with lightning like speed. The receptionist was smart enough to move away from the door before the unsettled doctor disappeared through it with Vampiric speed, leaving both Felicity and Oliver in disbelief at his sudden retreat…but if his leaving was surprising his return was even more so!

He wasn’t there and then he was, standing at the door, jacket already on and glancing at the both of them sternly.

“Ok, let’s pretend you have vented all that you were going to vent and skip to the part where I impart my wisdom, shall we? Oliver, you need to explain to her why you’re so concerned about this threat, use your words and no yelling and no demands. ASK instead of telling. Felicity, you need to be a bit more receptive to allowing someone to help you. It’s an Alpha’s imperative to take care of its Mate, with a formed bond or otherwise. No, it doesn’t excuse him but keep that in mind; even though you feel he’s taking it to a level you are, more than likely, not comfortable with if you’re not patient with him now then you will never find common ground and learn how to deal with stressful situations as a team. Now, go grab something to eat, together, and talk it out! Doctor’s orders!”

And with that he was gone again, a whiff of his Alpha scent lingering in the air. The receptionist smiled somewhat sheepishly at the duo, from her place by the threshold, that was left in the office before heading back to her desk to probably cancel all upcoming appointments for her boss while Oliver and Felicity stood there looking shocked.

“Did he just..?” Oliver began to say, losing his words before he could finish his sentence.

“Go ‘school principal’ on our butts? Yeah, pretty much.” Felicity replied, glancing back at the man in front of her.

Before either one of them could control themselves they burst into laughter. Well, Felicity did, bending at the waist and laughing hard while Oliver laughed more quietly, running his hand through his hair before sighing a huffing chuckle, watching her straighten up.

“I guess Katie’s Heat is here.” She said, using one of her hands to wipe the tear of mirth that had escaped one of her eyes, fixing her glasses into place afterwards. “That…that was priceless, I have to say. I thought he’d be all cool and collected when the time came but I guess when it’s time, it’s time.”

“Me too.” Oliver admitted, his head tilting to the side as he studied her.

“Did we just agree on something?” she asked curiously, her tone almost teasing.

Was that all there was to it? It couldn’t seriously be that simple, could it? Talk it out. No yelling, no getting exasperated, no making demands. Just talk and listen?

“I think we did.” He agreed with a nod of his head. “Felicity, would you like to get some coffee with
“No,” she replied immediately, shaking her head. “But, I will let you buy me some ice cream. Best processing food there is in my opinion.” she offered, trapping her plump lower lip below her teeth looking a bit anxious.

“I could go for ice cream.” Oliver replied beaming a small smile her way before moving around the couch and picking up her pea coat from the coat hanger, holding it up for her; letting out a sigh of relief when she allowed him to help her into it.

Felicity had started for the door as soon as her pea coat was on, knowing damn well that Oliver could catch up with her with ease. The fear of having him Refuse her had lifted from her shoulders and she was more than willing to do what the good doctor had said, before he had to run away in order to service his Mate.

An hour later Oliver and Felicity were sitting face to face, a small table between them, eating ice cream at a deserted Ice cream parlor close to her home. He’d shed his suit jacket once more and Felicity had taken off her pea coat as well, leaving them both more comfortable while indulging in the sweet treats.

She’d gone for a double scoop of her staple flavor, mint chocolate chip with extra chocolate chips as topping. Oliver had chosen a simple scoop of cake batter flavor with no additional toppings, saying it was good in its simplicity.

“I understand that you need to protect me, Oliver, I do.” Felicity was saying “And while I appreciate it you have to understand my point here. I’ve lived alone for a long time, I mean, my mother…well, she’s my mother but she works a lot, even when I was little. I had to fend for myself most of the time. My neighbors would check on me, yes, but it wasn’t like I had someone there with me 24/7. Same when I went to college, I had Marta and she was my roommate but it wasn’t like I had her with me all the time either. It’s not easy for me to go from being independent to having someone try to grab me, cover me in bubble wrap and put me in a china cabinet for safe keeping.”

“That was never my intention.” Oliver admitted with a shake of his head. “That’s not how I wanted it to come across at all.” He admitted, placing his now empty cup of ice cream on the table before offering her one of his hands over the table and feeling relieved when she didn’t hesitate in placing one of hers in his.

The flare of warmth that slithered down both their spines at the simple touch was a welcome sign of reconnection.

“I know it seems excessive…” he began to say and when she tilted her head at him he couldn’t help but smirk back at her. “Fine; I know it IS excessive.” He amended “But just like I’m trying see your point, I want you to see mine.” He admitted while giving her hand a soft squeeze. “Felicity, my time away…it started out in the most normal of ways. There was nothing suspicious on how my dad and I were taken, it was just us going to the airport for a business trip, just like any other time before and then waking up somewhere else, somewhere not good.” He sighed heavily. “After that, when I don’t have at least a semblance of control over certain situations, even the most mundane and normal settings, during times of imminent danger, make me fear that those I care about can be taken from me. And I’m not willing to take that risk, I can’t accept it. I just…”

“So…when I refused flat out to move into the mansion, you felt..?” she asked

“Desperate. Angry. Worried. Take your pick or apply all of the above.” He answered without hesitation, grasping her hand a bit tighter. “Felicity, before I woke up, when we were in the
hospital… I heard you.”

“You heard me?” she asked, scrunching up her face in confusion. “I was nowhere near you, Oliver.”

“No. I mean, I think even though I was mostly unconscious I heard the altercation, the attack after the car blew up. I kind of remember you yelling my name, smelling your blood and I…” his eyes flashed electric blue for a single second then, fading into their usual normal color afterwards “I had to get to you, I had to protect you. Knowing you were hurt, there was no other option but for me to be there for you. None. That level of desperation, when I woke up, confused, not knowing where you were and knowing that you were not well? I don’t want to go through that again, ever. And I know that these attacks might not be aimed at you, I know, but before I could focus on myself I had to make sure that you were safe. I needed to know that I could reach you if needed be.”

“Hence the move to the mansion.” She offered.

“Yes.” He agreed “It was never about taking your choice from you, Felicity. Never. And I get it, telling you to close the store was a bad thing to say on my part but I again, not being able to control who goes in there? The possibilities were daunting. In my head one of the attackers could easily get you there so the easiest way to prevent that was to not give them the opportunity.”

“Oliver.” Her voice was soft as she spoke his name “You can’t protect me from everything.” She said, the ice cream now forgotten on the table as she used her free hand to cup his cheek. “Now that I understand it a bit better I will admit that the sentiment behind it all? It was very sweet of you but you can’t do things like this.” She said. “If you had asked me, asked being the keyword to this statement, then I would’ve weighed the pros and the cons. But you went all ‘ultimatum CEO’ on me and that doesn’t work. Not with me.”

“Would you reconsider now?” he asked immediately. “If I asked? Would you consider the offer?”

“I don’t know.” She admitted, stroking his stubble with her thumb. “Ask me.”

There was a pause on his part then and she could almost see the cogs in his brain working, his blue eyes never leaving hers while he seemed to consider the words he’d use.

Wording was everything…

“Felicity, would you please consider relocating into the Queen mansion while my security team and the police deal with this threat?”

“Can I still go to work?” she asked immediately.

“Felicity…” He growled in exasperation closing his eyes as a sigh ripped through him.

“I’m serious, Oliver.” She said, removing her touch from his face in order to hold onto his hand with both of hers. “You said to consider it, and I am considering it, but we have to talk about the other main point of contingency before I agree to anything, if I so choose.”

“If you would be willing to keep the security detail that you have now plus let me add another bodyguard…”

“So I’d have Rob and Maseo and another so far nameless guard following me around?”

“Yes. At all times that you were not within the Queen mansion’s safety perimeter.”

“Counter offer.” She said “IF I agree to move in, provisionally of course, would you agree to not add
another bodyguard to the equation and let me keep just the two I’m comfortable with? Because to be completely honest, having that many bodyguards seems like a waste of their time when you could be using them another way. I mean, I’d be in a freaking castle, and you’d be there as well as Thea, who I’m sure is pretty scary in all her Alphaness… Is that a word? Alphaness? It should totally be a word, if its not. And I’m guessing Roy would be there too which is another body to the count, plus all the guards that are already posted at the place anyways. I don’t think I’d really need Maseo and Rob sticking around to watch me as I probably get lost in the many hallways of the place. Not to mention it is kind of creepy having their undivided attention all the time; that kind of focus? It is not flattering. If I didn’t know it was their job to keep an eye on me it’d seem kind of stalkerish. And what about nights? Because right now your guys have had no problem staying out on the couch while I sleep; which, let me tell you, was REALLY weird and hard to do that first night, knowing there was someone out there in the living room while I was trying to do my usual bed time rituals? Kind of creepy. But Maseo has his wife and kid while Rob, I’m not sure about Rob but…”

"Is that a yes?" he asked, cutting off her ramble.

"It’s called a maybe, Oliver." she admitted

"If you agree to move into the mansion I will agree with your going to work too…with both Maseo and Rob to watch over you." He said leaning forward, over the small table. “As far as your nights go? Felicity, if you agreed to the terms of this arrangement, I promise I don’t plan to leave you out of my sight then.”

“Oh.”

And just like that the temperature in the room sky rocketed by like a thousand degrees. Because, of course he’d say something that simple and leave her with all kinds of interesting mental images, a dry throat and an inability to think correctly.

Blue screen of death taking over her brain in 3…2…1…

Night’s filled with Oliver’s presence? Plural, nights, with an S at the end to mean many instead of just one. Oh boy! It sent her mind into overdrive as well as her heart, flashes of them tangled together on the hospital bed after his feeding taking front and center stage in her brain and making her blush.

“I…um…damn.”

“Is that a yes?” he asked again.

“Yes.” She agreed with a slight nod “Damn, you’re a good businessman.” She muttered.

“Thank you.” He replied, beaming a smile her way while getting up from his side of the table, his blue eyes shining with almost unparalleled happiness.

Then again getting your way does do WONDERS for making one happy.

Following his lead she removed her touch from him in order to grab her coat, pulling the garment on while he took care of clearing their table and then doing the same with his suit jacket.

“I guess I can use tonight to pack a few things for the move tomorrow?” she asked once her brain was somewhat working again.

“I’d rather you moved in tonight.” He admitted, leading her towards his car with one of his hands at the small of her back. “We can go by your place so you can get some essentials then have someone grab some more of your stuff tomorrow.”
She stopped then, dead on her tracks, standing by the passenger door of his car.

“Nah uh. No way.” She said at once. “Oliver, you might be okay with people just doing stuff like that for you but if I’m going to move in with you and Thea for a little while then I get to pack my own stuff. I know for you it is perfectly normal to have someone go through your unmentionables every given day of the week in order to arrange them or whatever but me? Not so much. And Google, why did I use that word? It’s like I traveled back to a time where the word ‘unmentionables’ was actually used in everyday conversations.” She muttered hitting her forehead with the heel of her hand in embarrassment.

“я думаю что я люблю тебя & я люблю тебя.” (I think I’m in love with you) he murmured leaning forward and placing a small kiss on her temple, right by her hand.

“Sure, use the Russian against me while I’m giving myself a concussion to escape embarrassment.” She muttered bitterly, making him chuckle.

“It’s Saturday tomorrow, so if you want to take some time to go through that specific drawer you can do so then.” He offered with a cheeky grin.

“I hate you.” She replied with mock anger, allowing him to open the car door for her and climbing in.

The trip to her place was short, as was her packing for the night. Grabbing a duffle bag that she’d bought when Katie and she had decided to join a gym together, only to have to drop their plans when the redhead had gotten sick, she had emptied the random contents she found in it and set to work. Picking a set of her most comfortable PJs (a WoW Horde oversized T-shirt and a pair of black long PJ pants with Binary code on them), two sets of clean unmentionables (Just in case!) and casual clothes for going to work the next day which she could pair up with the boots she was currently wearing (Skinny jeans and her favorite royal purple pull over sweater). Once her small packing quest was completed she grabbed the travel size make up bag she kept stocked for overnight stays away from home from her bathroom, as well as her purse which held all her required electronics and they had gone.

Just as she expected the Queen mansion was imposing. Very, very imposing. The driveway alone was long enough to span several football fields and the building itself was more of a castle than anything else. After leaving the car close to the main entrance Oliver had led her into the big house (Castle, it was totally a castle) and they’d been greeted by a lovely woman who Oliver introduced as Raisa. The older woman was an Omega, just like Felicity and she’d given her a hug in greeting before muttering something in Russian to Oliver that made the tips of his ears turn pink.

“Oliver Queen, are you blushing? What did she say?” Felicity asked as he was leading her up the stairs, carrying her duffel bag for her.

“I don’t blush…” He began to say but a side glance from her stopped him. “Ok, maybe.” He admitted “Raisa, she’s more than just the head of staff. She’s always been like a second mom to both Thea and I. She, uh… approved of you.”

Felicity stumbled on a step at his words but regained herself just in time before face planting on the staircase. If he had been pink in the ears because of Raisa’s approval Felicity was sure that by the heat she felt on her face she must have been beet red!

“Well…that’s good.” She mumbled, following Oliver’s lead down the corridor they were taking.

When Oliver stopped and opened a door to one of the rooms he motioned for her to go first, it was
still light out so the room wasn’t too dark and Felicity stepped right in with Oliver following right behind her, closing the door.

The room was HUGE! Easily as big as the first level of her townhome (Bathroom, kitchen, dining area and living room put together!), so huge in fact that her fingers paused in place after she had unbuttoned her coat. Everything was done very tastefully in muted blue tones with some wood accents here and there. There were book cases filled with tomes, a big white fireplace with its very own sitting area and sailing motif all around the place. The curtains on the windows, which were also huge, were drawn, there was a desk with a lap top computer just waiting there to be used, two doors, one that was open revealing a white en suite bathroom and the other she guessed was the closet. But of course her eyes would choose to finish the perusal of the whole area by landing on a big bed with a dark blue duvet and a dark leather headboard.

“I’m not even sure I should be breathing in this room.”

“Why’s that?” he asked, surprising her with how close he sounded.

When she whirled around it was to find him right there behind her, the duffle bag gone as well as his suit jacket, his hands shoved into the pockets of his slacks while he looked at her with curious blue eyes and a slight head tilt.

“I did **not** mean to say that out loud.” She admitted

“I kind of gathered.” He replied with a slow smile.

“It’s just… well, look at this place!” she said turning away from him and using her hands to motion at the room. “I’m pretty sure there are 5 star hotels that aren’t this nice…or expensive. This all looks incredibly expensive, did I mention that? So, I’m not sure if I should be even looking at some of these things.”

“You don’t like it?” he asked

“Like it? I’m not sure there’s a reason why anyone would dislike it. It’s just…it’s very um… big and…”

“Expensive…?” he ventured to say with another chuckle. “That’s a bit of a theme through the house I’m afraid.” He paused then looking sheepish while rubbing the back of his head.

There was a babble right at the tip of her tongue regarding the items in the room and how she was sure that some of them could belong in a museum but she could see he was gathering his thoughts so she forced herself to keep quiet. And in the end it paid off because he came to stand before her; taking her purse from her he placed it on the couch before the fireplace, settling one of his hands on her cheek, looking down at her from his full height.

“I was hoping you’d do more than look at it though.” He admitted softly, almost nervously. “Felicity, this is **my** room.” He began to say “I would like to share the space with you throughout your stay, if you’re comfortable with that.”

“Your room?” she managed to squeak before recovering and clearing her throat. “I mean…your room as in, this is where you…you…”

“Yes.” Was his reply

“Because if you think about it this whole castle…I mean mansion, I said mansion, right? The point is, this whole place is yours. Well, yours and Thea’s, so technically all rooms are yours and you
A soft touch of his lips to hers made her babble die a beautiful death, the tender brush of skin to skin, making her eyelids flutter closed and her heartbeat pick up speed immediately. The warmth of his hand on her cheek keeping her grounded while she reciprocated the kiss with her own brand of gentleness for a few seconds.

“Felicity… this is my room.” He whispered, after the kiss had ended, their faces still so close that when he spoke his lips brushed hers with each word. “And, yes, you can choose any other room in the whole house to be yours during your stay and I won’t stop you, if that’s what you really want. But before you decide let me say this and just… listen.”

His hot breath was intoxicating and she wasn’t sure if she should open her eyes or just leave them closed and just get swept away by the Oliver induced haze.

Boy, it seemed he really was taking the whole ‘talk it out’ thing seriously.

“I want you here. I want you with me.” His words were a murmur filled with longing against the shell of her ear now and she couldn’t help the shudder than ran through her body, the power and sincerity behind those words shaking her to the core but he knew and his free arm slipped around her waist steadying her against his body. “I want your clothes next to mine in that closet over there. And I want your toiletries in the bathroom pass that door. But more importantly, Felicity, I want you in my bed. I want your scent on my sheets. I want my whole room to have traces of you, everywhere.”

“Oh, Google…” she muttered in a daze, her fingers curling against the fabric of his shirt, just below his heartbeat. “You… cannot say things like that to me, Oliver.”

“Why?” He asked, simply, as if what he was saying was the most obvious thing in the world before giving the shell of her ear a playful nip, his lips close enough to her industrial piercing to tug if he so wanted.

“Because I very much want to keep a solid form and not turn into a puddle of goo on your very expensive looking rug?”

The statement shouldn’t have been worded as a question, it really shouldn’t have been, but she couldn’t help it. The man seemed to have no idea what he was doing to her and if he kept at it, there was a good chance that she’d burst into flames, turn to a puddle or throw all caution to the wind and…

“Option number 3…I vote for that one; Wholeheartedly.” He said, twirling his tongue against the bar of her piercing and giving it a playful tug, making her gasp in surprise.

“..Said that out loud?” she managed to ask.

“Yes.” He said moving his head back to look down at her. “What do you want, Felicity?”

What did she want?

The truth was staring her right in the face, looking at her with impossibly blue eyes that didn’t seem to miss a thing. She wanted him. She wanted everything! With him! And it was scary and exciting all at the same time.

The thought terrified her but she couldn’t help the words that escaped her.
“I want to stay here with you.” She admitted with a thundering heart.

“Oh, thank God.”

The words had barely left his lips before he was kissing her again, slanting his mouth over hers in a possessive kiss that made her lose all feeling on her legs, her knees attempting to buckle below her weight but he kept her upright, with his arm holding her even more tightly to himself as their lips clashed over and over again in an almost desperate fashion; it was more than lips, it was teeth nipping and tongues brushing, tangling, exploring and sounds. Little mewling moans on her part and rumbled groans on his that spoke volumes of just how right this kiss truly was.

When his lips strayed to her jawline and ear again, Felicity found herself tilting her head to give him better access, gasping breaths leaving her as she curled and uncurled her fingers on his shirt, groping the hard planes below with greedy exploratory touches that made him purr against her.

“Oliver..?”

And if his name came out as a delicious whine on her part, no one could really blame her when his lips and tongue were doing such delicious things to her earlobe.

“Felicity?” He was panting against her ear, his whole body tense under her touch before he started peppering kisses down her ear and the column of her throat.

“Just…um… just how…how on board are you with…ungh! With… option 3?” she asked, losing her train of thought several times during that single sentence and succumbing to a full-fledged moan at the end when his lips found an unblemished spot on her neck to suck on. “Because, I cannot put into words how much I really want us to be on the same page right now.” She managed to rush out.

The chuckle on his part did funny things to her insides. She was pretty sure that her stomach was not supposed to feel like it was floating and swooping in every direction available all at once. With one last kiss to her neck he pulled his face back just enough to look at her, sneaking his hands below the fabric of her coat in order to pull her against his body, from collarbone to hips, his big hands spanning her whole back.

“I am very much on board with option three.” He replied, his voice dropping lower than his usual register.

“Oh.”

And the trophy for eloquence goes tooooooo…

“Felicity, we don’t have to do this…”

“No! No, no, no! Oliver, I’m perfectly fine with option three, especially since it was my brain that suggested it in the first place and all that.” She babbled, feeling the blush take over her features.

He used one of his forefingers to brush her cheek, trailing the color that had taken over her face down to her jaw and onto her neck, breaking eye contact in order to follow his touch with his gaze.

“You’re hesitating.” He whispered, linking his gaze back to hers while his fingers played with the neck of her dress.

“I just have stuff… up here.” She offered, pointing to her head as if that explained everything before shaking her head and cupping his face with both hands. “Not important right now.” She said, smiling shyly at him before going on her tip toes in order to peck his lips softly.
There was no way that she was going to share with the rest of the class what was going on in her brain. Yes, he was supposed to be her perfect match, her Mate. She felt the pull; just as she was sure he did, but to go from that to telling him about the full effect his words had on her? That he had unlocked the hidden box in her mind where a home was possible. No. That was going to wait.

How he managed to undo the bind in her ponytail while they kissed without her noticing she would never be sure but sure as the sun was warm his fingers were buried in her hair as he cradled her head with both his hands as he kissed the breath out of her.

“Felicity… Are you sure?” he mumbled against her lips.

“Yes.”

Her reply made a growl of approval rumble from deep within the chest that was pressed to hers and then those glorious big hands of his were helping her with her coat, or at least trying, tugging at it insistently until the garment was askew over her shoulders and half way down her arms, catching at her elbows. Neither one of them wanted to stop kissing the other nor move from their current position but it was Oliver who reeled back. Oliver who took care of removing her coat completely, tossing it with deft accuracy over the back of the couch before using his own hands to untuck and undo all the buttons of his button down shirt in seconds before he was back with her, pulling her close and sealing his lips over her neck once again.

She didn’t feel at all self-conscious about him paying attention to that part of her body, she probably should have considered how he had reacted at the sight of her bruised neck the first time around but how could she feel anything but revered when he was lapping and nipping at the skin there, making little noises of desire? Especially not when her hands were having a field day exploring the broad expanse of his chest and back, doing her own tugging on his shirt to get it completely off.

The moment the garment hit the floor Felicity was lifted off the floor, iron band like arms wrapped securely around her and her own circling his wide shoulders to the best of their abilities. She allowed her senses to drown in the warmth of his body against hers, clinging to him using both arms and legs, the skirt of her dress digging uncomfortably into her thighs as she accommodated his body.

She didn’t know where he was taking her (though her brain voted very vigorously for the bed!) but the trip was short lived. He settled her down on the back of the couch, only inches from where he’d flung her coat and kissed her sweetly on the lips before taking a controlled step back, away from her. His chest was heaving noticeably and she had to bite her lower lip as she took in the sight of him. He looked ravished, though not to Felicity’s standards. She knew she could do a much better job, leaving him properly and totally spent. Hell, she was more than up to the challenge! Right now his whole body looked tense, as if he was fighting to keep himself under the control he craved so much. His eyes showing the real struggle that was there.

Just as she was about to hop off the back of the couch he knelt before her and her mind took her back to the hospital room where they had shared his first feeding. Her eyes followed his motions as his hands got to work. His fingers trailed the length of the leather of her boots appreciatively before lifting her right foot and unzipping the footwear, he removed it and couldn’t help the smirk that tugged at his lips when he noticed the mint green polish on her toes which she wiggled at him playfully, having seen his reaction. The other boot followed suit and when he was done he stood, slowly, uncurling his body like a majestic jungle cat.

“You’re wearing my color.” He said, stepping into the space between her legs and when the dress offered its resistance to his approach he simply placed his hands on her thighs, below the fabric and shoved it upwards, till it was bunched up all the way to her hips, earning a little ‘Eep’ from her in surprise.
“Technically, you don’t own the color.” She offered, looking up at him defiantly, settling her hands at his waist, playing with the belt there before pulling him closer by a belt loop. “Besides, I thought you’d be more of a dark emerald green sort of guy.”

“Hmm, that could be arranged. I’m sure I have a tie that color, somewhere.” He agreed, leaning down to kiss the corner of her lips, leisurely, removing his hands from her legs to explore the rest of her. “As much as I like this dress on you, Felicity, I need you out of it in the next few seconds or else…”

“Or else?” she asked, sounding highly curious, while undoing his belt and taking great care to kiss, lick and nip at the little mole by his mouth.

“Or else… I’m going to rip it off of you and have to buy you a new one.” He admitted, his fingers stumbling onto the back zip of the dress during his hands expedition to touch all of her. “Ah, maybe not.” He said, using the tip of his nose to guide her into tilting her chin up so he could place butterfly kisses down the front of her throat while his fingers lowered the zipper at her back, making the dress loose around her.

“I would’ve hated to lose this dress.” She admitted with a sigh tagging along at the very end of her statement, his lips distracting her from her goal before she forced herself to refocus and get the button of his lacks undone.

She could feel him, the bulge on his trousers was quite evident and she honestly couldn’t help herself. She cupped him over the fabric, giving his hard length an experimental stroke that made his whole body shake before lowering the zip that impeded her own explorations. The fine fabric of his slacks parted after that, giving her hand enough room to sneak into the already tight space, her palm flattening against the hard ridge she found there.

And of COURSE her mind wondered if he was a boxers or briefs kind of guy… because that is how her mind worked… but he didn’t give her a chance to voice her question. Instead he covered her lips with his in a passionate kiss, wrapping one of his hands around her wrist and removing her hand from inside his pants, making her grumble in disapproval.

“Dress. Off.” He muttered into her mouth, releasing her hand in order to aid her out of the offending garment, he didn’t let up until the grey, black and orange piece was bunched at her waist, leaving her upper body exposed to his wandering hands.

It was a bit of a blur after that. At some point he’d lifted her off the back of the couch, the removal of clothes becoming a much easier task after that. She wasn’t sure where her different layers had ended up but she didn’t care, just like she didn’t care where his clothes had gotten off to. All that mattered was that they were now unhindered, skin to skin, lying on the sumptuous bed that had caught her attention upon the first inspection of the room.

Oliver’s exploration of her body was thorough.

He used every weapon in his arsenal. His lips, his teeth, his hands, even his stubble was used against her in a masterful fashion! In a delicious surprise he’d used his neatly trimmed scruff to scrape against her hip bones, which she hadn’t realized were a hot spot for her until he’d done something there that she couldn’t quite explain (thanks senses overload!) that had her gasping for both mercy and for him to never stop whatever it was he was doing. His mouth had ghosted over the apex of her legs and he’d paused there, taking in a deep inhale of her Omega scent before attacking the inside of her thighs with renewed vigor, denying her the touch she ached for the most.

And as much as she would’ve loved to repay the favor, to lay him down and just kiss every inch of
his body it wasn’t going to happen, at least not this time around. It was obvious that Oliver was very much in control of things and the pleasure he was causing her was enough incentive for her not to fight it.

She was sure that her body would be covered in love bites and beard burn the next day but she couldn’t have cared less. The pleasure building was too delicious, both languid and urgent. More importantly, if felt right. When he finally surfaced close enough for her to be able to reach his lips again she dove into a deep kiss with gusto, her tongue instantly plundering his mouth in order to taste him, making him groan just as he’d been making her lose herself in the sounds of her own delight before.

It was her hand slipping in between their bodies and grasping him that broke the camels back for Oliver. Her boldness had apparently surprised him, forcing him to break the kiss in order to pause, looming over her with his hands curling onto the duvet on each side of her head, breathing heavily. She used her free hand to touch his face and make him look at her, really look at her, her blue eyes calling him back from whatever place of hesitation or darkness his mind had gone off to while brushing the blunt head of his cock against her wet folds, showing him her obvious need for him.

“Oliver…”

If her eyes had brought him back it was her voice that did him in. His blue eyes flashed electric blue for a long moment before he gave in fully; lowering himself onto her body, angling his hips in the cradle that hers created just for him and aiding her in guiding him to her entrance. A low moan escaping her lips as he sank into her, making her feel every single inch of him claiming her from deep within her own body with a steady and slow push of his powerful hips until there was no distance to cover between them.

“Felicity.”

His voice formed her name in a growl she’d never heard from him before as he lowered his forehead to the crook of her neck. Instead of it being frightening or alarming in any way it shook her to the core in the most amazing of ways. Because she knew that this was Oliver at his most primal. Oliver, without his walls, without his control, without the confusion of an episode hanging over his head or his Feral side having taken over. This was Oliver at his raw core, open just for her and she welcomed him; her arms about his torso and her legs cradling his narrow hips, one of her hands firmly planted palm first onto his lower back to keep him deep within her as she adjusted to his size and he gathered himself.

There were no words to be said, no reassurances to give him, no hesitation to hold on to on her part either. This was right and she knew, deep within, that they both felt it. So instead of using her words, as the good doctor had advised, she allowed her body to do the talking. Her Omega scent trickling into the air around them steadily from her as her hips swiveled, a series of little circles that made Oliver’s breath catch deep in his chest and his own scent reply to her call.

The first withdrawal, with the few partners she’d had before Oliver, had always held a certain bit of pain but as he moved his hips backwards, her own following suit, all she felt was the delicious burn of pleasure of being fulfilled. The rhythm came naturally to them. The retreat their bodies made alternating between almost being fully apart from one another and barely retreating at all, as if they couldn’t stand the idea of separating.

They learned one another with slow rocking motions, the way her legs tightened against his hips at a certain thrust or how her sounds of pleasure seemed to spike with a slight adjustment of his hips spoke volumes to him on how to please his Mate. And just the same Felicity figured out how to cause muttered curses, in Russian of course, to spill from Oliver’s lips with a specific swish of her
hips or how there was a spot just below Oliver’s right ear that made him lose all rhythm if she sucked on it just right, making him lose his concentration and pause in order to bask in the pleasure.

In the haze of bliss it would’ve been easy to miss it, the attention he was paying to her neck wasn’t unlike what he’d done to her when they were clothed, but it was the introduction of the fangs that caught Felicity’s attention and made her moan, her head tilting back on the bed offering him better access in silent acceptance to his bite. It had been a simple brush of his elongated fangs on her skin as he kissed her but it was enough for her. She wanted it and before she knew she’d done it one of her hands had tangled on the short hairs at the back of his head, pressing him more securely to her artery which he took to only a second later.

This time there was no pain, the warmth and pleasure of the feeding only heightening the feelings from their joining bodies and making them climb higher and higher, faster than before. Where their love making had been exploring and tender the introduction of the bite spoke to the more feral side of them both and true need took over; their movements taking on a more desperate approach to reach their desired goal of completion. He was growling against her neck, with each thrust, one of his arms hooking under her knee to adjust the angle for them both while her free hand snuck down and groped at his hip, urging him to thrust into her even harder than before.

When she came it was glorious, the rush of bliss catching her by surprise and making her tense below him. A cry of unmitigated pleasure leaving her parted lips. Her whole body undulating on its own accord with mindless need to prolong the feeling of the best orgasm of her life, the fingers at the back of his head curling and digging into his scalp. The pulls from his mouth at her neck forcing her pleasure to crest, over and over again in an unstoppable assault to her senses.

And yet he still drank, even with her body writhing as it was under his and with his rhythm a thing of the past. Pure instinct driving his hips forward over and over again as he both fed and fulfilled the need his body had for her; for his Omega. The original coppery taste of the blood had faded for with her climax came a glimpse of her true taste.

If he had thought she’d been delicious from his first feeding he knew now that when her Heat came and they truly Bonded he’d be addicted to her. Utterly and completely undone by the flavor that was solely Felicity, his Felicity.

He had to force himself to let go of her neck, force himself to lick at the wound he’d caused there without biting her once more. His whole body was in high alert at his own impending climax but even with the bliss fogging up his senses he had to make sure that she was ok, that he wouldn’t be blinded by the pleasure so much that he’d leave her bleeding. No. He wouldn’t do that to her. And so he pulled some control, out of where he wasn’t sure. And only after he made sure he sealed the wound he found himself burrowing his face against her collarbone, his body arching at the back, thrusting deeply into her one last time groaning an almost relieved sound at his own completion.

Felicity wasn’t sure how long it took for them to come back to their senses… Seconds? Minutes? Hours? All she knew was that her thundering heart slowed, her whole body too sated and heavy to move much on the bed.

“Well… That happened.”

Sure, it wasn’t the most romantic thing to say but this was Felicity and her words had, once again, taken over before her brain could catch up and stop the babble from being born. Even if it was a short one by her standards. Lifting her head from the solid and sweaty chest of her Mate she looked up to gauge his reaction to her verbal slip only to find him already looking down at her with a somewhat dopey smile tugging at his lips and bright blue eyes.
“I’m glad it did.” He replied, using the arm that he had draped around her shoulders to tug her close to his body once more, as if he couldn’t stand not having her against him. “Option three was a great choice.”

She didn’t even try to resist, seriously why would she? (Hello, hot bod!) She simply snuggled right back onto his frame, sighing contentedly. Molding her naked body to his side and laying her head on top of his pectoral she smiled to herself, listening to his thundering heartbeat while drawing random figures with her forefinger on the other side of his chest.

This was definitely not how she had expected her night to go. In fact, it was quite the opposite of where she had thought their relationship was going. Not even a whole day ago she was pretty sure that they were done for; in part because of his Alpha stubbornness and part due to her own insecurities. But now, well now it was a completely different ball game, as they say; Even though she was still somewhat confused by sports metaphors.

If anyone had told her the day before (…hell, make that 12 hours ago!) that this is where she’d be, she would’ve probably laughed in their face and called the loony bin for them to make sure there was room.

Ah, life had a funny way to get things done, didn’t it? Now here she was, naked in bed with an equally naked Oliver, his arm secured about her, stroking up and down her spine lazily, legs tangled together like vines, both of them basking in the afterglow of their previous activities.

And even though it wasn’t dark out yet the blood loss and the exertion from their love making was pulling on her heavily, so much so that all she managed to do was cuddle even closer to him and close her eyes before sleep took her.

A few minutes later, in the privacy of his room…No, their room now, Oliver looked down at the sleeping blonde against him and uttered words he never thought he’d say.

“я влюблен в тебя.” (I’m in love with you)

Chapter End Notes

BIG thanks to @Mimozka0293 on twitter cuz she gave me the correct Russian version of things! Thank you so much!

And thanks to Matty and my Coach, for getting me out of the block I had while writing this chapter!

This fic is for Matty (SuperSillyAndDorky06) and TheAlternativeSource because they
are awesome!

I hope you guys like it.

Also, Here's my Info, you can find me on both Twitter and Tumblr. @Melmo2010 and https://www.tumblr.com/blog/melsanfo
Chapter Summary

It's the morning after

Chapter Notes

This chapter is considerably shorter than the last. I'm sorry, I can't keep pounding out 11K chapters! LOL

WARNING: I will be going on vacation here at the end of September. With that said there should be another chapter after this before I go on vacation for a week. I don't know what the internet situation is going to be when I get to where I'm going but I do know that I will have plenty of time in the planes (Yes, planes, plural) to write (Old school baby!) so even if I don't get to post on time I will have stuff for you guys when I'm back.

As per usual I don't own Arrow. Mistakes are my own. I don't have a Beta.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Ever since his abduction and time away waking up for Oliver happened one of two ways. He’d instantly be awake and aware of his surroundings, (open eyes was an optional sort of thing, he’d learned that from his time in the cage) or he’d wake up startled covered in a cold sweat, sitting up on his bed, thanks to a nightmare. It had become the new normal for him. To wake up terrified due to the demons of his subconscious or paranoid of who might’ve managed to get close to him on his time of vulnerability.

But that wasn’t how he woke up that morning. It felt odd. To have, for the first time in a long time, sleep slowly pulling back from him? Gradually leaving his body until he was aware not only of his surroundings but who he was sharing his space with? It was like a languid and delicious caress from a long departed lover. And he cherished it.

When he finally opened his eyes the grey light of morning was filtering through the windows, breaking into his room gently. Morning? Had he really slept through the night? He took stock of his body and how he felt, the Omega blood was still coursing through his veins making him feel stronger and yes, it seemed after making love with his Mate he’d found the sweet arms of sleep favoring him once more and it was amazing.

Old habits die hard though and his first instinct was to look around the room, as he did every morning, turning his head on the pillow in order to take in the emptiness of his surroundings, but he wasn’t alone. The shift on his part caused the warm figure nestled against his side to murmur something incoherent under her breath and burrow herself further against his frame.

He couldn’t help but turn his attention to her then. She was laying on her side, using the flat surface of his pectoral muscle to rest her head, leaving her blonde hair sprawled over his shoulder and the
pillow she had not used through night. One of her arms was draped loosely about his waist, just below his belly button while the other was tucked against both their bodies. He could feel her, all the way from her head to her toes, as she had one of her legs resting on top of his thigh and the other running along the length of his own leg.

He realized then that they hadn’t even made it under the covers and he was glad that his body put out as much body heat as it did because it allowed her comfort, a silent sense of pride bursting within his chest knowing that his body had made her comfortable through their sleep. He had, without realizing, cared for his Omega, even in sleep.

Taking a deep breath he found his wish had been fulfilled. His bed now held her scent, gardenias and lily of the valley mixed with his more earthy scent and that particular finding made him even harder than his usual morning wood predicament. He didn’t wake her though, no matter how badly he wanted to find his home within her once again, he knew he should let her sleep a bit longer. After all, he’d taken her blood the night before; Even though, as an Omega, her body replenished blood faster than a Beta’s body did she probably needed to rest still.

It took a great deal of his will power to untangle himself from her, shifting gently out of her grasp which caused her to grumble under her breath in her sleep, turning away from him and curling herself into a little ball. His eyes trailed the sight of her back, following her spine to her backside; and just like that he was tempted to forego his idea of crawling out of bed in order to just curl up against her once more but refrained. It was funny, he always thought himself more of a boob man… but one glance at her ass and he was a convert. Shaking those thoughts from his head he finished climbing out of bed and covering her with the side of the duvet he had vacated, the side that still held some of his warmth, before heading towards the bathroom.

While under the warm spray of the shower he let his mind wander. Yes, they had passed the hurdle of their misunderstanding…perhaps miscommunication, was a better word to use though. He knew that there would be other instances where he would get his words jumbled up and mess up regarding her but he also knew that he needed to try. Talk. Listen. Simple things that seemed truly daunting for him but he’d find a way to make it happen.

He had the best reason to go with it, to try to better himself, to work harder at it. He was in love with his Mate. Well, Mate to be if he was getting technical but he really wasn’t. Deep down he knew she was it for him. He couldn’t wait for the moment that they were truly Bonded.

And the thought of it alone made a smile bloom in his features and warmth spread through his whole body as he soaped himself up, from head to toe. After his ordeal he was sure that he was too broken to feel something this great. Bring in a Mate into his life? It had seemed unthinkable. He was ruined more so than broken, because broken you can fix but with something ruined there’s no way to bring it back to being whole. He had believed that, for the longest time; His scars a daily reminder of it all. But then he’d met her.

At first she was a babbling blonde with the blue dress and a peacock mask who had caught his attention because she quoted The Princess Bride, who had agreed to keep him off of Thea’s radar just so he could enjoy some peace during the party ‘as long as she could use him too’. And the way she had backtracked from that babble had made him smile, a sincere smile, in a way he hadn’t expected. It had truly been the beginning of his downfall. She was a ray of sunshine that seemed to break into his dark grey existence. He couldn’t help it, he found himself chuckling at the memory as he rinsed off his body.

Yes. He was irrevocably in love with his Mate. Now he needed to forge himself into the Alpha that she needed him to be.
Coming out of the bathroom, after toweling off, wearing only a white towel wrapped securely around his narrow hips he moved towards the walk in closet. It was Saturday but he still had a few things to settle at QC, even more so now that he was tempted to play hookie for a few days so he could spend more time with Felicity.

“It is really unfair that you look that damn good in the morning.”

The murmured statement made him pause at the door of the closet, turning his head to look over his shoulder towards the bed. Somehow Felicity had managed to curl herself into the duvet even more, effectively turning herself into a blonde burrito with just her head poking out of the thick fabric and her blonde hair wild on the pillow. She was still laying on her side, watching him unabashedly, blue eyes twinkling with mischief and appreciation, her bottom lip trapped by her upper teeth as she gazed at him.

Another flare of pride rushed through his body at her perusal and he had to take a deep breath trying to keep his body in check while attempting not to preen for her. It had been a long time since he had woken up and not felt self-conscious about his scars but getting that look from her was like wiping the slate of that certain insecurity clean. And it felt good! Turning on his heel he moved towards the bed and sat down on the edge of it, one of his hands cupping her face as he leaned down and kissed her softly on the lips.

“You look pretty damn good too.” He murmured after the touch, pulling back to look down at her.

“How are you feeling? Do you need anything? It’s still early; you could probably steal a few more hours of sleep.”

“I’m good.” She said sneaking her arms out from the bundle she’d created for herself and stretching them above her head for a long moment before bringing them down, one of her hands landing on his towel covered thigh. “Just a bit thirsty, but that’s normal.” She admitted “Is there like a map of this place that I can download? Because at some point I’m going to need to find the kitchen and I don’t want to pass out from hunger and dehydration in my attempt.”

Chuckling again he shook his head and gave in to his want, leaning down once more to kiss her. This time around her arms came around his neck, holding him in place as she happily reciprocated the touch of lips and little nips. The kiss intensified almost instantly and Oliver found his body covering hers on the bed once more, with her hands trailing blazing paths down his back while he held himself from crushing her with one of his hands while exploring her curves above the covers.

It was the shrill sound of his cell phone ringing that brought the kiss to a pause and he growled in annoyance. He knew that ringtone, it was the one he had set specifically for Stephanie, his EA. Stealing one last peck from Felicity’s lips he pulled back from her and left the bed, picking up the trousers he had discarded so carelessly the night before in order to take out his cell phone from one of the pockets.

“Hello?”

To say he was only half listening to his EA would’ve been a gross understatement. His body might’ve gotten out of bed but his mind was still very much with Felicity. He kept the conversation going, watching her get up from the bed, not bothering with keeping the duvet. His grip on the phone tightened at the sight of her naked body. She moved around the room as if it was the most natural thing in the world and he had never wanted something to be so true.

The moment that she bent over to pick up his discarded button down he groaned out loud and had to apologize to Stephanie before cutting the call short with promises of getting to QC quickly, in order to tackle the problem that had forced her to ring him in the first place. With the call completed he
tossed the cell phone on the bed and moved, with Vampiric speed towards Felicity who let out a squeak of surprise by finding herself trapped in his arms from behind; her back to his front.

“Oliver!” his name was truly transformed with her laughter and he purred when she reached back with one of her arms and held the back of his neck as he nuzzled the column of hers, licking the little mark he had left there the night before, swaying a bit with her while holding her in his embrace.

“I’m really going to have a chat with my EA about timing regarding her calls.” He mumbled against her neck, peppering kisses along the surface available to him.

“Ah, the horrors of being a successful CEO.” She teased, scratching the back of his head with her fingernails.

“Right now? Yes, very much so.” He admitted, lowering his hands to her hips, pulling her back against him so she could feel just how affected he was by the sight of her on his shirt. “Let’s take a shower.”

“You already took a shower.” She quipped, giving a playful shimmy of her hips that made him hitch a breath before turning on his hold, circling his neck with both arms. “You told her you’d be there as soon as possible. Us in the shower together would delay that.” She offered with the sternest look on her face and a playful twinkle in her eyes.

“It would be totally worth it.” He said beaming down at her with that boyish smile that used to get him everything and anything he wanted.

“Not gonna happen.” She said with a shake of her head, going on her tip toes to peck him on the lips. “You, sir, need to get dressed and go to work. I will go shower. Besides, if this morning, and last night, is anything to go by things are on the up and up.” She added, deftly stealing his towel from his hips and wiggling out of his hold, winking at him once before rushing into the bathroom and closing the door behind her.

Alone in his room Oliver had to force himself to stay put. He wanted desperately to follow her into the shower but he knew she was right. With a shake of his head he walked naked into the closet and dressed himself as quickly as he could. It didn’t matter that it was Saturday, he still donned a suit then left the room. He made his way to the kitchen, knowing he’d find Raisa there and he was not wrong.

The woman welcomed him with a warm smile and a kiss on the cheek, patting his other cheek affectionately. She had already prepared a tray of food she intended to take up to the room and he stole a piece of toast from it on his way to the door. In any other household he’d leave her with instructions. That was not the way that things worked in the Queen Mansion. Raisa knew what needed to be done, he just asked her to please keep an eye on Felicity and help her orient herself, since it was her first day there, and then he was out the door.

When Felicity came out of the bathroom, wearing only a towel, it was to find a tray of food on the coffee table by the fireplace. Everything looked so good she pretty much inhaled the contents of the plates. From the French toast to the scrambled eggs, she ate a bit of everything. Munching on the toast last along with sipping on the coffee, which was quite possibly the best roast she had ever tasted and she KNEW her coffee.

After changing into the clothes she’d chosen the night before for her overnight stay she pulled on her coat and checked her phone. There was a message from Oliver there and when she opened it she had to contain the urge to squeal.

‘Would you like to have dinner with me tonight?’
A quick reply on the affirmative was all she gave him before leaving the room. She ran into Maseo as soon as she stepped into the hall and he was more than happy to lead the way, away from Oliver’s room…well their room if she was going by the conversation they had last night, and to the rest of the house which he showed her. He even gave her some pointers on how to find her way through the maze of hallways and rooms. Once she was sure that she wouldn’t embarrass herself too much by getting lost too horribly the blonde and Maseo left the Mansion, with Rob driving one of the Queen’s town cars, to take her to work.

QC on Saturdays was almost a barren wasteland; which served Oliver just fine, he could do with the silence in order to not only catch up with work but get ahead. Stephanie, his EA, already had his cup of coffee at the ready the moment that he left the elevator bank and both of them set to work on some of the reports that he’d be presenting to the board members on their next meeting.

Before he knew it hours had gone by and it was already past noon. Knowingly Stephanie had been prepared for her boss zoning out while working so she stepped into his office and set down a to-go container from one of his favorite delis on the corner of his desk, along with a to go cup.

“BLT with fries, fry sauce on the side.” She announced with a smile “And iced tea, unsweetened.”

“Thank you, Stephanie.” He replied looking up from one of the documents he had been reading. “I think I should be done here in an hour or so, we can call it a day then.”

“I can.” She said “You have that dinner to attend tonight.”

“What dinner?”

“The one with the investor interested in donating towards your mother’s charity in the glades? The one that we’ve had to reschedule three times before?” she replied “We finally settled on a dinner business meeting because all other meetings ended up being rescheduled. And you told me yourself that we could not reschedule again.”

Letting out a heavy sigh Oliver rubbed his face with both his hands. He had completely forgotten about the business dinner he had to attend and even if he was tempted to reschedule, again, he knew that he couldn’t. It would look bad on the company and his mother’s charity if he did.

“Could you please confirm with their people and send me the information to my phone?”

“Yes, Mr. Queen” Stephanie offered with a nod and then pointed at the food. “Don’t forget to eat.”

Picking up his cell phone after Stephanie had made her way out of the office and to hers Oliver dialed Felicity’s phone number. The line rang a few times before someone he didn’t expect picked up.

“Ollie! What’s going on, buddy!?”

“Tommy?” He sat up straighter on his chair “What are you doing with Felicity’s phone?”

“Oh, that. Don’t worry too much. You’re going to get wrinkles.” His best friend said. “Felicity is in the back, tech talking with Laurel about a program that apparently she created and Laurel uses religiously for work. Those two are scary together, buddy, we cannot let them get too close to each other or else I’m afraid for the safety of the world. With your Mate taking care of the technological part and mine with her people skills we’d be on a dictatorship, willingly I might add, in no time.”

Oliver couldn’t help to smile at that, relaxing onto his chair and leaning his head back on the leather.
“I’m glad they get along.” He admitted.

“Get along? Oh, buddy, you have no idea. Before I zoned out they had already agreed on holding an ‘After Heat’ party for Felicity’s friend. Sounds like we have an Omega pack problem in our hands, over here. With Felicity, her friend Katie, Laurel, Roy and I think Laurel even mentioned she’d probably invite Digg’s Mate too. I’m telling you, buddy, the world won’t know what hit it!”

“…Thomas Merlyn! What are you doing with my phone?!”

“Uh oh! I’ve been compromised, buddy! Save me!” Tommy’s voice rang out through the line before there was an obvious scuffle on the other end.

“Hello?” Felicity sounded a bit winded and somewhat annoyed but the mere sound of her voice made a smile pick up the corners of his lips.

“Hey.” He greeted. “How’s your day going?”

“Oh hey!” she said happily into the phone. “Its going ok. I had to fire Madeline, she called in again today so I had to let her go over the phone. So I’m stealing Roy for good to work days for me.” She explained. “Aside from that and random billionaires high jacking my phone…”

“I am not a random billionaire!” Tommy’s voice came from far in the background, making Oliver chuckle.

“I have some news… I have to cancel our dinner plans. Apparently I need to go to a business dinner tonight, I forgot all about it before I sent you that text.”

“Oh! It’s Ok. I still have to pack after work so no worries, we can reschedule it, not a big deal. Besides, Laurel and I wanted to get a little party prep going for Katie’s After Heat get together.”

“Yeah, Tommy mentioned that you were getting along.” He said.

“Oh, yes. I heard him saying he was scared of us working together. I think it’s funny.” She offered.

“Dictatorship!” Tommy’s voice rang out again.

“Oh, shush it, Merlyn!” Felicity called back

“It looks like you have your hands full over there.” Oliver found himself saying.

“Just a little bit.” Felicity admitted with a sigh. “I think my store has become a hang out spot for Starling City’s elite somehow.” She added “So, no dinner. That’s fine. I’ll keep Maseo and Rob with me till I get back to the mansion, don’t worry. I’ll see you at home?”

“Yeah, I’ll see you at home.” He said, feeling his heart swoop in his chest at the thought. Home. She had said the word home in reference to the mansion. Not ‘the house’, not ‘at your place’ but home! He knew that was exactly what he wanted but hearing her say it cemented that wish of his even more so.

“Ok. Have fun on your business dinner!”

“I’ll see you later tonight.” He said

“OK, Bye Oliver.”
“Bye, Felicity.”

He had to keep himself from finishing the call by saying I love you, he reigned himself in at the last moment and hung up before that could slip from his lips. The first time he told her would not be over the phone. No. It’d be face to face, preferably in an intimate setting he’d work hard at creating for just the two of them and then he’d say it.

An hour and a half later Stephanie sauntered into his office once more, in order to check on him. And Oliver had kept to his best behavior. He had finished his lunch after his phone call with Felicity, actually taking the time to put the documents before him down and eat instead of multitasking. When his EA came to stand before his desk he only had to look up at her before she took that as her cue to start talking.

“I contacted the investor’s personal assistant. She was very glad to hear that we are not rescheduling yet again. The reservations are for 7 PM at Angelo’s, under your name. I’ve sent all information to your phone as well, just in case. Please, try to be on time?”

“I will. Don’t worry.” Oliver said with a nod of his head. “You can take the rest of the afternoon off, Stephanie. I’m going to stay and review some of the new projects from Applied Sciences, since I’m already here and I’ll go straight to Angelo’s when the time comes.”

“Are you sure you won’t be needing anything else?” she asked

“I’ll be fine. Enjoy the rest of the weekend and say hi to your wife for me.” He offered

“Will do, boss. If you keep treating me this well one of these days she’ll spoil you and send you some of her famous Carla snickerdoodle cookies again.”

“Can’t wait.” He said, smiling gently at the woman who was already retreating.

“Have a good night, Mister Queen.”

“Good night, Stephanie.”

After she was gone Oliver buckled down with the projects he had on his desk. The amount of work that he had made it obvious that he would not be able to take a few days off any time soon, but that was to be expected considering he was still catching up after his hospital visit.

When 6:30 PM came around so did Digg. He appeared at the door of the office and knocked on the glass.

“Did you lose track of time?” he asked

“No. Of course not.” Oliver said defensively even though it was obvious that he had.

He made quick work of putting everything to rights on his desk, securing the few paper files that were there and shutting down his computer before getting out of his seat and putting on his suit jacket before following Digg out of the office and to the elevators.

It took 20 minutes to get from QC to Angelo’s. Digg dropped him off at the entrance of the restaurant and went to park the car himself, not trusting the valet parking after the bomb incident. Oliver made his way into the restaurant and to the Maitre D’, he was soon whisked away to a private table on a removed little dining room specifically designed for private meetings.

He was looking down at his phone, debating on whether or not to text Felicity and ask her how the
packing was going when someone sat on the chair across from his. When he looked up it was as if a ghost from his past had materialized to make his nightmares real.

“Hello, Lover.” The redhead across from him purred. “Glad you could make it. Please, don’t get up. You and I have a lot to talk about.”

Chapter End Notes

Sorry if this chapter seemed a bit rushed. There is a method to the madness, trust me.

This fic is for Matty (SuperSillyAndDorky06) and TheAlternativeSource because they are awesome!

I hope you guys like it.

Also, Here's my Info, you can find me on both Twitter and Tumblr.
@Melmo2010 and https://www.tumblr.com/blog/melsanfo
**Metamorphosis**

Chapter Summary

The dreaded dinner takes place!

Chapter Notes

Hello people!
Here's the chapter I promised I'd do before I went on vacation. The muse struck hard so
it's being posted a few days early. YAY!
As usual I don't own Arrow (I wish!) and all mistakes are my own. I don't have a Beta.
When you see 'text' that's supposed to be a text message. Just for clarification! ;)
Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The woman in front of him was beautiful. He really couldn't argue that fact, even if his brain
associated her with his own personal kind of hell, she was beautiful like a snake can be. Red hair
done in stylish waves loose about her face, bright crystal clear blue eyes, porcelain like skin and
plump lips stained in an attractive shade of red. All that red somehow reminded him of Thea saying
something about redheads having to keep an eye on how much of the color they wore and what hue
they used, but this woman apparently knew how to work the color in her favor.

If he had been his younger self, Ollie the carefree and reckless playboy, he would've been more than
happy to have her as his impromptu date for the night. At the moment he was so far from pleased it
wasn't even funny. Hell, back then he would've made sure to know EXACTLY what she was
hiding below her garnet colored dress before the night was over and what his name sounded like
coming from her when he showed her the patented Ollie Queen brand of bliss too!

But he wasn't Ollie Queen, the playboy. Not anymore. He wasn't the naïve boy that had foolishly
thought the world was his oyster, so to speak. He didn't go around getting women to come to his
bed, or any other surface or spot available to him, for a quick fuck while never caring about the
consequences. No. That boy had died in a cage and the man he was now was nothing like him. Who
he was now looked at the woman sitting across from him and saw her for what she truly was.

A threat to his carefully crafted world and that fact sent a shiver down his spine.

A flash of memory from the night before overcame him; Felicity, his beautiful blonde genius,
trustingly (lovingly, if he dared think about it) baring her neck for him to drink as they made love
sprang forward and he squashed it along with the irrational panic that it brought to the front of his
mind. No. He wasn’t going to even dare think of his Mate with the present company.

This woman would **never** stain Felicity’s goodness. Not if he had a breath left in his body.

“What are **you** doing here?” He kept his voice low, his stoic expression revealing nothing as he
looked at her. He wore his CEO persona, not wanting to give her the benefit of seeing or knowing
just how truly affected he was by her presence.

“I’m here for you. I needed to talk to you.” She answered simply and he made damn sure that he was paying close attention to the subtle details that would allow him to pick up on a lie on her part as she talked. “I’ve been trying to contact you for weeks but our meetings got postponed every single time.” She was saying, lifting one of her shoulders in a lazy shrug. “At first I thought a meeting at QC would be best, it would give you the advantage and you would see that I am not a threat to you.”

“How?”

“You know why.” She said “Had we been able to talk before now I could’ve saved you so much trouble.” She admitted sounding rueful.

“Verdant? My Car? That was you?” He asked, making sure to keep his hands under the table, holding onto his thighs in order to not fist his hands and give away his anger.

“No!” She answered shaking her head. “I knew of the plans and I was trying to warn you but every time our meetings got pushed back or rescheduled and I couldn’t just waltz into your life and warn you. This is so much bigger than you can imagine. I had to keep appearances. This meeting was the last chance I had.”

“You were trying to warn me.” He quipped sarcastically, smiling wryly.

“I was. I still am.” She admitted, looking truly sincere. “Oliver, please. You have to listen to me. I would never harm you. Not even when you were Feral and in the facility did I do anything against you. In fact I volunteered to feed you just so I could keep an eye on you, to help you escape after you changed...”

“No.” His voice was a growl of warning. “You don’t get to call me that. You will address me as Mr. Queen.”

He watched with cold blue eyes as she recoiled at that, it was as if his words had surprised her but she schooled her features quickly and nodded her head just once. Was it really that surprising? He didn’t think so. This woman had come out of his past, like a recurring nightmare and was now pretty much begging for him to trust her?


The waiter decided to approach their table at that moment and Oliver asked for a scotch neat, his dining companion asked for a glass of white wine and when they were alone again she began to speak.

“I should introduce myself since we never really got to that.” She offered with a timid smile that hinted on flirtatious. “My name is Carrie. Carrie Cutter.” She said “And even though you will find this hard to believe I am trying to help you.”

“How?”

“By telling you the truth. About what happened to you...about what might happen, soon. I can give you the answers to questions you’ve had for the past few years.” She answered while scooting over to the front of her seat and resting her hands over the table. “I know you’re paying attention to my tells, my heartbeat especially, you’ll know if I’m telling the truth or lying.” She said “Mr. Queen, all I need is 10 minutes of your time then I will walk out of this restaurant and I’ll never bother you again; if that’s what you choose.”
“You have five minutes to tell me what you know.” He replied, leaning back on his chair and forcing his body to relax.

He wanted to be as far away from the redhead as possible, her mere presence repelling him. So if she was going to lean into the table he was going to move back and pretend to be nonchalant at her approach. Once upon a time, during his captivity, he might’ve fed on her but it had been out of obvious need to survive. Nothing more. He really despised her closeness now.

“I need to start at the very beginning. I was 9 years old when my parents died and I went to live with my grandfather, his name was Matthew Cutter. He was a brilliant man but he had radical ideas about society.” She began her explanation “Being so young and having just lost my parents I was very impressionable. I wanted nothing more than to make him love me. So I soaked up his praise like a little sponge but in order to get that love I had to agree with his views. Let him shape me as he saw fit. He wanted me to not only be his heir but to think like him, act like him, support his views on society and his cause. His most prized endeavor was a well-hidden secret called the Metamorphosis project.”

“Imagine someone having the power to shift the genetic predisposition of others. A world where a Beta could be plucked off the street one afternoon and be found the very next day completely unharmed yet turned into an Omega. Or even an Alpha stripped of their Vampiric abilities and changed into something else. Imagine the discord a change like that would create.” She linked her fingers together, holding her hands so tightly together that her fingers turned pale, making her cherry red fingernails an even bigger contrast.

“A Beta who loved an Omega could procure the right services, the right procedure and have them changed, for the right price, to be a Beta just like them so they’d no longer be predisposed to be with their rightful Alpha. An unhappy Omega who wanted to change into something else could do so without much of a thought. A disgruntled parent could change their child’s biological disposition as they saw fit, like my grandfather wanted to do with me. A breakthrough where the death of an Alpha wouldn’t mean the imminent death of an Omega, where they could change themselves to something else before the pangs from the Bond took full effect.”

“A world where a country with enough money and resources could create armies of Feral Alpha’s with Omega matches created just for them only to be held captive for the sole purpose of keeping their Alpha’s in check and forcing them to do that ruler’s bidding. A world, Mr. Queen, where someone changed the biology of so many that the shift on the balance would be irreversible.”

“That’s impossible.” He bit out lowly.

“No. My grandfather believed in such a world. He wanted to create that! Underneath all that brilliance he was a greedy man, I’m afraid, and I didn’t know just how much until I was brought into the project myself. As it turns out he found it unacceptable that his heir would be a Beta, instead of an Alpha like himself.”

She paused when the waiter approached the table in order to leave their drinks. He didn’t stay though, instead he seemed to pick up on the tension that lingered there and retreated to wherever he had come from, probably deciding to give them a while longer to decide on their food. Not that Oliver was actually going to eat. Picking up his tumbler of scotch he made the amber liquid swirl slowly in the glass, forcing himself to stay calm.

“2 minutes.”

“There is a man.” She continued “A scientist that convinced my grandfather that it could be done. And so the Metamorphosis project was born. My grandfather spent billions to give the man a way to
make the necessary research; he paid for facilities, labs, sometimes bribes and equipment, giving the scientist a clean slate to perform his experiments as he saw fit. I knew him as a friend of the family since I was a little girl but when I was old enough they brought me into the fold.”

“It was my chance to earn my grandfather’s love for good and show loyalty to my family…but I couldn’t. When I figured out what they were planning, what they were really working towards, I realized that my grandfather was a mad man and needed to be stopped. So I took it upon myself to work from the inside to make their plan fail.” She paused then, a steady hand lifting her glass of wine to her lips so she could take a minute drink before settling it back down on the table.

“I started gathering information against them, keeping up my façade as the dutiful granddaughter while smuggling test subjects out, even sabotaging some of the experiments when I could, just to delay their progress. But it was to no avail. The scientist, he found a certain strain in the genetic code that would make the swap, the Metamorphosis, possible. It came from a very strong and long blood line of Alphas; The Queen blood line.” Her eyes bore into his then. “That is why and when you and your father were kidnapped and brought into one of the facilities. Your genetic code was their key.”

“You’re lying.” He muttered, his heart pounding in his chest while he tried to discern a lie in her words but there wasn’t any.

He knew that the two minutes had already gone by but he couldn’t stop her from her tale. Her heartbeat was just as steady as before, there were no fluctuations to it, no wavering of her voice, no head tilt to denounce she was having to think up a lie. Nothing! For all intents and purposes she had said nothing untrue and the fact that he couldn’t debunk it made him unbelievably angry. Because this couldn’t be true! What she was saying, a change of that nature, it just couldn’t be! It was madness.

“No. I’m not.” She replied with another shake of her head, sipping her wine again. “Your father was a Bonded Alpha already, so the tests to change him into something else harmed him in an irreparable way. It was those tests that killed him.” She offered, sounding sincerely sad. “They needed an Alpha from the Queen line that was unattached. They needed you. The beatings? The torture? The lack of food and water? All the other forms of abuse they put you through? Didn’t you ever wonder why they did it? Not even once? They were trying to force your body into the Change… and they did.”

His mind sent him straight to the past. He was back in the cage, Changing, gritting his teeth to keep the sounds of pain from being too loud while he both burned and froze from the inside out.

“I knew then that I needed to get you out of there.”

Her voice sounded far away but did the trick all the same and he slammed back into the present, glaring at her as she spoke.

“So I volunteered to be your donor while coming up with a plan to get you out. I knew they couldn’t further their research if they didn’t have you, so getting you out of there was top priority but it took time.” She sighed deeply. “Do you remember the night of your escape?”

He nodded without a word.

“They were working on preparing the facility for a move. Knowing the schedules I chose the most vulnerable moment, between guard shifts and with help of others like me we set fire to one of the labs, destroying one of the required components to the swap. The LP serum. It was as much an attempt to keep them from making their project a mass production affair as it was a diversion. Many subjects managed to escape that night but when I went to your cage to get you, you had already been freed. You were nowhere in sight and I couldn’t contact you back then. I knew that if I did, so soon
after your escape, it would make my grandfather suspicious of me and I couldn’t afford that. Not if I was going to make sure to stall the project till it was truly dead in the water. So I held back.”

“The project came to a screeching halt after your escape. And the ‘raid’, as they called it, caused my grandfather to have a stroke. I delayed things as much as possible while he was bed ridden, kept the scientist from attempting to rebuild his work. The loss of that one component made the idea of mass production of their ‘procedure’ an impossible feat and he obsessed over finding a substitute for the serum. It was like that for the longest time. When my grandfather finally passed away the man lost his most fervent contributor and I lost contact with him…Until recently. He came to me a month and a half ago to ask me to come back on board with the project. And now he’s found a new monetary backer for his research.”

“This meeting… is over.” Oliver ground out, drinking the scotch on his glass in one long pull before setting the glass on the table with a loud thump and getting up from his chair. He threw some notes on the table to cover the cost of their drinks, as well as a generous tip for the waiter.

“Wait!” she said immediately, twisting at the waist in order to reach for her purse and rummaging through her clutch in an almost frenzy. “Here.” She was offering him a USB thumb drive after her quick search, holding it between her forefinger and thumb. “All of the information I ever gathered from the project is in here. There are written documents, audio recordings, pictures and even some videos.”

He looked at the little gadget as if it was an alien form of life ready to attack him. The idea of reading up those files, seeing the pictures, hearing the madness…it was staggering and terrifying.

“Take it. I have a copy that I plan to send to the authorities and the media. Look it over, you’ll see I’ve been telling you the truth.” She said while offering him the device again.

Without thinking twice he took it, making sure that his skin didn’t touch her at all during the exchange and nodded his head once.

“What’s his name?” he asked her

“Who’s?” she asked while getting up from the chair she’d occupied.

“The scientist.” His voice was gravely and cold. “I want his name.”

“He has many names and aliases.” She answered, fixing the chain from her clutch onto her shoulder. “You’ll find them all and all of his other information in there too.”

Without looking at her he nodded once more.

“Don’t ever contact me again.”

“Be safe, Lover.” Was her reply but he didn’t pay too close attention or bothered to reply, he was already half way to the door of the little meeting room and soon he was out in the regular space of the restaurant, Digg close to his side.

“Did you hear all of that?” he muttered, low enough for his friend to be the only one that could hear him.

“Most of it.” Digg admitted, following Oliver out of the restaurant and onto the parking lot where he’d left the car. “Are you going to look at it?” he asked once he had made sure that there were no surprises attached to the car.
“Not tonight.” Oliver admitted, getting into the car once Digg had given the vehicle the all clear.

Inside the restaurant Carrie Cutter was looking down at the screen on her phone. She picked one of her contacts and quickly typed a text message before hitting send.

‘He has the files. Do you think it’ll work?’

The reply was instant.

‘It will work. I will get Patient Zero and you will have what you want.’

A Cheshire grin graced Carrie’s features at that and with a hopeful sigh like sound she clutched the phone to her chest.

“I’ll see you soon, Lover. And when I do you won’t be able to resist me.”

Chapter End Notes

This fic is for Matty (SuperSillyAndDorky06) and TheAlternativeSource because they are awesome!

I hope you guys like it.

Also, Here's my Info, you can find me on both Twitter and Tumblr.
@Melmo2010 and https://www.tumblr.com/blog/melsanfo
It had been almost a week.

Six days in which he did his best to keep the dark grip of fear from undoing all the hard work he was putting into himself and his new relationship with Felicity. And, of course, without her knowing Felicity’s presence and light helped. It helped so fucking much he was in awe of the petite blonde. Of her inner strength and the effect it had on him.

When he’d come back home from the business dinner where he’d met Carrie Cutter, someone from his past, Oliver had spent some time in his study with Diggle. They had agreed that they couldn’t just trust whatever was on that thumb drive without having it checked out first.

‘Files like these can be manipulated, Oliver.’ Digg had said ‘I have someone that can look into the quality of it, see if they’ve been altered in any way and the veracity of the information. It’ll be done discreetly, too, so there’s no need to worry about that part.’

And so Oliver had given Digg the thumb drive to give to the person that would certify its authenticity. Yes, he wanted desperately to see what was in it. Yes, he wanted more answers. Yes, he really really wanted to have the name of the man who had single handedly destroyed his parents and made him go through hell. But making sure that the information hadn’t been tampered with was far more important than his impatience.

He knew that Felicity could’ve done it. Oh, he knew that she would’ve taken one look at the mystery that the thumb drive presented and she would’ve been all over it.

‘I hate mysteries. They bug me.’ she’d said during one of their conversations.

Hell, she probably would’ve done so in a fraction of the time that Digg’s ‘friend’ would’ve managed. But he didn’t want Felicity anywhere near the information on the device. The longer he could keep her from being touched by that sort of darkness the better. He was going to tell her himself, he had decided, once he had all the facts and just so that she’d know just what she was getting into by being with him.

But until that moment he was going to enjoy the time he had with her, without her knowing just how
broken he truly was.

And as such he put the situation on the back burner of his mind. He didn’t think of Carrie Cutter. He didn’t think of Project Metamorphosis. He didn’t think of his tortured time away. Instead he did his best to infuse his days with Felicity and her light.

He slept by her (when they actually managed to sleep), he woke up with her by his side, he had breakfast with her and then made sure he was home in time to have dinner with her after work. He’d even made the time so he could spend one evening watching movies with her, Thea and Roy. Just the four of them, both couples snuggled into the sofas that were available to them watching the gigantic TV in their theater room as it played a superhero movie that he didn’t recognize but enjoyed all the same.

They had talked a lot during those six days; important things and not so important things had been discussed in the privacy of their bedroom as they lay tangled together under the covers once he had spent his desire for her and she for him. They’d lay skin to skin talking until one of them, usually her, fell asleep on the other and then the conversation would pick up the next day as if sleep and the day before they went back to their bed had been nothing but a pause.

He had never talked so much with any of the women that had been a part of his life before his Mate. Ollie Queen was not one for talking; he was a ‘doing’ kind of guy, in all sense of the word. But with Felicity he wasn’t Ollie Queen, with her there were no traces of the spoiled rich boy. No. He quickly realized that he actually cherished those moments; when it was just them in the bubble of privacy of their room and their bed, talking in whispers and laughing together at the smallest of things.

And he was happy.

They’d even broached the subject of her Heat and what they would do when it arrived.

“I know we haven’t been together that long and I don’t want to put you in a position where you feel like you have to do something about it.” She had said, running her fingers through his hair while he laid with his head on her chest listening to her heartbeat after their lovemaking. “I have no problem just going back to my apartment, secluding myself for a few days and having Katie give me the sedatives so I won’t be hurting through it…”

“I want us to Bond.” He had admitted quietly, shifting his head to be able to look up at her. “I agree, we haven’t been together long but I want that. I want to be Bonded to you and for you to be Bonded to me.”

He’d always remember the expression on her face, the sincere surprise that he found there. Her lips forming a perfect circle and a small sound of ‘Oh’ escaping her parted lips in response to his reply.

“Really?” she had asked, her words barely a whisper, a mixture of doubt and hope swirling in her unguarded blue eyes.

“Really.” He had replied, sincerely and immediately, before covering her with his body and proclaiming that they should really get some ‘practice’ in before her Heat came.

She had laughed at this, a musical sound that made his heart stutter before holding him tightly to herself and getting down to a long winded practice session with him.

He was beyond happy. And he forgot about the nightmares. Forgot about the thumb drive. Forgot about anything that wasn’t every day occurrences. He spent time with his Mate, he spent time with his sister, his best friend, he worked out, he went to work and he was happy.
Then Friday came around.

Felicity had been a flurry of excitement that morning. Two days earlier Katie had called to let her know that her Heat had passed and that she and Mark had Bonded. It was a happy occasion and Felicity had fist pumped the air, making him chuckle.

Felicity, along with Laurel, had decided to throw an ‘After Heat’ get together for her friend when they’d met at Felicity’s store and only Omegas were invited to it (except, of course, for her bodyguards). Both women had manned the preparations and it was all set to happen Friday evening. Even though he had tried to convince her that there was more than enough room in the mansion to host it Felicity had declined and playfully said that she didn’t believe he could keep from eavesdropping on their ‘Plans on World Domination’ gathering so the party was going to happen at her place. And Maseo and Rob would have to stand guard outside her door.

He reluctantly agreed.

When Digg arrived at his office just a quarter after 3 on Friday afternoon Oliver knew he had news about the device he had been forcing himself not to think about for the last few days.

“My friend just delivered the drive. He said he did a quality test on all documents. Everything seems to be in order.”

Getting up from the desk Oliver rounded the piece of furniture in order to stand before him friend.

“No tampering then?”

“None was found.” Diggle answered handing over the thumb drive. “I took the liberty to ask Stephanie for some help and had your EA procure one of the laptops that were decommissioned by QC a few weeks ago. I made sure it was one that no longer has access to the servers here and has been removed from all QC networks; just in case there’s a surprise in here that my friend might not have noticed and we don’t want spreading to either the Mansion or QC’s networking when you open those files. I already have it in the car.”

Taking the drive from his friend Oliver placed it on the inside pocket of his suit jacket and started for the door.

“Let’s go home.”

To say the ride back to the Queen Mansion was tense would’ve been a gross understatement. Oliver had taken out the thumb drive from his pocket and kept twirling the little memory stick between his thumb and forefinger, staring at it as if doing so would magically grant him access to the information held within. He knew very well that he didn’t trust the source, he didn’t trust Carrie Cutter in the least, but the information that was now at his fingertips was too much, too tempting, to pass up.

But he also knew that he needed some more answers in order to move forward with his life.

The fact that both Felicity and Thea were gone from the mansion was a much needed respite. The men made it to Oliver’s study and Digg missed no time to get the laptop set up on the desk, only having to plug it in and let it boot up. Oliver had gone to stand by the windows, looking out into the gardens of the Mansion, preparing himself mentally as much as he could to revisit the darkest part of his life while still playing with the thumb drive.

“You ready for this, man?” Digg’s voice cut through his thoughts and brought him into the present.

Nodding his head once he removed his suit jacket and cuff links, leaving the items carelessly on a
chair nearby, before rolling up the sleeves of his shirt and approaching the desk; his movements almost mechanical. Sitting down on the chair he used every time he needed to finish up some work from home brought him no sense of familiarity. There was no comfort to be found there. He stared at the computer screen, which held a generic background picture and without thinking twice he uncapped the thumb drive and plugged it in. When the prompt to open the device came up Oliver paused for a moment. He felt Diggle’s presence behind his left shoulder and didn’t have to ask. With the silent vow exchanged between them cementing the fact that he wouldn’t have to face these demons alone, not this time around, he made up his mind.

He knew that the revelations he had at his fingertips could very well change everything.

Hours later he would come to realize that no one could have anticipated just how true that statement had been.

The ‘After Heat’ get together was well underway and Felicity couldn’t have been happier.

Just as they had promised to do Rob and Maseo had stayed outside, close enough to help if trouble arose but excluded so they’d have privacy for the gathering. Felicity made sure to sneak them some refreshments through out the night though because that’s just how she was.

There were only Omega’s sitting on her couch and love seat. Roy was the only male that would be there but she suspected he was gonna be getting along swimmingly with all of the others and Felicity found herself daydreaming about more gatherings like this. She dared imagine a gathering very much like the one that was meant to happen in her living room but at the Queen Mansion, with everyone being there whether they were Betas, Omegas or Alphas.

Katie and Roy had huddled together as soon as the redhead had arrived…Well, after she and Felicity had hugged and squealed happily at being reunited after such a momentous event for Katie. Then the three of them had been discussing Thea’s ring and the progress Katie had made on its design before her Heat came when the doorbell had gone off.

Laurel had arrived with another woman who Felicity had never met before but had heard of. She was a beautiful brunette with light eyes and an easy smile who Laurel introduced as Lyla Michaels, Diggle’s Omega. Felicity had welcomed them both and sooner rather than later they were all cooing and giving Roy their approval over his brilliant idea of getting a custom piece as Thea’s engagement ring. The male Omega took it all in stride, though he did blush profusely through the conversation.

The group was easy to please and made Felicity’s task as a hostess a breeze. There was juice, wine and beer, which she had technically bought for Roy (after she had made sure that he was old enough to drink it, of course, because there was no way that she was going to get booze for someone underage!) but it so happened that Lyla was partial to it instead of the wine, Felicity was not judging; she was just glad someone was drinking them even if she had a standing love affair with red wine herself. There were also little platters with different cheeses, crackers and fruits.

Even though they’d never really interacted much before the five of them were getting along great so Felicity didn’t feel too bad when she snuck back outside to check on her boys, as she had begun to call Maseo and Rob in her head. Since they were with her all the time now, whenever she wasn’t in the Queen Mansion, she’d grown fond of both men. After she’d made sure that they didn’t need anything she came back inside and pretty much stumbled into Katie.

“You and me, we need to have a bit of girl talk.” Her friend said grabbing her by the hand “I’m stealing my dearest blonde for a sec!” She announced to the others as she led Felicity to her kitchen, where they could still hear Laurel, Lyla and Roy talking while they held private congress. “Ok.” The redhead said turning around and taking a hold of Felicity’s shoulders. “You are glowing. Tell me
everything.”

She couldn’t help it; she honest to Google couldn’t help it. Felicity smiled, so widely that her cheeks actually hurt a little. Her friends ‘no non-sense’ approach was just what she should’ve expected from her and she knew that Katie had been waiting to pounce.

“I’m happy.” Felicity admitted with a slight shrug of her shoulders.

And that’s when she told her. She gave Katie the cliff notes on all she had missed during her Heat. From the reason Mark had her go into his office to Katie’s Mate running off in the middle of the session because Katie’s Heat had arrived. That part made the redhead laugh so hard that she was clutching her stomach while bent over.

She told Katie about spending time with Oliver at the ice cream parlor and the fact that they had actually talked and come to an understanding. Felicity explained that she had, indeed, moved into the Queen Mansion to ensure her safety and Oliver’s peace of mind.

“And… And… And?” Katie asked motioning with her hands for Felicity to keep going. “Details, woman! The devil is in the details! I mean, sure I have my own Mate now, but yours is quite the looker and I want to know if all those old tabloid rumors are true! Besides, you waited years to actually approach him. Was it worth it?”

“I’m not giving you details! Not those kind of details anyways! You’re newly Mated, you don’t get nothing.” Felicity laughed “But yes, I will say it was well worth the wait. He’s… amazing.” She admitted dreamily, shaking her head at her dorky reaction while talking about her Mate. “I know it was a rocky start, especially with the blow out at the hospital. But it’s actually really good.”

“Oh, God. You have heart eyes!” Katie crowed.

“I do not!” Felicity replied pushing her friend in the shoulder, playfully.

“You totally do! Look at you!” The redhead repeated pointing at her accusingly before trapping her friend in a tight hug. “Oh, Fel. I’m so happy! I have never seen you like this!”

Holding onto her friend Felicity hugged her tightly to herself and spoke words she hadn’t even admitted to herself yet.

“I… think I love him, Kate.”

The statement was a whisper and if she had said it at any distance from her friend aside from right up close to her ear it would’ve been lost to the other woman. But they were that close and Katie was the emotional support personified that Felicity needed in order to admit her feelings.

“That’s good, Fel. That’s really good.” The redhead said with a smile, rubbing her friends back, knowing just how difficult this was for the blonde to admit.

“I keep thinking that this is it. This is exactly what I want, what I’ve always wanted. I mean, I know my mom and I are family, but it’s just been the two of us since dad left and I never though…I never really thought that I could have a Mate. That whoever he was he’d actually want all that it entails… with me.” She was rambling but not in her usual babbling way. No, this was more of a confession than anything else. “But he says he wants to Bond with me on my next Heat, Katie. He actually wants to make me his Bondmate.”

“Oh my God! Really?!” She asked, pulling her head back in order to look at her friend as she nodded her in shocked assent. “Fel! That’s amazing!”
Before Felicity knew it they were jumping like lunatics in her kitchen, holding onto each other while going around in a little circle, Katie leading them in her exuberance.

“This is fantastic news! I am so happy for you!”

Before Felicity could reply the doorbell went off, interrupting their celebration.

“Were you expecting anyone else?” Katie asked glancing out towards the living room.

“No.” Felicity admitted and removed herself from the hug that they’d kept. “Let’s see who’s wanting to crash the party.” She said moving past the living room where the rest of the Omega’s were looking just as surprised as she was.

Using the peep hole Felicity smiled instantly. It was Oliver on the other side of the door.

The conversations they’d had on the past couple of days replayed in her mind. The moments spent together. His closeness alone instantly sent her heart into over drive. This amazing man, who was resilient, strong and good, wanted to Bond with her. He wanted her.

Opening her door she moved out of the way to let him enter and once he was inside she closed the door and smiled up at him.

“Hey! I gotta say this is like the least sneaky way to try and eavesdrop on our plan for world domination.” She teased.

When he turned to look at her there was none of the warmth she associated with his gaze. This wasn't her Oliver. This was Oliver Queen, CEO. Cold, calculating Oliver and it sent her nerves reeling. Her eyes roamed his form a bit more carefully at that. He was still wearing a dress shirt, sleeves rolled up, slacks and dress shoes but his hair was standing at all odd ends as if he'd ran his hands through it roughly. She attempted to lock her gaze with his once more but he moved his gaze away, taking stock of who was in the room, assessing the situation. Katie had come out of the kitchen and was now standing by the couch where Lyla and Roy were sitting. Laurel had stood up from the love seat, watching the duo with interested eyes, seemingly sensing the tension.

“Oliver?” Felicity asked, reaching to touch his arm at the crook of the elbow.

For a second he remained relaxed under her touch but then he moved his arm out of her reach, taking a step away from her and took out something from the pocket of his trousers. His big hand was closed around the item and he was looking down at the floor, his jaw ticking.

“You’ll find the reason for my next words in this.” He said, taking her hand and placing something in her palm. “Felicity Smoak. I Refuse you as my Mate.”

And just as her heart had soared before, with all those day dreams of togetherness and family, with her worst fear confirmed, now her heart was irrevocably shattered.
This fic is for Matty (SuperSillyAndDorky06) and TheAlternativeSource because they are awesome!

I hope you guys like it.

Also, Here's my Info, you can find me on both Twitter and Tumblr. @Melmo2010 and https://www.tumblr.com/blog/melsanfo
Chapter Summary

The aftermath of Oliver's Rejection...

Chapter Notes

So I'm back from vacation, YAY and I do apologize for the delay on this chapter. Unfortunately Real Life sort of threw me a curve ball I was not expecting and I had to take a step back from writing altogether for several days. The exception was a prompt I had agreed to do before I left on my vacation and thankfully 'Say Yes' kick started my brain for Masquerade so it was a win-win scenario.
As per usual I don't own Arrow. And all mistakes are my own.
Thank you all for your patience.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Anyone who knew Felicity Smoak could tell you that whenever she was speechless there was something horribly wrong going on. She hadn’t been silent when Katie had given her the news about her Cancer diagnosis, she hadn’t been silent when one of her business decision’s had fallen through horribly, she had not been silent when time after time her work was passed up by corporations simply because she was a woman in a male driven job environment. She always had way too many words, babbling was her trademark, for crying out loud!

So when she was left speechless by her Mate, scratch that her former Mate, just watching him turn around and leave her home Katie knew that things were bad. The blonde simply stood there, watching the door as it closed behind the man she’d just admitted to loving and didn’t move, didn’t emote, didn’t do anything except barely blink and then when she did move she moved, robotically, towards the couch and sat down, dab smack in the middle cushion staring straight ahead.

The Omega women clustered around the unmoving blond immediately after Oliver had left, with Roy pacing back and forth at the door, like a caged animal, looking pale at first and then getting redder and redder by the second with his hands clenching into fists and unclenching before he disappeared out the door just a moment after Oliver had left. He looked like a man on a mission.

A very pissed off man on a mission.

Katie had her arm around her friend’s shoulders, holding her, while Laurel was sitting on the other side of Felicity and Lyla knelt before her, with one hand on Felicity’s right knee. The women’s presence surrounding the blond in a type of solace that only their kind could offer. There were words of disbelief and comfort yet the blond seemed as remote as the stars. Not even Roy’s arrival, just a few minutes after he’d left, made her react. She wasn’t just removed from it all, she was immutable as a stone statue.

Katie knew better, though.
This stasis would NOT last long.

So it was up to the redhead to take care of things before her friend ‘came to’. After giving the other Omega’s in the room enough time to commiserate with the blond Katie tried to usher everyone out the door. She was successful to a point. Roy remained, parking it on Felicity’s love seat looking defeated, with his elbows on his knees and half his face hidden behind his hands.

Katie wasted no time. She led Felicity up the stairs and to her bedroom. Sitting her down on the edge of the bed she made quick work of the blonde’s shoes as well as her own and then she worked them both into the bed fully, laying both of their bodies on their sides facing each other, holding her friend about the waist.

It took minutes of silence, though it really felt like hours, for Felicity to respond and when she did it was a statement that broke Katie’s heart.

“I can’t believe this is happening again.”

After that there were tears, on both their parts. With the blond burying her face against her friend’s shoulder and letting her body be wracked with harsh shaking sobs that tore at Katie’s heart as sure as the muscle was being put through a grinder. It was at that point in time that Katie decided she hated Oliver Queen; for he had done the impossible. He had broken down the one person in her life that had been nothing but a rock of strength and solace when Katie needed it. This woman who she’d never seen cry before, who had taken every single crappy happening in her life, and others, and turned it around to the best of her abilities. The woman that had pushed her when she wanted to give up half way through the horrible treatments she had to go through to beat her cancer.

She was now broken and Katie knew exactly who to aim her resentment towards.

Fuck you, high and mighty, Oliver Queen.

It took a while for Felicity to fall asleep but in the end the exhaustion from the breakdown took hold and sleep claimed her. Katie was able to slip from the bed then and go check on Roy, who was still downstairs in the same place she’d left him.

“He took the bodyguards with him.” He said “So, I’m staying.”

There was no way she’d argue with that.

Checking her phone she noticed she had a few messages from her own Mate and after making that quick call, to explain what the situation was, she made her way back to the bedroom where the blond slumbered and laid back down. Mark understood she wouldn’t leave her friend, not tonight, quite possibly not the next day either. And in her head Katie tried to imagine if the situation had been reversed, if Mark instead of having Bonded with her had Rejected her, as Oliver had done to Felicity.

The pain in her chest was unbearable.

When morning came Katie woke up from a nightmare with a start and a pounding heart which only worsened when she realized that she was alone in the bed. Shooting off the mattress she checked the attached bathroom to the bedroom but finding it empty she rushed down the hall, skidding on her socks and almost smacking into Roy who was standing at the door of the guest room that Felicity used as an office.

“She’s been at this for a while.” He offered, with his arms crossed, leaning on the door jamb, watching the blond as she worked.
And there it was, Katie thought as she peeked into the room. The focus, the speed of her fingers on the keyboard, the soft muttering of words that were too fast and too technical for her to understand. The stasis was done for. Now it was time for action and Felicity was on it. She even had a cup of steaming coffee by her side, though it didn’t look like she’d be paying attention to it any time soon.

“Well, she looks a bit better.” Katie offered.

And she did. She also looked angry, very angry. But angry was better than brokenhearted, or just plain broken, so she would totally take that over the former options. She was still wearing the same outfit that she’d worn to their little get together the night before and her hair was disheveled, but at least she had the spark of life back in her.

“I feel sorry for the computer, she’s been pounding on those keys like they kicked her puppy.” Roy admitted.

“Yeah, she tends to do that sometimes. I’m going to go get us some breakfast, hopefully we don’t have to use a funnel to force her to eat.” She said, placing her hand on Roy’s shoulder. “Keep an eye on her for me, Ok? I have my cell phone in case something comes up.”

The food run lasted 25 minutes and in that time things went from bad to worse.

The breakfast that she’d bought at Felicity’s favorite deli was forgotten in the passenger seat of her car, along with the to go cup holder when she saw that the front door of the townhome was open wide. The door had obviously been kicked in, by the way part of the door frame hung broken off the jamb.

A glaring first sign of something having gone extremely wrong.

Reaching for her phone was instinctual, as was dialing the three digits that would get her help the fastest.

“911, what’s your emergency?”

“Someone’s broken into my friend’s house. I just came back from an errand and the door’s been kicked in, the frame is totally splintered…” she explained, telling the nice operator lady the address.

It was the woman on the other side of the line that convinced Katie to stay put, even though the redhead kept stating that she had to check on Felicity and Roy, that they could be in there and be hurt, but the operator reminded her that keeping a level head and not getting herself into danger was now an imperative if she wanted to help at all.

Two police squad cars arrived less than five minutes later. One of the officers stayed with Katie in the driveway while the other three went to check inside the house. The moment that the officers came out with grim faces Katie knew that everything had gone to hell.

“There’s no one in the house but there’s obvious signs of a struggle.”

Glad that she was sitting down Katie brought both her hands to her face and shuddered, gritting her teeth. Of course that when it rains, it pours. Of course, that after being Rejected by her Mate something horrible would happen to Felicity. Of course Roy, being Roy, would’ve tried to aid and gotten caught in the middle. Of fucking course!

And just like that Katie hated Oliver Queen even more. Because if he hadn’t Rejected her friend. If he had left the security detail in place they would’ve never been in this situation.
The police officers had many questions for her, about the house, about Felicity, about Roy. She answered all she could, sometimes saying the same thing over and over again just in case the boys in blue hadn’t gotten it right the first time around. Mark arrived by cab less than 15 minutes after she managed to put a pause on giving her statement to the cops in order to call him. And with him by her side she went over everything again. How she’d left that morning to get breakfast and hadn’t been gone for more than half an hour, the exact time she’d left, the exact time she’d come back. The state of the door…

There was an obvious boot print in the damned door!

Once they were done with her Mark drove them, in Katie’s car, to his place. He settled her on the couch with a cup of tea, a kiss on the forehead and excused himself to make a call to his secretary in order to make sure that all of his appointments at work were rescheduled.

Glancing down at her phone Katie scrolled through some of the pictures of her and her friend. One of them even had a very nonplussed looking Roy; Katie remembered having tried to take a selfie and catching him off guard with the sudden attempt. And as she looked at the bad picture, with Roy and his confused look and Felicity with her eyes closed, having blinked, while Katie beamed at the camera she felt her heart breaking.

Roy had a Mate.

And there was a good chance that she was none the wiser to what was happening.

Scrolling through her contacts Katie found the one she’d never used before. One that she had only because Felicity herself had saved it into her device in a ‘just in case’ sort of deal. Hitting the green button for the call to go through Katie waited impatiently as it rang.

“Oliver Queen… Who’s this?”

The mere sound of his voice irked her to the point that her blood boiled.

“It’s Katie.” She said into the phone, barely controlling her anger. “And I’m calling to let you know that thanks to you leaving Felicity without those damned bodyguards you insisted on her having in the first place my friend and your sister’s Mate were taken from her home this morning.”

“What!?”

“You heard me. Since you took your dogs with you Roy wouldn’t leave. He thought it wasn’t safe to leave her without someone to watch her back. Instead they both got taken. So, congratu-fucking-lations, asshole. You get to explain to your sister how her Mate got abducted and might get killed just for being a decent Male.” She hissed “The police will be in contact with you.”

With that she hung up the phone and tossed it on the coffee table that stood before the couch she was sitting in.

Oliver would tell Thea about Roy. That was all that mattered to her about that phone call. It was the only reason she’d reached out. The police would talk to Mr. Queen about the abduction, since there had been a previous attempt at Felicity’s place; only that time it had been Oliver who had been the target, though Katie was beginning to wonder if that had truly been the case.

All she knew for certain was that if Felicity and Roy made it out of this in one piece she was going to donate the design and metal working time for that engagement ring for Roy’s Mate.

Hours later in a secured location within Starling City’s city limits Felicity woke up feeling groggy.
Her head was pounding and her eyes felt dry, as if she had left her contacts in overnight even though she wasn’t wearing them to begin with. Her glasses were, somehow, still perched on her nose, albeit askew and her body, though sluggish, was unharmed and free. Looking around the room she was in she realized this was more of a jail cell than anything.

Grey walls all around, a huge metal door that looked unmoving, a tiny little toilet in a corner and the cot that she was currently laying on, which she rolled off of immediately when she realized she wasn’t alone in the cell. Slumped against one of the walls was Roy and he looked like he’d been put through the ringer!

He had cuts on his face that had already stopped bleeding but the stain of the blood that had been shed remained on his skin and his hoodie, his upper lip was busted and there was a bruise forming around one of his closed eyes. Crawling towards him she checked his neck for a pulse with a trembling hand and let out a sigh of relief when she felt it under her fingers, strong and steady.

“Oh, thank God.”

The screeching of old metal moving against more metal made her relief be short lived. Turning her head to look over her shoulder she watched the door on the cell open allowing two masked men clad in black fatigues, from head to toe and armed with rifles into the space. They stood each on one side of the door and then an impeccably dressed woman came in.

She was dressed in a crimson red dress that seemed almost painted on, the hem was demure reaching her knees but the cleavage showed off a good portion of her goods. Her hair was red also and her eyes icy blue.

“This is not how things were supposed to go, Miss Smoak. I have to apologize.” The woman began, folding her hands before her primly. “There were much more suitable accommodations in place for you but your friend made it impossible for us to allow any other setting for you to come to in.” she admitted glancing towards Roy. “He has some serious fight in him, for an Omega.”

“Who are you?” Felicity asked immediately “What do you want?”

“Ah, yes. Forgive me. My name is Carrie. Carrie Cutter. And this is only partly about what I want. It’s really about what YOU want.”

“And what’s that?” Felicity asked standing up and shielding Roy’s body as best she could with her own.

“You wanting to become a Beta, of course.” Carrie said at once, her beautiful face shifting from sanity to something else entirely in the blink of an eye. “You’ve lived your whole life in hiding, masking your scent, making sure that people believed you were something you’re not just so that you could live the way you saw fit. To be just a regular Beta, to have complete choice in every single part of your life. That is what YOU want and that is exactly what we’re offering you.”

“Project Metamorphosis…” Felicity muttered to herself in disbelief.

That morning after having woken up from not only her stupor at being Rejected but also from restless sleep she’d gone into her office and scoured the thumb drive that Oliver had left with her. What she had learned had made her blood run cold.

It wasn’t so much the fact that it was possible to make the change. It was the lengths that her own father, the lead scientist on the project, had gone to in order to make it work. She had read every file depicting all the tests and experiments. She had seen all of the video footage, all the photos and heard
all the audio recordings.

More importantly she had watched as both Robert Queen and Oliver had been subjected to inhumane experiments. The same ‘research’ that had cost Robert Queen his life and by extension the life of his Omega, Oliver’s mother. It had made her sick to know that her father, the man that she’d known as Felix Smoak but who apparently had held several aliases during his long life, including Damien Darhk and Anthony Ivo, was responsible for not only Oliver’s suffering but his family’s as well. He was the reason that Oliver had been tortured, the reason that he had the scars that he was so self-conscious about. Her father was the reason that he had been orphaned, him and Thea.

She remembered unplugging the thumb drive from her computer and leaning back on her chair astonished at her findings, thinking it was no wonder that he had Rejected her. Her father had been so obsessed with changing Felicity into something else that he had spared no expenses. He hadn’t leapt over the boundaries of morality, he had demolished them to get what he wanted, not caring who he hurt in the end.

“I wouldn’t want me either.” She had muttered, making Roy perk up by the door at the first uttered words that had come from her since the night before.

But there hadn’t been any time for more…

They’d been attacked then. And though Roy had fought valiantly to try to keep her safe in the end there had been too many assailants, too many for Roy to fight off and then, if she remembered correctly, she’d been drugged.

“Yes.” Carrie answered with a nod of her head, her blue eyes glimmering in her madness. “Think about it. You would get exactly what you’ve wanted all along. No Mate to unwittingly run into. No paranoia about having suppressants at hand in case that you were overcome with your Heat while unprepared and no fear of a random Alpha wanting to claim and Bond with you during your Heat just because of your biology. No broken heart from being Rejected or losing your one true Mate either.” She said “You and I, we can help each other. We can change each other into what we were truly meant to be.”

“And you?” Felicity asked while trying her best to not show how truly terrified she was about this whole thing.

Because if it had been just her it would’ve been a completely different algorithm but she had to keep in mind that Roy was also here. Roy, who was still unconscious and the men with the big guns could hurt at any second. He didn’t seem to be ‘needed’, not like Felicity was.

“It would be a switch. I would take over your biology as an Omega and you’d take over mine as Beta.” The woman explained with a slow grin “You and I, Miss Smoak, we are not so different really. You see, my grandfather thought I should be an Alpha in order to become his heir but me? All I ever wanted was to be cherished, to be revered in the most deeply and instinctual of ways. Sure, I could be loved as a Beta but as an Omega…? That way I would get everything I always wanted. And you’re going to give me that.”

“And if I refuse?” Felicity asked

The woman didn’t answer her, she simply looked over her shoulder at one of the guards and as if on cue both of them pointed their rifles at both Felicity and Roy.

“I should’ve mentioned…I have a little bit of a thing for your Mate, specifically.” Carrie Cutter said with a giggle, clapping her hands happily before settling both her hands over her heart. “Oliver and I,
we will be perfect.”

“Then you can’t kill him!” Felicity immediately said motioning to Roy with one of her hands. “You can’t kill Roy.” She added, her brain already in overdrive. “He’s Oliver’s sister’s Mate. She would never forgive you if you hurt him.”

“It doesn’t matter to me, really. She’s young, she could find another suitable match further down the line” Carrie said waving one of her hands dismissively so the guards were no longer pointing their guns in Felicity’s and Roy’s direction. “But if you do as I say I’ll be more than happy to keep him sedated until it is time to release him. Just so we make sure he doesn’t get in the way.”

There really was no choice to make.

“I’ll do it.”

Chapter End Notes

This fic is for Matty (SuperSillyAndDorky06) and TheAlternativeSource because they are awesome!

I hope you guys like it.

Also, Here's my Info, you can find me on both Twitter and Tumblr.
@Melmo2010 and https://www.tumblr.com/blog/melsanfo
Oliver Queen was not having a good day.

In fact this felt like the worst day he’d had since he’d been abducted and kept in captivity by a crazy maniac that wanted to change the world by changing biology. But now, instead of him having to face this nightmare alone there were others involved. Which made everything so much worse.

The night before he’d gone to Felicity’s place with every intention to talk to her, to tell her about the thumb drive, to ask her a million and one questions. But when he’d gotten there and he’d seen her, when he’d seen those blue eyes that he loved so much all he could really see were the eyes of the man responsible for the pain of his family and many other unknowns.

How many people had they taken for their horrible experiments? How many families had been torn apart because of it? Fathers. Mothers. He’d never seen children during his captivity but that didn’t mean that the adults he saw there didn’t have worried parent’s waiting for them back at home.

And so he’d Rejected her. Like a knee jerk reaction to his rumbling emotions. With a lump in his throat he had spoken the words that now haunted him. Because as soon as he had left the town home, as soon as he had told his men to leave their post, as soon as he had faced a very angry Roy who demanded his attention before he could leave and called him a major jackass, as well as every other name in the book, in the process of a rage fueled rant regarding his choice, he knew he’d done wrong.

“Felicity Smoak. I Refuse you as my Mate.”

Digg had been the only reason Roy hadn’t gotten to take his anger out on Oliver with a good swing. The man had kept the younger Omega at bay while Oliver withstood the barrage of his words with a stoic façade and a broken yet angry heart. And after he’d gotten in the car Digg had shaken his head and said nothing.

Because what was there to say?

“Felicity Smoak. I Refuse you as my Mate.”

All that hard work, the whole ‘think before you speak’, the whole ‘talk things out’ had flown out the window in the face of his confusion and his anger. And what had it accomplished? To take it out on
her? To Reject her like that? The expression of disbelief and pain on her face would haunt him as much as the words he’d said.

“Felicity Smoak. I Refuse you as my Mate.”

He hadn’t gone to his room that night. No. He hadn’t gone to their room. Because just as he’d told her when he’d first showed her the space he had gotten his wish. There were reminders of Felicity Smoak everywhere he looked in that room. Whether they were physical ones, like her clothes hanging in their closet or the toiletries she used in their bathroom, or just memories of their time spent there. No. He couldn’t handle that right now.

Instead he’d gone to his study and reviewed the information that he’d saved onto the laptop he’d used to see the data in the first place. He had given her the original drive, yes, but he’d saved everything for his use as well. And the more he looked at everything the more he was certain that he’d been wrong. She hadn’t had anything to do with it. That fear that had consumed him, the doubt that she’d known all along and had played him dissipated, leaving him empty. Because he’d been sure that Felicity had taken after her father, a good daughter who was aiding a monster, but the more he searched those damned files the less he found of her there.

That had been the original reason he’d given her the thumb drive. To let her know that he was onto her, that he had figured it out, that he had figured HER out. That he knew the only reason she’d made her presence known to him and woven herself into his life now, after having years of knowing who he was and where to find him, was because the project that had messed up his life and his family needed him back.

Their precious patient Zero.

But that wasn’t it at all. The evidence pointed to her father, just her father, Felicity was only mentioned on the biography of the man, listed as his daughter but never a participant on anything. Not like Carrie Cutter was. Not like he was listed as a ‘subject’. Not like Tatsu or even Maseo. The roll call of every employee, every subject, every person ever linked was extensive. There was no mention of Felicity Smoak.

And all that did was make him angrier.

He did a grand job of ignoring his cell phone, even though he did catch flashes of the screen as it lit up throughout the night with incoming calls and texts. Laurel’s face, Lyla’s name, even Tommy’s, all appearing on the little screen before the phone went either to voice mail or to the text messages. They all tried to contact him but it was no use. He didn’t answer any of their attempts.

It was Maseo who came to him when the morning light was already sneaking in through the windows of his study. He’d knocked on the door twice before letting himself in, quietly, without waiting for Oliver to give the command to enter and closing the door behind him.

“What can you tell me about Carrie Cutter?” he’d asked the man as soon as he came to stand before his desk.

Maseo seemed pensive for a moment, as if he was going back in time to his memories, before straightening up and replying.

“There were people who worked for the scientists of the project that held you who did not approve of their methods and so we created a group to smuggle subjects out.” He answered “Miss Cutter did approach us at some point, wanting to be a part of our cause but there were several of the founding members of the group, those who had been working on the project the longest, who knew about her.
It was well known that she had already been smuggling subjects out. But the pattern those subjects presented was troublesome. All male. Ages 20 to 35. All Alpha’s.”

“Those founding members believed she was plucking them out not for their safety but for her own reasons and when we researched a bit more deeply our suspicions were confirmed. None of those men ever made it back home. They simply disappeared from the facilities never to be heard of again.” Maseo explained. “We denied our activities and stopped smuggling subjects for a time, to keep her from hindering the process or blowing our operation. We knew that we’d need to make a major overhaul and get as many people out of there as we could so we prepared ourselves for the chance. There was a plan to do so when the facility was moved but then the accident happened; we took it as a blessing and extracted everyone that we could.”

“Including me.” Oliver murmured.

“Yes.”

“And the group? Did they keep an eye on the project?” Oliver asked.

“No. After the accident we evacuated every single subject we could and held one last meeting where it was decided that for everyone’s safety we would remove ourselves from the project and we would not keep in contact with each other.” He said taking a deep breath before speaking again. “I’d like to go back to Miss Smoak’s house.” The Asian had said.

He was still wearing his bodyguard suit, holding his hands before him and staring straight at his boss, as if his request was a perfectly ok one.

The screen of his phone flashing once more put a pause on his reply. Looking down at the device he frowned not recognizing the number, a sudden sense of dread infusing the blood in his veins. Lifting his hand he motioned for Maseo to wait before picking up his phone and hitting the green icon to let the call come through.

“Oliver Queen… Who’s this?”

“It’s Katie.” The voice on the other side spoke with barely contained anger and he prepared himself mentally for a verbal attack to match Roy’s.

“And I’m calling to let you know that thanks to you leaving Felicity without those damned bodyguards you insisted on her having in the first place my friend and your sister’s Mate were taken from her home this morning.”

“What!?”

Even though he had nowhere to go he found himself standing up anyway, his free hand curled into a fist on top of his desk.

“You heard me. Since you took your dogs with you Roy wouldn’t leave. He thought it wasn’t safe to leave her without someone to watch her back. Instead they both got taken. So, congratu-fucking-lations, asshole. You get to explain to your sister how her Mate got abducted and might get killed just for being a decent Male.” Felicity’s friend hissed into the phone, not giving him a chance to reply before ending her call with the parting words of. “The police will be in contact with you.”

Pulling the phone from his ear he glanced at the device as if it was his worst enemy. Settling the device on his pocket he flattened both hands over the wood of the desk, steadying himself while his mind ran away from him.
Roy, taken. Felicity, taken. Thea’s Mate in danger because of his rash decision. Felicity… Memories of the blonde smiling at him, talking to him, caressing his face with tenderness shining in her eyes, all of it assaulted him at once and he swiped an arm across the surface of the desk, not giving a single fuck about all the items that he sent flying in his rage.

Felicity. Taken.

**Felicity. Taken!**

The door to the study opened and Oliver turned his attention towards it, every single nerve ending in his body raw from the sheer amount of unadulterated anger at himself. He’d been wrong. So very very wrong! Now both Felicity and Roy were missing and it was all his fault!

A grim faced John Diggle stood there, already wearing his head of security suit and tie ensemble. The darkness in his eyes speaking volumes.

“The SCPD called. We need to head to the station.”

“Maseo, with us.” Oliver ground out as he picked up his suit jacket and put it on, heading towards the door.

They made it all the way to the foyer before he paused, dead in his tracks. The conversation on the phone with Katie replaying in his head. She hadn’t called to let him know about Felicity. No. After what he’d done the night before he knew she wouldn’t have expected anything from him on that regard because that was how things were. He had Rejected Felicity, he had no reason to be reacting to her disappearance.

The redhead had called about Roy.

‘...You get to explain to your sister how her Mate got abducted and might get killed just for being a decent Male.’

As if his mind had called to her Thea appeared at the head of the stairs, already dressed to face the day. Her short hair perfectly straightened, make up in place, with sky high stiletto heels on her feet, red leather pants, a mid-riff bearing tank top and a cropped leather jacket the same shade of red that covered her legs.

“Oh, Hey Ollie!” she greeted, coming towards him once she’d reached the ground floor, settling her hands on his shoulders and pecking him in the cheek. “Where are you going this early?” she asked as she withdrew from him before a frown knotted her eyebrows together. “Is everything ok?”

No. Nothing was Ok.

“You need to come with us.” He managed to say. “I’ll explain in the car.”

The ride to the police station had been tense. Oliver hadn’t known what to expect from his sister at what he needed to reveal, in truth he hadn’t known WHAT he was going to tell her but as soon as they were on their way he just told her everything.

From the meeting with Carrie Cutter at the restaurant to their past together, though there wasn’t much to say about that. He told her about the thumb drive and the information that it contained. Told her about the Metamorphosis project and even mentioned some of his experiences as a subject. Then he admitted to the happenings of the night before, about him losing his cool and Rejecting his Mate at the ‘After Heat’ get together, about Roy taking it upon himself to keep an eye on the blonde that Thea liked so much, to him getting Katie’s call.
To her credit Thea only let two tears roll down her cheeks, wiping them away quickly with one of her hands, making sure not to smear her make up before she turned her attention fully on her brother, her green eyes cold as stone before they crackled with the lime green electricity from her Alpha nature.

“You and I are going to have words about your idiotic tendencies once we figure where they took my Mate.”

And that was that.

They spent hours at the police station. Hours where the police spoke with both Oliver and Thea. Trying to connect the dots between the attack involving the explosion of Oliver’s car and the abduction of that morning. They spoke of how Roy was involved in all of it too. And the more they talked the more the Queen siblings itched to be out there, looking for both Felicity and Roy.

They’d been going over the whole thing again, trying to coordinate joint efforts between the Queen’s security and the police when a uniform poked his head into the room.

“Captain, we might have something.” He said immediately.

It was as if all the air in the room had been sucked out suddenly. Both Thea and Oliver holding their breath for bad news. Captain Lance left with the uniformed officer and stayed away for a few minutes, when he came back he had news.

Good news.

A call had come in about a male in his early 20’s, with a red hoodie, having been found on the side of the road.

That’s how 20 minutes later the Queen siblings, along with some uniformed officers, found themselves at Starling City Hospital. They’d just entered the ER waiting room when a disgruntled and very dizzy looking Roy Harper was trying to make his way past the nurse desk, batting away the orderlies and nurses that were attempting to keep him from leaving.

“Get off me! I said I’m fine!”

“Roy!” Thea was in his arms immediately and he held onto her with both arms, closing his eyes in relief.

“We need to get out of here. We need to find Blondie. They still have her.” The young man muttered, swaying a bit on his feet.

“You’re not going anywhere.” Thea stated helping to keep him on his feet before ushering him towards one of the chairs nearby, ignoring the one nurse and two orderlies that still remained at the ready, as if they could drag Roy away from her and into a bed. “You gotta let them treat you.”

“No! Thea, we need to get Blondie out of there!” He repeated, desperately, trying to get away from the chair.

“Do you know where she is?” Oliver asked immediately, barely holding onto his control.

“Ollie! I’ve got this.” Thea replied curtly, glancing at her brother with electrified green eyes in the perfect ‘back off’ signal before turning her attention to Roy once more. “We need to get you patched up first. Then we can go find Felicity. What the hell did they do to you?” Thea asked, figuring out that there was no way Roy was going to sit down she started moving him back the way he’d come
from, to where he could get treated.

The officers followed the pair, along with the nurse and orderlies, leaving Oliver and Diggle at the waiting area of the ER.

“That guy, her dad, he’s insane!” Roy told his girlfriend, sitting impatiently on a gurney while the nurse he’d run away from was working on getting the scrapes in his hands and his face cleaned and treated. “We heard footsteps, just after I’d come to and she had me pretend that I was still knocked out, so I did. This dude came into the room they were keeping us at and he started talking all this crazy bullshit about changing Felicity and unlocking her true potential. Freeing her from the chains of being an Omega.” He explained, hissing out loud when something the nurse did stung.

“Yeah, Ollie said something about a mad scientist project that let’s crazies do that to people.” Thea offered, glancing towards the uniformed officer that was writing down everything that Roy said. “Do you know where you were?”

“No.” He answered “He was giving her all this bullshit about him leaving when she was little in order to save her, that he loved her and he was doing all of this FOR her. So she played him. She convinced the guy to let me go, she told him she’d go through the change but that they should let me go, she begged him to let me go. He said no at first, I don’t know how she managed but she did. So they drugged me, again, but it wasn’t a big a dose like the last time they got me with it at the house. I could feel the car moving but I had a bag on my head so I couldn’t see anything. They didn’t even stop, they just threw me out of a car at some point. When I woke up for real, I was on the side of a road, just outside city limits.” He said, taking the opportunity to grab Thea by the shoulders in a tight hug when the nurse moved away to get more medicine. “Thea, you gotta get her out of there.” He whispered, just loud enough for her to pick up with her Alpha hearing. “I’ll stay here if you want me to but you gotta go, now, and get her, you can’t leave her with that psycho.”

It was the desperation on his voice that made up Thea’s mind. Holding onto him tightly she buried her face into the crook of his neck and took a deep inhale, a very deep inhale, allowing her Alpha sense of smell to imbue itself with not only Roy’s scent and Felicity’s but also the scent of the places he’d been at. One scent trace in particular peaked her interest. When the nurse came back and they were forced to part so the woman could keep on treating Roy’s scrapes Thea moved back from him.

“I’m going to go talk to Ollie. Stay here and let them take care of things for you.” She told him, giving him a quick peck on the lips before disappearing out of the room, leaving Roy with the police officers so they could take their formal statement.

When she came to the waiting area of the ER she found Diggle waiting, standing by one of the walls, looking both stoic and unmovable. Meanwhile Oliver was pacing a grove into the floor, back and forth, glancing down at his phone as if the device would simply sprout the answer to where Felicity was out of sheer goodness of its mechanical heart.

“You were right. This is all connected to that project thing you told me about in the car.” She offered as she approached, both men coming to stand only a few feet away from her at once.

“Does he know where Felicity is?” Oliver asked immediately.

“No. He said he didn’t but I could smell the ocean on him. Roy never goes to that part of town anymore, not since he turned his life around. That is as far as I got on a location.” She explained. “He said he overheard a conversation between Felicity and her father. Apparently he wants to change her and has been working on doing that since he left her and her mom when she was a little kid.”
“He left them..?”

Digg snorted lightly at that with a shake of his head.

“That makes sense.” He offered

“What makes sense?” Thea asked looking confused.

“The day Oliver pissed her off at the hospital Felicity and I spent some time together and you know that girl babbles like a champ. She said something back then that I didn’t quite understand but it makes sense now.”

“What did she say?” Oliver asked, without pause, looking more and more coiled for action by the second.

“She said ‘I can understand the fear of losing someone. Not that you can lose them when they choose to leave…’ I didn’t know what she was talking about then but now? Think about it. She’s a genius, she must have gotten that from somewhere and that mad scientist who’s been heading this whole project is nothing if not brilliant. He’s a nut job, but he is brilliant.” He said. “So what does a genius dad who wanted his daughter to be something other than an Omega do? He leaves and starts his science fair project to make that happen. There’s nothing a man won’t do for their children. Only now he has the subject he created the project for.”

“Patient Zero.” The words leave Oliver’s lips before he can contain them, the anger in him boiling.

How could he have been so wrong about all of it?

When his cell phone starts vibrating in his pocket it’s an annoyance, more than a welcomed distraction, and he answers it without even glancing at the screen.

“Queen.”

“Oliver…”

The voice on the other side of the phone made his blood run cold.

“Oliver… they’ve found me out.”

“Carrie?”

“You have to help me, Oliver, please. I haven’t gotten to take the information to the press yet but somehow they found out I was going to and now…” her voice was bordering in hysteric’s yet was muffled as if she was talking into the phone while cowering. “You have to call the police. Please, help me! They’re going to try and change me!”

The call cut off then, the only clue to Felicity’s whereabouts banishing.

“We need to get this phone number to Captain Lance, see if he can trace it.” He said at once.

“Who was that?” Thea demanded

“Carrie Cutter. She said she’s been found out and they’re going to change her.” Oliver explained, already moving further into the ER to get one of the uniformed officers.

“And you TRUST her?!” the girl demanded while following.
“No. But if we find her, we find Felicity.”

Meanwhile on a warehouse close to the docks Carrie Cutter settled her phone in her pocket with a smile and turned on her heel to glance at one of the laboratory minions she had in her pocket.

“All right, so here’s how it’s going to go.” She said while approaching the pimple faced young man. “You’re going to make sure to switch the real LP serum with the vial I gave you and you’ll instantly earn a 20 thousand dollar bonus.”

“But…without the serum…”

“Yes, yes, I know. The change will fail for the subject without the serum keeping them alive.” She said rolling her eyes. “It’ll be tragic, truly.” The pout on her red lip was almost believable “It’s what needs to be done though. Don’t you see? Only one of us needs to survive the change, to prove that it can be done and we need to make sure that person is me. Besides, you can’t tell me it doesn’t serve him right for mistreating you for all those long years.” She offered with a shake of her head and a ‘tsk’ sound from her tongue.

“The daughter he loves so much, the cause he made every single one of you slave away for years, gone. Just like that. It’s poetic justice if I’ve ever heard.” She said coming to stand before him rubbing his arms with her hands. “We have to look at the bigger picture here, Derek. Sacrifices must be made. You know that. We’re keeping the serum from her so we can study it further and then, once all the heat has died down regarding the project, we’ll be able to rebuild, replicating the real serum and then we will be able to change as many people as we like, without having Dr. Smoak’s narrowed vision of the future and inadequacies hanging over us.”

“So, what’s really in the vial?” The lab technician finally asked while frowning.

“I don’t pay you to ask questions, silly.” She said, bopping him on the nose tenderly. “You do as you’re told with that vial and then follow the rest of the plan. When the dust settles all the blame will be placed on that meanie main scientist of ours and we will walk free. As long as you and the rest of the team keeps to the script everything will be just fine and everyone will get what they want.”

Chapter End Notes

This fic is for Matty (SuperSillyAndDorky06) and TheAlternativeSource because they
are awesome!

I hope you guys like it.

Also, Here's my Info, you can find me on both Twitter and Tumblr. @Melmo2010 and https://www.tumblr.com/blog/melsanfo
The rescue

Chapter Summary

Felicity is rescued.

Chapter Notes

Real life has been a bit much as of late but here's another chapter anyways. I know, it seems I keep delivering angst over and over again. Sorry about that. As usual, I don't own Arrow and all mistakes are my own.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

It had been two days.

Two days spent in the hospital room, watching the chest of her friend rise and fall steadily. Up and down. Up and down, aided by the machine and the tube taped to her mouth and lodged further down her throat. There were other machines there too, the heart monitor which was now a blessing had been her biggest enemy when they first had brought Felicity in (she'd flat lined once while in the room), and other machines that she didn't know the name of but were necessary, for now.

She was sitting by the side of the bed, the chair below her surprisingly comfortable. The room was very much like the one Felicity had been using after the car exploded in front of her house. Same private wing. Same big bed. Same posh surroundings. But the blonde couldn't see any of that. No. She’d been asleep (Katie refused to think of it as a coma) for two days now without signs of waking up any time soon. And Katie hated this room. Hell, she hadn’t been fond of hospitals before; after her own treatments for Cancer she hated the damn things, but there was nowhere else that she'd be at. Not by a long shot. And even though she was thankful to Thea Queen, who had graciously granted them the use of the room she wasn’t thrilled to be in the Queen wing of the hospital.

What a nightmare.

The abduction of her friends was bad enough but then the layers started to peel back, thanks to the police, revealing a much sinister scenario. One that she hadn’t been prepared for. As Felicity’s emergency contact and Power of Attorney Katie had a front row seat to all the information regarding what was going on and it chilled her to the bone with dread.

They’d had the documents drawn when Katie was sick, just in case she didn’t make it through the treatment, so that the blonde could take care of things for her since she had no living relatives and Felicity had insisted on getting one as well, granting Katie the power in case the roles were ever reversed and her mom, who lived out of state, could not reach her in time. Now those damned documents came in handy but she would’ve traded it all in a heartbeat to have her friend well and whole.

It hadn’t just been the police who had contacted her. No. The feds had arrived soon after, together with the Queen Security team and the SCPD they’d had gotten to work, filling Katie in on exactly
what was going on.

Human genetics experimentation. Several cases of abductions across state lines. Deaths. So many laws broken, so many people involved, so many victims, so many things all at once. It had left her mind boggled and incredibly angry.

Apparently the feds had hit a stump in their investigation for a while, before the ‘project’ had been resurrected a few months back and had only arrived in Starling because of an anonymous tip from an inside source regarding their investigation, which now included them rubbing shoulders with the SCPD and the Queens.

They hadn’t let Katie go with them when the ‘retrieval’ mission took place and even though it bugged her Mark pointed out that it was for the best. Damn his logical mind. Felicity would need her to be safe. But they did keep her informed of everything, plus a major silver lining to her was the fact that the Queens were not allowed to go either. Although she wouldn’t have minded if the younger Queen, Thea, had gone, she didn’t want Oliver anywhere near the role of rescuer. Hell No. He could stay as far away from that title as humanely possible, thank you very fucking much.

The authorities had raided the warehouse at the docs close to 3 PM and the evidence had been damning to say the least. Apparently they’d arrived just in time too. The experiment was underway when the raid interrupted everything. Both subjects, both females, had been retrieved but only one had made it out of the tubes they’d been encased in on her own two feet. Carrie Cutter, who had been slapped with cuffs immediately after; the monetary backer to the whole operation had been alive and well, but that wasn’t all. Apparently the experiment had worked on her and had turned her from a known Beta into a brand new Omega.

Felicity on the other hand had required immediate medical assistance once she was removed from her prison tube. In fact, the only thing intact about her was her Omega biology but the rest was a medical mess and nightmare. She’d even flat lined several times during transport to the hospital and when she’d arrived she’d been rushed to get the medical attention she needed without anyone actually getting to see her.

Katie had been in the waiting room, with Mark sitting by her side, for hours while the doctors attempted to stabilize her friend, not knowing if she’d even make it to sundown. The authorities had come and gone, leaving some men posted nearby for Felicity’s protection but it was when the Queen’s arrived, barely a few minutes after Felicity had been brought into the hospital that all hell had broken loose.

Oliver Queen, along with his sister and two bodyguards had arrived, heading straight for the nurses station in order to demand information on Felicity.

Katie had been standing on one of the corners of the waiting room, along with Mark, when they’d arrived. She had to give it to him, the man looked crazed and guilty as hell which worked for Katie just fine. He deserved to be feeling as he obviously was, but what got to her were his demands.

“Get out.” She growled as soon as she was close enough to him.

The man in question whirled around, the nurse behind the counter forgotten, as he came face to face with Katie who stood her ground, taking in the crackling of electric blue in his eyes as if it was any other day of the week.

“I want to see her.” He ground out, with his hands fistig at his sides while the two bodyguards and his sister stood just a few feet behind him.
“No.” she replied immediately with a shake of her head, arms crossed above her chest. “You don’t get to come in here and demand anything.”

“I.Want.To.See.Her.” he growled, advancing a few inches before a hand was planted on his chest to stop him where he was, Mark coming to stand between him and Katie, his own Alpha eyes crackling with dark intensity.

“And I said no.” Katie repeated, with the same steel to her voice.


“Ollie.” Thea said coming to stand by him, grabbing onto one of his arms while Mr. Diggle, Katie remembered him from Felicity’s first stay at the hospital, came to stand by his other arm ready to intercede if needed be. “Calm down.” The younger woman hissed.

“Calm down?” Oliver asked with a scoff turning his attention to his sister for a single moment before turning once more towards Katie. “You can’t keep her from me. She’s my…”

“Nothing!” Katie interrupted with blazing eyes. “She is nothing of yours and you’d do well to keep that in mind, Queen.” She growled. “Your pompous ass Rejected her, remember? That’s why we all ended up here in the first place.” She accused with a snort. “She’s not your wife. She’s not your girlfriend. She’s not your partner or even your friend and she sure as hell isn’t your Mate. Not anymore.” She stated, coldly, though there were tears swimming in her eyes. “You left her, when she needed your protection, when she needed YOU the most, you left. She was vulnerable, for fucks sake! And you? You damn well knew that but you still left.” She reached down and placed her hand on Mark’s empty one, lacing their fingers together, giving him a small tug as she stepped back. “Everything that happened to her from the moment you left her townhome last night is your fault, so no. You don’t get to see her. You don’t get to ask about her. You don’t even get to go NEAR her and if I have to go get a restraining order to keep you out of here while they try to save her then I will do that in a heartbeat. Am I understood?”

If she hadn’t been so angry, rightfully so as it was, the look of pain and disbelief on his face would’ve given her pause. But it didn’t. In her mind he deserved the barrage of words he’d just gotten from her and she was not sorry that she’d said them at all.

Mark took a step back along with her, removing his hand from Oliver’s chest and regaining his calm and collected demeanor, his dark eyes never leaving the other Alpha.

“You can’t…”

“I am her emergency contact and her power of attorney along with a few other legal documents that say I can make all decisions regarding her health and safety in situations like this. And considering since she met you she’s been to the hospital more times than in all the years I’ve known her, or gotten hurt in other ways, I’d say you’re nothing but a danger to her.” Katie stated “So. Get. Out.”

The silence that descended over the group was stifling but didn’t last long. With a shaky intake of breath and pain filled eyes Oliver Queen turned over his heel and left the hospital, shoulders slumped and his head low in his misery.

“I’ll go with him.” Maseo stated, Katie recognized him from his time with Felicity and after he nodded once towards her he was gone, following his boss out the doors.

“Well, don’t take this the wrong way but you have some serious balls.” Thea Queen stated with a tilt of her head, glancing approvingly at Katie.
“I take that as a compliment, actually.” The red head admitted, using her free hand to wipe her eyes before the tears actually spilled from them.

“I know my brother isn’t your favorite person in the whole wide world right now. And with good reason.” The young woman began “but if you’d let me I’d like to help.”

It was during that conversation that Thea offered Katie the room on the private Queen wing of the hospital, for when Felicity was finally stabilized and sent to a real room. She also promised that she’d keep her brother at bay so that Felicity could heal without his presence. At first Katie was reluctant to accept but then Thea mentioned how the medical staff on the whole wing would have Felicity as their only priority and how it was the least that she could do, considering that the blonde was the only reason Roy was alive and well.

Katie had accepted with just a nod of her head and had moved towards an empty chair of the emergency room waiting area, along with Mark, to wait for news.

The Queen woman and Mr. Diggle had left to settle things on the private wing and Katie hadn’t seen them again that day, though Thea did drop by accompanied by Roy when Felicity was moved to the private room.

It was so unbelievably weird to see her friend on that bed. She was wearing the customary hospital gown in light blue, and the lack of the usual colors from her wardrobe made it seem all the more real to Katie just how bad the prognosis was. She’d made sure to brush Felicity’s hair and get all the tangles that had been there out as carefully as she could, her friend’s skin had been so pale, cold to the touch and lifeless that Katie did the whole task with tears streaming down her face.

She refused to believe that this was how it all ended. It couldn’t be. The doctors spoke of the unknown dangers from the ‘experiment’ and how it might’ve affected Felicity. They didn’t know all the details but they did know that they had both been submerged in a mixture of different fluids and chemicals, they’d also spoken of blood loss and possible brain damage from lack of oxygen.

Katie had cried, silently, through the whole medical explanation, clutching Mark’s hand in hers as her lifeline.

It shouldn’t have been her friend in that bed, fighting the chemicals that were now coursing through her body. It shouldn’t have been her there. She’d always been a force to be reckoned, bright and lively, with her babbles and her quick wit, with her almost neon lip color choices and her colorful nails. But no, the woman on the bed looked fragile and bland. Nothing like the Felicity that she knew, nothing like the friend that told her she would stand by her side and watch as she kicked cancer’s ass, nothing like the woman who had hugged her the night before and whispered that she was in love with her Mate.

Fucking Oliver Queen had to go and ruin everything!

When Roy came to visit, with Thea in tow, during the first day of Felicity being in the private room, it was heartbreaking to see. He sat by the bed, holding one of Felicity’s hands and just stared at her, his blue eyes stained with pain and his chiseled jaw clenched in fury. With Thea standing close by watching with avid eyes. It was only because they were there that Mark convinced her to take care of herself. Shower, eat and even take a short nap. She did it all and when she came to both Roy and Thea were still there, with the girl now sitting by her Mate, one arm around him, stroking his back gently.

During the night of day one on the private room Katie placed a call that she dreaded doing.
Donna Smoak was devastated when she heard the news. Katie was nowhere near the genius with computers as Felicity was but she did know how to work the internet to her advantage and managed to get Donna an airplane ticket for the next day.

During day two Donna Smoak arrived as the sun was setting.

Just like her daughter the woman had a penchant for color, she wore a tight bright yellow dress with metal studs on the straps and sky high stiletto shoes in leopard print. She came in pulling a bright turquoise carry on suitcase with wheels and the moment that she walked into the room she dissolved into tears. Mark was immediately there to move the luggage out of the way so the woman could approach the bed and fall, almost helplessly into the chair that Katie had occupied before she stood to greet her, a greeting that never came to happen.

The red head stood by the older blonde, with one of her hands on her shoulder, as the woman cried, clutching onto her remote daughter’s hand.

It was up to Katie to explain everything that had happened to Donna, another dreaded moment in the days from hell that she’d been going through. And she told her everything. From Felicity finding her Mate, to the first attack, to the Rejection on his part and the reason why Felicity was in bed now fighting for her life. Midway through her explanation Katie had to wonder… How the hell could it be that she’d been so incredibly happy just two days before and now everywhere she looked there were tears and despair?

Donna, surprisingly, had taken all of the information in like a sponge and where she’d been sad before she was mad as hell afterwards. She’d wanted to go to the police station and demand that they let her see Felicity’s father, wherever the hell he was. She’d also wanted to kick Oliver Queen in the nuts, which Katie understood completely. But she didn’t do any of that. She got even more comfortable on the chair by the hospital bed and announced with nothing but strength in her voice that.

“Once my daughter wakes up then I’ll deal with everything else.”

During day number four, Mark had convinced the women to leave the room for the first time since Felicity had been brought in. He’d pretty much forced them to leave, using his therapist ways, so they could get some fresh air. Since he’d left them no real choice they’d decided to go grab a quick bite to eat on a deli that was five minutes away from the hospital, just to get Mark off their case, while the man himself stayed and kept vigil over the blonde they all loved so much.

The beeping of the machines that greeted them an hour later as soon as they stepped out of the elevators on the exclusive floor was a harbinger. Nurses were rushing out of their station, headed full speed for Felicity’s room, trailing Felicity’s doctor who Katie spied getting into the room before both her and Donna started running in that direction as well.

This couldn’t be happening!

The beeping got worse the closer they got to the open door of the room and Katie decided that she really DID hate those fucking heart monitor machines. She wondered if Thea Queen would be gracious enough to let her smash one to pieces at some point to let out her frustrations.

They were stopped at the door by one of the nurses. Mark was still inside the room but instead of looking distraught, like Katie and Donna, there was an unreadable expression on his face. The medical staff was buzzing all around the bed but when one of the nurses moved out of the way for a second Katie saw Felicity and she gasped.
Her eyes were open.

Felicity’s eyes were open.

“Oh my god.”

Before she knew it she had been engulfed into a hug by Donna who was shrieking, happily, that her baby’s eyes were open and very much like she had done with the younger blonde only a few days before they were bouncing at the entrance of the hospital room.

Yes, there were still hurdles to consider but this, the fact that Felicity was awake now? This was a victory that could not be passed over.

The minutes seemed to drag on while the doctor and nurses did their thing but the red head and the older blonde had more hope now than they’d had in days. So when the doctor came out of the room to give them the preliminary findings about Felicity’s current situation they were both thirsting for answers.

The words brain damage made Katie’s heart clench. Nausea. Dizziness. Disorientation. Lapses in memory. Maybe more, depending on the severity of the case. They wouldn’t know exactly how bad the damage could be until they ran more studies. He was going to get them going immediately.

There was a stretcher brought from somewhere by two burly orderlies and Felicity was loaded into it, to be taken in for the tests required. As they were rolling her out of the room however she managed to reach out and grasp Katie’s hand, causing the red head to zero in on her friend with a smile and a soft squeeze to her fingers. The look of confusion in Felicity’s eyes was evident. She didn’t speak so much as mouth a single word and it was enough to make Katie’s heart break.

One word. No. Not a word. A name. An unspoken question.

“We’ll talk when you get back, ok?” the red head assured her friend, trying to keep her voice from wavering.

“I’m going with you, baby girl.” Donna said at once, leaving no room for discussion and soon the stretcher, the two blondes and the orderlies were headed down the hall, followed by the procession of nurses that had remained in the room after the ordeal.

Exhausted to the bone Katie moved towards her Mate and threw her arms around him, finding solace in his embrace. Without having to say a word, without having to ask, Mark held her tight with one arm about her waist and one hand resting on the back of her head, nestling her against his chest. Seemingly cocooning her from all outside influences until all there was left was his warm strength.

Felicity was wheeled back into the room a while later and placed back in the bed by the orderlies that had taken her away in the first place. The two men were very gentle while arranging her in the bed and getting her as comfortable as possible, which Katie was so very thankful for she couldn’t have put it into words. Donna had arrived alongside her daughter and had taken one of the chairs by the bed as soon as the orderlies had left.

A nurse came in to make sure that everything Felicity needed, from an IV to other cords and tubes for machines were in place before leaving quietly. Katie disentangled herself from her Mate and went to sit on the edge of the bed, holding onto Felicity’s free hand, since Donna had pretty much taken ownership of the one on the other side of the young blonde.

When the red head smiled down at her Felicity tried her best to smile back but the motion was filled with sadness, a barely there up tick of her pale and slightly chapped lips, tears slowly making an
appearance in her unshielded blue eyes and Katie knew. In that very moment she realized that the conversation she’d been preparing herself to have with her friend, where she reminded her of the horrible emotional ordeal that had pretty much kick started this whole thing would not be necessary. And Felicity proved her right.

‘I know.’ Her lips formed the words without sound but the impact to Katie’s heart was immediate; Like a brick house had been dropped on top of her chest. ‘I remembered. No Oliver. Not mine anymore.’

And not for the first time since the ‘After Heat’ party debacle Katie found herself thinking just one thing…

Fucking Oliver Queen.

Chapter End Notes

So I noticed that aside from comments there really isn't a way for the people that read this story to contact me if they so choose so I'm fixing that.

Here's my Info, you can find me on both Twitter and Tumblr.
@Melmo2010 and https://www.tumblr.com/blog/melsanfo
The intruder and the double agent

Chapter Summary

Something is off in the Queen hospital wing...

Chapter Notes

Here's a bonus chapter. I had no intentions of posting out of schedule but since I finished it early I thought why the heck not.

As per usual I don't own Arrow and all mistakes are my own.

He'd first noticed the scent lingering in the air when he had walked away from the room in order to make a phone call. It was easily identifiable to him and he knew that if his Mate had been an Alpha, with their keen sense of smell, the owner of said scent would've been skinned alive before he could do anything to stop it. Still, the Alpha side of him knew better than to say anything about his discovery.

If it had been him in the same position he would've remained close by too.

In all honesty he was surprised that with the commotion from earlier the unseen intruder hadn't made himself visible to the females in the room in his desperation to see what was going on exactly. He had to give him props for his sense of self-preservation, because for him to make it into that room would've spelled his justifiable murder.

A few minutes after Felicity had once more been settled into the room, with both women fussing quietly over her, Mark had slipped out to give them some privacy and had wandered through the many halls of the Queen hospital wing, following the known scent, till he'd found a tucked away waiting area.

There was only one person in there. The one person that was not supposed to be there at all.

Moving towards the vending machines in the corner Mark pulled out a few dollars from his wallet and made a few quick purchases before walking over to the row of chairs and sitting down next to the hunched figure in a rumpled blue business suit. The man had his elbows resting on his knees and his hands covering his face, as if looking at anything right now would be entirely too much for him.

Taking his time Mark undid the wrapper of the cold cut sandwich he'd purchased from the machine and then purposely bumped Oliver on the shoulder with his own, offering him the plastic triangle container when he finally emerged from behind the shield of his hands.

“Eat.” He said “You look like you could use it.”

It took a while for there to be a reaction but then Oliver reached over and took half of the sandwich with one of his hands, trembling hands Mark noticed. Satisfied with this Mark moved the food away
and then turning at the waist produced one of the two soda cans he’d bought, offering one of them to the man who took it with stony silence.

The food itself was, in one word, horrible. The bread was soggy, the meat chewy and he was sure that the lettuce and cheese combo in the sandwich could’ve been used for either wall paper or hardwood floors somehow but he ate it anyways, taking slow deliberate bites and chasing them with cold drinks of the soda, which turned out to be the highlight of their dining experience.

Once he was done he stood, throwing away the waste from their meal before once more taking a seat by the man. If Mark had to guess he’d say that Oliver had made this room his home. Coming and going, unseen, every single day since Felicity had been admitted into the hospital. He wouldn’t have been surprised if the man was stuck in a cycle that included being there all night, going home to change and bathe in the mornings, heading to work for a bit before he found himself unable to focus with the tasks at hand, then heading back to the hospital in order to rinse and repeat when the next day came.

Mark knew this because if it had been Katie in that hospital bed and he wasn’t allowed near it? That would’ve been exactly what he would’ve done. And who better to know the lay of the land than the owner of the wing?

Oliver ate his food even slower than Mark, finishing up the soda last and setting the empty can aside before resuming his former position, elbows once more on his knees, but instead of covering his face with his hands he let them dangle from his wrists in front of him in a dejected manner while facing forward.

“Aren’t you going to kick me out?” He asked after minutes had gone by.

“No.” Mark replied with a shake of his head, leaning back on his chair, crossing his arms above his chest. “It IS your hospital wing, after all.”

“I don’t think your Mate cares about that.” He replied.

“Oh, she cares. She hates it, actually.” Mark admitted “If she could’ve managed to get Felicity the best care without having to rely on your sister’s generosity she would’ve done so in a heartbeat.”

Anyone else would’ve missed it but he didn’t. He saw the slight twitch on Oliver’s shoulders when he said the blonde’s name before he relaxed them again into an even deeper slump.

“How is she?” He asked in a barely there whisper, his voice cracking at the last word. “I heard the machines going off earlier…”

“I gathered as much.” Mark agreed. “She’s awake now. The doctors had to run several more tests to determine the severity of her injuries and possible side effects to what was done to her.” He answered.

Silence reigned for a few more minutes before the man stood, or more accurately shot out of the chair he’d been using, and started pacing in front of the row of chairs while Mark watched. His gait was long and his steps fast, his hands clenching and releasing by his sides while he moved, as if he was trying his best to dispel all of the pent up nervous energy that he held within. Then, finally, he whirled around and looked down at Mark with crackling electric blue eyes.

“Well? What are you waiting for? Go ahead.” He growled.

The dark haired Alpha merely quirked an eyebrow in question, remaining silent.
“Aren’t you going to blame me?” He seethed.

“And why would I do that?” Mark asked with a tilt of his head “It’s obvious you’re doing enough of that on your own. I’d say you’re doing a fantastic job at it, too.”

Oliver scoffed at that shaking his head, beginning to pace again.

“Are you hinting that I have a choice?” He asked sarcastically. “Because in case you didn’t notice she… she’s in there because of me. So yeah, I should damn well do a marvelous job on the blame game for this.”

“You do have a choice.” Mark said simply, getting a sarcastic chuckle in reply to his statement. “You can choose to put the blame where it is warranted. She is not in that bed because of you, Oliver. She’s in there because of her father.”

“No. No. If I hadn’t taken the security detail…”

“She would’ve been taken anyways.” Mark stated firmly “And the security detail would’ve been either hurt or killed in the process of protecting her.” He added before getting out of the chair and coming to stand before the other man. “From what the authorities have said this could not have been avoided. He was going to take her either way, with or without bodyguards in the background. Why do you think they took Roy? He was a bump on the road towards the finish line. Nothing more. Nothing less. Felicity was that goal and they would’ve gotten her, whatever means necessary.”

“No.” Oliver said quietly shaking his head, confusion visible on his blue eyes.

“All right.” Mark said with a nod “Let’s do this then. I’ll ask a series of questions. Answer yes or no.” Before the other Alpha could protest Mark began. “Did you, in any way, plan the abduction?”

“What?!”

“Did you plan Felicity’s and Roy’s abduction?” Mark repeated, linking his dark gaze with the other man’s as if his will power alone would be the enough to make him answer.

“No but…”

“No. You did not.” Mark interrupted. “Were you one of the men that did the abducting?”

“No.” Oliver growled, clenching his hands into fists.

“Were you one of the men who took them to that warehouse? Did you put her in that tube? Did you, Oliver Queen, pour those chemicals in? Did you make it so the change could happen?”

“No! Of course not!” Oliver finally answered, attempting his best not to roar his answer and almost failing. “Of course I didn’t. I never wanted Roy to get taken or for her to be hurt or changed! She’s…”

“Vulnerable.” Mark offered. “She is vulnerable once more. Your Rejection left her as such, yes, and I cannot phantom why you made that decision, nor will I ask you about it. But once you manage to surface from the blinding spiral of your mostly misplaced guilt and anger you’ll come to realize that your stance on the whole matter has not changed and neither has hers. She is vulnerable, Oliver. The real question here should be; What are you going to do to fix that?” he asked

“And do not make the mistake of looking at it as your right as her Alpha because I am sorry to say you have lost that right. But see this for what it truly is, from the only angle you’ve left yourself as a
viable option. You can no longer take on this as Oliver Queen, Felicity’s Alpha but as Oliver Queen the survivor of this whole mess. That is the only way you’ll be able to manage the guilt you hold about everything; you were a victim and went through hell because of this project, your family faced serious emotional loses, others did as well. And the victims have kept mounting up in numbers throughout the years, including Roy and Felicity. So what are you, the man that survived it all, going to do to fix it? To make sure that no one who was ever affected by this feels vulnerable again?” he asked, dark eyes crackling with Alpha intensity.

“You need to look at it from their perspective. This? All of it? It’s nothing but a chess board, every movement planned, every play thought of in advance. And it is much bigger than you and Felicity. It always has been. And that anger you have? That guilt churning inside you? If aimed, and used, towards the people that actually deserve it could very well be the reason the people who did this reaped what they sowed and the people victimized by them actually get the closure that they deserve. Not just Felicity and Roy but you as well.”

Moving towards the door of the waiting room Mark paused at the threshold.

“Just so we’re clear, Oliver, I am a truly a non-violent person, but with that said I hope you make hell rain on everyone responsible for all this. You have the resources, use them well.” He admitted with his back to the other man before looking at him over his shoulder. “Oh and two more things. First, I still expect to see you in my office for our next scheduled session. No excuses; and second, I think it’ll be safer, for the both of us, if we don’t speak of this meeting until Katie’s had some time to process at her own pace and calm down enough for her to actually listen to me without the desire of gutting us both for our treachery.” He offered with a crooked grin.

With that said he was gone from the waiting area.

When he made it back to the room it was to find that Roy and Thea had arrived for their daily visit, bringing with them two huge flower arrangements with an abundance of colorful flowers, one of them with a giant balloon floating above it with the words ‘Get better soon’ in neon pink. The color did wonders for the otherwise sterile room.

Roy was sitting by Felicity’s bed, pretty much huddling the blonde along with Donna and Katie while Thea stood closer to the door, watching everything. Coming to a stop next to her he greeted her with a nod of his head.

“Miss Queen.” He said simply.

“Hey Doc.” She offered before turning on her heel in order to be looking at him fully, her green gaze studying him closely before a small grin tugged on her lips. “Well, well, well. Someone’s been naughty.” She whispered, low enough so that his Alpha hearing could pick it up but everyone else in the room was none the wiser.

Mark couldn’t help but smile, slowly at that. You really couldn’t get one by Thea Queen. That one shoulder bump in the waiting room must have transferred some of her brother’s innate scent onto his own clothes and of course Thea Queen, the Alpha, would pick up on it. He really shouldn’t have been surprised.

“I have no idea what you mean.” He replied in the same quiet tone while keeping a perfect poker face.

“Uh huh. So there’s no ulterior motive behind you not being here for about half an hour?” The brunette countered turning once more so she could keep an eye on the group by the bed. “Who would’ve though, good ol’ Doctor Lexington was playing double agent all along. I gotta say, that
“Like I said, I have no idea what you’re talking about, I simply took a stroll through the halls to give my legs a good stretch.” He offered with a side glance in her direction. “Nothing more.”

“So...hypothetically speaking, if I were to ask you how you think my brother is doing what would be your ‘professional guess?”

“My ‘professional guess’ would be devastated for one.” He admitted “Confused. Angry. Suffering from a great sense of guilt over things he really couldn’t control and also things that he could’ve handled better.”

There was a stretch of silence between them after that before she spoke again.

“Ollie has always been good at blaming himself for everything and a lot of us haven’t made it easy on him in this particular situation.” She admitted.

He nodded at that.

“Sometimes tough love can have the reverse effect of what’s desired. Coddling doesn’t work either and finding the balance can be difficult.” He said, turning his head to look at her. “I am hoping that he will move past this void he more than likely finds himself in right now and when he does, I have a feeling he’s going to need your support.”

“What exactly did you do?” she asked with a frown.

“I didn’t do anything.” Mark replied with a shake of his head “But still, hypothetically speaking, had there been an opportunity for me to encounter Oliver I would’ve made sure that he realized that his time for licking his wounds is mostly, or should be, at an end. That he, with his many resources, could very well be the one to bring those responsible for the atrocities done in the name of science to justice. I would’ve reminded him that he was not only a victim but a survivor in the grand scheme of things and that could give him an advantage in the upcoming fight, not just for himself but for those he cares about. Even if he’s done a good job at messing that part of his life up.”

“Hypothetically speaking...” The young woman said

“Of course.” He agreed readily.

“My god, you’re like an evil mastermind of doom. You know that?” she asked and he smiled.

Felicity Smoak fell asleep once more an hour into the visit and the group disbanded soon after that. Thea and Roy leaving with the promise to come back the next day with more people who were eager to see the recovering blonde. Felicity had smiled at the thought of visitors and even though Katie wanted more than anything for her to be getting her rest there really was nothing she could do against her friend’s obvious delight about the idea of seeing more of the people she’d been getting close to as of late.

Still, Oliver Queen was a persona non grata and though Mark understood it his Alpha side struggled with the idea. He couldn’t help but put himself in Oliver’s shoes. Being so close and yet barred from approaching when deep within the desire to be there for his former Mate was attempting to overrule everything else? He couldn’t help but hate the whole situation.

When the sun broke through the horizon the next morning, Oliver Queen took a risk. Just as every other day, since she’d arrived at the private room, the door was wide open. Mark was the only one awake, stretched out with Katie curled by his side on the comfortable sofa the room had at their
disposal while Donna slept soundly tucked into almost fetal position in one of the chairs close to her daughter’s bed.

The approaching steps had meant nothing to Mark, considering there was always someone walking and moving through the halls in order to perform their duties but when he caught movement out of the corner of his eye at the entrance of the room he became fully alert, without jostling the sleeping red head at his side, turning his head towards the door.

Oliver Queen stood in the doorway, his eyes trained on the figure laying on the bed, his face stoic yet the anger and the crackling blue in his eyes a sure sign of the turmoil within. For a second Mark imagined that this was how he'd looked that first day they’d ‘met’, the day of their altercation, when he’d thrown him from Felicity’s bedside during his episode. Only now, instead of a pair of sweats he was dressed on the same rumpled suit from the night before.

“So you’ll fight them then?” Mark asked, using the same volume he’d employed when talking to Thea the night before, low enough so that the occupants in the room were oblivious to the exchange while the Alpha’s were able to hear just fine.

“No.” Oliver answered with a slow shake of his head before turning his attention towards Mark, the electric blue in his eyes igniting to full force. “I’m not going to fight them. For her, for everyone else and for myself, I’m going to obliterate them.” he said, glancing once more towards the bed.

And with those parting words, after taking in the sight of his former Omega for a few seconds, he walked away from the room before any of the females could know there'd been an intruder in their midst.
When Oliver Queen made it to QC that Thursday morning the last thing he expected was to be interrupted by his EA as soon as he set foot on the executive floor. He was, truly, a man on a mission. He’d had a lot of time to think, still sequestered on that waiting room after Mark, his therapist, had let him after doing the unthinkable. Or at least what he thought was unthinkable but the other man had done it so very easily that there was no choice but to be in awe of him. He had, somehow, gathered all of Oliver’s frustrations and mixed feelings, forged them into a metaphorical weapon and then handed it to him in a silver platter, pretty much going ‘have fun and bring them hell’.

And that was exactly what Oliver planned to do.

The term ‘scorch the earth’ seemed almost too benevolent regarding what Oliver wanted to do.

But just as he’d set foot on the floor where his office was, before he could get a few feet from his EA’s desk to instruct her to call on the law firm that they had on stand by for all purposes she was already in front of him, with a determined look on her face.

“You are never going to believe this.” She said handing him a piece of paper. “You got a call from Mr. Felix Smoak’s attorney.” She began to say. “He’s requesting you visit him at Iron heights before he is transferred to the federal prison to await trial. Apparently that nut job wants to talk to you and his attorney says it’s of outmost importance.”

It took most of Oliver’s will power not to crumple the note that relayed pretty much the same message she’d just given him, still he managed just to tuck it away on the inside pocket of his suit jacket while taking out his own files and handing them over to his EA.

Not for the first time he thought that not only had he done a great job at hiring Stephanie but having Diggle include her in the small group of people that knew exactly what was going on had been one of the best ideas he’d ever had. They’d need people like Stephanie, with her drive, to make things right.
“Stephanie, I want you to contact the lawyers and anyone else that needs to be brought in for this.” He said “I need every person on this list to be contacted by our law firm as well. We are going to need all the victims from this situation if we’re going to stand a chance to show just how much damage the project really did and I want to make sure that they have the best legal counsel available to them, we are going to make sure of that.”

“You’ve got it. I’ll get the lawyers on the phone and start working on this. As soon as you give me the go ahead I’ll have the lawyers in the conference room.”

“Get them in for a meeting after 1PM today, I should be done with my meeting with Mr. Smoak by then.”

Turning over his heel he met Diggle at the elevator, the man had almost taken a step out when he saw his boss approaching and decided to wait. Once they were closed off from the world Oliver handed over the note with the message from Mr. Smoak’s lawyer and Diggle let out a low whistle before handing it back.

“Are you really going to manage a chat with the man without pummeling him to the ground?” he asked as they were making their way through QC’s lobby.

“I’ll manage.” Was Oliver’s reply though deep down he wasn’t sure if that was truly the case.

Oliver had never been to Iron Heights. He didn’t recall ever been NEAR Iron heights. Sure, in his younger years he’d gotten in trouble with the police more than once. Ollie Queen had a way to piss the boys in blue off with his entitled drug or alcohol induced shenanigans but he had never committed a serious crime. So his visit to Iron Height’s was both a sobering experience and a trip down memory lane, after all his own private hell had been very much a prison to him.

Both Diggle and he were escorted into an interview room, usually reserved for meetings between client’s and their lawyers. The room, which was already on the small side seemed to become even smaller at their arrival and the man that was already sitting there, on the other side of the metal table, stood immediately at attention. He was a man in his 40’s, by Oliver’s guess, dressed in a sharp dark tweed suit buttoned at the front, with a maroon vest and a blue tie peeking from the open space the suit left at this upper torso and neck. The Beta lawyer wore glasses and his hair was cropped short but the salt and pepper effect on it was perfectly visible still.

“Thank you for coming, Mr. Queen.” The man said politely extending his hand.

“Mr. Miller.” Oliver greeted coolly but shook the man’s hand any way. “This is Mr. Diggle, my head of security.” He added motioning to Diggle once the hand shake was done with, giving Digg the opportunity to shake the lawyer’s hand as well, which he did.

“They should be bringing my client in shortly. Just so you know, I’m not here to give him legal counsel, Dr. Smoak has requested my presence as a public notary in regards to some documents and that is all.” The lawyer said, motioning for them to seat on the chairs provided on the other side of the table, leaving one chair open right by his side for the client they were all waiting on.

Dr. Felix Smoak arrived escorted by two guards. His prison garb was beige and his shoes black, his wrists were cuffed but even in his current situation the man both exuded and commanded power around himself. He didn’t say a word as he was led to the empty chair on the other side of the table, nor when the guards used the metal bar in the middle of the table to secure his handcuffs so his hands were visible at all times. When the guards left the room to take their post just outside the closed door the man in question turned his head towards his lawyer and nodded once in acknowledgement before turning his attention to the other two Alpha’s across from him. He studied Diggle as if in passing and
then his blue eyes landed squarely on Oliver.

“You’re probably wondering why I’ve asked you to come. We will get to that soon enough.” He began. “First, how’s my daughter?” He asked.

“You don’t deserve to call her that.” Oliver ground out, clenching his jaw afterwards as he straightened his back.

Facing the man that had brought so much pain and destruction to his life was something that he never thought he’d get to do yet here he was. With his short white hair, his strong jaw and his ice like blue eyes, the eyes that Oliver remembered seeing once or twice from his cage. Those eyes that in his confusion and anger he’d dare to compare with the warm cerulean of Felicity’s…

Now he knew, they were nothing alike.

“Perhaps.” The soft spoken man said with a slight uptick of his lips “But I will call her whatever I want. Make no mistake, Mister Queen, these are unusual circumstances to say the least and the only reason you are here is because of her.”

“I don’t understand.”

“I have kept a watchful eye on my daughter ever since I left her and her mother. I’ve seen her bloom into an amazing woman who was independent and a genius, on her chosen field of work and out. It made me extremely proud that she was resistant to the ‘norm’. Her unwillingness to accept her circumstance as an Omega, her usage of products to mask herself as a Beta as soon as she could get her hands on them. It was truly a remarkable effort on her part and I couldn’t have been prouder. Or so I thought, until I witnessed her true mettle. Her will power was beyond anything I could have ever imagined. She was thrust into a situation that left her knowing who her Alpha was and yet she managed to remain at bay? That alone spoke volumes of the type of woman that she truly grew up to be.”

“Though your time with Felicity, as I understand, was limited I do believe you managed to at least experience some of her genius. You should know she gets that from me. With that said I called you here because you are my best choice at keeping her safe, now that I am unable to do so myself.”

“Keep her safe?” Oliver growled “You had her and her friend abducted, the friend your men threw off of a moving car while you were sticking her in a tube filled with only God knows what and pumped her full of chemicals! How is that keeping her safe!”

“You are a fool and you are not yet a father! You cannot possibly understand the lengths I would go to in order to free her from the trappings of being an Omega.” The doctor growled back, leaning forward on his chair a bit before composing his features into a calmed demeanor once more and resuming the relaxed position he’d had on his chair just moments before. “I have had plenty of time to go over the calculations and procedures of the experiment during my time here. Even with the procedure having been interrupted by the arrival of the authorities Felicity should have still been able to transition from Omega to Beta safely. For her to keep her Omega condition? To need medical attention when she was pulled from the pod? That was never meant to happen.”

“So what? You made a mistake.” Oliver stated coldly.

“No, Mister Queen. I have been working on this project for years. Even more so when it became obvious that there would only be one single opportunity to change my daughter and give her the best chance at the life I believed she should have. No. Believe me when I say that I made no mistakes.”
“You think someone tampered with the experiment.” Diggle offered with a quirked brow.

“Yes.” Felix Smoak admitted, glancing towards the man with renewed interest. “And I have a theory on what element exactly was used, or not used, to make the experiment fail on purpose but in order to prove that or dismiss it I need to know. How is Felicity?”

“She’s alive, if that’s what you’re wondering.” Oliver replied, making the man focus on him once more. “She flat lined several times on the way to the hospital and a few more once she was there before they managed to stabilize her. Then she spent a few days in a coma but is awake now. The doctors are trying to figure out the effects all of the chemicals will have on her in the long run.”

“Miller.” The doctor’s single word made the lawyer startle on his chair before leaning down and bringing a briefcase up to the table. Opening it he rummaged through some of the papers before taking out a legal sized yellow envelop and passing it over to Diggle. “Inside that envelop you will find a list of all the chemicals used during the experiment.” Felix explained “You’ll also find a list of some of the most common counter acting agents to each and every one of them.”

Diggle pulled the pages from within and looked over them, the lists were complex and there were some formulas there that he couldn’t quite understand but still, having something, a glimmer of hope regarding a treatment for Felicity, was better than nothing. Putting the papers back he stood, exchanging a look with Oliver for confirmation before leaving the room.

“When Felicity was pulled out of the pod.” Felix began to say “and I realized something had gone extremely wrong…You could never understand the feeling, Mister Queen.”

It was as close Oliver had heard the man sound remorseful, even his eyes took on a much softer sort of coldness before the ice returned full force, aided by a crackling white of Alpha power.

“And then I saw Miss Cutter emerge.” He practically spat the words “She had her full capabilities while my daughter, my Felicity, lay there on the floor with the medics fighting to save her life. And I knew then, as I know now, that whatever happened to make the change work only one sided had to do with her.”

“Carrie Cutter.” Oliver said, the name tasted like saw dust in his mouth.

“Yes. The heir to the Cutter fortune and monetary backer to all my evil doings after her grandfather passed away. I might have been the intellect behind the operation, Mr. Queen, but make no mistake, it was her who provided me with the means to resurrect the program after the raid on the facilities years ago.” The man said with a grim smile. “She was highly interested in making the change possible, you see? Obsessed would be the correct term. And it all started after your escape from the facilities.” He offered “Did you know that? Did you know that after your escape, at a time when I believed all of my hard work had gone up in flames, she was still obsessing over the one Alpha that got away? You, Mr. Queen, have been her focus all along.”

“The people that took you that night probably knew that, when it came to you she didn’t hide it as well as she did with the others, you know? They, whoever they were or are, did well in not letting you go back to your life right away. It would’ve been too easy for her to find you then.” He said with a shake of his head. “In her singlemindedness she believed we were oblivious to her tendency to grow attached to subjects that she fed and at the time it seemed like such a small price to pay, to let her believe her delusions of being their ‘savior’, if only for a little while.”

“You knew?”

“Of course.” The man answered with a roll of his eyes, as if he was bored. “But as profitable as my
partnership with her grandfather, and later on her, was the situation has changed and it is something that cannot go unaddressed any longer. Not after her blatant attack on my daughter. That is something I cannot simply stand by.” He said “I never meant for Felicity to be hurt in all of this and since I am willing to accept the consequences for my actions I believe it is only fair that Miss Cutter does too. I underestimated her, however, and she has apparently managed to paint herself as yet another victim in this whole thing; Which is why, in order to even out the playing field as it were, I’m going to give you the location to the bodies.”

“Bodies?”

The smile on Felix Smoak’s face was predatory, his blue eyes glinting.

“Oh yes. There is a reason why the men who disappeared from our facilities were never heard of again. You see, I was aware that at some point it might come down to me having some sort of insurance against my partner. At first that applied mainly to her grandfather but with his passing it turned to her and taking into account her mental instability that insurance was necessary more than ever before.”

“You mean to tell me that she killed all those men?”

“In a sense.” The man replied. “Her attention span, when it came to them, was lacking to say the least. There was always a new Alpha that peaked her interest so she’d lose interest on the one she already had in her grasp. The one’s that came before you died because she stopped caring for them when the next shiny new ‘toy’ arrived at the facility. Starvation and dehydration are truly horrible ways to go. It was easy enough to have someone from her household disclose the location to me for a hefty price but by the time I discovered it the raid had already happened and the males were nothing but corpses. The only reason you weren’t in that pile was your escape. I truly believe that escape is the reason you became her main focus. After all, you escaped before she could ‘rescue’ you and nurse you back to health. Her cycle was broken and for someone with her obsessive tendencies? Well… you get the point.”

“What do you want?” Oliver asked with barely restrained anger. “In exchange for this information.”

“I want her to rot alongside me.” Felix Smoak admitted “After all, the place of an Omega IS by her Alpha, is it not?”

“What?”

The man smiled again leaning further back on his chair until his arms were fully extended, held in place by the handcuffs on his wrists, the top of his back barely resting on the back of the chair.

“Apparently there was a miscalculation in Miss Cutter’s plan.” He explained. “You see, there was a moment when we were at the police precinct where she and I crossed paths. The Recognition was immediate. She is my new Mate and I am her Alpha. She was quite disheartened for it seemed she had her heart set on YOU being her Alpha.”

“New Mate?” Oliver repeated, the situation leaving him stunned.

Carrie Cutter as his Omega? The idea alone made a shiver of dread roll down his spine.

“Yes, as I am old, Mister Queen. I have had previous opportunities.” Felix said sounding almost tired “I wasn’t always the mad scientist you’ve probably made me to be in your head. In fact, I know more about you and the Queen line that you can possible imagine. Going back to your grandfather and then your father, before he was Robert Queen Family man.” He snorted at that.
“No. I had a Mate once, my true Mate, almost two hundred years ago. And she was everything to me. Even back then I was still very much interested in science and I knew that in order to give her the life she deserved I needed to focus on my studies so I could come back to her an educated man who could give her a future, so I asked my best friend, a not yet Changed Alpha, to keep an eye on her while I studied abroad. It was the worst mistake I could have made.”

“I had to leave her, before I could marry her, before we could Bond, so that I could do things right and be the Alpha she deserved.” He said and then huffed in disdain linking his ice like blue eyes with Oliver. “That friend was Robert Queen and he failed me terribly. He was too busy chasing females, left and right, always in a haze of booze or any other vice that caught his attention for a specific amount of time. So much so that he didn’t see her deteriorating. By the time he got word to me my Joanna was already too sick. She died during her Heat, her body too weak to go through it, as an Unbound Omega.”

“My father was your friend?” The words were a disbelieving whisper before anger flared within. “My father died because of your experiments and he was your friend?!”

“Notice the past tense ‘WAS’…a very long time ago.” Felix Smoak replied calmly. “He was also the reason my Mate died and I never forgave him for that. If he had kept his word to me, if he had sent for me sooner, I would have come back and Bonded with my Mate, even if I had to do it out of wedlock, giving her MY strength so that sickness could not touch her. But instead I came back to a beloved that was already in the grave and a drunkard friend that asked for my forgiveness.” He shook his head at that. “No, I could not do it and nor will I accept Miss Cutter as my new Mate. In fact, I plan to Reject her if we ever cross paths again. I’m afraid her quest for being cherished as an Omega ends only in bitter disappointment.”

“My Joanna was the catalyst to my desire to keep Omega’s from dying. Change them in order to save them, if it came to that…and then, while I was studying the blood lines in order to create a database of possible matches, Felicity was born. An anomaly born of an Alpha and a Beta. She was remarkable from the very beginning.” He said with a slight smile “She was an Omega and I feared she’d face the same fate as Joanna had so many years before. So I used the extent of my research to find her match, to ensure her safety and her longevity. But then I did and the irony could not have been greater. You. A pre-teen with a bad attitude and lack of respect for authority. I looked into you and I knew you would never be good enough for her. So I left them, in order to commit fully to my research, so I could make sure that my own daughter wouldn’t suffer at the hands of a Queen.”

“Making her suffer is something we have in common then.” Oliver growled.

“Yes.” The man agreed “And now you, the man who Rejected her, will make sure she is safe.” He added turning his attention towards the lawyer who had been nothing but a silent witness to their exchange. “Miller, the drive if you would.”

The man produced a black external hard drive from his briefcase and handed it over to Oliver who took it without removing his gaze from Felix Smoak, when the man faced him once again he grinned.

“I am giving you all of the information I have on Miss Cutter’s side project, as promised, as well as all I have gathered for my research throughout the centuries. I encourage you, Mister Queen, to not only use the more benevolent parts of it but the damning ones as well in order to persecute me to the full extent of the law. In fact, I hope you do so. By taking me down you are going to ensure that dear Miss Cutter will be right there, in hell, with me. And that is the only way you and I both can make sure my daughter is safe and stays that way.”

When Oliver Queen stepped into the executive floor of QC that afternoon he was truly a man on a
mission. And, as luck would have it, his worst enemy; the man who was responsible for the destruction of his family and quite possibly the dissolution of his relationship with his Mate, might have given him the tools required to turn everyone involved in Project Metamorphosis to ashes.
Who's who, what's what and why's...

Chapter Summary

Felicity has a moment with Thea and Oliver gets a visitor...

Chapter Notes

I honestly don't remember if I ever gave Katie a last name on this fic and I was too busy WRITING the chapter to look back so I gave her one on this chapter. If I look over the fic and find that I had given her a last name on a previous chapter I will edit accordingly.

This chapter was a BIG pain in the butt to write but I'm rather happy with how it turned out.

As per usual, I don't own Arrow and all mistakes are my own!

For her it all started with a flower arrangement and a breakdown.

To her mother, Katie, Roy and any other visitor that she might have it would seem like any other gift that Thea Queen had brought to her hospital room but Felicity knew better. It was a delicate looking mixture of sunflowers, lily of the valley and gardenias. As soon as she saw it, as soon as she inhaled its fragrant aroma, she knew who had sent it. It took most of her will power to keep the mixture of pain, confusion and hope from showing in her expression upon seeing it. Her memory transporting her back to the moment when she’d opened her door the night of her date with Oliver Queen and had found him there, on her door step, holding a bouquet of sunflowers for her.

She asked Thea to place it on one of the tables to the side, close to the couch where her mother had been sleeping during her stay. The brunette didn’t hesitate to do as she requested, giving Felicity a small smile as if she understood. The blonde wasn’t so sure that the younger woman could.

It was a beautiful looking arrangement but it hurt a bit too much to look at.

When the sun began to sink on the day of the arrival Felicity convinced Katie to go home, as her friend hadn’t spent the night in her Mated bed since the beginning of the whole abduction ordeal. Donna had made the red head feel better by reassuring her that she wouldn’t leave Felicity’s side and would call if they needed anything at all.

Thea and Roy arrived together only a few minutes after Mark and Katie had left, both of them greeting Felicity with hugs before settling on the chairs close to the bed to chat her up, with Donna lounging on the couch reading a gossip magazine. Roy had done Felicity a big favor, keeping an eye on the store and working with the new computer repairman that had taken over for her, while she recovered. Katie and Roy were truly a dynamic duo, maintaining Felicity’s store up and running during her absence while also taking in orders for possible computer programs she could develop.
during her time away from the shop.

“Roy, Mom, can I talk to Thea for a second? In private?” The blonde asked when there was a lull in the conversation.

“No problem, Blondie.” Roy said with a shrug as he stood from his chair, turning his attention towards Donna, who had grown so fond of him during her visit Felicity would’ve been surprised if she didn’t want to secretly adopt him. “How about we go grab you some of that chicken nookie soup you like?”

“It’s called chicken gnocchi, Roy.” Thea offered with an amused roll of her eyes.

“That sounds awesome, actually.” The blonde replied, licking her lips.

The light diet from the hospital was really, really lacking, to say the least and Felicity was actually looking forward to getting something a bit heartier in her. Sure, she had been upgraded recently from clear liquids and soft foods to something that supposedly had bit more ‘oomph’ to it but when all her body craved was a Big Belly Buster with extra pickles and a mountain of fries as a side? Yeah, she’d take the soup in a heartbeat just so she could get her stomach better prepared for the burger binge she saw in her near future. Or…as soon as she could convince Roy to smuggle it in for her. 3 more days. A week, tops!

“Whatever.” The young man replied already moving towards the door while Donna seemed unsure, glancing from her daughter to the young man and then back again.

“I’ll be fine, mom.” Felicity reassured her with a small smile, getting herself settled a bit more comfortably on the bed with her back resting against the headboard, as if to show her mom just how true her words were by that small show of strength on her part.

“Oh, all right, baby girl.” Donna said, straightening the skirt of her aquamarine dress as she stood. “But if anything happens…” her gaze landed on Thea who responded immediately.

“I will call you right away. Both if I have to.” Thea promised, with her cell phone already in hand.

“Good girl.” Donna said, pinching the Alpha’s cheek in affection, as if she was a five year old little girl instead of a full grown vampire before leading the way out of the room with Roy trailing behind her.

“Ok. Now that we’re actually alone, what’s up?” Thea said while moving to the chair that Roy had vacated, settling her phone on her lap.

“I’m confused.” Felicity admitted, picking at the imaginary lint on her duvet before lifting her eyes to Thea’s. “And for me to say that, considering my IQ level, it’s truly an achievement. Then again I get it, I mean, part of it anyways. You’re here because Roy’s here and you’re meant to support him since he’s your Mate and you love him but…”

“I’m going to stop you right there.” Thea interrupted “I don’t think one of your infamous babbles will do anything good for your health right now.” She added with a small smirk, settling one of her perfectly manicured hands on top of Felicity’s. “I’m here partially because of Roy, yes. But, I’m also here because of you.”

Felicity had to shake her head at that. Guilt had been churning within her, clawing at her stomach since the moment that she’d woken up. No. It had started the moment she’d remembered her Rejection because it was all tied to what her father had done to the Queen family, to Oliver and yet here was the youngest Queen, sitting at her bedside and holding her hand.
“Why?” She asked softly. “Why would you do this? Why would you go through all the trouble to have me here when you know?”

“Felicity…” The brunette began in a placating manner that Felicity just couldn’t stand. Not anymore. She’d been getting coddled, for good reason, for a few days and all the sympathy and the caring? It made her mad now. Truly and positively angry. Because of it she had to keep a façade of being OK with it all and she wasn’t. She WASN’T!

“No!” The blonde spoke at once, interrupting her with a stern tone “No, Thea, I don’t think you understand.”

Pushing her glasses on the bride of her nose, in an attempt to calm herself Felicity took a deep breath. How was she going to explain this to Thea? Could she even put everything into words? Could she even understand all of it herself?

“My father…” Her voice cracked at the words. “He killed your parents. BOTH of them. He, h-he created this whole project thing for me, because I was such a disappointment to him that he went crazy in order to fix me. He ruined lives! Whole families! Destroyed, because of him! It ended up costing your own family so, so much! And Oliver…” she had to swallow hard after saying the name, the shame threatening to make her lungs seize up.

Oliver… With his scars, his nightmares, his episodes… And it was all because of her! It had happened because of HER!

The thought pushed her further into panic attack territory.

“Yes, he did.” Thea replied calmly.

“Then explain to me how you can sit here with me, holding my hand? Why do you keep coming back every single day? Why do I get all of these special doctors? The private room? All the expenses paid?! When all those people, they had nothing!? How am I supposed to even look at you…?”

“Because you are not him!” The roar that came from the wiry brunette made Felicity’s hysterical babble pause abruptly, the words drying up in her throat forming a clog there along with the tightness and burn that announced incoming tears.

Water works staring in 3…2…1

She felt the wet trail of one on her cheek as it escaped the confines of her blue eyes before she could do anything about it, before she even realized that her vision was blurry, it just happened and she closed her eyes, lowering her head in defeat and shame, her chin resting against her collarbone.

“And he sure as hell isn’t you!”

“Thea…” her name came out as an exhausted choked whisper on Felicity’s part.

“No. Now you listen to me, Licy.” She said holding onto both of the blonde’s hands tightly with her own. So tight, in fact, that the hold bordered in pain. “Your dad? He’s a lunatic with a chip on his shoulder the size of mars, yes, but I refuse to believe that just because he supposedly had something to contribute towards your DNA that makes you just as guilty as he is.” The tone in her voice left no room for argument. “You are nothing like him. NOTHING, do you understand me?”

The moment she felt Thea lifting her chin her first instinct was to recoil back from the touch but the
young Alpha wasn’t deterred, instead she held the back of her nape and pushed forward in her chair, getting into Felicity’s space. Their faces so close that the blonde could see small lightning bolts, lime green in color, crackling in the young woman’s eyes through the tears gathered in her own.

“I’m going to tell you who you are and why I’m here. You… you’re the woman who made my brother smile, Mr. Broody McManPain, really and truly smile; sincerely, for the first time since he came back. You are the kick ass techno Diva that rescued my lap top from Tommy Merlyn’s ministrations. You are the reason that Roy has been looking into tech schools, in secret. That’s you! You don’t destroy things, Felicity, you fix them! God knows how but you do! You, Felicity Smoak, are Donna Smoak’s daughter and as far as I’m concerned, even though I know you guys are Jewish, I’m totally claiming Immaculate Conception in your case.”

For the first time since she had been in the hospital Felicity laughed. She had smiled before, tiny smiles that let the people around her know that she was supposedly OK, reassuring them all but not even Tommy, king of mischief himself, had been able to make her laugh. The sound started as a few strangled chuckles before she was full on laughing through her tears, wiping below her eyes to dry the tears that had escaped her watery eyes.

“And as far as my bonehead of a brother is concerned, he might’ve forgotten all of that for a moment but that’s not the case anymore. He doesn’t hate you and neither do I.”

There was a long stretch of silence then, with Thea’s hand still clasping her own, using her other one to pet her hair and Felicity didn’t know what to think of it all. The truth was that she had been glad to see her during her stay at the hospital, albeit a bit unsure. The fact that she was there for Roy spoke volumes of their love for one another and she had completely believed that it was that love that made the brunette arrive at her room every day, like clockwork. The mere thought that Roy wasn’t the only reason made hope flare deep, deep, in her heart. Because if Thea could forgive her, then maybe…?

“Is that why he sent it?”

“What?” Thea asked, her whole body tensing up, truly looking like a deer caught in headlights for a moment until she managed to school her features. “What are you talking about?”

“The flower arrangement.” Felicity explained, glancing towards the item in question, dislodging the hand behind her neck in the process. “Sunflowers are my favorites and sure you could’ve learned that from my mom or Katie but the other flowers in it gave him away.”

Thea had the decency to look a bit sheepish at that and Felicity couldn’t help but grant her a small reassuring smile. A sincere reassuring smile.

“He’s not as sneaky as he’d like to think he is.” She added. “He said that’s what my scent was to him. Lily of the valley and gardenias.” The last statement was merely a whisper, a sweet memory at the gates of her mind’s eye.

A flash of recollection of a quiet morning where her then Mate had nuzzled her neck and whispered about how lovely her innate scent was to him, saying that he was so very glad that their room now held her scent…

“Apparently.” Thea said with a roll of her eyes, leaning back in her chair while still holding one of Felicity’s hands. “Listen, Licy. Ollie, he’s a good guy but he is a blockhead sometimes. I think what happened before your abduction falls under that category. Big time.” She said, putting the situation of Felicity’s Rejection as delicately as she could. “The reason he’s not here is because he wasn’t welcome. He didn’t really have a right to be here and Katie made sure of that.”
“She went Mama Bear on him, didn’t she?” Felicity asked with a somewhat amused shake of her head.

“It’s not that he doesn’t want to be here for you, he does. I swear, since you’ve been in here he’s reached uncharted levels of broodiness. But just like you were unsure of how you’d look at me in the eye, which I’m guessing that’s where you were going with your statement…I think he’s just as embarrassed. How is he going to look YOU in the eye?”

And wasn’t that the million dollar question?

When Roy and Donna arrived, after their errand, there was no sign of Felicity having had a mini-gigantic meltdown. Instead her and Thea were chatting quietly and the flower arrangement had been moved to the table by the bed, so Felicity could look at it from her pillow, even without her glasses.

For him it all started with a surprise visit and a bottle of nail polish.

It had been a few days after his visit to Iron Heights and with the help of the authorities Oliver, armed with a battalion of the best lawyers that money could hire, was spearheading the prosecution (as much as a civilian and victim could) of everyone involved in Project Metamorphosis. Stephanie had done a marvelous job at getting in touch with the victims so that they all could present a united front against the big bad that had taken so much from them.

The big major victory was when Carrie Cutter had been denied bail, declared too much of a flight risk and danger to society, once charges came to light regarding her extracurricular activities with some of the subjects from the project. All missing males were, unfortunately, now accounted for, found in an undisclosed location by the authorities. Their bones telling the horror story of their demise. The new charges for attempted murder of one Felicity Smoak didn’t help her plea any, especially when she lost it in court upon finding that her plan for the blonde had failed. She was pulled from the court room roaring something along the lines of ‘she was supposed to be dead!’

The moment shouldn’t have had any levity to it but Oliver couldn’t help the memory that replayed in his brain; Felicity had convinced him to watch an animated movie (of all things) with her, both of them snuggled on the couch in the sitting area of their room. The movie was about an emperor that had been turned into a llama by accident and the evil witch had said almost the same exact thing. It brought a small quirk to his lip, a sad smile that disappeared rather quickly as he made his way out of the court room.

Work had barely started at QC for all other employees but Oliver had been at the office for at least an hour prior to them. He was sitting behind his desk, paying close attention to the accounting report in front of him when the intercom on his desk phone beeped once before Stephanie’s voice came through.

“Mister Queen. There’s a woman here by the name of Katie Bennett, she doesn’t have an appointment but says that she would like to see you...”

With those words his whole world came to a halt.

For an eternal second all he could feel was dread. His body rioting at the notion of her appearance at
his office because he was damn sure that she wouldn’t have come to be the bearer of good news.

Panic seized him at once.

He was out of his chair, out of his office, and by Stephanie’s desk in a single moment.

“Is she ok?” He demanded at once, with Diggle appearing next to him, both men having used their vampiric speed to get there.

Had Dr. Smoak lied when he had given them the components that were supposed to help Felicity get better? Had he tricked Oliver into harming her? Had he, Dr. Felix Smoak evil mastermind, finally managed to release Felicity from the ‘trappings’ of being an Omega via death?

“She’s fine.” Katie answered, her brows knitted together in a frown, lips pressed firmly together. “Can I talk to you?”

Talk? Oliver found himself taking a deep breath, as if he had forgotten to breathe for a long moment there. He didn’t trust his voice, his throat still constricted by the fear so he nodded his head a few times and motioned for her to enter his office.

Katie led the way, her yellow sweater warded off the first chills of the fall season, the color contrasted beautifully with the red of her hair. He noticed, for the first time, that loving color was something that she and Felicity had in common. She wore dark jeans, orange flats and had a brown messenger bag hanging from her shoulder.

With his peripheral vision he watched as Diggle took his post by the door, once they’d entered the office while Oliver continued on to stand by his desk, one of his hands flattening against the glass surface, he had a feeling he’d need to ground himself for this conversation.

The red head didn’t take a seat. She stood, right beside the chair that was there at her disposal, her green eyes studying Oliver from head to toe. He wondered what she saw. He was wearing a suit, a dark blue that almost passed for black, perfectly tailored and unwrinkled, the jacket unbuttoned. His shoes were polished, as usual, and the crisp grey button down shirt below the jacket had been just as carefully chosen.

It was the bags under his eyes that betrayed him. The tiredness that was evident in his body, the messy hair practically yelled that his hands had ran through the strands way too many times in frustration and the slightly overgrown stubble on his cheeks told its own story.

“You look like shit.” She offered with a quirked brow before shaking her head and turning at the waist, lifting the flap of her messenger bag to rummage within for a moment, retrieving something from the belly of the beast and setting it on top of his desk with a clink of glass on glass.

His blue eyes moved towards the object in an instant and then narrowed.

“I don’t understand.”

“We will get to that in a second.” She said as an explanation, grasping the strap of her bag with both hands. The grip so tight that her knuckles paled in color. “Is it true?” she asked and at his confused look she continued. “I had a very interesting chat with my Mate last night. He explained to me that he had quite the important conversation with you a few days ago. He also said that he believes you’ve been more or less camped out at one of the waiting rooms on the Queen wing of the hospital while Felicity recovers. Is it true?”

“Yes.” Oliver admitted with a nod of his head. “Mark did find me a few days ago and we did have a
conversation. He told me he had every intention to tell you about it, once things had settled a bit.”

She nodded at that while keeping a thoughtful expression.

“He also told me how his advice to you was to give them all hell.” She offered “Is that true too? Wait. Let me rephrase that. Are you going to do it?”

“I intend to yes. In fact, we’ve already started. I can have my EA give you some documents detailing the course of action and what has happened so far.”

And if his eyes crackled with Alpha power at his words no one could’ve really blamed him.

“Ok.” She said finally, not commenting on the slip of electric blue that had taken over his eyes. Her attention turned towards the object she’d placed on the desk and she sighed, heavily, tapping the lid of the little bottle with one of her forefingers. “This is, quite possibly, the most important question I will ask you today and I expect you to be honest.” She said, her green eyes flashing to his. “Did you love her?”

“I still do.” His reply was immediate. No hesitation. No second guessing. It was a fact that just was.

Had he loved her? There was no past tense that could be applied to the statement; that’s why it hurt so damn much that he couldn’t be there, by her bedside, when he wanted nothing more. Shame and will power being the only two reasons that he stayed away. Even when he’d gone to her house that fateful night he had still known, deep down, that he loved her and though he hadn’t said it to her (Yet, maybe? If he was lucky) admitting it to Katie didn’t feel like he had cheated Felicity out of the opportunity of knowing. As things stood there was a good chance that Katie knowing of his love for her best friend would be as close as he would ever get to confessing it to the true object of his affection.

He had messed up THAT badly.

The red head tilted her head and appraised him anew before looking down at the bottle of nail polish she had placed on his desk.

“Let’s get something straight. I dislike you, Oliver. Not as badly as I did before but that feeling is not going away anytime soon. With that said, I am aware that Felicity is very capable of making her own choices.” She said. “With everything happening right after the Rejection I really didn’t feel like I had any other choice but to protect her, even from you. Especially from you. And at that point in time it wasn’t your place to be there.” Her eyes lifted to his in defiance. “I won’t apologize for doing what I did but I think it’s important that you see where I was coming from. I didn’t do it to be a bitch. I did it because you had just Rejected my friend and then, when things got tough, you had the balls to demand answers you didn’t have a right to get nor should you have cared about. That’s what a Rejection is supposed to be like. A complete break of any sort of bond that might have happened between you BEFORE you could Bond.”

“Leaving her was your call; one that I truly believe you regret, which is the only reason I’m here... Well, that and to tell you that if you get another chance you better not f*ck it up. As much as Felicity believes in giving second chances the road is bumpy as it is.” She added wetting her lips with her tongue before she continued. “Now that she’s awake it’s a completely different ball game though. So, if you wanted to go to the hospital and see her I’m not going to throw you out. I don’t have that kind of power anymore. Her mom however? Well...Like I said, a WHOLE other ball game with that one.” She grimaced, honest to God grimaced at the thought before continuing. “Anyways...” The tip of her forefinger tapped the top of the bottle again, bringing his attention to it.
“As you’ve probably noticed Felicity has a thing for colorful nails. Colorful everything really.” She began her explanation. “But the nails, it’s always been a bit of a gauge for me, let’s me assess her mood in a way. When I offered to bring some polish over in order to do her nails I figured it would help to lift her spirits, since getting pampered usually does that. I expected her to want something vibrant, something…that she could look at and would make her happy. One of her purples, oranges or pinks. Instead she chose this one.”

The liquid inside the bottle had a glimmer effect to it but the color itself was a shade of beige. Apparently having a fashionista for a sister came with advantages regarding female beauty products because he knew, instinctually, what the problem was. Picking up the bottle from under Katie’s finger he studied it a bit more closely.

“It’s too pale.” He said glancing at the red head.

“It’s barely a color at all. It’s more of shimmer really. The shade alone is bland to begin with but the fact that she chose it, over all the other colors she has? It’s not a good sign. This is the color she wears when she’s resigned herself to something. It doesn’t happen often, mind you, but sometimes things don’t go according to plan, as you well know and you don’t have a choice but to accept them. This is her color of choice for settling.”

“Felicity doesn’t settle.” Oliver said at once.

They were talking about the woman who didn’t let him get away with anything, in conversation, text or any other occasion where he was wrong and she was right! She’d walked up to Maseo, a trained bodyguard, and had made the man call HIM just so she could tell him off!

“I know that, but I also know that as an Alpha you can’t really get a grasp on the severity of the situation. To you, as much as you regret those words, that’s all they were. Words, used in a charged moment. Nothing more. The moment she was in danger you were back on the Alpha mentality and that is not how it works. Not for the other side of the equation.”

“When your Mate Rejects you, Oliver, there is nothing to keep you from feeling like the biggest disappointment that there is out there. You have no idea the toll it takes. Add to that the burden of having had a father who always saw you as inadequate; enough to do what he did.” She shook her head “I want my friend to be happy, so I’m telling you to find a way to fix this. You need to get that genie back in the bottle. If you love her, don’t let her close the door on that part of her life because she will want to, I know she will, and if she does I can tell you right now there’ll be no coming back from it. As it stands she’s been talking about the shop a lot, about her programs, about her work. Pretty much about everything she had during her ‘pretending NOT to be an Omega, Oliver Queen free’ life. She knows exactly what’s going to happen in every single part of her life while she recovers and afterwards, except that life she’s planning won’t include her accepting herself for what she is. And you and I both know that who and what she is, is remarkable.”

“I understand.”

And he meant it, in every way that mattered because the woman he loved, the woman that he’d had the joy of being with for a week before he’d messed everything up had been sure of herself, not only of who she was but of what she was and now it was his duty to help her get there once more.
Chapter Summary

Oliver gets help

Chapter Notes

I apologize for the delay on this chapter. Real life really kicked my butt in the past few months and I was in no way mentally ready to tackle Masquerade and for that I am terribly sorry. Things are better now so I’m hoping to get back to some sort of schedule soon.

Thank you for sticking with me.

The green blob of gelatin, provided with her lunch, was taunting her with its wiggling dance, she was sure of it. Felicity had never really been a fan of gelatin to begin with and so she took out her dislike of the dessert by poking it with the plastic spoon in her hand, grumbling under her breath about how unfair it was that the offending food couldn’t magically morph itself into a Big Belly Buster. Her plan to get Roy to smuggle some greasy goodness had been thwarted by her own mother the night before so the blonde was getting both grumpy and desperate.

A big silver lining to the whole thing was the fact that her hand was not trembling nearly as badly as before.

“Baby girl, if you’re not going to eat it just leave it.” Donna Smoak spoke from the chair by the hospital bed while thumbing through one of the many magazines that she had acquired during her time as witness to Felicity’s recovery.

There had been SO many tests. So many treatments and side effects that seemed to pop up out of nowhere. Confusion galore and possible diagnoses that had all been thrown out the window when Mr. John Diggle himself (“I told you, it’s Digg to you, Felicity.”) had brought a list of all the chemicals that had been used during the project’s experiment to her doctors; a special delivery directly from her evil mastermind of a father, who was now rotting in jail for his heinous science project gone horribly horribly wrong.

After that had happened (Digg had been sent by the Google gods, she was sure), the doctors had adjusted her treatments and all the drugs they were giving her accordingly, to the point that she felt almost perfectly fine. The seizures that had been plaguing her through her recovery were completely gone and the tremors in her extremities were down to almost nothing. She still felt like there were creepy crawlies on her legs most of the time but the doctors had assured her that after a few more days of the new treatment she’d be good as new.

As long as she was able to escape to the nearest Big Belly and get her fix of grease and salt she’d call that a win.
Setting the spoon on the plastic tray Felicity leaned back on the bed and tried to get a bit more comfortable. She was getting really sick and tired of being cooped up in a hospital room but she wasn’t cleared for being on her feet for more than using the facilities and showering.

“I was thinking…” Her mom started to say, without pausing her browsing of the magazine. “When you get sent home, you could come stay with me for a while.”

“I’m sorry. What?”

And the prize for a ‘out of left field’ topic goes to…

“I was just thinking, baby.” Placing the magazine down on her lap Donna scooted forward on her chair and took a hold of one of Felicity’s hands. “The doctors will probably send you home soon and it might be a good idea for you to come back to Vegas with me for a little while. Get away from Starling City, far from your work, get some much needed time to relax and heal. Maybe doing that away from it all would be good for you.”

It wasn’t an everyday thing for Felicity to be speechless but that was exactly the situation she found herself in right now, because her mother’s blue eyes were so hopeful, a smile tugging on her lips and her whole expression earnest. Getting away from Starling City was tempting, very tempting, but as much as her head was on board for it her heart strings were plucking a whole different symphony.

“I don’t think that’s a good idea.” Felicity admitted with a slight shake of her head before grasping her mom’s hand with both of hers. “My life is here, Mom. My work, my shop, my friends. I can’t just drop everything and go away like that.”

“You said so yourself you can do that code thingy that you do anywhere.” Her Mom offered at once. “And besides, Katie and Roy are taking care of your shop just fine.”

“Yes, I can and yes, they are but I want to get back to it. To all of it.” Felicity admitted “I want to get back to how things were before…”

“Before Oliver.” Donna said softly.

“Before the Project invaded my life.” Felicity amended gently. “And yes, in a way, to the time before Oliver.” The younger blonde answered. “There are many things I learned from you, Mom. One of them is that Smoak women don’t run away. Remember? We stand our ground, we stick to our guns and we persevere.”

“I had hoped you would take that to heart when it came to shoe shopping.” Donna admitted with a soft smile.

She couldn’t help but smile brightly at her mom then because it was such a Donna Smoak thing to say. Oh, Felicity was well aware that her penchant for footwear came from her mother. She might not have had the funds to go shop at the exclusive stores in Vegas but the older woman had always had a thing for style. A very loud and very specific sort of style, but style none the less and there had been many instances that the young blonde remembered when her mom would stand her ground regarding a piece of clothing or a pair of shoes while out bargain shopping.

Of course she expected Felicity to be the same as her.

“I’m worried, honey.” Donna added “Are you going to be able to get the space you need here though? With him being so close?”

“I don’t know.” Felicity admitted, her eyes flickering towards the flower arrangement that Thea had
smuggled in for her from her former Mate. “I think there are many things that we need to talk about, him and I, once I’m out of here. It’s not the sort of conversation that should be held over the phone either.”

“Yeah.” Donna offered “I just hope that you won’t go too easy on him because of that big heart of yours, baby girl.”

“You should know, I got that from you too.” She said, squeezing her mom’s hand with her own.

After her chat with Thea and realizing that her father’s actions shouldn’t reflect on her she felt slightly better. The shame was still there though, because, how couldn’t it be? Her father had harmed the Queen’s so very much. Yet the Queen heirs didn’t seem to link him to her. Except, of course, for Oliver’s Rejection of her, which she had begun to see as more of a desperate act of confusion on his part than anything else. It still hurt but realizing that it hadn’t been due to her faults, but his own insecurities, made things easier to deal with.

When Oliver was ready to talk to her she would listen but she wasn’t going to reach out. She had her pride left, after all.

And that she got from her mother too.

He was the last appointment of the day and for that Oliver was very thankful. He had the waiting area all to himself, Mark’s secretary paying him no mind aside from smiling at him when he first came into the office and took a seat. He’d come to the therapist’s office straight from home, having had a very interesting conversation with his two best friends who happened to be on the same page regarding the fact that they believed he needed to find a way to fix his boneheaded move of Rejecting Felicity.

It really wasn’t like he wasn’t aware of the fact but the impromptu get together had resulted in a plan that was both surprising and risky. Yet the more Oliver thought about it the more certain he became that the lengths he’d have to take in order to make it happen wouldn’t matter.

Just as long as he righted his wrong.

He was not going to fail Felicity again.

The patient before him slipped out of the inner office without any words towards Mark, who opened the door for him, nor for Oliver or the secretary, and once the man had gone the therapist simply motioned for the other Alpha to step inside and that was that. It was time for yet another heart to heart.

Sure, Oliver was keeping to his word of going to the sessions and doing his best to ‘share’ while there but that didn’t mean that he liked it.

An hour later both Oliver and Mark were leaning back on their respective chairs, the therapist had his hands folded below his chin in an almost prayer like position, with the tips of his fingers brushing his lips, watching the other man, a look of disbelief marring his handsome features while Oliver wiped his hands on the denim covering his thighs.

“Let me see if I got all of this right.” Mark said after a long moment of silence between them, his
piercing dark eyes focused on Oliver. “You want me to refer you to a colleague of mine, in order for us to no longer have a patient/doctor relationship, so that I can then turn around and call on an obscure loophole in the Rejection clause; which would give you the opportunity to earn a clean slate as an Omega for Felicity and, along the way, prove your worth to her via the barbaric rite of Gaunlet? Which, may I point out, has been pretty much unheard of in the last 3 centuries, at least? ”

Oliver tilted his head, as if considering the statement, his mind going back to his conversation with Diggle and Tommy only a few hours prior.

He had just gotten out of the shower and was getting dressed in the walk in closet connected to his room. No, it was THEIR room. He wasn’t going to give up on that ever again. He was certain that no matter how bleak things appeared at the moment he’d find a way to get things back on track. Even if he had to beg, down on hands and knees for days, he was more than willing. Even the proud Alpha side of him had gotten used to the idea that in order for her to forgive him, for him to have a chance, he was going to do it.

He’d do anything.

It had come as a realization, after Katie’s visit to his office that he had, in all honesty, been the best version of himself because of Felicity, just like she had reached a balanced acceptance of her own biology while being with him. He refused to go back as if she had never come into his life. Going back to that spiral of self-loathing and guilt, for both of them? He couldn’t allow that. That was simply unthinkable.

They were better together.

“Buddy, you REALLY have to do something.”

He found Tommy laying on his back, lounging at the foot of the bed, feet dangling off the side edge, his impressive Italian suit getting rumpled by the way he was laying there, as if he belonged and Oliver attempted to keep himself from growling low in his throat as the thought of Tommy’s innate scent getting on the duvet and obscuring Felicity’s aroma, which was already fading, flashed in his mind.

He didn’t succeed. His warning growl erupted anyways.

“Whoa. Touchy!” His best friend said gracefully jumping off the bed and moving towards the chair in front of the desk, where he plopped unceremoniously. “Ok. So what’s the game plan? Because seriously, buddy, you really do have to fix this. There is no way that you can go back to being a moving wall of broodiness.”

After his stay on the hospital, after Felicity’s acceptance of his scars, he was far better prepared in the particular situation he found himself in and for the millionth time that day he thought of how much his Mate had aided him and he’d done nothing to return the favor. Coming back to himself he realized that he felt no shame as he pulled on the grey button down shirt he’d chosen in the closet, making quick work of the buttons at the front. The fact that his scars had been in display for his friend to see barely a nagging feeling in the back of his mind.

God, what a change for him with what little time he’d had with her!

“I’m well aware.” He had replied.

“Well? Then what’s the plan? Flowers? Chocolates? I’d say ‘promises you don’t intend to keep’ but A. that’d be quoting ‘Beauty and the Beast’ and B. any promise you make that woman you better
At Oliver’s quirked brow the brunette bristled.

“Hey, no judging my love for Disney movies.” Tommy said offended before leaning forward and resting his elbows on his knees, all playfulness gone from his green eyes as he looked at his best friend. “Do you have a plan?”

“No.” Oliver had admitted with a shake of his head, running both hands through his still damp hair. “I have no clue what I’m supposed to do, Tommy.”

“Well, you need to figure it out and fast, buddy.” He said

“You think I don’t know that?” Oliver asked plopping down on the side of the bed.

“First thing is to get to the root of the problem and then figure the rest out from there.” Digg offered walking into the room, still wearing his bodyguard ensemble. The black suit always gave him the most imposing look there was to be had, yet he wasn’t in bodyguard mode at the moment, his poise relaxed. He lost no time to move towards the sitting area and prepare each man in the room a glass of scotch which he then passed around.

“We untangle the mess! Brilliant! Not bad, second best friend.” Tommy offered clinking his glass with Digg who gave him a good humored grin.

The title of Oliver’s best friend wasn’t really up for contest but Tommy always liked pointing out he had seniority on the matter by dubbing Digg his ‘second’.

And that’s exactly what they had done. They had gone over everything that had happened, the three of them, sticking to just one drink because the topic was far too important to be discussed while plastered.

“I don’t think the problem will be earning her forgiveness, Oliver.” Diggle offered during the discussion. “She might forgive you easy enough, the real bump on the road is gonna be earning her trust again. You don’t get over what she went through just like that. You just don’t. Especially if she already had problems trusting people.”

The discussion had picked up after that, focusing on the new dilemma. How to help Oliver earn Felicity’s trust once more.

“Gauntlet.”

The word left Tommy’s lips in a murmur before he was up on his feet, setting the glass down on the desk.

“DUDE! Buddy! Oh, master of McManPain and broodiness! That’s it! The Gauntlet rights! That’s the answer to all of it!”

“What? What are you talking about?” Oliver asked, crinkling his eyebrows in confusion.

“It’s a really old law used to settle disputes, started sometime during the Middle Ages.” Digg offered.

Tommy was muttering under his breath, making a mental list and using his fingers to count.
“OK. So first we need the number of people that witnessed the Rejection. Then we’ll know how many participants we’ll require.”

“Wait. What? What does that have to do with anything?” Oliver found himself asking.

And so both men had explained it.

The Gauntlet rights were rarely used anymore. A now obscure law that allowed an Alpha who was close or related to an Omega to call forth a sacred, almost ceremonial, gathering in order to restore said Omega, from having been misjudged or tainted in any way, shape or form.

The rules were simple.

An Alpha would call on the law, publicly. Another Alpha, non-related to the Omega in question, would accept the call (or more accurately the challenge) and the Omega’s unworthy status would be wiped clean, as long as the Alpha who answered the call managed to complete the rite of the Gauntlet.

The number of participants that would tend the punishment to the Alpha going through the Gauntlet would depend on the amount of witnesses of the mistreatment or Rejection of the Omega in question.

“I highly doubt her father would call on it.” Oliver offered with another shake of his head “The fact that she’s a disgraced Omega right now works perfectly for him. He’d want to leave her in that situation. It’d make her go back to pretending to be a Beta.”

“Then we find another Alpha that would want her restored.” Tommy offered immediately.

“And it can’t be either one of us.” Diggle added thoughtfully, at Oliver’s glare he continued. “It’s not because we don’t think her worthy, man. I know you, Oliver. You’re probably already thinking of being the one to answer the calling, so no Alpha related or close to you can be the one making the call in the first place or the whole thing would be a forfeit.”

“I know who to ask.” Oliver said after a moment of silence before looking up at both Tommy and Diggle. “I know exactly who to ask.” He said with a nod of his head. “And you’re right, I will be the one answering the call. I’m going to prove to her and everyone else that I will do everything in my power to be worthy of being her Alpha again.”

“Oliver?”

Mark’s voice brought him back to the present and he shook his head as if by doing so he could dislodge the memory that had trapped him. Linking his blue gaze with the Alpha across from him Oliver let out a deep breath and spoke.

“I know it sounds crazy.”

“It does.” Mark admitted without preamble.

“But you have to understand.” Oliver countered running his fingers through his hair till both hands were holding onto the back of his neck in obvious annoyance. “What I did...” He began to say. “It’s not the kind of thing that can be fixed with a go-to ‘I’m sorry’ gesture or a heartfelt apology. It’s more than that, it needs to be so much more than that. This is me, letting go of my pride, putting myself out there, going all in and showing exactly what I am, more than willing, to give for her. What I’m willing to let go of in order to make things right by her.”

“This could have serious repercussions regarding your treatment. The Gauntlet rite…” Mark began
“I know.” Oliver interrupted straightening up in his chair. “But she’s worth the risk. She’s worth everything I might go through. There’s really no choice to make.”

The dark haired Alpha stood then and moved towards his desk, doing something he had never done during one of their sessions, he flipped his laptop open and got to work. It was a surprise to Oliver when there was a ringing sound from the device and then a voice he didn’t know came from the speakers of the sleek silver computer.

“Mark! Long time no see.”

“Hello, Jeff.” Mark said smiling into the camera. “I’m sorry to bother you out of the blue like this but I need a favor. And it’s big.”

“Name it.” The man on the other side of the conversation, Jeff, said immediately. “I still owe you for handling me during that meltdown I had before my wedding.”

Oliver watched the dark haired Alpha smile at that, as if the memory was an amusing one to him.

“I’d like to use your paper to formally call forth the right of Gauntlet for a friend of mine. I will email you my statement as soon as I end this video chat, I just wanted to know if I can count you in for that particular task.”

“Gauntlet? Seriously?! No one has seen one of those in centuries, let alone here in Starling! Count me in. Hell, something that big, I’ll put it as close to first page as I can! If you send me those details quick enough I’ll make sure to put a rush on it as soon as it gets here so it goes to editing right away and it’s out in tomorrow’s newspaper.”

“I’ll get right on that. Thank you, Jeff. I’ll contact you after I send you the email, just to make sure that you got it. I’ll owe you one.”

“Hell No! This could be huge!”

Closing the lid to the laptop Mark stood at his full height glancing at Oliver with his dark gaze as steady as could be.

“I will have my assistant send you the information of the doctor I will be referring you to.” He said “I guess this is it. Good luck, Oliver, you are certainly going to need it.” He offered, coming to stand before the blonde Alpha who had gotten to his feet, he extended his hand and Oliver clasped it immediately, his heart bursting with gratitude towards Katie’s Mate. “I’d go home and start making some calls. Once the challenge goes out you want to accept the Gauntlet challenge as soon as possible and just as publicly if not more so.”

“I know.” Oliver admitted while shaking the other man’s hand. “Thank you, Mark.”
The stage was set and it was a fitting one, if nothing else. The signs of repairs, to gain back what had been taken by the fire that had closed Verdant down for several days, were there in the periphery, and Oliver viewed it as the best representation of his current situation. Verdant was broken, unfinished, still being worked on. The club was both himself and the path onto he had forced his relationship with Felicity.

Verdant was dimly lit, the club’s lights only working at half capacity. Candles lined the floor in two straight lines, down the center of the dance floor creating an aisle that was barely wide enough to encompass the breadth of his shoulders, a path that Oliver would have to go through if he wanted to rectify everything. Behind the flickering lights stood the participants, decked from head to toe in black robes and hoods. Their faces were hidden with bronze colored masks that glinted in the candlelight.

A grotesque caricature of a proper Masquerade.

There were 28 participants in total. 14 people standing at the ready on either side of the candle-lit aisle, with the sleeves of their robes hiding the weapon of choice for the Gauntlet.

Waiting for him to take that first step forward.

The rule of 7, dictating that seven Alphas would stand for each of the witnesses, had been kept.

Somewhat...

Seven Alphas took their stand for each of the four witnesses (Laurel, Lyla, Roy and Katie) to the mistreatment of the Omega. As usual, Alphas were used as the representatives since it was the easiest way to make the pain last longer, using Vampires against another Vampire. Roy, however, had been seen as a special case in the matter and they had agreed to bend the rules for him so he could be one of the participants himself instead of giving his spot away to any eager Alpha out there. No, instead Thea took his place as witness and was flanked by the Omegas while Roy was one of the faceless black clad figures waiting to dish their punishment.
The Omegas and Thea stood on the far end of the aisle, with Mark at the center of the group, to ensure that the rite of the Gauntlet was completed in a satisfactory manner. Behind them, behind their protective wall of flesh, sinew, blood and bone was his goal. The scent of gardenias and lily of the valley faintly tickled his nose even from a distance. A small figure also dressed in a black robe, the hood pulled back so a riot of blonde curls spilled defiantly over the fabric. Her face was adorned, hidden, by a green and blue glittering mask with peacock feathers at the top of it. Like a crown of colors, fitting of her, that started at the height of her forehead and fanned out.

Just like the night he had first laid eyes on her…

Everything had been taken care of so that nothing which happened during this ceremony would end up in the tabloids or any other sort of media. Every single person, standing in place to take their turn at dishing some well-deserved justice, had to not only accept the ancient, almost ritualistic, rules of the Gauntlet but they had also been pinned down with modern-day law documents, contracts that had muzzled all of them about the whole ordeal.

They could not speak of what they saw, what they did or what they heard during this night. And if they did, the team of lawyers Oliver had on speed dial would burn to the ground whoever dared to disregard the sanctity of this moment. Laurel would be at the forefront of that group and would most certainly ensure it.

By the time that Mark’s Challenge had hit the news, on the second page of the Starling City Inquirer no less, Oliver had been ready. His PR people didn’t really understand exactly why he was even accepting the task of the Gauntlet for an anonymous Omega, but he didn’t give them an explanation. No, he didn’t need a speech made by them. No, there would be no Q&A afterwards. All he needed was a press conference set up so he could give out a statement.

And that’s exactly how it had happened.

With all of the interest he had generated because of his family name and due to the now-outed Project Metamorphosis, plus the fact that he had been so quiet about it all beforehand, the news people flocked to the steps of QC with eagerness, to hear what he had to say. There were TV station vans, all armed with camera men, with many logos that he recognized and some he didn’t, as well as photographers and other journalists, with their recorders and their notepads at the ready.

Oliver had stunned them all with his statement.

He wasn’t going to talk about Project Metamorphosis, as it was still an ongoing investigation and trials were going to happen as soon as it was possible. The disappointment from the news-seeking sharks was palpable at this, but he carried on. He was, after all, going to give them the news of a lifetime.

“My name is Oliver Queen,” he began, after having explained what he wouldn’t discuss. He was standing behind the podium in his favorite grey suit, crisp white button down and black tie. He knew the suit was Felicity’s favorite, and deep in his heart he hoped she was watching this somewhere.

“This morning there was a Gauntlet challenge issued in the Starling City Inquirer. I am here today not as the CEO of Queen Consolidated or as a victim from an obscure organization. I stand before you today as an Alpha, to accept this Gauntlet challenge. I am willing to put my wellbeing and the pride of my bloodline on the line, in order to restore the affected Omega. I am stating this so that it becomes common knowledge. Should I fail in this Gauntlet, my shortcomings will make me a disgraced Alpha and I will accept the full shame of that, just as publicly.”
The uproar from the crowd was almost deafening. But he continued.

“My name is Oliver Queen, of the Queen Bloodline, and I formally accept the challenge posed publicly this morning. Information will be given to the news outlets on how to approach my office should anyone wish to be a participant in the Gauntlet. Thank you for your time.”

There were many reactions to his decision. The press and their usual frenzy for a juicy story he had expected. Dealing with those close to him and his family had been much more difficult.

After making up his mind and gaining Mark’s help, Thea had been the first person he’d told. Though she was apprehensive regarding the whole thing, she understood that he needed to do this. Roy, who had been sitting next to her and who hadn’t stopped glaring at him since the fateful Friday night of the Rejection, had approved whole-heartedly and had offered immediately to be a participant, as Thea’s representative.

Oliver had accepted. After all, if would’ve been weird to have his sister, his own flesh and blood, as a faceless attacker.

Laurel and Lyla had been a completely different story. Though he could’ve just asked Tommy and Diggle to inform their Mates of his decision, so they wouldn’t be blindsided by the news, he decided to do it personally. He had asked both women and their Mates to the Queen Mansion for dinner and he had taken the opportunity to explain everything to them there.

It wasn’t just because these two Omegas were practically the second and third lieutenant in wanting him lynched, with his head on a spike as a keepsake if he didn’t fix things with Felicity. (Katie was the first officer, backing up the main commander, one Donna Smoak.) But Laurel and Lyla were also witnesses to the mistreatment that had turned Felicity into a disgraced Omega and as such it was their duty (although they probably thought of it as their privilege right at the moment) to also witness the Gauntlet and ensure its validity.

Having been there for the brainstorming that had set him in his path to redemption, both Diggle and Tommy had resigned themselves to the fact that it was happening. Sure, they knew that it wouldn’t be easy, and due to Oliver’s past it might cause him serious distress, but the Alpha part of them understood like the Omegas never could. Because there was nothing that those two Males wouldn’t do to get their Mates back, and that was exactly what this was. One final grand gesture for Oliver, putting it all on the line, to show the Mate he had slighted not only how sorry he was, but how far he was willing to take things in order to repair the damage he had caused.

The last piece of the puzzle had been the Omega in question. He knew that telling Felicity herself, in person, was the way to go, because it was bad enough that she didn’t have a chance to put in her two cents in the matter. But as much as he wished that she had watched the announcement, he knew that facing her and explaining his reasoning would be far better in the end. So he’d had Maseo drive him to the hospital, making a quick stop at a flower shop to grab a generous bouquet of sunflowers.

As the elevator made its way to the floor that housed the Queens’ private accommodations, he had to
mentally remind himself not to crush the stems of the flowers he was holding in one of his hands. This was it. The first time that he’d face Felicity since that horrid night, the first time that he’d see her, conscious, and get to talk to her. This moment could very well be the one to give him a chance at doing something great . . . or place the last nail in the coffin on what could’ve been.

When the doors opened, he stepped out onto the polished floor and stopped mid-stride, his eyes catching a shock of blonde hair, a pink cardigan and PJ pants printed with Russian dolls. He was frozen in place, watching as Katie gently ushered the bespectacled, grumbling blonde back into the room; his Vampiric hearing catching a snippet on how ‘unfair’ it was that her plans of escape had been thwarted yet again and that all she wanted was a ‘freakin’ burger’.

Unable to resist the smile that tugged at his lips, he found himself pulling his phone from his jeans pocket with his free hand and quickly typing a message to Maseo, who had been parking the car. He knew Felicity’s Big Belly Burger order well enough, down to the extra pickles on the burger and the red velvet cake shake she liked, and he gathered that maybe aside from the flowers, some food might earn him some mercy.

He’d been too busy composing the message to notice the woman approaching. He heard the footsteps gaining speed and when his blue eyes finally pulled themselves from the message he’d just managed to send, he was met with a fierce pair of baby blues that sparkled with the patented Smoak tenacity.

He knew then that he’d been wrong.

Felicity didn’t have her father’s eyes... She had her mother’s.

The woman was just as tall as Felicity was with her beloved heels and blonde as well, with a shocking aquamarine dress that was far shorter than he’d expect to see at a hospital and bright pink sky high heels that could have toppled a pro.

And she was angry. Very, very angry.

To Oliver, her movements were slow and easily telegraphed. He saw her intent from a mile away, yet did nothing to stop her, even if it would’ve required very little from him. If there was one thing that he knew, it was that the woman before him deserved some sort of release, some closure for all the tension-filled moments his choice had forced upon her.
The slap across his cheek stung, a red burst of pain stretching over his nerves with that certain electric charge to it that only a true ‘mother slap’ could hold. His head turned with the force of it, which shocked him. But at least he’d had the presence of mind to make sure he wouldn’t bite his cheek at the attack. Slowly, very slowly, he turned his head to face his attacker once more, but instead of the rage that had filled those familiar blue eyes before, there was only surprise now.

“I just slapped you,” the woman said, her voice far different from her daughter’s, then her hands were covering her lips as she gasped. “Oh my god, I just slapped you. What kind of Alpha are you? Why didn’t you do the Vampire speed thingy and get out of the way?!”

To say he was confused would’ve been an understatement, his cheek was still thrumming with hints of pain, and his brow was furrowed as he tried to puzzle out the woman before him. She’d been enraged not three seconds ago, but now she was more put out by the fact he hadn’t moved out of the way than anything else.

“You deserved to have a fair shot at me,” he found himself admitting, settling his phone back in his pocket before touching his cheek gingerly.

He had not expected this little woman to pack such a wallop.

“I..what?” Her disbelief was evident. “So, what? You just decided to let me hit you?” she demanded, hands on her hips, in such a Felicity fashion that he felt a tug on his heart strings.

“Yeah…” He wasn’t sure if there was a right way to answer her question.

“IS HE INSANE?!”

The loud voice from down the hall was unmistakable; he didn’t need his Vampiric hearing this time around. And the statement, plus the volume, had both him and the older blonde turning their heads towards it. Donna looked startled while he cringed.

This was not how he wanted things to go… at all.

His feet decided to take over, carrying him to the door of the room where he knew a very angry blonde was watching a certain press statement. Sure enough, standing in the doorway with the bouquet of sunflowers held in one of his hands, he watched as Felicity glared at the TV where the
newscast was playing his statement from earlier.

Both Katie and Felicity were standing by the end of the bed, looking up at the little tv in the corner, the blonde with her hands on her hips in a very similar fashion to her mother, her redheaded sentinel steady at her side.

“Holy fuck…” Katie muttered under her breath, so very soft that he was sure he was the only one that caught it.

“He has lost it. He has TOTALLY lost it!” Felicity was raging at the tv before turning towards her friend.

She must have spied someone at the door of the room, because her attention didn’t stay on Katie. Instead, she turned on her heels fully to face the door and came face to face with the very man she’d been ranting about.

“You!”

“I’ll be taking those now.” Donna’s voice broke the tense atmosphere, leaving it at a somewhat bearable level of awkward. She took the flowers from him, braving entrance to the room in order to settle them on one of the tables there. But without even bothering to put them in water, before catching Katie’s hand on one of hers and pulling her along. “I think this is one of those moments when you need to talk,” she offered as she went before stopping by Oliver’s arm and whispering. “Keep in mind that if you hurt her in any way, shape or form, I will make you disappear. I know people.”

With that she was gone from the room, tugging a stunned redhead with her.

The conversation that followed was loud. Mostly on Felicity’s part, her Loud Voice in full effect as she chastised him for many things, yet none of the ones he thought that she would. Not once did she belittle him for Rejecting her. Not once did she rage about what had happened to her because he had left her unguarded. She didn’t mention her father or what she had to go through at his hands. And in truth Oliver was so very glad to see her standing there, on her own two feet, strong and vivid, moving her hands about as she raged, that he couldn’t stop the small smile that tugged at his lips.

Because this was Felicity, the Felicity he loved. Strong, **Colorful. Tenacious. Beautiful.**
“...and... you’re smiling.” She caught herself mid-sentence, tilting her head to look at him questioningly. “Why are you smiling? Oliver, this is serious!”

“I… I’m happy.” His admittance seemed out of place and the crinkle between her eyes told him just how confusing he was being. “I’m glad to see you’re okay,” he explained, rubbing his hands on the thighs of his jeans before taking the plunge and stepping closer to her, reaching and holding one of her hands with both of his.

Her touch was warm, just like he remembered it being. Something untangled within him at the simple contact of skin to skin, because in his time of distress, in his nightmares, her touch had been cold with a lack of life. So the reassurance of the bright light that was Felicity Smoak still being in the world and real was almost too much for his heart to handle. He wanted to touch her pulse point, to feel the force of her blood pumping through her veins, to assess the way it picked up speed just as he could hear it doing. He refrained though, settling for licking his lips and looking down at her from his height.

“Felicity.” Her name was a prayer, a title of reverence, a compliment and a statement all at once. “What I did to you was unforgivable. I was confused and it was wrong. I should have known better. But I didn’t. And now, because of me and my choice, you would face a type of treatment that I cannot allow,” he said while lazily rubbing the top of her wrist with one of his thumbs. “My choice took a toll on your pride, your safety and your health. I can’t leave things as they are. I can’t.”

“Oliver…”

“I know that, that was not an apology.” he rushed to interrupt, his blue eyes burning even though they lacked the Alpha electricity to them “It’s just an explanation for why I’m going through with it.” he said taking a deep breath.

“But I do want you to know that I am sorry. I am, so, so sorry, about everything. For Rejecting you. For taking the security detail away. For leaving you vulnerable. And I wish…” he cleared his throat, attempting a smile that turned more into a grimace than anything else. “You have no idea how badly I wish that I could turn back time and go back to the moment I got that Flash Drive, or even to that Friday. To have you by my side when I read all those files, so we could’ve done it, dealt with it, together instead of... Because I know; I know that we were supposed to be a team and me trying to deal with my issues by myself is what caused this mess. So. I’m sorry for shutting you out, for trying to keep you from it. I’m just… sorry,” he admitted

“What I’m not sorry about is the fact that I can fix this. I can Restore you,” he said with certainty. “Because you, Felicity Smoak, are remarkable and if this is the only way, then I am going to ensure that you are treated the way you deserve, the way you’re meant to be treated, I am going to do it. For me, there’s no choice to make.”
There really was no choice to make…

And as he stood at the end of the aisle, with his two best friends standing only a few feet behind him, he allowed the memory of that moment, of that unspoken promise, wash over him. Because he had told her that he’d do it, that he would Restore her and this was the way to do it. He’d do away with everything he had taken from her with his rejection.

He untucked his shirt from his slacks, unbuttoning it unhurriedly before peeling it off his arms and tossing it aside. He had no cufflinks to worry about, no shoes or socks and now that he stood before everyone in the room, showing off the scars that were products of his time in captivity, he knew that the offer of relinquishing his pride for her couldn’t have been clearer. Because this was not a roomful of friends where he should’ve felt free to do so.

Oh no.

Every single Alpha participant had one thing in common. They all hated ‘Ollie’s’ guts. He should have known that when he placed the offer out into the universe, everyone that had ever been slighted by Ollie Queen, the douchebag from yesteryear, would come out of the woodwork to get their appointed pound of flesh. Females that he had slept with and never called back had sent in Alpha representatives (mostly angry overprotective brothers). Max Fuller had also asked to be a participant, only to turn around and ‘assign’ someone to his spot, paying a well known MMA fighter with a mean left hook just to make it hurt a bit more for Ollie. Males that he didn’t remember pissing off had also volunteered.

All in all, and not for the first time, Oliver thought that ‘Ollie Queen’ was a big fucking idiot who did nothing but get him into trouble.

Glancing over his shoulder at Tommy and then at Digg, he nodded to them once. They knew their role well enough. Should Oliver lose himself to a flashback of his captivity at any moment during the Gauntlet, it was up to them to get him under control, by whatever means necessary.

Facing forward, his gaze landed on Mark. The dark-haired Alpha was looking right back, his arms down by his sides, hands balled into loose fists. Oliver could only imagine the war going on within the man. His logical side, his doctor side, was probably reminding him of how bad of an idea this was. But the Alpha side understood.

Taking a deep breath, Oliver took the first step into the aisle.
The first hit came from the left side, followed rather swiftly by one from the right. The first punch landed square on his jaw while the second was to the ribs. It really shouldn’t have come as a surprise to him that the hits held the amount of power that they did, but for some stupid reason it did. The abstract thought of going through the Gauntlet was having a crash landing into a harsh reality.

He knew that the participants, the witnesses and Mark had all gotten together to review the rules and regulations of how things were going to go, to keep a certain level of order. The only rules that had been made known to Oliver were the facts that no hits below the belt were permitted and the weapon chosen for this Gauntlet was brass knuckles.

With the first two participants having taken their turn, they stepped back before they were escorted out of the building by two men from the Queens’ security team; everything was overseen by Maseo who made sure that no one stuck around or tried to get another hit in when they weren’t meant to.

Another step. Another set of punches. He felt the crease of his lips crack with the force of the fourth blow and the warm blood trickling down his face. One more step, another set of punishment. Someone landed a powerful hit to the side of his face, right on the corner of the bone of his left eye, making his head spin before another body shot stole his breath away.

All he could think about, fuzzy as his thoughts were, was the fact that Felicity was there. Felicity was waiting for him several feet away. He was going to Restore her. He was going to do what was right. That idea was all that was pushing him forward.

A bit past half way through the Gauntlet, one of his eyes was almost swollen shut, he was bleeding from several cuts on his face and his breathing was coming a bit harder than before, thanks to some serious shots to his midsection. He never even saw the left hook coming. It was like a battering ram to his cheek and his head snapped around painfully, spraying a bit of blood with the momentum. The blow following got him square on the chin, throwing his head back and his whole body off of balance.

There were gasps, he heard them clear enough, as he staggered back instead of continuing forward, but he managed to regain his balance just enough not to land on his back; instead he dropped to his knees, breathing heavily and trying to regain his control. The flashes of his captors had started only a few participants into the Gauntlet, but now they were threatening to burst free, to overtake him and send him into the spiral of full immersion of his nightmares. One of his fists came down on the dance floor hard as he tried to steady not only his body, but more importantly his mind.

That’s when he heard it.
It was a small sound, almost insignificant, easily dismissible to anyone else but he heard it and it made his heart clench before beating overtime. It was a sniffle. Not out of sickness or derision; the faint scent of saltiness accompanying it spoke of tears and he knew, clear as day, that she was crying. Felicity, happy, beautiful, amazing Felicity, was crying.

His **Mate** was crying for him!

Lifting his head, he shook it decisively, to clear out anything but his goal, and got back to his feet. He was far weaker than when he'd started. Some of his wounds had already closed and some were healing but they'd be reopened soon enough.

None of it mattered. Not as long as he made it to the other side of the aisle.

As long as he got to Felicity…

The blows only got harder, a well placed punch to the back, at his midsection, had him recoiling and he knew it was a kidney shot but it didn’t matter. He kept pushing on. Even with the memories trying to assault him. Even with the participants putting all their strength into their blows. Even when all he wanted to do was stop the assault and fight back, he forced himself to receive the punishment and move forward.

Always forward.

And at last, the final two participants delivered their hits and he was allowed to fall to his knees before Mark, whose haunted dark eyes looked down at him with both pride and pain at what Oliver had just endured. As it was customary, the last two participants remained in place, as it was their duty to watch the verdict the witnesses came to.

“Witnesses,” the dark haired Alpha said.

One by one the Omegas, and Thea, who had watched over the whole thing, spoke.

“Accepted,” Lyla said first.
“Accepted,” Thea offered with a quiver to her voice.

“Accepted,” Laurel agreed, with tears in her eyes, nodding her head several times.

“The rite has been accepted,” Katie said last, giving Oliver a single nod as a sign of approval.

As soon as the rite of Gauntlet was accepted by the Omegas, Mark moved to the side slightly, just enough so that the robed arm of the affected and newly Restored Omega could come forward. The fabric of her robe was pulled back to show a delicate creamy wrist.

“Drink,” Mark stated simply.

Grasping the wrist offered tenderly, Oliver bent his head, his lips brushing against the pulse point that he had so desperately wanted to touch back in the hospital room. He kissed her there first, a soft brush of his lips, before letting his fangs descend and sink into the skin. The sampling of the Omega’s blood was the last form of acceptance that the Gauntlet had been completed well.

The taste of Felicity’s blood hit him like a ton of bricks. Her delicious, unique bouquet seemed stronger to him and he figured it was simply because he hadn’t fed from her in a while. In truth, it felt like a lifetime. He had gone back to feeding from Tatsu after Rejecting Felicity, whenever he wasn’t running himself to the ground by refusing to feed at all. He had to force himself to hold her wrist gently after tasting her, to only suckle on the wound he had created, to not lavish the skin there with his lips too much. This was a sampling, after all, not a full-on feeding.

Only after the last two participants had been ushered away did he let go of her wrist, making sure to close her wound as securely as he could. The warmth of her Omega blood rushing through his veins was healing him, he could feel it, making the aches lull into an easy-to-ignore throbbing that would soon fade to nothingness.

Getting to his feet, Oliver came face to face with Mark.

“Thank you,” he said, sincerely, for if it hadn’t been for Mark’s willingness, there wouldn’t have been a Gauntlet to begin with.
“As a shrink I don’t usually get to say this very often, but I will say it now with the utmost amount of respect. You are one crazy son of a bitch, Oliver Queen.”

The statement made Oliver smile then wince when his ribs reminded him that the fast exhale needed for one of his silent chuckles was not the best course of action at that particular moment.

Of course, Felicity was by his side in an instant, one of her hands pressed against his shoulder, helping steady him while the other was only millimeters away from his face, as if she’d been about to touch it but she’d thought better of it. Her mask, gone.

“We’ll give you guys a minute.” Mark offered though Oliver barely heard him, he didn’t notice them retreating a few feet to give them some privacy either, all his focus was solely on the woman before him.

“I’m Ok.” he said, softly, grasping the hand that wasn’t on him.

“You really shouldn’t have done this.” she said with a shake of her head and a soft snort.

“I told you, there was no choice to make.” he reminded her with a slight uptick of his lips.

“You could’ve been hurt or worse, this could really set your therapy back…”

“We already talked about that.” Oliver reminded her, stroking her pulse point with his forefinger.

“I talked, you smiled and said you were happy and then you bribed me with Big Belly Burger.” she offered with a shake of her head.

“Felicity…” the fact that he got to say her name while holding her hand was a balm he never thought he’d have again. “If there is something I learned from all of this it’s the fact I would do anything, anything to be worthy of you. In any way, as long as you’ll have me.” The last part of the statement was a whisper meant just for her though he felt no shame that the other Alpha’s in the room could hear it. “You and I, we make each other better and you know that’s true. But if I can’t have that back then just know that I am better when you are in my life. I’m a better man, a better person and brother; a better everything. I don’t want to go back to being who I was before I met you.”

The fluttering in her pulse told him how his words were affecting her as clearly as the new glint of
tears in her eyes did. He couldn’t help himself, he bent at the waist to press his forehead to hers, sharing the same air as a treat, licking his lips to keep from kissing her.

“I know that I destroyed the trust you had in me and that’s not something that’s easy to fix. And I’m not asking you to take me back as your Mate, even if there’s nothing in this world that would make me happier. I can understand if you can’t trust me, if you’re not ready for that, because it was my doing. I just… Felicity, please, let me be a part of your life. Somehow. I don’t care what you’ll have me be, as long as you let me be yours. That’s all I want. I just want to be yours.”

The fresh stream of tears that made their way down her cheeks forced him into action, brushing them away with his free hand with all the care he held for her in his heart.

“Life’s funny.” She murmured, pressing her forehead against his a bit more firmly, her eyes shut. “The night you Rejected me… I had confided in Katie that I loved you. And in my head I had this whole plan of going back home, to you, the next morning and telling you. Waking you up to tell you and then…”

“I am so sorry, Felicity.” he whispered, doing his best to keep in check, to not wrap his arms around her and haul her to his body, tamping down the possessiveness that tried to spring free of its confines while the Alpha within him was howling.

She had loved him. Loved him. And he had destroyed that! The use of the past tense on the word was making his heart churn and his Alpha nature rebel at the idea of having lost its Mate.

“Those type of feelings don’t go away easily, Oliver.” she whispered back with a slight shake of her head “Maybe we can go back to what we were, sometime in the future… I don’t know. But I do want you in my life…” she admitted softly, grazing a soft kiss against his cheek before withdrawing from him. “I know that much.”

“Ok.” He found himself muttering while letting her go.

Because what else was there to say? What else was there to do? Telling her of his love for her now would be a mistake, a ploy to get her to do what he wanted and he wasn’t going to do that to her. No. He’d messed up enough. Instead he had to force himself to stand tall and take in the fact that the amazing woman that had been his Mate had loved him and he had only caused her pain. All he could do was watch as she walked towards Katie and Mark and keep himself in place.
The moment she reached the Mated couple Oliver forced himself to take a step back, his jaw clenched so tight he was sure that it’d break. Then it happened. Felicity bent at the waist, gasping in pain and Katie caught her in an embrace immediately.

“Felicity!”

Before he could get two strides in Mark was before him, Diggle and Tommy appearing seemingly out of thin air by each their sides, taking a hold of his arms. That’s when the scent reached him. It was her scent. Lily of the valley and gardenias, the normally intoxicating mix was now heading and making him light headed in its potency.

“Shit!” Katie hollered, taking a secure hold of Felicity’s waist and moving her towards the exit door.

“Get him out of here!” a female voice shouted… Laurel, that was Laurel’s voice.

Why was thinking so difficult? And why were the other Alpha’s pulling him? Tugging on him towards the other end of room. No! He didn’t want to go that way… Why didn’t he want to go that way again? He had just decided to let her go, hadn’t he? So…Why was he resisting? Why was he struggling?

A whimper from the woman he loved made him struggle even harder, his own scent exploding into the room, attempting to drown out all other scents save for hers.

“Laurel! Lyla! Get over here!” Katie was yelling at the other Omegas who quickly gathered around the blonde and the redhead, cradling the afflicted Omega, surrounding her on their way to the door with both their bodies and their scents.

One of the guards, Maseo the redhead remembered, threw open the door and the fresh air hit the retreating group like a blessing. Katie didn’t lose a moment, she turned herself to the wind and had Felicity flush against her body in a tight hug, holding her friend’s head close to her own neck, pushing out as much of her own scent as she could. She could feel it in Felicity’s forehead, her the first flare of her Heat was hitting her and hitting her hard.

“Listen to me.” Katie urged her friend after a long moment of using her own scent to dispel the power of Oliver’s. The blonde looked less dazed than before which was for all intents and purposes an almost miracle. “Felicity…You need to choose before you go into full Heat. Do you understand?” She was asking, trying to get to the point and fast.
“You need to tell us what you want. We can get you to your apartment and sedate you...” Laurel supplied quickly.

“No.” Felicity whimpered, shaking her head almost frantically. “No… No sedatives...” she said while clutching Katie to herself as another pang of pain hit her, her body heat flaring even higher. “I want my mate.” She managed to say, pulling back to link her focused eyes on Katie’s. “I want Oliver.”

“Ok.” The redhead said with a few nods, turning her head just in time to see the Alpha in question explode from the hold of the other three had on him. It was as if Felicity’s words had been magical.

Once he’d shaken the other three Alpha’s off of himself Oliver Queen was a completely different animal. With his electric blue eyes shining bright and set solely on the blonde she held in her arms he stalked towards them with the certainty of a jungle cat. It was an almost scary sight.

The other two Omegas ran past the approaching Male, to their Mates but knowing that her friend would not hold up well without some support Katie stayed put, she did turn both their bodies however and the sigh of relief that left Felicity at the sight of her approaching Mate said it all.

The moment he reached them Katie was sure that he’d snap at her, instead he purred, honest to God purred in her direction before taking Felicity from her arms and cradling her to his chest, as if she was the finest of spun glass.

“I want to go home.” The blonde murmured against his chest.

“Yes, my Mate… I’ll take you home.” He replied, shifting her in his hold so he was carrying her bridal style before disappearing out the door using his Vampiric speed, leaving everyone else behind.
Bond

Chapter Summary

The moment we've all been waiting for...

Chapter Notes

I'd like to thank Melissa (dettiot) who took time off her own writing to review a part of this chapter and try to wrangle some of my typos and my grammar into some sort of passable shape.

The fresh air did nothing, absolutely nothing, to clear up the scent of his Mate from his nose. Not that he wanted it gone, not really, but he knew that he was keeping his Feral side at bay by a single thread. With her body secured to his and her arms banded around his neck as he carried her, there was no real way for him to escape her scent at all, but he wouldn’t have had her anywhere else.

‘This is where she belongs,’ the Alpha within him whispered while the more practical side of himself countered that with: ‘This is where you belong.’ Holding her, aiding her, protecting her. She was the priority, the rest of the world, himself included, be damned. And her Heat? It was growing. The little beads of moisture he could feel against the column of his neck, rolling from her forehead, said it all.

With the parking lot of Verdant almost barren, after all the participants had departed, Oliver headed to the only car that had an occupant. His Vampiric speed carried them, in a blur, to stand by the passenger door of an older red Mustang. The shout of surprise from within would’ve been comical, it they hadn’t been in such a dire situation. When the door flew open, from the inside out, Oliver wasted no time in folding himself into the passenger seat, with Felicity securely settled on his lap, closing the door behind them.

“What the hell? What happened to you, Blondie?”

“Heat,” the blonde in his arms managed to reply.

The way that single word turned into a bit of a whine at the end threatened to shatter him right then and there.

“Shit!”

Roy Harper was a good man, Oliver was aware of this. He liked him well enough, even if he was his baby sister’s intended and he, Oliver, wasn’t ready for that as a big brother. However, the younger man earned himself some serious respect points in Oliver’s book when, without missing a beat, he threw his car into gear and peeled out of the parking lot like a bat out of hell.

“Her place is only a few minutes away.”

“No.” Oliver’s voice rumbled even louder than the car’s engine, his bright electric blue eyes
throwing so much light they dully lit up the dashboard in front of him and Felicity. “She wants to go home.”

Her town house was not home. His Alpha rebelled at the idea. That was where she’d been taken from. They both had. There was no way in hell that he’d allow the male Omega to take them there.

“That IS her home, dude!” Roy countered immediately.

“No!” The warning growl in his voice evident.

“Queen Mansion, Roy, please. Go to the Queen Mansion.” Felicity’s low and muffled voice broke through the tension between the males easily, as if dousing a fire before it truly began.

“You’ve got it.” The younger man said at once, taking a sharp turn while flooring the gas pedal even more and getting them to the off ramp they needed to head the right way.

Once pleased with where they were headed, Oliver nuzzled her temple, holding her steady through the ride and allowing the faint scent of her shampoo to calm him. He knew damn well that the seatbelt wouldn’t have accommodated them both so it was up to him to protect her with his body, curling himself slightly around her. The seating arrangement was uncomfortable for her, he was sure of it, with her having to go into an almost fetal position on his lap, resting against his chest and her face buried against his neck.

He’d known about their position before, but now the closeness of her mouth to his neck made a rumble of satisfaction and appreciation sound rush from him, making parts of his anatomy go from dormant to half hard in a second.

Because he could imagine it, clear as day, now. Him at her throat, drinking, taking his fill of her delicious blood, his cock already sheathed deep within her, at the same time as her blunt little teeth gnawed at his own neck, his own flesh, trying to do the same to him…

His grip on her tightened and his scent inundated the cabin of the car, heavy and woody.

“Jesus!” Roy muttered to himself, using the small control lid on his door to open up all the windows when Felicity’s own scent responded instinctively to her Mate’s unspoken call. “We’re just a few minutes away, Blondie. Please don’t start in the car, that’s all I’m asking of you guys, seriously. It’d be like watching my mom and dad go at it or something.”

The comment, as well as the sudden air flow that stole most of his Mate’s scent away, made Oliver grumble under his breath and hold Felicity even tighter to himself, giving her earlobe a defiant nip that made her shudder deliciously against him. It was an act of rebellion towards the male Omega that was currently cramping his style. If it had been up to him, Oliver knew, he would’ve had her shaking with a second or third orgasm by now. But he was sure that his Mate wouldn’t appreciate his advances now that Roy had asked them not to get things underway in his car and presence.

When the gates to the mansion appeared, it surprised Oliver that they were wide open. Two guards posted there. Roy, for his part, showed even less restraint with the gas pedal, not letting off of it till he was already on the driveway. He had them at the door in no time, slowing down just enough so that when he stopped, they wouldn’t go through the windshield.

Oliver wasted no time, throwing the door of the car open and getting himself, and his precious cargo, out of the red car before taking off towards the house. The doors there were also open and he paused on the foyer for a single moment, seeing Raisa.

“Miss Thea called,” the older woman said. “Your room has been set up.”
This explained everything. Why the gates had been open. Why he couldn’t scent any of the usual Alphas they had in their security team milling around the house (the two at the gate had been Beta’s, his mind supplied), why the door to the mansion had been an open maw ready to receive them.

Raisa had been expecting their arrival.

A terse nod towards the woman was all he could manage before he was moving again, up the stairs and down the halls, towards their bedroom.

“I lied.” Her voice shook with the way that her body was shivering in his arms now. She was fighting to remain in control when all her body, her biology, wanted was for her to submit to her needs, her hormones. “I thought it would make it easier, y’know? To walk away from you, to do the right thing and take it slow. To be careful. But I’m so sick of being careful.” She whined against his neck before kissing his skin with trembling overheated lips.

“There was no past tense. I never stopped,” she admitted hurriedly. “I love you. I need you to know that. I need to actually say it before the Heat takes over and I lose myself to it because you deserve to know. This is not the Heat talking. You need to know that. What happened between us, it scared me and I didn’t want to lose myself so I had to lie a little and try to build up my walls…”

“We found ourselves in each other,” he purred, blue linked on blue as he spoke. “We did it before, we can do it again,” he added settling her on her feet once he’d reached their room, once he had closed the door behind them, holding her about the waist with one arm and pinning her to the door with the length of his body as he had done the night of their first date, his free hand buried in her blonde curls. “The Bond, it would help you understand, if you…”

“Yes…”

“Yes?”

“Yes.”

He dipped his head in a flash at that, using his hand to tilt her head back by the hair, as gently as he could, nipping at the column of her neck without breaking skin. His whole body was trembling at the implications of the choice they’d just made.

Oliver wasn’t just going to help her through her Heat. No. She had chosen, while her mind was still clear enough to do so, to understand how sincere, how earnest and truthful he was about everything regarding her, by agreeing to Bond. She would have an unmistakable, undiluted view into his feelings, his desires. He wouldn’t be able to hide anything from her. Just like he would share the privilege of doing the same with her own feelings.

He wanted that. He wanted it so much he could hardly stand it. She’d be his, yes, but what surprised him was the sheer relief he felt at the idea that he’d be hers, without a shadow of a doubt.

*Hers.*

Pressing his forehead to her chin he took a deep inhale of her scent, letting it ram against the wall that was keeping his control from snapping.

“I love you, my Mate,” he purred, lifting his head to kiss the spot where his forehead had rested a second before, settling his eyes on hers again. “My Felicity.”

“You do..?” Her voice was soft and awed, her eyes softening when he nodded his head a few times in reply, brushing the tip of his nose against hers. Her fingers tangled themselves with the short hairs
at the back of his head, bringing him forward slowly. “I love you too, Oliver. My Mate. My Alpha.”

The last two words were whispered against his lips for his ears only before she closed the distance between them altogether, sealing her lips to his.

Her kiss was the last push he needed towards Feral territory, his possessive side, his Alpha side, bursting through all his carefully erected walls at the beckoning of his accepting Mate. The shift to the kiss she had started was evident when, without warning and with a growl rumbling from his chest, he plundered her mouth with his tongue.

Tasting her…

Devouring her…

Overwhelming her in the best of ways.

Her own tenuous hold splintering, unlocking her full Heat.

“My Alpha…”

The whine to her words might have been tempting but the siren call of her neck was too good to resist and Oliver found himself lavishing the pulse point there with all the attention he could offer while his hands worked relentlessly to free her of her clothing.

Grabbing her by the waist he pulled back from her neck just enough to turn her so she was facing the door, his front to her back, her hands splaying over the wood attempting to find some purchase there; the light pink of her fingernails registering in his mind for a single second simply because he wanted the color there to be green. That’d be remedied soon, his mind supplied as he grabbed the fabric bunched at the back of her neck, careful not to catch any of her hair. Once the Heat had passed, he swore, he’d go to a store himself and buy her all shades of green available in nail polish so she’d never wear anything else.

Satisfied with this idea he grasped the black cloth firmly and pulled in opposite directions. A sharp ripping sound signaled the death of the robe she’d been wearing for the duration of the Gauntlet, and her moan of approval was the sweetest thing he’d ever heard. He pulled on the black fabric a few times, ripping it further straight down the middle of what had been its back, until gravity took hold and it fluttered past the curve of her hips and down to the floor; crumpling into a cloud of black around her high heel clad feet.

Better, he thought, brushing her hair out of the way, over one of her shoulders before going back to lavishing her neck with his attentions. His hands were busy, shaking, as he grasped the tab of the zipper of her dress and pulled it all the way down to her waist. Even in his current state of need, he knew better than to rip it off of her. He would’ve caught hell if he’d done that, for sure, after she’d come back to her senses.

With the dress, a light blue number he paid very little attention to, pooling at her feet, he lost no time. His hands found the clasp at her back, releasing it immediately and tugging the straps off of her shoulders and down. He mewed softly against the skin of her neck where her pheromones were strongest at the moment, until the garment that had been cupping her breasts so deliciously was no longer doing its job or even flush against her body.

“My Alpha…”

“Yes, Mate,” he muttered, banding his left arm around her waist tightly, turning her so he could slide his right arm under her knees. He picked her up and turned on his heel, taking her to their bed.
He lowered her onto the mattress with care, one of his knees pressed to the edge of the bed for balance, he then pulled back to look at her from his height. Her whole body was flushed now, a permanent blush to her skin that spoke of the throes of the Heat assaulting her. She writhed in the bed, brushing her moist thighs together in order to get some friction at the apex of her legs. She looked like a goddess to him, a Venus come to earth to torment him into sexual frenzy while clad only with strappy golden heels and polka dotted satin panties.

Before he made the conscious decision to do so he was already bent at the waist, his hands running the length of her legs, from ankles to hips as his tongue slithered its way around her belly button. The shaking moan on her part at his touches only served to spur him on, earning her a nip at her left hip bone which almost made her bow off the bed completely, a shout of arousal ripping out of her.

He knew from their time together, short as it had been, that her hip bones were a hot spot for her. He had made her come countless times while paying close attention to that particular spot on her body and he put that knowledge to good use now. With kisses and nips, sucking the skin there as if she was a feast he could never pass up. Using his slightly overgrown stubble to rasp a trail of fire against the sensitive skin till she was a shaking mess below his upper body, only for him to shift his focus to the other side of her hips and start the assault on her senses all over again, with one of her hands clutching the bedding and the other buried in his hair.

It was a difficult, in his lustful haze, but he managed to pull himself away from her body just long enough to carefully take off her heels. As much as he would’ve enjoyed feeling them pressing onto his hips, or ass, when she wrapped those sinful legs of hers around him as he filled her up he knew that they’d become a hindrance more than anything else.

Running his hands up her legs again he let the flat of his calloused hands stroke the firm skin all the way up to the fabric of her panties and then, just as he’d done with the robe, he gripped it with a secure hold and pulled in opposite directions, shredding the fabric with ease. And his Mate, his beautiful and perfect Mate, in her genius, lifted her hips off the bed just enough for him to slide the fabric away from her. The flimsy satin discarded to the side and forgotten.

The sight of her sex, glistening in its readiness made a growl of approval tear from his throat. There was no turning back now. Her scent was inundating the room along with his and her Heat had made her slick in preparation for this moment; his attentions making her even more so. He was kissing her inner thigh, with one of her long legs perched on his shoulder, in record time. He found himself licking at the excess moisture there with relish. The taste of her mixed with her Omega scent was a heady combination of outmost perfection.

In a flash he remembered the first time she’d fed him. They’d been in the hospital, she’d just seen the Feral side of him and yet she had accepted him, cared for him, given her blood to him willingly. It had been a milestone on their relationship and he found himself biting gently on the spot where he’d fed before, making her shake and her well-kept nails dig slightly into his scalp. But he wasn’t going to feed from there. No. He had other plans, he would sate his hunger for her taste another way first.

And he did.

Her fingers tightened on his hair as he settled between her legs, lapping at the ambrosia that were her juices, lazily, licking her from entrance to top and then back again, over and over, till his lips, chin and cheeks were covered in her sweet moisture. One of his hands spread her further, teasing her folds with his fingertips before his lips latched onto the bundle of nerves at the top of her sex, his nimble tongue flicking and licking there, just the way he knew she liked. The tip of his finger teasing at her entrance before filling her slowly and then withdrawing, staring up the dance of push and pull that she needed.
“Oliver!”

She was ready for more, he knew she was, but he had no intentions to hurry this along now that he had her, now that he was servicing her as only an Alpha had a right, a privilege, to do for his (or her) Omega. He kept using his mouth of her, switching from faint barely there touches to avid feasting. The only two goals in his mind were to hike up her arousal further and to bring her more pleasure.

By the way her leg trembled on his shoulder, the way she was babbling incoherently and moaning, the slight fluttering of her walls on his finger, he knew that the elusive feeling of release was right there within her grasp. So he added a second finger to the mix and curled them both, expertly, while suckling her clit.

Her climax was beautiful. Her leg on his shoulder flexed, pulling him even closer to herself, her hips attempting to lift from the bed several times as she rode the waves of her release; his free hand preventing her from moving too much. And her head, haloed by her golden curls, was thrown back in ecstasy as a cry of pure satisfaction rang from her and bounced off the walls. He watched it all with hooded eyes from his position, slowing his tongue’s assault to bring her down from the high as gently as he could.

When he pulled away from her, slowly lowering her leg to the bed, he wiped at his face with the back of his hand and then proceeded to lick it clean, paying the fingers that had been within her special attention. There was no way he was going to waste her flavor and scent.


For the first time that night he was glad he hadn’t had the time to redress after going through the Gauntlet. It made it all the easier to get in even grounds with her nakedness. All he had to do was remove his pants and his boxer briefs, watching her as he undressed; revealing his body to her once more, as an offering, before climbing on the bed and crawling on top of her, allowing his skin to brush against her body on his way.

Her body accommodated his so perfectly, her heated skin against with his. Her legs twined with his body, cradling his hips, one wrapping along one of his own legs, breasts with succulent pebbled and dusky pink nipples creating friction on his chest with every breath they took. And then he found her lips. Soft and still somehow painted a bright shade of pink; he descended upon them like a man starved, knowing that she wouldn’t mind having her taste lingering in his probing tongue. No. It only served to fuel her passion further, arms circling his broad shoulders, as best they could, clutching him to her body.

The orgasm she’d had would’ve cleared some of the fog caused by her Heat but he knew that they wouldn’t have much time, so he slowed the kiss down, nibbling on her lower lip before pulling back to look into her eyes.

“Are you ready, Mate?”

“Yes.”

He shifted them then, cradling her in his arms as he rolled them so he lay below her. She followed his lead, an unspoken agreement between them, and arranged her body to be straddling his narrow hips, her core trapping his cock between her wet heat and his belly in delirious torture that amplified when she ground her hips against him. A small gesture that set his body ablaze. Grasping one of her hands, by the wrist, he forced himself to bite gently on the vein that was there, a small cut of his sharp fangs, before doing the same to his own wrist and entwining their fingers together, so the cuts were pressed tight against one another.
His Alpha blood and her Omega blood, fusing in a burning bond as old as time itself.

Sprawling on top of him she kept the movement of her hips lazy, building them both up slowly with gentle teasing pleasure. This was the beginning for them both, the starting point of something deeper. She took her time, peppering kisses along his chest, her golden hair tickling his flawed marred and perfect skin alike as she went and he was hers to do as she pleased, moving the arm with the interlocked fingers up above his head to give her better access for her explorations and allow their blood to mix further without any interruption.

But he could only take so much teasing and the wound on his own wrist only lasted for a few moments. Once he felt it close he brought her still bleeding wrist to his mouth again and swiped at the wound with his tongue, once, twice, three and more times, until his saliva worked on getting her skin to knit back together, just as his had done and her skin was almost completely clean. And once it was newly healed there was no time to waste.

Grasping her around the waist with one of his arms he shifted them again, him coming up from the bed to a sitting position while keeping her in place on his lap. Between the two of them they made quick work of rearranging her long legs, wrapping them around his waist till they were flush together, face to face, his electric blue eyes and elongated fangs a sight she hadn’t seen this up close ever before.

“Yours, my Omega. All yours.” He purred the words at her, using the tip of his nose to graze against the curve under her chin, lifting her hips from his body just enough for her to position herself in the right spot, using one of her little hands to align him before sinking willingly back down.

And it was bliss.

He groaned at the warmth that surrounded his cock, a delicious sound that she echoed while settling her arms around his shoulders in a tight embrace. Her walls were still fluttering sporadically from the orgasm she’d already experienced and he was thirsty for more. He needed to give her more.

“Yes.” Her voice was a hiss of satisfaction against his temple. “My Mate.” She muttered heatedly, lifting her hips only to sink back down on his cock. “Mine.”

Her words, with her decisive tone and her passion, gave him all he encouragement he needed. With her arms secured around him he gripped her hips in turn, with both hands, taking charge of thrusting up into her as she came down onto him. The penetration wasn’t deep, the position not one of the best for that, but the force he put onto his thrusts made up for the lack of depth and he was rewarded with delicious moans from his Omega.

Settling his feet on the mattress he pistoned into her, forcing her hips down onto himself with his hands, adding an edge of force to their joining. His fingers curled on her hips tightly enough that he knew he’d leave some bruising but he couldn’t find it in himself to loosen his hold on her. The sounds of satisfaction coming from his Omega, the dull pain/pleasure combination on his shoulders from where her fingernails were digging into his skin as she held onto him, the sheer abandon on both their parts was too good, too damn good, to focus on anything else.

And yet…

The hand that slipped from her hip upwards, trailing the line of her spine as she moved, left a trail of sparks and goosebumps on her skin before tangling with her hair and yanking her head back, hard enough to make her gasp but gentle enough that the gasp ended in a moan, exposing her neck to him. And then his mouth was there, back on the pulse point that he’d focused on before, tasting the saltiness of the sweat on her skin with his tongue before sinking his fangs into the vein without
restrain.

This was what had been nagging at the back of his thoughts. This was what had been missing. Another step towards their perfect combination.

If his hips stuttered at the first taste of her blood he regrouped from that quickly, thrusting upwards a bit more desperately than before, banding his free arm around her hips to aid her movements with the delirious desperation of not stopping what they were doing while he latched onto her neck. The taste he’d glimpsed during their times together, that small hint of something more powerful, more pure, whenever he drank from her as she orgasmed was ever present now and it made his mind swim.

Because this was Felicity, his Omega, her true taste coming through her blood thanks to her Heat and it was unlike anything else he’d ever tasted.

Her blood was the only blood he’d want to taste ever again.

Letting go of her hair he reached blindly for the nightstand, patting the wood until his fingers wrapped themselves on the hilt of a dagger that was there. Yes. The room had been prepared by Raisa, she knew all that they would need to get through the Heat and if he’d been in a more stable mental state he would’ve probably seen that there were other provisions in the room for them, aside from the dagger that he now held. But he’d care about that later… Much later.

Pulling back from her neck he licked, sloppily at the wound, not stopping the movements of their hips, groaning when she circled hers a bit to gain more friction which drove the task regarding the dagger from his mind, momentarily. The coolness of the metal in his hand, however, brought him back to action and he held the back of her nape with his free hand, linking their lust hazed eyes together.

“Drink. Mate.” He growled, using the dagger in his hand to make a cut on the side of his neck, urging her face forward towards his wound, dropping the weapon on the side of the bed when he felt her lips covering the wound and Felicity taking the first pull of his blood.

“Yes. Just like that.” He murmured, wrapping both arms around her as he leaned back, taking her with him till his back was once more against the bed and she was splayed over his form. “Take me, Mate. Just like that.”

She took to his neck instinctively. Drinking in long pulls straight from his vein and when the wound started to close up he felt her teeth working on it, making it bleed anew and his hold on her tightened, a low moan erupting from him before he was back at her neck, careful not to dislodge her from her spot, reopening the wound that he had closed before, making the cycle between them complete while their hips moved lazily.

He didn’t know if it took minutes or hours for her to stop her assault on his neck. There really was no concept of time. The blood and pleasure making his mind blur in the most exquisite way. At some point his glorious Mate went from avidly drinking from him to letting the wound close up and simply kissing the renewed skin there while he drank his fill of her with gentle pulls. Her small sounds of need and pleasure against the shell of his ear renewing him just as much as the blood.

Without letting go of her neck he rolled them over, so his body was covering hers, the shift in position granting him more freedom of movement which he took, thrusting into her with need. The thumping the headboard made against the wall, with every thrust of his hips, meant nothing.

There was nothing to be aware of but Felicity and the pleasure.
Felicity’s blood. Felicity’s body. Felicity’s scent. Her hips meeting his in perfect synchrony. One of her legs twined with one of his own while the other bracketed his hip and her heel dug into his ass, helping him thrust. Her fingernails dragging over the expanse of his back with abandon and her moans of pleasure, somewhat shaped like his name, spilling into his ear as he pounded into her.

He was growling, uninhibited, against the skin of her throat, taking small sips of her blood while rushing them both towards the edge of oblivion. He wanted her to come. No. He needed her to come. He needed to feel the secret walls of her sex clamp around his cock, milking his completion and taking him deep within her that way.

He needed that more than he needed anything else.

And then she was there. A hoarse cry ripping from her throat as she trashed below him, losing the rhythm of their joining before picking it back up at his wordless urging, her walls fluttering around him until it was a velvet vice he couldn’t, and didn’t want, to escape. He drank it all in, along with her blood, before pulling back in order to roar his own climax, his hips stuttering out of sync of their former rhythm as he shattered, white spots of pleasure blanking out the sight of her.

He was sated.

Truly sated. He lapped at the wound he’d left on her neck, tenderly sealing it before allowing himself to crumble and just rest on top of her; his face pressed against the healthy thrum of her pulse, with her arms and legs holding him to her body.

For the first time in a long time Oliver Queen felt peace and it was all due to his Felicity, his Omega.
Epilogue

Chapter Summary

Surprises, all around!

Chapter Notes

Here it is! The last chapter of what became my longest multi-chapter in the time I've been writing fan fic.

I started this story in June of last year because I wanted to play around with a trope that not a lot of people liked and it's dynamics. It was supposed to be about 3 chapters long and full of fluff. It ended up as a 25 chapter monster, which took on a life of its own.

I want to say thank you, to everyone that gave my story a shot, even with the ups and downs when it came to scheduled posting.

I am SO very happy with how this story turned out.

Thank you all.

Thank you, everyone.

~ 7 Months later ~

If anyone had asked Felicity how her day had gone, she couldn’t really say. It had been so hectic it had all blurred together except for the most important parts, which seemed to slow down time itself so that they could be enjoyed thoroughly.

That morning she had woken up alongside her Mate, as she did every morning, with her phone blaring it’s alarm. Usually she would’ve hit the snooze button and rolled away, tucking herself a bit more securely against the wall of warmth that was Oliver, but today was that was not allowed. And he had grumbled his displeasure at the change of pace.

Coming out of the shower she’d had to dodge him, or at least derail his intentions as best she could because there was no way they had time for what he obviously wanted. Though he had tried, he really had. His big body had pinned her against the door frame of their closet, kissing her just the way he knew melted her insides, grinding his morning wood against her hip. And it had taken all of Felicity’s willpower to not succumb.

“Oliver… we don’t have enough time for this…” She’d moaned, holding onto his shoulders while rubbing herself against him because, hello! The opportunity was there, even if it blurred her point a bit. (She’s only human after all!)

“We can be quick.” He’d muttered against her neck, soothing the nip of his teeth with a delicate swipe of his tongue.
“No.” She’d huffed softly. “You and I both know that we are notoriously bad at quickies. Like bad, really really bad. Sure, we have the right sense of urgency to begin with but by the time we really get to it we have no sense of time whatsoever. When we’re done, doing all the things to each other, it’s an hour and a half later and we’re either late, for whatever it is we were supposed to be doing or the thing has already ended. And I refuse to have to explain to Thea, yet again, why we were late to another of her parties since you either go with the most ridiculous excuse or think nothing of scarring her emotionally with the truth…”

“We can be a little bit late…” Pulling his head away from her neck he’d smiled down at her, mischief shining in his blue eyes.

“Oh no, we can’t, mister. Not today.” She’d countered, patting his chest with both hands before pushing him off of herself. “You need to go to the boys wing and I need to go to the girls wing and then we have the craziness of the day to live through.”

“Why did we agree to this, again?” He’d asked with a sigh, taking a step back from his Mate.

“You agreed to do this because he’s one of your best friends and you are a big softy.” She’d offered “I’m just enforcing the rules.” She’d added, kissing his cheek before disappearing into their closet. “You’re just going to have to be patient and wait until everyone leaves so that we can do what you’re thinking of doing.”

“It’s our house.” He’d called after her.

“First of all, this isn’t a house. It’s a castle, Oliver. And yes, yes it is, but there’s going to be people all around…”

“What’s the problem with that?” He’d asked, watching her from the door frame of the closet, a smug smile tugging on his lips. “I do seem to remember there was an incident like that at Verdant. You wore that little gold dress I like so much…” He’d started to plead his case.

“ONE time, Oliver! That happened just one time! And it left me getting death glares for the rest of the night from half the female attendees and some males. Plus I had to do some major damage control regarding the tabloids with my magical hacking fingers.”

He was amused. She felt it, clear as day through their Bond and though she wanted to be irked by it she really couldn’t. Their little escapade at Verdant had been fun but there was no way she was volunteering for a repeat today. She was sure that Thea, Miss Control Freak, would murder her if they were caught in a compromising situation today, of all days.

The Queen Mansion had been busy for a few days, all due to the preparations regarding the Merlyn/Lance wedding, which Thea had coordinated down to the last detail. They had hosted it earlier that very day and for Felicity it had been a blur, with only a few pauses to enjoy the moment. There had been a small army of makeup artists and hairdressers that took care of the bridal party, in the privacy of the ‘girls’ wing (With Thea at the helm of party planning and making sure that everything went without a hitch she hadn’t been able to be a bridesmaid, Felicity had taken that honor). She didn’t really remember much about the primping, but she did remember thinking she looked very nice on her tea length teal dress and satin heels.

One of the other moments that didn’t blur by was when they had helped Laurel into her own dress; a ball gown monstrosity with enough tulle to drown a child if they got caught in the skirts and crystals galore. But she, the bride, had LOVED her dress (even if it made her look like a cake topper figurine, in Felicity’s opinion). And even more so the fact that it was her mom and her sister helping her with the finishing touches while Felicity took candid photos with her phone, in case the
Photographer and the video guy missed anything.

Fast Forward again in time and before the blonde knew it they were standing under the trellis, out in the Queen Mansion’s garden, flowers all around and even more adorning every inch of the framework, creating a cocoon of scent and romanticism for the vows. And if she’d sneaked a peek at her Mate during the ‘I do’s’, only to find him already watching her from his Best Man position, no one could’ve really blamed her. Digg might’ve been the one to walk with her down the garden aisle, as their roles of Groomsman and Bridesmaid demanded, but Oliver’s gaze had been a constant on her through the ceremony.

Funny how having his sole focus on her could still give her the butterflies in the tummy.

Now it was nighttime and only the staff remained, taking everything down to be shipped back to where they’d either rented it from or put it away. Most guests had only stayed an hour or so after the newly married couple had left to catch the flight to their honeymoon destination which meant the Mansion was quieter than it had been in days.

She knew that her Mate had been growing increasingly uncomfortable throughout the day. The Bond granted her that knowledge, easily. There had been too many people, too much chit-chat, too much… of pretty much everything. And Oliver wasn’t his annoying younger self, Ollie, anymore; he didn’t thrive in garnering all of the attention to be had, mingling and having small talk with anyone that would have listened to him. No. That wasn’t him anymore. He’d performed his Best Man duties and then during the last part of the reception he had disappeared for what Felicity called ‘a mental health’ moment.

He was entitled to it.

Taking a moment for herself felt like the right thing to do as well so crossing the ballroom (Yes, Felicity actually lived somewhere with an appointed ballroom, how crazy was THAT!?) she exited through the French doors and into the balcony overseeing the gardens. She made it to the steps before taking off her heels and then stepped into the cool grass, letting the blades brush against her abused toes in a soothing caress.

All in all, the day had been perfect.

Sitting down on the last step, with the light from the mansion at her back, she kept her bare feet on the grass, wiggling her toes every once in a while, the silence was wonderful and the crescent moon shining overhead made everything seem even more peaceful, letting some of the darkness cover part of the surroundings still.

She felt him before she saw him (Way to go, Bond!), stepping out from the shadows like a hot figment of her imagination. He still wore his black shoes and slacks but the jacket was gone, along with his bow tie; his black suspenders were a stark contrast to his crisp white dress shirt, the buttons at the wrists undone. And not for the first time in their time together Felicity’s brain came up with just one firm statement.

Her Mate was beautiful.

“I was wondering when you’d resurface.” She greeted, with a smile.

“Is that your way of saying that you missed me?” He asked, coming to stand before her.

“Nope. But if it works for you, go with it.” She replied, earning a grin on his part.

He took a seat next to her on the step, shoes planted firmly on the grass, his arms resting over his
bent knees with his hands dangling before him. He looked, and felt, far more relaxed now and she was thankful for it.

“What do you think about Bali?”

“Bali?” She asked “As in, the province of Indonesia, Bali?” The randomness of the question made her shift on the step, her knees brushing against his thigh as she looked at him, then her eyes widened. “Oliver Queen…” She growled “Tell me that you did not leave me at the mercy of Mrs. Worthington, who does nothing but talk about her priced 12th time champion rose bush, documented to have descended from that one rose bush that came in the fracking Mayflower, just so you could look up vacation spots!”

“I didn’t know that.” He admitted, thoughtfully.

“Of course you didn’t know that! You know why? Because I’m the one that has heard the rose bush talk several times. Rose bush talk. That’s what she does. All.The.Time. It’s no wonder you make yourself scarce when she approaches us.”

“I will admit, I didn’t intentionally leave you at her mercy so you’d suffer through the rose bush talk.” He offered, taking her hands in his. “But I did look up some vacation spots while I was…regrouping.”

“Oh huh.” She muttered, narrowing her eyes at him.

“I promise.” He added, rubbing her knuckles with his thumb, soothingly.

“Ok.” She acquiesced, finally. “I am only letting you off the hook because you did computer stuff without my help, just so you know. So. Bali? I can honestly say I’ve never been.”

“I’ve been thinking about taking a break. Go away for a little while.” He admitted.

“With everything that’s happened I can’t blame you. I mean, your best friend is finally married. Your little sister is now engaged and obsessing about her own wedding…

“And the trials regarding the Project are over. Plus, QC’s applied sciences is making great strides in using the research to create a way to keep Bonded Omega’s from dying if their Mates do. So… It just seems like a good time, to run away for a little bit. If you’ll go with me.”

“I’d go anywhere with you.” She replied with a small smile.

“Yeah?” He asked leaning down to brush a kiss against her temple.

“I mean, I guess.” She offered, trying to sound nonchalant.

He made a noncommittal sound, kissing her temple again before withdrawing and looking down at her.

“There’s just one more thing,” He said, taking out a velvet ring box from his pocket as he went down on one knee, his movements fluid and graceful. “This isn’t because of the wedding today, because of Thea’s engagement or due to the ‘giddy’, as you said the day that we met.” He began to explain, a smile tugging on his lips. “I’ve wanted to do this for a while but… that’s not important.” He said taking a deep breath that lifted his broad shoulders. “Felicity Megan Smoak; you are remarkable and I love you, so very much. I don’t want another day to go by without you having this ring on your finger and my promise to you, to love you and do everything in my power to make you happy, for as long as I live. Will you marry me?”
Felicity Smoak, Grade A babbler had no words… Especially when the little lid of the jewelry box was popped open by her Mate and she came face to face with the engagement ring she had designed, alongside with Katie, what seemed years ago. She was truly speechless. The glimmer of the cushion shaped alexandrite stone, with its green and blue hues, was mesmerizing in the moonlight and the little light coming from the mansion. The platinum it was nestled in, along with several diamonds (small ones and big alike) adding twinkle to the detailing was breathtaking.

She could only nod, dumbly before exhaling a small sob that turned into a laugh and then to a single word.

“Yes.”

He took his time getting the ring onto her finger, making sure the fit was perfect (which it was) and once the piece of jewelry was in place, where she knew it would remain for as long as she lived, she threw her arms around his neck and kissed her newly minted fiancé senseless for a while.

“About Bali…” She muttered against his lips, when the need to take a full breath was too much to keep kissing him.

“Yeah..?”

“If we went say soon, soon-ish, as in, three weeks from now… my upcoming Heat would catch us totally unprepared while there.” She admitted, her cheeks growing slightly pink at her revelation.

She knew that Oliver wanted a family, she did too and though they’d gone through her Heat together once before they had decided that it wasn’t the right time to add a little someone to their family then and there. They’d still had a lot to get through as a couple, with his guilt and her trust issues alone being two major players on their lives. So after having Bonded they’d taken the after Heat necessary precautions… But now, months (and lots of couple’s therapy sessions as well as solo therapy) later, it was a completely different story.

The smile that bloomed on his face at the idea was like watching the sun rise.

“Really?” He asked softly, holding her a bit tighter around the waist.

“Really.”

Her reply was barely out of her mouth before he was picking her up, she squeaked in surprise, tightening her arms around his neck as he shifted her so he was carrying her bridal style.

“Oliver! What are you..?”

“Practice.” He offered with a gleam of mischief in his eyes as well as a light shine of electric blue to them. “We’re going to practice, right now, Mate. And then tomorrow I’ll make the arrangements for our trip to Bali.” he explained, carrying her from the steps and into the mansion.

The blue green of her engagement ring’s stone twinkling happily all along the way.
End Notes

This fic is for Matty (SuperSillyAndDorky06) and TheAlternativeSource because they are awesome!

I hope you guys like it.

Also, Here's my Info, you can find me on both Twitter and Tumblr. @Melmo2010 and https://www.tumblr.com/blog/melsanfo

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