The road not taken

by Alice2atlantis

Summary

What if Felicity was on the Queen's Gambit as well?

Oliver admired the Queens Gambit as he strolled into the docks. He had decided to join his father on this business trip to China to soften the blow that he had been kicked out of another college. It was an added bonus, of course, that it also allowed him to escape his commitment-crazy girlfriend and hook up with her sister in one fell swoop. He would take this one last trip, have one more meaningless fling, before settling down. At least that's what he told himself. He didn't really think that he believed it though, deep down. He had always been a playboy, and he really wasn't willing to give that life up.

"Hey, got room for one more?" Oliver dropped his bag at his feet, smiling at his parents.

"No," Moira shook her head.

"Mom," Oliver was very good at getting what he wanted. "let me keep dad company,"

"Oliver, you're in school."

"Not really." Oliver flashed his father a smile. "I forgot to tell you that."

"I could use an extra hand on the ship." Oliver smiled he could always turn his father to his side.

"Robert!"

"Moira, let the kid take the boat out with the old man." Reasoned Robert, giving his wife a smile.
"Alright, alright. But you promise me you'll behave yourself."

"Oh yeah. I promise."

"I love you so much."

"I love you too." Oliver spotted Laurel exiting a cab. "I totally spaced. I need to call Tommy, let him know I'll be out of town for a few weeks." his parents nodded and Oliver went to move but his father caught his sleeve.

"Wait Oliver, there is someone I'd like you to meet." Robert gestured for a young girl to move closer. She was young, her face still easily mistook for a teenager, and laden with bags. "Oliver, this is Miss Smoak. She has signed up for Queen Consolidated's scholarship programme. We pay for her education and once she has completed her course, she comes and works for us."

The girl stepped forward juggling bags. "Hello, Mr Queen, Mrs Queen, Mr Queen." She nodded to each of the trio, her arms filled with heavy bags.

Oliver couldn't help flirting with the flustered girl. "Mr Queen is my father."

"Right sorry," she blushed a delectable rose, and restarted the introductions. "Hello, Mr Queen, Mrs Queen and Master Queen."

Moira bit her lip and shook her head at her son. "Go, call Tommy." She ushered him away from the flustered girl.

Oliver nodded and fled the group. If he was quick he could call Sara before...

"Oliver!"

Oliver cringed before righting his face and turning to face his girlfriend. "Laurel! What are you doing here?"

Laurel gave Oliver a quick kiss on both cheeks before smiling. "I wanted to say good bye. And give you this." She handed him a small photo of her, smiling for the camera.

"Aw, you didn't have to."

"Yeah, but I wanted to."

Oliver could see over Laurel's head that Sara had arrived, her taxi pulling away. Damn.

Laurel retreated from the hug and looked up to see her sister entering the docks. "Sara? What she doing here?"

"I don't know, why don't you go ask her."

Laurel pressed a chaste kiss to the corner of Oliver's mouth and moved off to greet her sister.

Oliver face palmed and turned catching sight of the Smoak girl a few metres away.

"Hey. Miss Smoak, Right?"

She turned around, her bags seeming to have disappeared since their last conversation.

"Master Queen," she curtsied awkwardly.
"Oliver," he corrected.

"Felicity," she stuck out a hand. "Well, now that we know each other's names..." She smiled at him.

"I need your help."

"Ok, with what?"

Oliver wrapped an arm around her thin shoulders, turning her so she could see the sisters in the distance. "See those two girls? I was planning on taking my girlfriend on the trip with me, you know, to keep me warm at night."

"I don't know, but go on."

"Right, well you see the other one is her sister and she has a mad crush on me."

"I wonder why." Oliver turned to eye the girl tucked under his arm. Her cheeks reddened as her mind caught up with her mouth. "I mean, I can see why she might be attracted to you. You know, dashing rapscallion, with deep pockets and a penchant for beautiful women... Sorry."

Oliver couldn't help but smile.

"What do you want me to do exactly?"

"I need you to get my girlfriend on board while I distract her sister. Do you think you can do that?"

Felicity nodded. "Mm-mm. Which one is your girlfriend?"

"The blonde."

Felicity smiled. "That makes it easier." She caught Oliver's confused expression. "We went to the same high school. I know her from class."

"You're the same age as Sara?"

Felicity shook her head. "A year younger, but I skipped a grade." She smiled at Oliver. "So do you want to do this or...."

Oliver smiled at released Felicity, who after firing a grin back scampered off towards the sisters with Oliver following at a safe distance.

"Sara!"

Sara looked up from her sister to see a blonde shooting towards her. "Hi?"

"Felicity Smoak?" Sara showed no sign of recognition. "We were in the same chem class for a year? I was your secret Santa senior year? Which I personally thought was very demeaning what with me being Jewish and all." Felicity bit her lip. "Anyway, I'm going away for a month or so, so we should totally exchange numbers, or whatever."

Laurel glanced back to her sister and Oliver took the chance to signal Sara to follow Felicity. Sara's eyes lit up. "Right, yeah Felicity. We should totally do that. I just wanted to wish Ollie a nice trip."

Sara turned to Oliver. "Have a nice trip," she awkwardly hugged him before stepping back.
"I'll give you a lift home if you want," offered Laurel.

"No! I mean... I'll let you and Ollie say good bye. I'm going to go to a friends house anyway so I'll just take the train. After I grab Felicity's number of course." Sara gave her sister a hug. "See you later." She pulled away and let Felicity lead her off.

Laurel glanced at the blonde pair moving off before turning back to Oliver. "I didn't know anyone else was going with you?"

"Neither did I, my dad invited her, some work type thing," the ships horn blared form behind him and he gave Laurel one last hug. "I'll see you when I get back, ok?"

Laurel buried her face in his shoulder before giving him a quick kiss on the cheek. "I'll miss you."

"I'll miss me too." He smiled at his own joke, kissing her forehead before scooping up his bag and dashing up the gangplank onto the ship.

As the boat left the dock he waved the diminishing figure goodbye, not knowing that it would be a while before he would be back.

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