Prompt: “You like it when I bend over for you, huh?” Oliver and Felicity find a way to make it work while one of them is away on business. Written for the Olicity Valentine’s Day smut-a-thon on Tumblr.

Candid Camera

by Some1FoundMe

Summary

“You like it when I bend over for you, huh?”

He bites back a groan as she does just that, the material of her dress pulling taut across the firm, full shape of her ass. Fuck if he doesn’t worship that part of his wife’s anatomy. She’s putting on a show, riling him up, and it’s working. His cock is hard and aching where it strains against his fly.

“Felicity.”

The word is ground out between clenched teeth – it’s all he can manage – and she straightens, tossing a sultry wink at him before stepping out of view of the camera.

He hates these business trips. He hates being away from her. He hates that he can’t take her to bed, that he can’t slide his hands beneath the hem of her dress until it’s bunched around her waist. Three fucking days without her and he’s got a serious case of blue balls.

When she reappears in front of him, a vast expanse of naked flesh filling his screen, he worries he may swallow his own tongue. Or cum in his pants. Fuck.
“Christ.”

“You like?” she purrs, pivoting to give him a show, a seductive little grin on her lips.

She’s lost the dress only to reveal the sexiest lingerie he’s ever seen her in. It’s hot pink lace, the top some kind of cross between a camisole and a bra, the cups of which don’t even cover her rosy, pebbled nipples. The tiny little thong she wears is barely enough material to qualify as panties and when she turns, he can’t help the frantic groan that escapes him. The lace disappears between the smooth globes of her ass and he feasts on the sight of her naked flesh. He wants desperately to sink his teeth into that tight muscle.

“I thought maybe we could play a game.”

Whatever it is, he knows he won’t win. He won’t last. He’s already reaching for his belt when she opens her hand and reveals the tiny vibrator she’d been hiding. Holy shit.

“What kind of game?” he growls.

The sound of his zipper sliding down seems to echo through the room. His heart is pounding, his mouth dry, and his thighs are tense. He hisses sharply as his fingers wrap around his erection. He pumps himself once, twice, a third time, and releases his cock. He’s not ready to cum yet.

He finds her watching him with hooded eyes, her cheeks flushed, and her plump lower lip trapped between her teeth.

Olive repeats the question.

“What kind of game, Mrs. Queen?”

The color in her cheeks darkens and she takes a stuttered breath.

“I think we should see who can last longer,” she explains, her voice soft but laced with desire, “Loser has to do dishes for a month.”

He laughs, shaking his head, and squeezes his cock in a tight fist, his thumb sliding over the head roughly. He’s going to lose, he’s sure of it, but he doesn’t give a damn. As long as he gets to watch her fall apart with her fingers buried between her thighs, he’ll do dishes for the rest of his life.

“What do you say, Mr. Queen?”

He grins, adjusting the angle of his webcam so that she has a better view of his erection and the bead of moisture already leaking from the tip. Felicity whimpers and licks her lips.

“You ready?”

She nods, loose tendrils of hair cascading over her shoulders and brushing the tops of her breasts.

It takes her a minute to fiddle with her camera, zooming in and adjusting the angle, and at first he isn’t sure what she’s doing but then it dawns on him.

She steps up to the dresser in her hotel room with her back to the camera. Leaning over and bracing herself against the smooth wooden surface, she offers him the perfect view of her absolutely beautiful ass. He catches her eye in the mirror over the dresser and she smirks. She wiggles her hips and spreads her legs. He can’t possibly miss the slickness of her arousal that coats the inside of her thighs and darkens the lace of her thong. His hand flexes around his cock
and he groans.

A soft click precedes the buzz of the vibrator and he stares, enraptured, as she guides the little toy between her legs. Her fingers glide along her wet folds, pushing the lace out of her way, and she presses it against her clit, crying out sharply at the contact. He sees a tremor race through her, making her body quake.

“Oooh. Oh god.”

The high pitched gasp spurs him into action and he twists his fist sharply, tugging the turgid flesh in a way that draws the most pleasure. His hips buck in his chair, his knee knocking against his desk, but he barely notices. His gaze is glued to the woman on his computer screen. She’s moaning and whimpering and gasping and each little sound she makes drives his pleasure higher.

She moves, her stance widening even further, and while she holds the vibrator firmly against her clit, her thumb snakes down to her opening. She pushes it in, thrusting shallowly, and each plunge of her digit into her tight channel causes her cheeks to bounce.

“Fuck, Felicity!”

He gasps, groaning, and moves his hand faster, pumping hard. He feels the pleasure building at the base of his spine just a moment before it erupts. The force of his orgasm takes him by surprise as ropes of hot cum coat his hands, splashing onto his thighs. The edges of his vision blur and he takes deep, ragged breaths.

“Ol – Oliver!”

Her hoarse voice calling his name is one of the sexiest sounds he’s ever heard and he continues to pump his cock with lazy strokes.

Felicity is pressed into the dresser now, her face turned towards the camera, and she drops the vibrator to the floor before plunging two fingers deep into her pussy.

She cries out, fingers thrusting wildly, and comes apart beautifully. Her legs shake and her knees weaken, leaving her draped heavily on the piece of hotel furniture. He sees her eyes flutter, watches as her back lifts with the gasping breaths she takes, and wishes that he was there with her. The movement of her fingers slows and after countless moments, she withdraws her hand, leaving a trail of moisture to drip down her thighs.

“You okay?” he asks when she doesn’t move off of the dresser.

The smile she gives him is sleepy and sated and he returns it.

“I love you,” he reminds her.

“Love you, too, Oliver.”

His eyes leave his wife for the first time in half an hour. There are voices outside of his office door and they’re growing louder by the second.

“Shit. Honey, I have to go.”

Finally she finds the strength to right herself, shuffling across the room to lift her tablet from what he guesses is a nightstand.

When she gets a better look at the mess he’s made of himself, her grin broadens, turning smug.
“You really do love it when I bend over for you, don’t you?”

He chuckles at her teasing.

“I miss you, Felicity.”

“I miss you, too, my love. Now go clean yourself up. We don’t want some poor staffer to catch the mayor with his pants down.”

He just grins at that and she blows him a quick kiss before disconnecting. Two days. Two more days and she’ll be home with him where she belongs. He can’t wait.

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