The Incredibly Awkward Awakening
by GodsFool

Summary

This was absolutely the last thing she expected to wake up to.

Notes

A/N – This little scenario had me giggling, and I had to write it down. Fluff, Humor, Lemon, PWP, Awkward Olicity-ness. Blatant ‘Sharing a Bed’ Trope. Possessive Oliver. Takes place somewhere in season 2, roughly. Chapter 1 is primarily awkward humor, chapter 2 is heavily Explicit PWP. Yes, with a capital ‘E’. Unbeta’d
It was, perhaps, the bizarre dream of being crushed into a marshmallow that brought Felicity Smoak to groggy wakefulness. It took a few minutes for her mind to remember where she was, and what had led her here, yet she was still confused.

The previous evening had begun normally enough for Team Arrow. Well, for their definition of ‘normal’ anyway. Oliver had taken Felicity to Central City for a lovely evening of Charity Gala’s and vigilante espionage – her technical wizardry was second to none, of course – while Dig held down the fort back at the Arrow Cave in Starling. The mission had gone off without a hitch, which was fantastic. And with no one getting arrowed, which was weird. The hitch had come, however, as they were checking in to their hotel for the overnight before the next days flight back to Starling City.

Utterly exhausted after the long night now that the adrenaline rush from the mission had worn off, she was happy to stumble in to the desk to get their keys and put her Olympic level sleeping skills to the test. There was just one problem. Felicity had reserved two rooms. The register showed only one room in her reservation. Well that was no problem, right? They could just get a second room now, right?

Nope. Turns out the entire hotel, and the vast majority of the hotels in the City, were all sold out. There was the World Biologists Counsel on Marsupials taking place this week, right here in Central City. Flabbergasted, Felicity could hardly believe what she was hearing. Kangaroos. It was kangaroos who had stolen her hotel room. Oliver, while looking distinctly like he wanted to Arrow the apologetic desk clerk, politely asked if the room had a single bed or two.

After being assured there were two Full sized beds, Oliver simply sighed, took the keys, and led her exhausted rear to the elevator bay and up to their room. She hadn’t noticed him stop several feet into the room and slammed into his back, knocking her glasses askew and bouncing back so hard she would have tripped over her trailing rollerbag and fallen backwards had Oliver not whirled and caught her.

He looked down at her. Felicity thought he looked annoyed. Or angry? He was some form of upset, but she couldn’t figure out which flavor of Oliver's broody anger he was shifting to. She was just too tired to dedicate the energy it usually took to sort out his moods.

“What’s wrong?”

He sighed, reached out to straighten her glasses. “There’s only one bed. It’s a King.”

“What? No. No, that can’t be right…” She stumbled around him and saw it, large and comfortable looking with it’s Egyptian cotton sheets with a thread count of probably like a million and fluffy comforter, taunting her with its single-king-sized-bed-ness.

“I’ll… I’ll go to the front desk and get them to bring up – “ Her words were interrupted by her enormous yawn. “ – a roll-out bed.”

Oliver had raised an eyebrow then and simply told her no, she was exhausted, they both were, he would just sleep on the floor. In the ensuing argument, she insisted indignantly that if he slept on the floor, she would too, as the King was more than big enough for both of them, and it was silly to waste all of that prime bed real estate. She would be happy to share her bed with him! Errr….THE, THE bed. No, that didn’t sound any better. It’d be fine to sleep with each other. Platonically! In the same bed on opposite sides and not touching! Oh God, please let me stop talking… Her blush by the
end of that ramble was a lovely shade of near magenta. Oliver’s expression of annoyance didn’t seem to change, but she thought she might have seen a twitch at the corner of his mouth, as if he’d been fighting a smile. Grudgingly, he finally agreed.

As she lay there that night, wrapped in her pajamas with little flying pigs all over them, she wondered if it hadn’t been a bad idea. How was she supposed to fall asleep in bed next to Oliver Queen? She needn’t have worried, she was out cold before he even turned out his side lamp.

This led her to her current state, mostly of confusion, as she had just woken from a dream of being crushed into a marshmallow, and she was sure that she was indeed slowly gaining consciousness, but the sensation of being smooshed into a marshmallow remained.

She was lying on her back on the soft mattress, so the marshmallow part made some semblance of sense, but what on earth was that weight? It was warm, and covered her entire right side, arm, and leg, as well as a heavy weight across her stomach, and was…breathing? She opened her eyes and slowly looked to her right, simultaneously enjoying and dreading what she saw.

Oh God.

OhGodOhGod.

Oliver Queen was snuggling her in his sleep.

Well, maybe snuggling wasn’t the right word. He was lying on his stomach, deeply asleep, right arm draped across her stomach, half lying on top of her. Her right arm was trapped under his collarbone, and for some reason his left hand had wrapped around her right wrist. His face was incredibly close to her ear, buried in her hair, his gentle breaths hot on the side of her face. It really, really tickled. He was close enough that she could just turn her head all the way and they’d be kissing. She swallowed, her mouth suddenly dry.

It was then that she noticed their legs were tangled together in such a way that his knee was right between the fork of her legs, his groin pressed up against her thigh. And that he was…er…rather happy in the mornings. Happy like a thick iron rod.

A small strangled noise made its way from her throat before she could silence herself, and Oliver stirred slightly.

NO. He could not wake up. Not now! Not with them like this. Felicity was utterly mortified, and could feel the intense blush starting in her cheeks and working its way all down her chest. She closed her eyes and tried to take calming breaths, counting backwards from ten. A secret part of her – well, make that a not-very-secret part of her really enjoyed their positions, but she didn’t want to feel like she was taking advantage of him. Not to mention she couldn’t bear the thought of his rejection when he inevitably woke up and saw he was practically groping his IT girl. She didn’t want to hear him apologize and tell her he would never be interested in her like that. She knew it already. She had made a sort of painful peace with that.

Very gently, very quietly, she began to try to move, to squirm her way out from under the hard planes of his very attractive and muscly body. She was making slow progress. Hauling Oliver semi-conscious from her car after he’d been shot was really hard even with Dig’s help. Trying to move sleeping Oliver’s deadweight without jostling him awake was next to impossible. Still, she kept at it, freezing when he would stir, and attempting escape again once he had settled.

She watched carefully for any signs of wakefulness as she worked, but thankfully saw nothing. Felicity was beginning to feel that she might have been making progress on freeing her right arm, the
one stuck under his collarbone and shoulders. She’d made it a whole inch or two, sliding her arm so his hand was around her palm rather than her wrist. That was when she made her mistake.

She pulled a little too hard, torquing her arm and shoulders back a bit more, but the result also ended up thrusting her hips the opposite direction: right into his groin. Hooray for unintentional body mechanics and physics lessons. Equal and opposite reaction and all that jazz. Stupid physics.

Letting out a low growl that sent electric shocks right down her spine and started warmth pooling in her belly, he flexed, shifting positions ever so slightly. His left hand, now palm to palm with her right, clamped down and threaded their fingers together while his right arm – the one draped loosely across her stomach – now tightened his hold, dragging her more firmly against his side. There went the few inches of space she gained. Most awkward of all, however, was the press of his hips against her as his knee slid higher between her legs, applying pressure directly to her core.

The choked gasp Felicity released as she unconsciously arched her back at the unexpected pleasure/pressure was louder than she wanted, but not nearly as loud as she expected. She clamped down, biting her bottom lip to keep a lid on the moan and ragged breathing fighting to escape her throat. Her mind was blank, flutters starting in her stomach, and she couldn’t figure out if it was butterflies in her stomach or the rising tides of panic she sensed coming.

Then he spoke, his voice low and rough, mumbling in his sleep. “...love it when you do that.”

Felicity groaned inwardly, squeezing her eyes shut and letting her head plop gently back to the pillow. Just my luck. Here I am, flat on my back, LITERALLY pinned to the bed by Oliver Queen, and he’s dreaming of another woman.

Oliver curled tighter around her, his face now nuzzling into her neck, stubble tickling and scratching. She could feel his hips grinding against her thigh, his knee against her core, and the flutters in her stomach grew more pronounced. Felicity couldn’t help it, she was a vocal creature, and silence was not her forte’. He shifted slightly and the pressure between her legs increased. She moaned. Loudly. Lips brushing against her neck and jaw were the next complication, his stubble still tickling and she could feel him smiling against her skin. A noise rather like a sleepy lion purring rumbled through his chest, and pressed as she was against him, she could feel it in hers. His sleep-laden voice continued. “Mmmm....adore making you moan...sounds so sweet...louder...please, louder.”

Felicity felt panic and bubbling hysterical laughter rising in her chest at the sheer absurdity of her situation. Oliver pretty much having a wet dream about some woman he’s obviously slept with, her pinned under him, her body reacting to his touch somewhat against her will; it’s a surprise her head hasn’t exploded or been driven mad yet.

Sighing, she sadly made the decision. He needed to wake up. He’d understand, right? They’d laugh about this later, right? Right?

“Oliver?” Her voice was breathier than she’d like, quiet, and very unsteady.

“Mmmm...” Was his only response. Well, his only verbal response. The arm wrapped tightly around her waist slowly loosened its hold. Felicity had the momentary hope that she’d be able to slip away after all, but then he began slowly stroking her side; ribs, waist, hip and back again. It felt so gentle, so loving, that it almost lulled her mind back into jelly until his knuckles brushed the bottom of her breast. The noise that left her then was closer to a high pitched squeak than anything else.

“Oliver?!” She tried again, a bit louder, and a lot more ragged.

“...best noises you make when we make love...” The lips on her neck turned to nips.
Felicity’s eyes rolled back in her head as he bit down rather hard. It felt really, REALLY good. She began to squirm in earnest. If he didn’t stop soon she was going to lose her goddamn mind. “Oliver? Please. Please wake up? Please?”

“Yes… enjoy pleasing you. Always love waking up next to you, ‘Licity.”

She froze mid squirm.

Did he just say…? No, he couldn’t have. Not possible. They’d never woken up next to each other. No way in hell.

“OLIVER.” Her tone was sharp, and she could see his brain finally begin to connect with the waking world. But he was still smiling as he looked at her through sleep darkened eyes, and his hand was still brushing in small circles across her stomach, thumb tracing the hollow of her navel. It was sending shocks to the heat pooling where his knee still pressed.

“G’morning, ‘Licity.” Oliver leaned forward and pressed a kiss to her forehead while she simply stared at him in shock.

Holy Google. It was her. He’d been dreaming about her. Frequently dreamed about her, it sounded like. And kinda kinky dreams… Felicity’s mouth was very dry all of a sudden, and she had to swallow several times before she could actually force words out.

“Umm… Oliver?”

“Hm?” He squeezed their threaded fingers together and continued idly tracing patterns on the soft skin of her belly with his other hand. His groin, with it’s rather rigid display of happiness, was still pressed against her thigh.

“You realize you’re awake, right?”

He furrowed his brow. “What?”


Oliver went completely still.

He slowly lifted his head and looked around the room, eyes widening slightly. She could feel his entire body tense against her. Oh so slowly, he began to release her, almost like he would frighten her like a skittish colt if he moved too fast.

“Felicity, I…”

Before she could second guess herself, she put a finger to his lips to shush him and his eyebrows rose in surprise. He stilled yet again.

“Did you mean it?”

“Mean it?” He looked terrified, but sounded cautious.

A bright crimson flush spread out from her cheeks and rolled down her chest. “Did you mean it when you said…?” The words came out in a jumbled rush as she tried not to choke on them. “When you said you liked making me moan? When you said you liked waking up next to me?”

He looked away, body remaining rigid, but she could still see the emotions warring across his face. Finally, he sighed, looking back at her with both determination and sadness in his brilliant eyes. She
already knew what he was going to say, and her chest clenched painfully.

“No.”

She nodded, looking away, and tried to keep her face neutral as she attempted to wriggle out from under him again. Felicity was a little surprised then when he didn’t let her move away. Oliver reached down gently and tugged her chin to face him. She couldn’t look at him right then, him and his stupid pretty face and his stupid fantastic abs and his stupid martyr complex!

“Look at me.”

She shook her head and tried to squirm out from under him again, a little more wildly this time, but he kept her chin facing him and refused to let her go.

“Fel-i—ci-ty. Look at me.”

Finally, she raised her eyes, and was immediately surprised by the warmth and, dare she say it? Adoration present within his own. His expression softened as her body relaxed beneath him.

“I said no, meaning I did not mean I liked waking up next to you. I said I love waking up next to you, even though I suppose technically this would be my first real time doing so.”

Felicity’s eyebrows shot up to her hairline, her mouth forming a tiny ‘o’. “And…uh…the, um. The other part?”

Oliver’s pupil’s were blown wide as he smiled down at her, an almost wicked glint flickering in his eyes. “I dunno. I only have my imagination to go on. And you know me. My imagination? Not so vivid. I would really need to test it an awful lot to find out. Frequently. I do know you enjoy thorough research.”

Felicity can feel herself getting slick all over again simply from the look in his eyes and the rough sound of his voice. It’s kind of awesome that this man can do that to her, although it’s made it awkward in several board room meetings in the past.

Oliver’s booming laugh startles her for a moment before she understands.

“I said that out loud, didn’t I…”

“You did. I don’t know how I’ll really be able to focus in the next board meeting knowing that. And are you really that wet?” His voice is low and growly, hungry sounding.

Felicity just nods slowly, her pupils blown as wide and black as Olivers.

He lowers his mouth to hers, slowly, carefully, giving her every opportunity to stop him. Felicity is getting sick of slow. She finally gets her arms free and wraps them around his neck, pulling him down into a deep kiss and arching her body up into his.
Chapter Summary

Adorkable discussions and foreplay.

Chapter Notes

Yeah, I write slowly. This kinda turned into a monster, so I'm breaking it up into chapters. I'll publish as I finish. Chapter 2 has less humor, more fluff, and more eroticism. :-) I'll update tags as I go, so be sure to check those out, though I don't think I'll be putting anything out of the ordinary in this fic. I'm also jotting down notes for another piece of straight smut I'll be writing after this, and that one will contain kinks that are slightly more out of the ordinary tropes, such as Omegaverse, Heat Cycles, and Sex Pollen. Wheee!

Also, I finally joined the Twitter community after 2 years in the fandom. Hit me up there @GodsWritingFool

Oliver growls alongside her, the rumble reverberating through the hard planes of his chest and sending shivers down her spine as she arches into him. Pulling his neck down closer, she licks along the seam of his lips, begging entrance. Taking control of the kiss, he happily complies, pitting his tongue against hers in a fight for dominance. A fight Felicity has no issue with losing. Jeez, the man kisses like he was competing for an Olympic medal. Mmm… he totally gets the Gold. Yeah. Fan-frackin-tastic.

She’s surrounded by Oliver. Tasting him as his mouth slants over hers; lips soft and hard and demanding and forgiving all at once. Engulfed by his scent as he leans closer, she can feel his fingers trailing from her hip upwards, slowly inching under her shirt, leaving goosebumps in their wake. Lastly, the petite blonde can feel him hard against her hip as he blankets half of her body with his weight.

Grinding her thigh into his erection, she releases a somewhat undignified whimper, but at this point Felicity is beyond the point of caring. Besides, the groan Oliver grits out and the way his hand grips and digs slightly into her ribs in return is immensely satisfying.

He pulls back, eyes squeezed shut, obviously trying to reign in his emotions. Or his libido. Or both. Probably both. Gently, he rests his forehead against hers, panting heavily, his expression almost pained. Shivering slightly, Oliver’s blue eyes blink open, pupils blown, staring into Felicity’s own aqua pools.

“Felicity, I need you to understand something. Before we do anything….else… I told you once that I couldn’t be in a relationship with someone I could really care about.”

Felicity frowns, not liking where this train of thought is going. Is that his guilty self-loathing martyrdom beginning to rear its ugly head again? In the middle of this? Gah. What’s the female
equivalent of blue balls?

Oliver continues speaking softly, pulling her out of her thoughts.

“There were several reasons for that. The first you already knew: because of the life I lead, I didn’t want anyone close enough to get hurt. The second was that I really did- no. I DO care about you. I couldn’t bear the thought of bringing your light down into the darkness with me.”

Felicity scrunches her nose up and narrows her eyes at the man looming atop her, his expression so earnest. “Oliver, I want you to think about something for a moment. When you open a door between a lit room and a dark room, does the darkness swallow the light, or does the light illuminate the dark?”

Oliver simply blinks at her, face blank, looking as if he had never thought about it that way before. Which, she imagines, he hasn’t. Oliver always seemed to have a one track mind dedicated to the Guilt Train Express. Well she would teach him how to ride it in a different direction! Wait. Gah! I can stop the innuendos even in my thoughts… Maybe my brain is simply wired this way? I can just blame science. Oh! Science!

A gentle smile spreads across her face. “The light always illuminates the dark. Always. It’s science! You can’t argue with science!”

Wow. Sometimes I even surprise myself at how brilliant I am. Hah! Get it? Brilliant? A light pun! Er… back on track brain. We’re in the middle of sexing up Oliver here.

The man in question levels one of his intense looks at her. “There was a third reason.” Felicity raises an eyebrow but remains silent. “If I get in a relationship with someone I truly care about, a relationship with you, I don’t think I’d be able to let you go.” His eyes darken to storm clouds and his face hardens into a look of almost possessive hunger. “No, I _won’t_ let you go.” He stared directly into her eyes, the gravity of what he’s saying etching it’s way into her brain. “I am a jealous man, Felicity. If we start this, you’re mine. Always mine. ONLY mine… Do you understand?”

She nods, her stomach twisting in desire and anxious hope.

Oliver shakes his head slightly. “No, Felicity, I need to hear it. I need to hear you –say- it.”

She looks away, eyes dancing nervously on anything but Oliver as she considered his words. Now, don’t get her wrong, she’s generally against the concept of owning someone, that misogynist BS and caveman crap is offensive to her feminist soul. However, with the way Oliver is looking at her, with the stare of absolute hunger, like he just want to devour her whole, has her squeezing her thighs together and wanting to be completely and utterly possessed by Oliver Queen. It’s probably the same way she’s looking at him right now.

Looking back up, she states resolutely, “Oliver, I think I’ve always been yours. And as long as you get that you’re equally mine, always mine, ONLY mine, I think we understand each other perfectly.”

Oliver smiled then, one of those big beautiful heart melting smiles she’s only ever seen faked in his Ollie persona. But this one, for her, is so sincere and so very, very real. It sends liquid heat right to her core and sends those butterflies skittering around her stomach.

Felicity leans up, pulling him into another long kiss, less desperate than the last, but no less passionate. Finally breaking apart for air, Felicity moans and leans her head back as Oliver kisses his way along her jawline and down the pale column of her neck.

With a swift movement, the archer is straddling her, leaning forward on his elbows, lips never
leaving her smooth flesh. She can feel it then, his hands inching up the cotton of her shirt, slowly exposing her slightly rounded tummy and the tops of the soft curves of her hips. Scooting back a bit, he drops his lips to her bellybutton, smirking as his stubble scrapes along the heated flesh, watching her muscles twitch and jump as she gasps.

Sliding his hands under her shirt, he pauses before moving to divest her of her clothing, looking up to her face with a question in his eyes, seeking permission. Her soft smile and nod is all he needs, stripping her quickly of the night shirt, leaving her bare from the waist up. It’s odd, she thought she’d be cold, but instead she feels like she’s burning up. Maybe this is what they mean when they say you’re hot for someone? Maybe -

The thought flies away in shock as Oliver sucks a nipple into his mouth.

Omigod wow. It’s like she can feel the tug on her breast directly in her groin. What he’s doing with his tongue on the sensitive bud is probably illegal in at least twenty states. He adds the slight tease of teeth while continuing to suck. Oi. Maybe illegal in twenty-one states. At minimum. When he switches breasts, it pulls a long low moan from her throat and her legs shift restlessly, trapped as he straddles her thighs.

Drawn almost as if by magnets, her hands fly to his neck and the back of his head, threading through the short hairs there and scratching lightly at his scalp. Practically purring, Oliver rests on his elbows and slides his arms under her back, arching her chest up and pressing her breasts closer to his seeking mouth.

Slowly working his way south, he pulls off her flying pig Pajama pants revealing underwear so adorable, so HER, that he can’t help but chuckle as he processes the fact that Felicity’s panties had little dancing circuit boards with cartoon eyes on them. She looks down and groans, flopping her head back on the pillow, grumbling quietly, “Frack… I should’ve worn the green lace ones last night.”

Oliver’s voice sounds strained, low and growly, and she looks up to see his eyes dilating further. “You have green lace panties?”

Musing thoughtfully, slightly flustered, Felicity lets the words flow, “Actually it’s a bra and panty set. It’s so super awesome. Really comfortable and they barely leave any panty lines in skirts or dresses and they even match your suit. Err, not that I bought them because they were the same color as your suit! I also got them in red. But I’m not saying that there’s anything wrong with your color green. I’m sure there’s lots of great under-things in your color of green! And why am I rambling about underwear? I’m going to stop talking any minute now. Seriously. I swear I will. Now.” She takes a deep breath, and bites her lips together, flushing.

A beautiful smile blossoms on Oliver’s face as she babbles, followed by a hot flush of lust and possessiveness. “I’d love to see you model your undergarments in the near future. Not to mention that it makes me hard thinking about you wearing my color. Especially over your sweet chest and gorgeous ass. It’s like they have my claim on them the whole day you wear them, Felicity, flaunting it under your clothing….”. His voice ends in a dark gravelly growl.

Wow that growl does things to her. Especially as she’d never expected words so possessively feral coming from his lips. Fuchsia is an apt descriptor for the color of red that she blushes. Wow. Oliver might have a bit of a filthy mouth.

Continuing to remove her pajama pants and underwear, very shortly she lays before him, completely naked, hair spread out in beautiful tousled curls all over the pillows. She squeezes her thighs together and crosses her arms, covering her breasts, suddenly shy, eyes focusing on anything but him. He was
Oliver Queen for Christ’s sake! He’s got abs she’d love to lick chocolate sauce off! While she’s had Big Belly Burger every day for the last week. How could she compare to the models he’s slept with?

“Felicity” he breathes softly, “Don’t hide from me. You’re beautiful.”

She looks up at him, half disbelieving, half hopeful. It’s funny how he could read her probably almost as well as she could read him.

He runs his knuckles over her cheek. “So so beautiful. Skin so soft to the touch, I never want to stop.” He moves his hand down her side, fingers dragging over her flushed skin, giving her goosebumps at the sensation.

Running his hand next over her hip, he continues in such a soft, reverent tone. “Such perfect curves. It was so difficult watching you in that dress last night and not pushing you into a wall and exploring every curve with my mouth.”

His hand slides down around her hip and palms her ass. “I can’t even begin to describe my appreciation of your ass. Do you know how dangerous you were to my self-control? Every time you walked away in those skirts, GOD every time you bent over your desk, I wanted to do this.” He squeezed the handful of her rear within grasp of his large hands and kneaded the supple flesh while her back arched and she squirmed. Her hands grasped at his shoulders, fingers digging in as he keeps talking. “And now I can. I get to be the ONLY one who can. Do you know how lucky I feel that you’re mine? I’m not in your league. You’re far too good for me, but I want you Felicity. I want you to be my girl. I want every part of you, just as you are. Babbles and fantastic ass and flying pig pajamas. You. Just you.”


His voice, the passion and pure desire she heard echoed in every word had her wetter than she thought she’d ever been before. Good Lord, the man could probably just talk her into coming.

“Oliver?”

“Hm?”

“Take off your boxers. Now.”

“Huh. A little bossy. I think I like it.”

She grins up at him. “I said now. Don’t make me use my loud voice.”

He stands, boxers quite visibly tented, his prominent erection straining against the fabric. Grabbing his wallet out of his pants, he pulls a condom out of it.

“Wait! Oliver, I’m allergic to latex.”

He doesn’t even bat an eyelash, the smile on his face morphing into a cheeky grin. “Alright. There’s other ways to please each other. I’ve been dreaming of trying a few with you, as you may have heard.”

Eyebrows shooting up to her hairline, Felicity’s mouth forms a tiny surprised sound. “Oh! No, we’re good. I’m on birth control and I’m clean. And with how frequently I have to run tests on your blood, I know you’re clean as of a week ago.”
“Then you’re fine with this?” Cautious, hopeful light dances in his eyes and tone.

“Yes, now, boxers. What did I tell you about using my loud voice?”

“Don’t worry Felicity, I plan on making you use your loud voice an awful lot today.” He growls out as he removes the black boxers, freeing his pulsing erection.

Felicity’s eyes widened, swallowing. He had felt enormous against her hip earlier when he was sleeping, and freed to the light of day, if anything he looked bigger. The heat in her belly intensified and her channel ached in the most pleasant way. “We might have to go a bit slooooow….?” Her throat was dry and she swallowed again before continuing. “You’re …” She gestured with one hand towards his groin.

He smirks, looking rather smug at the implied compliment. “That’s fine. I can do slow. I would never want to hurt you.”

Oliver crawls back on the bed, lying next to her on his side, propped up on his elbow. She rolls onto her side to face him.

“Felicity, I’d like to explore you. Learn you. Learn your body. Find out what makes you scream, what makes you writhe.”

“Umm… feel free? I’m all for that plan. It’s an excellent plan. Education is good. Great even.”

Tucking a strand of stray shining hair behind her ear, his hand lingers on her cheek as she lays on her side, staring at him with wide dark eyes.

Leaning forward, the archer whispers quietly in her ear while his breath drifts hotly across her cheek. "Turn over." A quick bite to her earlobe happens, sending a shock down her spine, before he pulls back.

Shivering while the butterflies in her stomach are doing a Zumba routine, Felicity rolls onto her stomach, fully exposed and feeling a little vulnerable to his hungry gaze. Oliver trails a hand down her spine as she looks at him over her shoulder through her lashes, eyes half lidded in arousal. His hands, so rough and calloused and powerful, were oh so gentle as they brushed over the skin of her back, barely exerting any pressure at all. Goosebumps raised on her flesh while she whimpered at his teasing.

“Oliver….?” His name was practically a whine on her lips, and she could hear him chuckle in response.

“Patience. I promise you’ll be writhing in pleasure soon enough, moaning my name while I thrust into you again and again. But for now, Felicity, patience.”

Hoo boy. She shivered again, but god knows she was anything but cold. The heat rushing to her lower belly and the apex of her thighs was raising the temperature through her whole body and left her panting. He was trying to talk her into coming, she swore he had to be doing that on purpose. It was pretty close to working, too.

Stubble scraping along the base of her neck was followed shortly by his lips, kissing a line along her vertebrae. There was another quick kiss between her shoulder blades, and then he was suddenly straddling her thighs again, resting most of his weight on his knees, but still gently but firmly pinning her in place. His erection lay heavily between her cheeks, pressing along the seam of her ass as he leaned forward and kissed her spine again.
Felicity had the sudden image of him lifting her up by the hips and pushing that heavy member into her, stretching her, taking her from behind, and a breathy moan left her lips. That heat boiling in her abdomen ratcheted up another notch. Ugh. She was gonna fracking burn up or explode before he even got to the good part!

Those powerful hands laid flat across her lower back, his thumbs meeting in the dip at the base of her spine and fingers spanning her entire petite waist. Slowly he slid his palms up her back, applying light pressure as he went up past her neck to bury both hands in her luscious golden hair. Moving in soothing circles, he massaged the stress away before lightly scraping his nails across her scalp. Breathy moans poured sporadically from her mouth as she tilted her head back, attempting to encourage him. It felt so so damn good.

Then he twisted her locks between his fingers at the back of her skull and pulled back gently but firmly. Felicity gasped at the flood of arousal that the tugging sensation sent through her body as her head tipped further back, putting an arch in her spine and her hips tried to tilt up almost instinctively. As Oliver was essentially sitting on her thighs, all she really accomplished was grinding her ass into his erection. Which, you know, still felt pretty good for both of them.

She could hear him growl lowly, sounding suspiciously like “Mine”, before he gave another sharp tug and released her hair.

His fingers worked their way lower, soothing along her neck and shoulders, simultaneously soothing away knots and sore muscles while inflaming her flesh. Hissing loudly as he worked out a particularly painful knot under the edge of her shoulder blade, she groaned out “Oh god, yes, right there! Please, harder…”

Felicity could hear the wicked grin in Oliver’s voice as he leaned a little closer. “Oh yes, I’ll be making you repeat those words later, louder, and in a slightly different manner. And much much more desperately.”

Cheeks flushing red, her groin muscles clenching on nothing, his words left an almost aching sensation between her legs and drew a whimper forth.

Oliver applied just the right amount of pressure to release the knots tied in the muscles of her back as he worked his way back down her spine. Her moans echo loudly in the hotel room and her legs shift restlessly as she feels his shaft move between her cheeks, brushing up and down as he soothes her muscles rhythmically. He’s breaking her down into a writhing moaning mess of needy arousal and she was loving every minute of it. Though her patience was running short. She wanted him inside her, like yesterday. Or now, since we have no time travel. Yes. Now. We’ll go with now.

Gradually working his way down to her lower back where all her stress lives, he chuckles. "You’d think with your fierce protection of your chairs’ settings it would do more for lumbar support."

She snorts. "It does. Can you imagine how tense I’d be without it?"

Eyebrows rising as he considers her admission, he hums quietly in agreement. "Noted."

Suddenly, he shifts off her thighs and rolls her onto her back as she yelps, swooping in to seal his lips over hers while his hand dives between her legs, cupping her sex. A cross between a groan and a growl is ground out as he rests his forehead against hers, sliding his fingers through the wetness coating her thighs.

“Oh God, Felicity. You’re so wet. I want to bury my head between your thighs. I want to taste you.”
Panting out the words was harder than she thought it would be. “Later Oliver. Please, later. I need you. Inside me. Patience gone. I need you inside me now!”

Oliver smiles, his pupils blown wide, eyes affectionate. “Of course, baby. I just have one more question for you.”

Felicity looks up at the beautiful scarred man hovering above her, and smiles softly. “What’s that?”
Chapter Summary

And now for the sexing.

Chapter Notes

Yup. Smut. Fairly graphic smut. Smutty smut smut smut smut. It's 1:30 am and this is unbeta'd. It started to look like word soup to me, so I apologize for any blatant errors or weirdness. This is the last chapter of this weird little scenario. I'm now moving on to my next Olicity fic, an ABO/Omegaverse alternate universe, possibly with werewolves. Haven't decided. It kind of exploded from one scene into it's current 15 page outline. No idea how many chapters it'll end up being.

Aaaaanyway. Join me on twitter @GodsWritingFool and on to the smut!

Brushing his forehead back against hers, Oliver closes his eyes and rubs his nose alongside Felicity’s in an affectionate manner as her eyelids flutter shut. The gesture is intimate, almost catlike, and her stomach swoops at the touch. Her hands come up to rest against his biceps as he whispers against her lips.

"Do you have anything you’d like me to include in our… research? I’m very open to suggestions for lesson plans."

Felicity flushes as she shifts underneath him, squirming with slight nerves and feeling his hardness pressing heavily into her hip. Feeling his fingers lightly tracing the crease between her thigh and her sex finally pulled a stuttering response from her lips. “Well, I...er… I like to be… held.”

The archer’s handsome face morphed into a soft smile. “You’re a cuddler, hm?”

“No! Well... Yes. Also. But that’s not what I meant. I like to be held…um…down. I like to be held down.” she admits almost sheepishly, her grip on his biceps tightening almost imperceptibly.

Oliver looks surprised, though the expression slowly turns into predatory glee. And goddamn did that look melt her insides and make her knees weak. Like jello. She supposed it was a good thing she was already laying down then. Cause it wasn’t even solid jello. It was like molten hot liquid jello. Why was I thinking about jello again? Hm. Who cares? Can’t focus on anything but Oliver freaking Queen grinding his cock against my hip and stroking around my girl parts! Girl parts? What am I, nine?

The man in question pulled her attention back to him almost immediately by pulling his hand away from her wetness, making her whimper with the torturous loss. Flashing her that predatory grin once again, Oliver’s hands whip out faster than she can follow, grabbing her wrists away from his biceps and pinning them above her head. Felicity gasps and her breath catches in her throat. Holy shit! Talk about reflexes!
His eyes glitter mischievously, pupils black with lust as he transfers his firm hold on her slender wrists above her head to a single one of his large calloused hands. He grips tighter, pushing her hands a bit deeper into the mattress, yet his hold remains gentle. Experimenting, she tugs against his hold. Even with only one of his hands, there’s no way in hell she could break his grip, but he’s so very careful to keep from hurting her.

The large man slides his right hand down her arm, along the gentle protrusions of her ribs and the soft dip of her waist to finally come to rest on the curve of her hip. Digging his fingers lightly into her hip bone, Oliver grips tightly and slowly slides more of his weight atop her.

Felicity Breathes heavily, eyes wide, practically panting, her nipples scraping lightly along his hard muscles with every inhale. The light scattering of hair there on his chest tickles a bit, but only serves to increase her arousal, forcing out whimpers as she tries to form coherent thoughts. So far she’s made it about to ‘Oh God oh God please fuck me’ but the words, surprisingly, won’t form on her lips. She can’t form words? Surely this means the end of the world has come. Just like she is desperate to. Come, that is. Not end the world. Oh google, she needs to come!

Oliver slides his knees between hers and thrusts her legs apart suddenly, forcefully. The petite blonde gasps, followed by a high-pitched whine, surprised at how much forceful Oliver is turning her on right now. Laying himself in the cradle of her hips, he’s pushed up on his straightened arms, his weight pressing her deeply into the cushy bed, though the majority is resting on his knees. Slowly lowering himself, he rests some of his weight on her hips and abdomen, his rigid cock digging heavily into her inner thigh. Felicity moans, low and needy, attempting to move her hips against his length.

He’s so close to where she wants him! Wants him stretching her, squeezing his thick member into her tight slick channel! Yeah, she’s pretty sure she’s soaking the sheets with her arousal at this point, but can’t bring herself to care. At all.

Slowly increasing the weight of his bulk pinning her hips to the mattress, he drops down to holding himself over her with his elbows, his knees keeping her legs spread wide. Left hand still gripping her wrists, his right remains free to stroke his thumb across her cheekbones and cup her cheek tenderly. Felicity closes her eyes, nuzzling into his palm, lost in erotic pleasure.

In another quick move, Oliver slides his legs under hers, hooking his calves and ankles atop and around hers, rendering her legs immobile.

The move has the little hacker inhale sharply, her eyes widening. “Wha…? This is…” She pants heavily. “Interesting.”

Oliver pulls back from where he’d begun kissing her neck, concern etching it’s way across his hungry face. “Too much? I’m not hurting you am I?”

The adoration and desire mixed into his predatory expression has her chest clenching for reasons she doesn’t want to think about too closely. Felicity shakes her head, clearing it of those pesky emotions and giving Oliver his answer at the same time. “Of course not. This is… amazing. It’s just… nobodies done that before. Just held my hands.”

Oliver’s face fades from predatory and burning to soft, concerned, affectionate. “Is it okay?

“Omigodyes! Er.. yeah. Yes. It’s more than okay.” She rolls her hips against his engorged cock again. Oliver hisses and the hungry feral look in his eyes returns.

His mouth stretches into another wicked grin. “Good.” He leans down, whispering softly in her ear.
“Because you’re mine. All mine. And I’m never letting go. I’m going to hold you here. Right here.
And I’m going to fuck you until you scream. And then I’m going to keep fucking you, pounding you
with my thick cock until you’re screaming again and again, begging for me to stop making you
come.”

Eyes rolling back in her head, Felicity moans at the image his words paint, arching her back beneath
him as his voice rolls over her like rich whiskey and sin.

Shifting his hips, the athletic blonde man slides his stiff cock through her soaked pussy lips, groaning
at the slick sensation as he coats himself in her wetness. Hitting her clit repeatedly as he slides back
and forth, she moans loudly as her hips jerk and her eyes slam shut. She’s so close to coming it’s
beginning to become almost painful.

He raises an eyebrow. “Oh really. Painful, huh beautiful? And we’ve barely gotten started?”

Oh. She must’ve said that out loud.

“Like I said Felicity, we can’t have that. I never want to hurt you.” He lowers his hips, flexing,
sliding the hard ridge of his girth along her clit again, thrusting, grinding against the little pearl. Her
breath comes in great gasps as she unconsciously attempts to squirm, to writhe beneath him but he
holds her steady, practically immobile, continuing his measured thrusts.

“Oh god Oliver! So close! I’m so close! I’m-“ He cuts her off with a deep kiss, swallowing her
moans, pressing his hard chest against her plump breasts, pushing her further into the mattress. His
hips thrust and grind and press down hard against her pelvis at the same time as his tongue parts her
lips and delves in, exploring her mouth as she screams her release. Her hips spasm and her back
arches violently as he slows down his hips, drawing out her orgasm as he continues to thrust against
her, stimulating her sensitive clit.

Eventually he stops as her aftershocks lessen and she groans, flopping languidly against the pillows,
out of breath and slurring her words ever so slightly. “That was really good. Really really good. A
plus there. Head of the class.”

Oliver does not release her. He raises an eyebrow “I’m being graded?”

“Well, it counts as research right?” Her smile lights up her whole face as she teases him, the after
orgasm bliss suffusing her with a glow.

Oliver tilts his head, lips pulling up a at the corners. “Well let’s see how round two measures up.”

The handsome blonde pulls his hips back, running the ridge of his length across her clit once again as
he adjusts his position and presses the tip of his cock against her opening. Felicity jerks and hisses in
discomfort. “Can I just.. can I have a minute?”

“Of course.” Adjusting his hips so his manhood rests against her soft inner thigh, he smirks and then
begins peppering her face and neck with light kisses. Gradually interspersing the little pecks with
mouthing at the gentle slopes and muscles of her neck and jaw as she pants, he patiently waits while
she slowly comes down from her euphoria.

Once the pressure of his hips no longer causes her to wince from overstimulation, her blissful
expression morphs into a half-lidded smile. “Okay, I’m good. By all means, continue. But, please,
slowly…”

Without removing his mouth from her neck or releasing her from his still solid grip, he moves and
presses the broad blunt tip of his thick erection against her opening. The petite woman groans and he
pushes her legs further apart with his own, attempting to ease his passage into her tight, tight heat. She gasps as she feels him spread her, inch by painstaking inch. Oh so slowly stretching her as he thrusts in. Her inner muscles spasm, unconsciously fighting him, fighting his immense girth, clenching and releasing. His hips stutter and he grits his teeth, shoving another inch in deeper in a sharp thrust before he can stop himself and she cries out at the glorious sensation of him squeezing his engorged shaft further into her narrow channel.

He pants above her, eyes pinned to her face. “Fe-li-ci-ty… You need to relax, you need to stop fighting, stop clenching.” He grits out, voice as low and growly as his voice modulator.

Felicity nods quickly, trying to catch her breath, trying to relax her muscles around his thickness, the incredibly full feeling. And he wasn’t even fully seated in her yet. He keeps her legs spread wide, wrapped in his, and she tries to relax as he begins pressing forward again, feeling every vein, feeling every throb of his rod as he slowly parts her trembling inner walls.

He pants heavily, gritting out, “Oh fuck, Felicity, you’re so tight. So hot. Gripping me so hard. Relax, relax and let me in. Let me fuck you.”

She gasps again and can feel the powerful climbing heat low in her bell, her pussy stretching around him as he presses ever deeper and deeper. It’s like the sweetest of tortures. How deep will he fit? How long will this last? Does she even want him to finally bottom out; for the long slow thrust to end? He’s filling her in ways she’s never felt before, touching places inside she didn’t even know were there, didn’t know could feel like this. Her muscles spasm again and she shudders, whimpering and tightening around his thick rigid flesh. Oliver hisses, growls deeply, and presses harder against her tightening muscles, spreading her inner walls and forcefully shoving his flared cockhead deeper.

Until finally, FINALLY, his first thrust ends as he bottoms out, his hips finally pressed tight against hers, buried balls deep in her quivering narrow heat.

And then he quickly pulls out completely before she can adjust to his size.

She blinks dazedly, suddenly feeling bereft, empty. Her inner walls clenching, aching and throbbing around. well… nothing.

She looks up confusedly into Olivers burning eyes. “Wha…?”

He smiles, panting, presses his tip against her, and does it again. Thrusting oh so slowly, stretching her, spreading her, sweetly torturing her, forcing her inner walls to part and accept every inch of his throbbing dick as her muscles quiver and spasm around his immense length. And after his torturously slow penetration, once he’s fully seated inside her, he pulls out quickly before her tight body can completely adjust to his size.

She moans loudly, it feels so, SO good and her arousal skyrockets to unforeseen levels, stimulating every nerve ending. It brings her higher and higher, but Felicity knows it won’t tip her over the edge into the glorious euphoria of the incredibly intense orgasm Oliver is building inside her. And he does it again.

The fourth time, she practically sobs and whimpers out “Please, please go faster.”

He begins his penetration again, smirking. “I thought you wanted to go slow?”

“I did. It was good. Great. But now it’s done. Time to pick up the pace!”

“Hmmmm…” Oliver muses, smirking mockingly. “Are you sure? Because I’m sure we can keep doing this for a while.”
“Am I- Are you kidding- For the love of- Just go faster! Move! Please!” Her voice is practically a desperate whine by the end.

“Alright, I do love pleasing you.”

He speeds up his thrusts, but not by much, though he no longer pulls out completely. He moves in and out slowly (though no longer torturously slow), finally allowing her body to adjust to his size. He thrusts in deeply, completely, every time, and grinds his pelvis against her clit before pulling back.

Surprisingly, she can feel herself building quickly now, even at Oliver’s minimal speed. Felicity can feel herself tightening, her body taut as a bowstring ready to snap. And snap she does, clamping down on his thick cock, her muscles spasming and fluttering around him. He groans as she screams, grinding his hips down into her.

She has no idea how he doesn’t come right there as she flies apart around his fat cock. He holds completely still as she sags, her muscles feeling like jelly as aftershocks zip through her. The man’s stamina is unbelievable. He still remains seated deep within her tight wet channel, thick and hot and throbbing, still as hard as an iron rod as she flutters and twitches around him.

When he moves again, it’s to slide his right arm under her back, wrapping the glorious sunlit tresses of her hair near the base of her skull gently around his hand. Moving carefully, he slides his fist under the back of her neck, gripping there for leverage and leaning a great deal of his weight on her rib cage, his elbow, and the hand pinning down hers above her head.

Once he’s satisfied with his grip on her hair and the position of their bodies, the look Oliver gives her is absolutely sinful. “There. I think you’re prepared now to actually get started.”

Felicity’s eyes widen and her mouth drops open in surprise. “To actually get started?! What the frack have we been doing?”

The ex-playboy smiles lasciviously. “Getting you wet enough to truly fuck hard without hurting you.”

Her eyes remain wide in slight disbelief as she just stares at him. At his frank discussion of what he’s going to do to her.

He grins, lightening the tension for a moment. “Now Ms. Smoak. I would tell you to hold on to me tightly but… ah… you’re a little pinned down at the moment. “

She narrows her bright blue eyes at his quip and allows a half smile to grace her face. “Hah. Funny.”

Oliver’s light smile and the flexing of his muscular body reminds her of just how much bigger the archer is than she. Blanketing her body completely, she’s surrounded by his scent, caged in by his arms, pinned completely by his weight. Felicity is vulnerable, completely at his mercy, yet has never felt safer.

He just grins as he presses down harder, tightens his hold at the base of her neck, draws back his hips and thrusts down fast and hard, drawing a startled yelp that turns into a high pitched moan as he continues the rapid pace of his fucking. And that’s what this is, outright fucking. He pounds into her, thrusting deep and fast, drawing almost continual moans from her overworked lungs. With every thrust he jerks her down further onto his swelling dick, and her hair gets tugged back as well. He pulls sharply on it suddenly, forcing her head back and exposing the pale column of her throat to his questing tongue and teeth.
He jackhammers into her, spreading her, fucking her open, pounding against her inner walls with every strong thrust. There’s a loud keening in the air, and between trying to catch her breath as every hard thrust rams rapidly and repeatedly into her, Felicity realizes it’s her making the noise.

Pausing, Oliver skootches down her body to give himself better access to her neck and to pound into her from a slightly different angle. His lips meet her neck and begin to nip and suck as he begins to fuck her hard again. Her vision whites out as the new angle has his cock rubbing repeatedly against her g-spot, hitting it again and again, causing sparks to shoot behind her eyes.

Eventually the sensations become too much.

His hand gripping her wrists above her head, pressing down heavily and anchoring her.

His left hand wrapped in her hair, tugging as he grips the back of her neck.

His lips, caressing her exposed neck. Gentle kisses turning into sharp nips turning into harder love bites, leaving marks and sending tingling shocks directly down into where Oliver is slamming into her.

Her breasts, hardened nipples scraping with friction pressed up against the hard planes of his chest.

Her legs, wound tightly around Oliver’s and pressed hard into the mattress, practically immobilized, leaving her with that slight tinge of helplessness, of vulnerability that thrills her so.

And finally, the feel of Oliver’s thick rigid cock, sliding smoothly in and out of her soaked stretched tight pussy, fucking into her fast and deep, rocking her body with each hard thrust, providing glorious friction against that perfect place inside her as he nails her to the bed.

Felicity lost the ability to speak coherent words ages ago. The noises Oliver is drawing from her is a cacophony of moans, whimpers, groans, and a high pitched keening noise he seems to take great pleasure in forcing out of her. She’s on the cusp of no longer having coherent thoughts at all when Oliver growls, speaking once again.

Strained, desperate, and incredibly possessive, Oliver states a final demand.

“One more time Felicity, come for me one more time. I want to feel you flying apart on my cock, squeezing and spasming. Constricting tight around my dick as I fuck my come into you. You’re going to feel every twitch, every spurt as I fill your tight pussy. Oh yes Felicity, come all over my cock and then take mine as I shove so deep into you'll feel it in your womb. You’re going to take it all as I pound your pussy open. I'm going to fuck every last drop of my load into you and you're going to take it all. You're mine Felicity, all mine, and you're going to take everything I give you. You're going to take it all!

It finally happens. His filthy mouth talks her into coming.

She screams as he bites down on her collarbone, sucking hard and leaving a livid bruise as she comes hard around his thrusting dick. He fucks her hard through her orgasm, continuing to pound into her as he begins to come as well, finally ramming his cock as deep as he can as he shoots his load. The liquid heat, combined with his body's intense shuddering and the twitching of his immense cock as he expands inside her tight pussy, throbbing and pulsing, yanks another orgasm out of her almost unexpectedly.

Felicity moans in pleasure as Oliver fills her, feeling it all the way in her womb as Oliver promised, her inner muscles massaging his cock, milking him for everything he had.
She slumps into the mattress the same time as he collapses on top of her. His bulk is quite heavy, but he’s not crushing her and his weight on her actually feels quite pleasant. Bonus, his big body covering hers keeps his cock pushed deep inside her tight body. She doesn’t want the feeling of Oliver filling her so completely to fade away anytime soon.

Felicity humms happily, brushing her lips across his stubbly neck and cheek as she presses feather light kisses into his flesh. Slowly getting his breathing under control, the archer nuzzles her face with his own as he releases her arms and hair, propping himself up on his elbows. Leaving her legs wrapped in his and his lower body buried in her wet heat, Oliver smiles down at the beautiful woman beneath him with an expression of absolute adoration.

“Felicity?”

“Hm?”

“Would you like to have breakfast with me?”

“Well, that depends…”

“Depends on what?”

“You’d have to do a few things first, but I’m not sure I want you to.”

“What sorts of things?”

“First, you’d have to… uhh… pull out. And then you’d have to let me up so I can go shower. Because I am positive I have sex hair. I’m not going into public with sex hair. Not to mention I’m all sweaty and… well… filled with … you.”

Oliver chuckles that deep leonine chuckle that she can feel deep in her chest as she flushes a deep red. Which she feels rather ridiculous about considering the sexcapades they just did to make her all sweaty and give her sex hair in the first place.

He makes a great show of thinking what she said over with a big grin across his features. “Hm. I’m not sure I want to do any of those things either.” He rolls his hips and she gasps loudly at the pleasurable shock of him still resting half hard in her body. “I rather like where I am right now. And yes, you do have sex hair. It fills me with a great sense of pride at the degree of fucked your sex hair looks.”

Felicity sticks her tongue out at him. Oliver moves to bite it and she swats him, giggling.

“C’mon, let me up so I can shower. Then we can eat.”

Oliver does not let her get up, instead leaning down to rasp in her ear. “But if you shower, you won’t be all sweaty anymore. I happen to like you all sweaty. I like you even better ‘filled with me’ as you said. In fact, the thought of it makes me want to fill you again. And again. And again.”

Felicity can feel his cock, still partially stiff and buried within her, begin to grow and lengthen as he shifts against her. She moans loudly and her eyes roll back in her head at the sinful sensation of Oliver swelling and stretching her tight pussy all over again.

They don’t make it to breakfast.

They do manage a breakfast-for-lunch deal however.
Felicity lay on her belly, panting, sweaty, and exhausted. Every muscle in her body burned like she'd done a hard workout. And, well, she pretty much had. There was a first time for everything, after all.

Getting fucked hard by Oliver Queen twice before brunch was indeed quite the workout.

Not to mention the third round that had ended a half hour ago.

Muscles she didn't even know she had ached in a painfully pleasant fashion. Good Lord, half an hour and she was still breathing heavily. Maybe she could finally start ticking the box on her health charts that said 'I exercise 1-3 times per week'. Though with Oliver's seeming appetite, was she supposed to count this as three exercises or one long exercise?

The man's refractory period was unreal. Maybe he was unreal. Maybe this was all just some sexually repressed fever dream born from having to spend the night in the same bed as a man who's abs had abs. Sexy delightful abs.

She still wanted to lick them. She hadn't gotten the chance to earlier. Chocolate sauce off them was probably a no though. It was incredibly messy, she imagined. It wasn't like she'd done it before. Then again, Oliver seemed to enjoy making a mess of her.

A sweaty, hair mussed, well-used mess with her thighs coated in his seed.

The man-hulk in question was currently pressed up against her side, his muscles also sweaty but hard. They were both happily - and unashamedly - naked.
He felt way WAY too real, and she felt way WAY too sore for this to be a dream.

Oliver's arm lay heavily on her back, calloused fingers gently tracing the smooth line of her spine as she melted into the thread count million sheets.

His touch was slowly turning the soreness into languid mush. She wasn't going to be able to move. She'd already had a sort-of awkward brunch where she couldn't exactly walk properly. She had to walk a little slower than normal or reveal the fact that he'd literally fucked her so hard she couldn't walk straight.

He was so incredibly smug about that.

She would have been mad, but he'd earned it.

Her Emerald Archer grumbled deep in his chest happily and pressed closer into her side. His half hard cock twitched against her hip.

Felicity moaned softly and murmured into the rumpled sheets mashed into her face. "How are you even remotely ready to go?"

Oliver leaned up over her, resting his head on his fist, elbow cocked. Hah. Cocked. She said cock. God, she was so fried her brain was acting like a fifth grader.

His hand smoothed lower down her back, palming the round of her ass cheek. He just held it for a moment, massive palm throwing into relief how much bigger he was than her. He hmmm'md and squeezed, then pressed the ridge of his palm hard into her butt cheek before squeezing again. Felicity really couldn't tell if the erotic massage maneuver was supposed to relax her or get her all hot and bothered again.

Maybe both.

He did it again and it shot sparks to her groin. Yeah, definitely both.

She whimpered, clenching her cheeks, and he chuckled. "You have the best ass I've ever seen."

Flopping her head sideways, she side eyed him. "And that's got you so worked up?"

Oliver's own eyes darkened considerably. "You have no idea how much all those tight skirts have affected me, Felicity. Let's just say I have a lot of time and frustration to make up for." He thrust his hips and ground his groin against her thigh.

She whimpered. Her poor lady parts. Lucky lady parts? Hm. Well, between the pros of explosive orgasms and the cons of utter exhaustion and a little soreness, she'd lean towards the lucky side of the column.

He squeezed her cheek again and dipped his pinky lower to the cleft of her thighs. An adorable and somewhat embarrassing squeak escaped. She was still soaking wet. A growl sounded low in his chest. He could probably feel just how slippery she was with their mingled cum.

He said it called to something deep inside him earlier. During the dirty talk of round three. A primal sense of masculine pride that he'd made a sticky mess deep inside her, seeing the evidence coating her inner thighs.

His cock twitched again, coming to life slowly. Even the illustrious Mister Queen had limits to his
stamina, it would seem. He had totally been telling the truth when he said he loved her "full of him", though. The glorious memory of being pinned beneath him, stretched by his dick as he painted her insides white with spurt after spurt of his cum washed over her.

God yes.

She whimpered as he rose to his knees and swung a leg over her so he was straddling her thighs as she stretched out languidly on her stomach before him.

He'd said he loved going bareback but, after some poor choices in his youth, never risked it with previous partners again. He'd never trusted them this much. But with Felicity, it was an almost feral need to claim, to fill her over and over so she'd never want another. To stake his claim inside and out.

Like another guy could make her feel like this. Silly man.

Still, if that feral need induced day long sex marathons? Fine by her. She felt quite thoroughly claimed.

Little Oliver didn't seem to agree, apparently needing to keep claiming, and twitched against the cleft of her ass.

The blonde whimpered. "Oliveerrrrr.... As much as I really like making up for lost time, if you want me to be able to move at all during round four, you're going to have to give me a little more recovery time."

He lay both his palms flat on her luscious ass and cupped the supple cheeks. "You don't have to move if you don't want to." He squeezed her rounded cheeks again and began to slide his hands to the small of her back, thumbs pressing into the muscles along the side of her spine. She could tell he had a smile in his voice as his fingers wrapped around her hipbones.

Who knew hipbones were a major erogenous zone?

"You relax." He flexed his hands. "Stay still. I dare you, in fact." The sneaky sex God smirked, speaking lowly. "I will take care of every inch of your body."

He pulled back and up gently, effortlessly shifting her slight form, raising her hips a few inches off the mattress to grind his hardening dick into her wet sensitive thighs.

How could she forget exactly how strong he was? He could flip her like a rag doll.

Felicity smiled, peering back over her shoulder. "I am only opposed to moving under my own steam. I am not at all opposed to more orgasms."

The big man smiled down at her. "Then relax, and let me take control."

Oliver gently laid her body back down flat onto the sheets. He backed up, prowling over her like a lion over it's mate. Still on his knees, he gently adjusted and slid her legs out from under his. With her arms thrown up about her head and Oliver kneeling between her widely spread legs, she resembled an upside down y shape. Oliver knelt between her spread legs, eyes drinking in her supple and exhausted body.

She felt open, exposed to his hungry stare. He didn't touch her, just stared.

It got a little awkward.
She peeked back over her shoulder. "Oliver?"

He hummed. "Just admiring the view." He clambered over her and off the bed, walked to the dresser, digging in one of his bags on top. Out came a few of his silk ties.

Felicity shivered. She didn't know what the ties were for, but she had some ideas. Man they were fun ideas. Sexy ideas..... Oh please let him be having some of those same ideas for those ties.

The big man hopped back onto the bed. He prowled low over her prone form, brushing his chest against the smooth plains of her back. Oliver reached down and traced her limp wrists lightly with his forefinger.

He purred rather than talked. "Does being held include ties?"

She whimpered, her legs unconsciously schooching towards each other so she could rub her thighs together, maybe relieve some of the tension building between her legs. Only to be brought up short against Oliver's spread knees. She sighed. "It can."

He leaned down, closer and closer, until his lips brushed with the slight scratch of his stubble against the shell of her ear. The low smooth rumble of his voice simply dripped into her ears. "May I tie your wrists to the headboard, Felicity?"

Oh sweet jesus and Lords of Google. If she wasn't wet before (which she absolutely was), she felt like niagra falls now. Her thighs tightened around his knees and her channel clenched emptily. She needed Oliver Queen back inside her. Needed him filling her again. Needed the stretch of his girth and the power of his thrusts. She shook her head briefly to clear it and smiled at her lover. Lover. As creepy as that word sounded, it was accurate. Better than fuck buddy. Wait, was that what they were? Fuck buddies? Would he want any kind of relationship after this or was this going to be a what-happens-in-Central-City-stays-in-Central-City sort of thing?

Ugh. Too much brainwork. I don't want to think that far ahead. C'mon brain, can't you just let me enjoy a weekend of marvelous sex? Don't ruin this.

"Felicity?" Oliver's voice broke into her brain's ramblings.

"Oh!" She nodded. Vigorously.

Oliver traced a finger slowly down her spine, leaving goosebumps in his wake. "I need you to use your words for this sweetheart."

Felicity whimpered. Don't think too much of it. Sweetheart is just an expression, right? Wait, he wanted an answer. "Oh yes. Please. Ties are fine. Great, even."

He tugged her languid wrists a little further up the bed, over the pillows and next to the crossbarred headboard.

Tilting his head curiously as he smoothed the tie between his strong hands, the dirty blonde watched her closely. "You know safewords?"

She colored slightly. "I've never had anyone to use then with but I understand the concept. Red yellow green?"

The blonde man grinned. "Traffic lights are fine. So what are you at now?"

A moan escaped her mouth of it's own accord. "Green. So green."
Slipping his soft tie around her wrists, Oliver wound the silk around her wrists in a figure eight, over and over, forming wraps rather than just a single tie. Her wrists were well and truly bound together, but not tight enough to cut circulation or even hurt. Just adding that hint of vulnerability, that slight tinge of helplessness that she couldn't explain why was so erotic.

He picked up a second tie she hadn't seen and looped it around her bonds, securing it thoroughly to the frame and giving her about an eight inch lead.

She tugged, just to see. Felicity was going nowhere.

He backed down her body and rested his hands on her widely spread thighs. Smoothing up and down her supple flesh, he massaged her legs and worked closer and closer to her firm ass. As his hands squeezed and rubbed the cheeks, working out kinks she didn't even know she had, she rubbed her face happily into the pillow and moaned softly.

This was bliss.

Suddenly, he brushed over her rosebud and she squeaked, clenching. He paused for a moment in his ministrations, then did it again. She went to swat his hand, grinning, but her arm was brought up short as the ties held her fast. She let out a very unladylike snort that she had forgotten her hands were tied. He really had melted her brain.

"Something wrong?" he asked quizzically, tilting his head in impish curiosity. He pressed against the rim of her puckered hole and she shifted restlessly.

"No, but..."

He stopped immediately. "What is it?"

She squirmed and he smoothed his hands over her hips in a soothing motion. "It feels good, but I'm not quite ready for that."

He leaned forward and kissed each butt cheek then the small of her back. "Ok. This is when we'd use yellow for the future, ok?"

"Ok."

"Good." Simple. No pressure. He then moved on. This man was amazing.

He moved to the small of her back, working out the knots that she had developed from all the strenuous exercise they'd been doing that day. Lords of Google and all hail Alphabet; she was merely a Felicity shaped pile of goop.

Then the teasing began.

A feather light touch on her soft skin. Tickling up to where her wrists were trapped to the headboard, then slowly tracing little circles down the backs of her arms to the tops of her shoulder blades. Everywhere his soft touch went, a burning need followed. It was like he was igniting her skin as he traced over it. He etched little patterns across her back, and goosebumps raised in his wake.

She could practically feel him smile.

Oliver brought both index fingers up to the base of her skull and just dragged his calloused fingertips down her spine, managing to ratchet her need up another notch. She let out another strangled moan and arched her back under his touch. He was just touching her, for Google's sake! He was driving
her insane. Maybe that was his plan. Render her immobile then tease her until she couldn't take it anymore. The golden blonde buried her face down, whimpering. She was getting very close to that 'couldn't take it anymore' bit.

She needed him to fuck her, but words were hard.

A delighted chuckle met her ears. Did she say that out loud?

"You did." Came Oliver's quick reply.

Hm. I guess words weren't that hard after all. She just needed the right ones.

The athletic man wrapped his hands around her hips and pulled. Felicity slid backwards and the tie pulled gently taut. She felt her hips rise and back arch as Oliver rested her hips on his thighs as he knelt behind her. Her lower belly rested on his knees and her knees naturally pulled in slightly to rest alongside his body. His cock rested in the cleft of her ass, so close to her aching pussy.

Oliver sighed again in appreciation. "So beautiful. Laid out like a feast for me." He took hold of himself and pressed his cock head against her quivering opening. The petite woman moaned at the sensation of his thick length working it's way inside her again. Already sensitive from her earlier orgasms, it was almost too much.

And then he leaned forward and bent over her back, flexing his hips forward.

He groaned. "Gonna stuff you so full. God Felicity, so deep. Never gonna get enough of this."

Felicity was in heaven. He was getting such an angle, the position letting him penetrate deeper than before, pressing against her cervix. She moaned helplessly. She wanted to reach back and touch his leg, grab his wrist, anything. But she was stretched out, arms in front, wrists trapped in a silky hold as he controlled her body. She clenched her trapped hands into fists, trying to grasp at something, anything to keep her from becoming overwhelmed by pleasure.

Oliver grunted and rocked his hips harder. She could tell he was getting close, his words getting sorter, that filthy mouth that talked her into coming clipping his sentences shorter and shorter. "Oh yes. Gonna paint your cervix white, Felicity. Gonna flood you so full. If I could push into your womb, I would. Flood you with my seed. So much you'd never get it all out. Claim your walls with my white sticky mess. Can you imagine it Felicity? All mine. I'm the only one who gets to claim you. The only one who cums in you ever again."

She gasped, but it was drowned out by her moans. Did he mean that? Or was it just pillow talk? Shut up brain!

He growled and flexed his hips hard. He could tell he was getting close, his words getting sorter, that filthy mouth that talked her into coming clipping his sentences shorter and shorter. "Oh yes. Gonna paint your cervix white, Felicity. Gonna flood you so full. If I could push into your womb, I would. Flood you with my seed. So much you'd never get it all out. Claim your walls with my white sticky mess. Can you imagine it Felicity? All mine. I'm the only one who gets to claim you. The only one who cums in you ever again."

She gasped, but it was drowned out by her moans. Did he mean that? Or was it just pillow talk? Shut up brain!

He growled and flexed his hips hard, thrusting against her barrier. He was so deep, it gave a different sensation, a different pleasure than what came with her clit. She writhed weakly, no longer able to lie completely still despite her exhausted body.

He felt so good, but she wanted to touch herself, to flick her tender little nub and bring herself to a shuddering orgasm right there, squeezing around Oliver's thick cock, but her arms jerked uselessly again her makeshift cuffs.

This was erotic torture.

She whined "Please! Touch me!"

He slowed down and brought his hand to her quivering belly. "Here?" She could hear the wicked
smirk in his voice.

"No, my clit, please!"

He traced lower, brushed his hand across her mound, then up around her thigh to where he was staring down at where his cock stretched her wide. He traced her spread pussy lips, right up around her clit, but never touched.

She moaned again, ending in a frustrated groan. "Please! Oliveerrrrr!"

"No." He pulled his hand away and gripped her hip again, feeling her pussy spasm around him. "We're going to see if we can get a cervical orgasm, and for that, we're going to let you build up some more."

"Nooooo..." She whined. More build up? She was about to explode!

He pushed up onto his knees, holding her hips up off the bed and put a greater curve in her back. Her knees fell under her and she rested heavily on her captive arms while he worked her back and forth on his cock.

She tossed her head side to side, toes curling, hands fisting the sheets. "I've barely ever had normal orgasms during sex, and those last few have been A-plus-great, I'd be happy with that. Oh god, so happy. Please Oliver."

His grip on her hips was so tight, she was probably going to have bruises, but oh it would be worth it. He pounded into her well used walls as his thick girth bumped repeatedly into her back barrier. Something was building.

The archer groaned as his hips snapped harder and faster into her sensitive channel, building her higher and higher towards god only knew what. His thick member plowed into her, stretching all the way to her cervix, she'd never felt so stuffed. He was hitting something deep deep inside that felt so good.

She felt it coming. Her orgasm. She felt it like a freight train rumbling from a long way off. Her thighs were shaking in his grip, muscles spasming around him both from the strain of effort of keeping upright and the overwhelming build up of pleasure.

Oliver grunted, teeth clenched, as his drove into his IT girl. He felt her tighten around him, knew she was close. He had tight control of her hips, pulling her back onto his cock.

Grunting, she wrapped his arm under her hips and gripped tightly around her waist. He bent over further and she could feel his chest brush her naked back. He kissed behind her ear then whispered, "Take it all Felicity." He nibbled her ear and she threw her head back with a sharp cry.

He brushed her hair aside as he heaved his hips forward, revealing the long expanse of her neck to his questing lips and teeth. He bit and sucked the back of her neck, leaving a glaring hickey. She felt him slam deep and hold, and the feeling of his cock expanding within her tipped her towards that avalanche of pleasure looming over her.

The sensation of hot spurts of his cum spraying directly against her cervix as he twitched inside her set the avalanche loose.

Waves of orgasm rolled over her as he ground his hips into her, ensuring with each hard thrust that he'd get every last drop inside her body.
Exhausted, he collapsed atop her, smothering her neck and shoulders with kisses. She continued twitching with aftershocks, lying limp, exhausted, thoroughly well-used and oh-so-sated.

She sighed, his body a pleasant weigh atop her. He mumbled softly. "Checkouts at three."

"We should shower."

He grinned wickedly.

"Separately."

He pouted.

Felicity squirmed a little. "You do have to untie me though."

Oliver kissed her shoulder and brushed her hair out of her face before levering himself up and forward so her could gently untie her bound arms.

She would never be able to look at him if he wore those ties into the office ever again.

But he did.

Many times.

Those times often ended with a locked office door and a long lunch.

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