Under Threat

by callistawolf

Summary

Oliver gets a call while working in the mayor's office from Felicity. She needs him and he's perfectly willing to drop everything and rush to her aid.

Notes

Another oneshot from me! I love the Summer of Unbearable Sexual Tension Part 2! So much potential during this hiatus for amazing stories! I forget now what inspired this (and I only started writing it a couple hours ago) but then I watched Zootopia before finishing it and I lost that thread. But luckily I didn't lose the fic! Enjoy.

When his cellphone rang while he was going through some paperwork in the mayor's office, Oliver was ready to ignore it. He had quite the stack of documents to get through yet and he wanted to have some time left tonight to go to the bunker and work on some more of the cleanup before he collapsed out of sheer exhaustion for the day.

But then he looked down and saw Felicity’s picture on the screen and he was answering the call without another thought.

“Felicity?” He couldn’t keep the note of panic out of his voice. He was supposed to be meeting her
at the bunker later on and it just wasn’t like her to call him up. Not anymore, at least.

“Oliver?” There was a quake in her voice; fear. Oliver’s gut tightened.

“What’s wrong? What’s the matter?” he asked urgently, already getting to his feet and grabbing his suit jacket.

“Oh...” she said and he was already out the door, headed for his car parked in the lot right outside city hall. “It’s not a big deal.”

He was already climbing behind the wheel. “Felicity. It sounds like it’s a big deal.”

“Okay, you’re right. It’s a big deal,” she agreed. Swearing under his breath, Oliver engaged the hands-free device in his car so he could keep her on the line as he pulled out of the parking lot.

“Talk to me, Felicity, tell me what’s going on. Did someone break in? Have you had an accident? What is it?” Every moment that passed, worse and worse scenarios flitted through his thoughts. He pressed on the gas pedal a little harder. “Are you at the loft? Where are you?”

“I’m at home,” she confirmed, still with that shake in her voice. “Do you remember that night we moved into the loft after leaving Ivy Town?”

Oliver furrowed his brow as he deftly steered through the evening traffic in downtown Star City. “Yes, I do.”

“Do you remember when I took the box up to the bathroom in our room?”

He thought back, remembering how Felicity had carried a small box of her own bathroom toiletries upstairs while he unpacked some of the kitchen stuff. “Vaguely?”

“Do you remember me screaming?”

It came back to him fully then. He’d heard her shriek and he’d run right upstairs to find her cowering in a corner of the bedroom, pointing a shaking finger towards the bathroom. He’d gone in there and hadn’t seen anything... or anyone. “The bathtub!” she’d cried. Pulling back the curtain, he’d looked in and then down and noticed a big black spider hanging out around the drain. Chuckling to himself, he’d dealt with the 8-legged invader and then spent the remainder of the night teasing her about being afraid of spiders.

Oliver groaned, easing up on the gas a bit but still heading towards the loft. “Is it another spider?” he asked.

“It is enormous, Oliver. Even bigger than the last one. I swear to god, it jumped at me. JUMPED. At me!”

Now he chuckled. Felicity was as brave and strong as any of them, but put her in a room with a spider and she became six years old again. It was, truthfully, pretty adorable.

“I do recall you telling me that,” he said.

“Wait, did I interrupt you at city hall? Are you busy? I’m sorry--”

“Felicity. It’s okay. I’m on my way over right now. I should be there in two more minutes.”

“Oh! Oh... Oliver, I’m sorry, you didn’t have to do that, I shouldn’t have--”
He interrupted her again, pulling onto the street where their... her... building was located. “Yes, you should have. I’m glad you called me, actually.”

“You are?” She sounded hopeful.

He parked the car in an empty space at the curb and disengaged the hands-free device. “Yes, I am. I’m glad you feel free to call on me when you need me.”

“I’ll always need you, Oliver.”

His breath caught for a moment as he let himself into the building. It was so hard not to read into what she’d just said. Instead, he swallowed and stepped into the elevator, hitting the button for the top floor. “Well, I’ll always be here for you. Whenever you need me.”

“You’re the best, Oliver.”

Again, his heart stuttered. Maybe this was them, on the road to a place where they could finally reconcile. He hated to get his hopes up, he’d be so sure during that whole mess with Carrie Cutter… But on the other hand, could he ever just lose all faith in the two of them ending up together? Unthinkable.

He still had a key to the loft, but he thought it best to knock. The only time he’d been in the loft since he moved out was when he crashed through the windows to save Felicity, Donna and Curtis from Darhk. Oliver didn’t think Felicity had minded his abrupt entrance that night, but those were special circumstances. And while she clearly considered a big, hairy spider to be worthy of an emergency call, he rather thought it didn’t warrant just barging in.

He wanted to respect her privacy, after all.

It took a minute before Felicity yanked the door open. She was wearing shorts and a t-shirt, reminding him that she was still essentially out of a job since the jerks on the Palmer Tech board voted her out. He made a mental note to see if there was a pull he had with the board to put in a good word for her reinstatement. After all, she was let go because of a national emergency. Surely that was cause for reconsideration, right?

Before he could say anything about that, however, Felicity launched herself at him. Her arms came around his neck, hugging him tight. It wasn’t unlike the hug she’d given him in the bunker the day of Darhk’s attack. He hugged her back, a little hesitantly but still gratefully. It felt amazing to feel her again, even if just briefly.

All too soon, she let him go. “Oh, thank god you’re here. I’ve been lurking just outside the bathroom, keeping an eye on the little bugger so he couldn’t plot an escape before you arrived.”

Oliver chuckled. “Lead the way, Felicity.”

He followed her up the stairs (trying and failing to keep his eyes off the sway of her ass in those shorts), ready to do battle in order to win back the love of his life’s heart.

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