PrepPy GoThic LoVe

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by cruzrogue

Summary

New Freshman at MIT, Felicity wants to party and she meets another drunken party guest Oliver and they hit it off. Not really thinking of consequences have a wonderful time together. Oliver been to two different schools and this one he finally wants to do better because of a beacon of hope that rubbed off on him with just one night a passionate gothic girl changes him for the better.

Notes

Oliver is 4 yrs older than Felicity, she's in college at a much younger age than most. Oliver has no clue in his drunken state or he wouldn't of spent time with a minor. Felicity is out wondering what the big deal is that everyone raves about sex unfortunately for her it only takes one time even for a genius.

See the end of the work for more notes.
Chapter 1

College hot gothic girl he kept her panties.

He remembers her hot breathe against his ear after he slide home and she arches her back heaving her perky breasts against him and lets out the sexiest cry he ever heard to only have her tell him that he was her first. He froze even in his most drunken state he knows this is monumental and he makes sure in a deep animalistic way she was cared for. He lost count after bringing her to the edge once again and leaving marks all over her body. They continue drinking enjoying the prolonged buzz and he even didn’t mind her lengthy babbling of science. It actually was a turn on. Who knew?

Draped with a sheet just barely covering his ass he looks around an unfamiliar room. Getting up and finding his bottoms he dresses as he looks at his marked body of last night’s affairs. He can’t really remember much except those beautiful alluring eyes and freckles across her nose he remembers the thick her eye makeup she wore and how he helped clean it off with some alcohol and his t-shirt and her panties which he found near the discarded shirt. A tube of her lipstick which he thinks she reapplied a few times during their hot make out sessions that always led to another round. Damn he wishes she was here now to maybe entice her to take care of his hardening bulge.

Walking into a small bathroom off the side of the room he sees his reflection on the mounted mirror. She did a number on his neck for sure he was very well bruised and her blackish hue of lip color marking sweet lips marks on his face and torso and he let out a huff. They both would be walking around campus with knowing hickeys for days.

Wrecking his mind for a name he recalls a Fizzy or was it Lizzy. Whatever her name was she rocked his world hopefully he did the same to hers. He was dragged to this party by his so-called friends like Max and Devon. His best friend Tommy had to bail leaving Oliver roaming around the frat house until he met his queen literally he called her his queen which made her give him a snazzy remark but they were both hammered enough and quickly with no thoughts in the world took her to an upstairs room.
He celebrated his 20th with a big bash in his off-campus less ‘dorm’ looking room where he shared with his best buddy. Waking up with a few girls wrapped around him and nearby Tommy Merlyn plastered on deflated air mattress didn’t cover the wild night he just had with one gothic chic who showed him the meaning of hot and heavy.

He dropped out of Harvard after getting caught sleeping with a professor. The school didn’t tolerate it at all. He was now trying a third school his parents threw money at. Boston University his grades were average but he was missing classes after massive drunken states. He just didn’t care, living life the way he was living it gave him a sense of entitlement and feeling good was very relevant for him. He also knew he had to do the bare minimum or he’d be back home under his parent’s full watch which depresses him into the vicious circle he has going on.

He didn’t have anyone at home that he loved his last girlfriend which he keeps going back and forth in another shameless runt. He keeps her like a retainer someone who he could use to please his parents into thinking after college maybe he settles down even though he knows that isn’t the case. He would most likely land up having to be forced into a some sort of loveless marriage as he would work for his dad and eventually run the family company.

So here he is jerking off near a wash cloth he would use to clean himself up. He has to walk across the campus to reach his place a few blocks east and clean up to make it to a few of his classes.

“Hey dude you done with this room?” One of the frat boys calls to him after he let out a grunt.

“Yea. Sure.” Oliver walks by the lanky guy and picks up his belongings and stuffs the virgin’s panties in his pocket.

Felicity wakes up and feels his breath against her clavicle bone his right hand palming her breast with his other just over her head she might have used it as a pillow sometime during sleep. Her body feels sore as she stretches a little not carrying if she wakes her bed mate. Her brain screaming in agony but not nauseas as she thought she would be. She feels his morning boner not far from her behind as his body is curved around hers. Raising to a sitting position the sheet falls further down and she turns to look at him and her eyes land on his chubby that did wonders to her body hours ago. Picking up the sheet and covering him wondering why she was all of a sudden modest.

She read about sex and even went online to watch some videos to see what she was getting herself into. She was young she looked at his face and pegged him for at least an eighteen-year-old and being she was only sixteen and a freshman at MIT it was probably a good idea she left now and didn’t get the awkward how old are you talk. She goes to her purse and hopes they used protection it was one thing she made sure she took to this sex crazed party.

A part of her knew that her first time should have been sweet and memorable but she was at a stage where she wanted to experiment and tired of hearing about sex from others. She won’t touch drugs again being that she got her first experience with baked goods that lead her into the emergency room. She lied to the hospital staff using an MIT RA in her dorm to act as if she were her mom. Thank goodness Nellie was cool enough but she owed her big time and Felicity did some hacking for grade changes.

Telling people who weren’t around her school project, classes, etc… she kept her age from coming
out. People acted weird around her once they knew she was a minor or a certified genius.

It was a real dumb thing they did most of the night she recalls most of the acts while they kept drinking so reasoning wasn’t something in their forefront. None of the foil wrappers were missing. So every ejaculation was pretty much on point to baby making if he didn’t have a STD for her to add to the list of why she did the most stupid thing in her life. She found her long black skirt; see through black cami with a green faded dress shirt and those Goth boots she loved. She couldn’t find her lacy green thong and chucked it as a lost article of clothing.

Giving him one last look she left the room and ran down the stairs leaving the house a past memory as she jogged to her college dormitory.

It was a few days when she had a chance to get the Plan-B and take it. She should have made it a priority but with the over flowing of classes and project meetings she always pushed it out a bit saying the word soon. With six courses, every semester plus labs she was always busy. That’s when she felt a little off she chugged it to stress and maybe being under the weather as winters were really cold.

She had her physical when her doctor of two years asked her if she could be pregnant. That is how she found herself in her second trimester she had no clue she was almost six months pregnant.

“But I don’t feel or look like I’m pregnant?”

“Well Felicity, you are. We just confirmed it after the tests.”

“Oh.”

“Is there anyone…”

“No. No I’m fine.” She taps her head “I have a lot to think about.”

“Here is a list of gynecologists you should pick one and make an appointment; we can do that for you.”

“No, I’m okay. I’ll do it myself. Thanks.”

She left the doctor’s office a little shaken up. She was carrying another human in her womb. Now she had to think about the baby.

She couldn’t remember his name it was probably for the best he would just tell her to get rid of it or if he came from money and they tended to take care of their own problems. She grew up in Las Vegas she knew exactly what money could do. She was alone in this.

Mr. preppy lover was to be a one-time deal which would lead to her panting and screaming most likely swearing his existence in a few months. She didn’t need a frat boy to co-parent he probably hogged all the sheets at night even though his warm arms that night felt really good.

Would she keep the baby? probably not. Not much options to a sixteen-pregnant teen. What she wants is to wake up from a nightmare but she lived in the real world even working hard and being intelligent doesn’t stop the stork from visiting if she didn’t royally screw up.

She needed ice cream. A good pint-size. She needed to read everything she could on what to expect
because she had no clue if it didn’t revolve around ones and zeroes.
Finding out she's pregnant almost 6 full months in, like some weird dream her body now shows that indeed she is with child and starts to prepare the open adoption. Everything is a whirlwind in her life right now. Oliver still dreams of his queen and her inspiration in his life where he is more academically focused and trying to do better for himself.

“Hey man, we should hit that party. It’s going to be one of legends.”

“Nah, I have this essay due and I want to finish with getting all the references before the library closes.”

“Are you ill?”
“What?”

“You’re passing parties left and right. What the hell is happening?”

“Tommy I have a 1.7 gpa and I need to bring it up. So yea I’m going to work a little bit harder.”

“Since when do you care?”

“I just do.”

“Damn the death princess really got under your skin.”

“She has a name.”

“Which you can’t provide buddy.”

No, he couldn’t and he sighs. He met her late October and since then he’s been really keeping himself academically busy. He doesn’t shy going to parties he still a horny guy with needs he’s just cut down on mindless drinking and drugs.

Tommy walking from his room and back to keep his conversation going with his best friend he just doesn’t get Oliver’s 180 turn in events. Snow was melting spring was here and girl’s wearing shorter delectable clothing was on the horizon and his friend seemed to be pining over a dark haired with purple slivers over fair gorgeous skin that tasted like nothing he can peg so he’s been told.

Oliver thought it was intoxicating or maybe he was just so out of it but it was her voice that did him in. She talked a lot and he knew her inspirations more than anything personal about her.

He asked her questions and she would gladly respond and then would nibble his neck which damn he missed. Her questions were simple and he always started with the automatic response until her eyes bore into his and he gave in to truthfulness. One night and he was hooked she didn’t demand anything but she did aspect a level of integrity. No one in his life demanded him to be himself. That is the reason he craved it.

“What if she graduating this year, you’ll never see her again.” He taunted Oliver.

“I don’t think so she had intermediate classes I think.”

“So she’s about our age, maybe a sophomore like us.”

“That’s possible. Though there are a lot of schools in this area, bro!”

“Yep and lots a beautiful college gals. Can’t believe my best wing man isn’t gonna come out tonight.”

“You’ll survive.”

“I’ll just tell the ladies that you’re ill maybe they’ll have sympathy for ya next time they see you.”

Oliver rolls his eyes at Tommy’s antics he knows his friend won’t let it go. He has banked on Oliver’s reputation for years. If Tommy did something wild he needed to best it and vice versa in many ways but Oliver could get away with a lot more his parents seemed to enable him while Malcom Merlyn, Tommy’s father was more stringent.

“Well I’m off to get laid, see ya later loser.”
“Tommy.” Oliver said as he pushes aside the moveable desk and he rises from his comfortable position on the lounge chair. He walks to the cabinet and opens it. Throws a pack of condoms at Tommy. “Don’t forget this superstar.”

“Oh right. Don’t want the fishes to run upstream.”

“The world isn’t ready for a Tommy Jr.” Oliver declares at his buddy as he walks out the door.

He hears a laugh and a comment back, “Would be the coolest kid ever.”

Oliver stops at a coffee house he feels like he surely needs the caffeine. Looking at the large clock placed right behind the counter he can’t believe he spent two hours in the library writing down sources for his essay for his Political Science class. He was thinking of reading a few chapters for his morning class this coming Monday. His was living the college dream. Oh God if Tommy heard his thoughts he would hear a handful of comments that he didn’t know who his best friend was. Was it bad to change? He thought it was a good thing to want to do better.

He heard comments behind his back that he was losing his touch. He really didn’t care per se but he didn’t think he was that different. He wasn’t planning on ever peeing on a cop or anyone else again. That wasn’t a good night. Hell, he couldn’t remember it very well but those paparazzi had good shots of his bravado and senseless ways.

Boston had a really cold winter and spring and finally the first week of May a tad chilly but it held a breath of promising weather to come. So now sitting drinking his hot frothy beverage a group of Goths passing by the window and it piques his interest. Looking at every girl seeing if any held a resemblance to his queen.

“Hey buddy, what’s your problem.”

He shrugs at the group as they stare him down. He didn’t mean to get caught staring but he’ll chance it if seeing her again was the result.

“I was just seeing if I knew one of you ladies.”

One than two of them cracked up another snarled, “Yea like you would know any Goth kids like us. Jocks like yourself and your polo shirts.”

Oliver looks down at his polo shirt and has to give the guy credit he was right. He didn’t really know any Goths not that he was looking to know any. Yep that made him sound snobby but he wasn’t one to adventure out.

“Well your right.” Oliver looks at his table with enough chairs to host these five people. “You know what my bad for staring let me get you guys some drinks.”

“Nah man, we’re good.”

“Hey speak for yourself, I’ll take a coffee, not like I have the funds.” a fiery red head said, her boobs almost blasting out of her netted top. She looked hot Oliver did have to admit but all those face piercings just didn’t do it for him.

So that is how he hosted a Goth meet and greet three females and two males that kept wondering if he was trying to steal one of the girls. It started off awkward but Oliver being the odd man out decided to give this a try. He knew he was charming he just needed to let go of some stereotypical
conversations and to find his expressive dramatic side. He could so do it just needed to find the balance and go with the flow.

“So, you’re all alone on a Saturday night? What gives?”

“Have stuff due on a few classes.”

“It’s Saturday, your telling me your rather be booked up and not out find willing girls.”

“I’m telling you I’m out studying so I don’t fail my classes.”

“Gotchya, your penance for too much partying.”

“I guess.”

“See this peppy boy got his priorities.”

“Better than being a weird stalker pep boy.”

“What?” Oliver looking offended.

“Statistics don’t lie.”

“I don’t think… um what’s your name?” The girl with very puffy clothed shoulders says with her hands towards him in a fake gesture of annoyance.

“Ollie.”

“Ollie here needs to know this shit.” Giving him a sympathy look afterwards.

“Hey it statistical proven that white males are perpetuators of some weird crimes.”

“You guys do know that we’re all white.” One finally says.

“Yes but we are enlightened.”

Oliver is a deep discussion with two of them as they have been there for some time and he is so enjoying himself he doesn’t see Tommy with Devon and a few classic beauty girls enter the shop.

“Oh my God is that Ollie?”

Tommy looks at the table and spots his childhood friend laughing at whatever what looks to be a male Goth was saying.

“Be right back.”

Tommy slides behind the loose benches and it catches Oliver’s attention.

“Hey Tommy.”

“I thought you said you were going to study and stuff.”

“I did I’m just taking a break.”

Looking at the group as they are also scoping him out.
“New friends of yours?”

“We met.” Oliver looks at the clock. “Wow! It’s been two hours, guess time flies when you’re having fun.”

“Any luck?”

Oliver takes a moment to ponder and when he figures it out.

“What do you mean by luck?” one of the girls asks

“He’s in love with a Goth girl he met last October.” Tommy supplies the answer.

The quietest female in the group says, “That is so sweet, see I told you guys he didn’t look like a creeper.”

“Um thanks Anabelle that’s so nice of you to say.” Oliver says teasing.

Tommy hears his name being mentioned by one of his pack of girls and he looks at Oliver. “I was going to head to our apartment have a little party you coming?”

“I’ll meet up later. Cris and I aren’t finished talking about the Renaissance period art at the MFA newest exhibit.”

“Okay.” Tommy walked backwards and added, “See ya later.” And gave Oliver the weirdest look.

Oliver nods and went back to listening to a conversation he was actually enjoying.

Felicity lays on her bed and sighs as she read the newest pamphlet. She hasn’t seen her mom since Hanukkah and she didn’t even know she was pregnant. Keeping her mom in the dark is hard and she knows it’s quite wrong but deciding to give up the baby it seems if she doesn’t have her mom who could remind her of this failure it wouldn’t be real.

Meeting the future parents of her son earlier in the week has been tough but yet soothing. They seemed so nice. She got to know how small their family was only Carol her baby’s future mom had a sibling. She was having a little boy. Which led to a conversation of baby names that The Jacobs were thinking of calling their child both passionate about which first name to give so they asked Felicity to tie break either it was to be Arron or Kyle. After listening to each side she chose Kyle. She remembers how Michael smiled as he said in affirmation he’s sons name, Kyle Oliver Jacobs. Kyle was Carol’s father’s name and Oliver was Michael’s deceased brother’s name.

She wonders what he’s doing her mind wonders to him a lot and further into her pregnancy she tries to imagine what a mix of their attributes would look like. She remember those intense blue eyes mesmerizing and she wishes to again be able to look at them but after all this she would know she gave up their child she doesn’t know if he would forgive her. She has no idea why she has a yearning to know what his stance on this baby is. She surely doesn’t want to romanticize any notions of grandeur on his part. A deep sated wish to at least know he’d be saddened to see another couple raise his baby would comfort her now.

With her roommate out longer than usually she starts to clean. Keeping herself busy has been an ongoing motto hoping to not think of the emptiness she knows she will feel in a few weeks. She
hopes they at least let her hold Kyle for a bit. Though having the strength to go through with this is wavering at times she loves him already and yet she knows deep in her heart she won’t give the quality of life that The Jacobs can. So she cries into her pillow.

Oliver is walking Anabelle to her dorm at MIT they kind of have hit it off since she started to open up a little more. He knows she’s the quiet one of the group. She offered to give him a book that helped her last semester on a class he was taking this semester.

“Oh kind of strange my roommate’s not here she hasn’t left the room since she became whale sized literally overnight.”

“Whale sized?” he inquires

“Yea she looking like she’s forever pregnant, poor thing.” She does an outline to show him but he thinks she’s overly exaggerating the size.

“Oh that sucks.”

She nods as she looks for the book. “You know.”

“What?”

“Somewhat like you and your dream girl she talks about daddy-o all the time.”

“Daddy-o?”

“Sperm donor more like it.”

“Oh, that’s awful.”

“It sure is. She’s been a mess since deciding to give the baby up. Though I think she is so bad-ass, she’s super smart, freakn sweet, and man she can accomplish so much and she’s just a sixteen year old freshman.”

“Holy shit.”

“Yea, I know right.”

He laughs at her hysterical theatrical waltz as she looks for the book and how much she goes on that she is so not ready to even consider a baby any time in her future.

“So here is that book.”

“Thank you.” He says earnestly.

“You are totally welcome.”

He goes to kiss her cheek and she turns and their lips graze. He goes in a second time to actually kiss her. Their lips meet and Annabelle nips his little mole near the bottom of his lip. He goes in for another kiss when he’s reminded of his queen when he glances at those boots by the closet.

“I really can’t.” He pulls away.

“Why?”
“I just feel like I’m cheating.”

“You don’t even know her name.”

“It’s weird I know but I just feel like wherever she is I belong.”

She understands that is why she took a liking to him. He is packaged like a mouthwatering model and dresses a little too preppy for her taste but he has a heart of gold.

“Thanks for walking me home.”

“Not a problem thanks for this.” He tapping the book. “I bet it will help me come finals.”

“Goodnight Oliver.”

“Night Belle.”

Her mind is numb after internally screaming as she was taken away from her dorm in a stretcher. It was too early and yet the baby was coming and coming very quickly.

“Okay breathe Felicity, you are doing great.”

Felicity grips the sheet as hard as she can.

“One more push…”
Summer sessions

Chapter Summary

This is more of a Floomy chapter. Just Tommy Merlyn entering the picture that might help Oliver find ‘his’ girl. Tommy and Felicity find that they enjoy the start of a new-found friendship. Just as Oliver is in Starling with family obligations. Felicity meets another boy will romantic feelings start taking place?

Tommy is actually in Boston his father dragging him along for business with a few meetings already in tow he wants to jump out of a window. It’s a nice July day he would rather check the local beaches and enjoy the scenery. Maybe flirt with the locals and enjoy a nice lager while having Boston’s finest seafood.

Oliver went back to Starling for a few days his mother requesting at least a few days of family time while Oliver’s new found academic prowess taking in a full load of summer classes.

Tommy had the apartment to go to but his father had booked a suite for them so Tommy wouldn’t get sidetracked and could be under his father’s watchful eye. He assumed his father was in some way grooming him in taking on more responsibility once he graduated. That brought a nice gloomy cloud into the mix.

“We are done for the day.”

“Oh, thank God.” Tommy let out.

Which earned him some raised eyebrows from a few associates of his father. Malcolm kept his face
pensive and just continued, “We will continue this tomorrow at 8 sharp.” They men did their respective goodbye chants while Tommy stood by his dad waiting to be released.

Now alone Malcolm looked at Tommy as they entered the elevator.

“No alcohol no girls and be in your room by ten.”

“But…”

“Or you can spend time with me reading some reports.” Malcolm lips up tick upwards showing a smile as he adds, “In second thought that option sounds better though dealing with a glum boy will be counterproductive.”

“So?”

“Be in your room…”

“By ten, Fine.”

They reached the level floor and Malcolm sensing his son’s relief “No alcohol.” The door opens. “Just go. Get out of here.”

Tommy couldn’t contain his excited relief. He was already bouncing to the exit while his father saw a colleague and stopped to talk.

Sitting on the edge of a large boulder throwing pebbles into the Charleston River contemplating life in solitude and yearning for something as nothing more than watching a rock sink into a watery abyss.

The park around was alive with people enjoying July’s weather. She could hear the street vendors peddling their merchandise and some of the better scents of delectable treats trying to entice visitors to consume such tasty indulgencies.

Her mind wandering back to when she gave birth. After everything, going through with giving this baby to a family that would love him in an open adoption was the right thing and it hurts. She felt sad to lose this little being but knows the Jacobs will be good to her son.

Miraculously she was super lucky her son is alive, her baby very preterm less than 32 weeks with really just recent prenatal care. It was like the moment she found out she was pregnant her body went out of its way to showcase it. One moment she could run across the field to a class to the next waddling wondering how many more steps she needed to get to a class.

The doctors did wait for her own doctor that has been monitoring Felicity like a hawk for weeks. At the hospital, they were going to try to delay and hopeful get one or two more weeks maybe if they were lucky more weeks but with high blood pressure soaring and at her age and the lack of prenatal care they decided it was best to do a caesarian section that was until she went into labor. They hope this baby is a fighter they were expecting the worst-case scenario but hoping for a child that defies the odds.

Felicity didn’t hear much after her scream right before a last push that brought Kyle into the world.
For a moment, everything was quiet until a soft cry brought everything back into motion. Voices over seas of other voices loud until it was just her and a few left over medical personnel with her.

“You did well.” A nurse trying to comfort her.

Tears were falling from her face freely she had no idea if he would live or die and soon she wouldn’t be told how he was doing in the NICU due to the ramifications of going through with this open adoption. It was clear that she would get at least one photo and how Kyle was doing for that birth year. She understood that they wanted to give him a good life but also not confuse him. Though Felicity stated that if anything changed that she’d step up. Then for any reason she would take her son it was a stipulation that was added to the clause.

“Penny for your thoughts”

Looking at the one who is disturbing her mindful reflection.

“Do I know you?”

“No. I don’t think so.” He says as he sits just a foot away looking at her little pebble collection.

“So, you thought sitting by me as what entertaining?”

“I was sitting over there.” He points to a bench that is now being used by an elderly couple. “Bored out of my mind, saw you and here I am.”

“Well there is plenty of space elsewhere.” She growls out.

“I wouldn’t have come over if I didn’t hear the ‘happy birthday to me’ snarky melodramatic sing song you had going.”

“Oh, so your taking pity on me, how thoughtful.”

“Honestly I am thoughtful.” Leaving her to roll her eyes. “Therefore, what gives? Is it your lovely bubbly personality that brings you to rock throw on your birthday?”

“Must give you points, most people that dress like you don’t stop to talk to someone like me.”

“Believe me I’ve been in a room filled with zombies of yes men all morning. Why not dare speak to a Gothic chic that probably knows everything about zombies or is that vampires?” He stops to think “Hmm let’s go with knowledge of supernatural stuff.”

“Well you could always get educated by going around the corner entering that video store and renting some classic tales of the crypt stuff.”

“And losing out on this afternoon delight?”

“Seriously?”

“What I don’t have a chance?” he is now chuckling.

She lets out a huff. But a small smile spreads on her face and that is enough for Tommy to pick up a pebble and relax a bit.

“My name’s Tommy.”
“Does everyone call you Tommy?”

“Basically, yea.” He confirms.

“So, I’ll call you Tom. I’m Felicity by the way.”

“Felicity, hmm that’s a really pretty name.”

“You’re not getting into my pants.”

He looks at her devilishly, “With all those buttons straps and crisscross strings it would be a miracle to unwrap you in this century.” He is waving his hands erratically.

She laughs. She hasn’t felt this light in months. Not since finding out she was pregnant. It felt weird a sensation she didn’t think she would feel again.

“Wow. She can smile and laugh, I must be on a roll.”

“So, Tom, you aren’t bad looking so this can’t be the way you pick up chicks?”

“Hot damn! Sheesh you trying to kill my mojo, I swear there was no alter motive than to fight boredom and lately I may have spent too much time with my father. Let me tell you he is a buzz kill.”

She shrugs and says “Wouldn’t know I don’t have a dad.”

“Oh, I’m sorry, my bad. I know it sucks my mom died when I was young.”

“Oh sorry.” She is somber reflecting that moment as a kid she felt that certain pain of her dad being gone “I meant he left when I was a kid, I’m sorry your mom died.”

“Thanks, it is strange as time goes on no one wants to talk about the dead. Sometimes I worry I’ll forget her.” He throws a pebble into the river.

“So, tell me about her.” She wraps her arms around her raised knees ready for Tom to tell her his story. He gives her a sorry puppy dog look and begins to recount his childhood.

He ends talking about the Queens without mentioning their names he wants to keep wealth from interfering with how they are interacting it’s nice that he’s just Tom and not a Merlyn with money and tells her how they are like an extended family and how his best friend and he are thick as thieves. He basically is on the edge of the boulder looking at the murky water.

“Is Tom planning on jumping in the river because I don’t know how to swim?”

“Nah, though it would have been a nice day for the beach.”

“I lived in the desert.”

“So where are you from?”

“Las Vegas.”

“Bet it is quite different behind the scenes there. I’ve seen it from the fascination of all the glitter and lights.”
“I couldn’t wait to get out. To see the world.”

“So how far have you gone?”

“Hello Boston.” She calls out to the city. That attracts a few pedestrians passing by.

“How about you?”

“I might be a little more seasoned in the traveling part.”

“Oh, do tell?”

“My dad’s a businessman it requires a good deal of traveling.”

She made a face. “So, not much into sightseeing then, what’s the fun in that?”

“Exactly. Or you can be like me and party hard and it makes no difference what city you’re in cuz they all look the same when buzzed.”

“That’s so sad.”

“I’m starting to get the 180 turn my best friend did. Like all this parting is just so blasé.” He looks at her and extends his hand to her. “Felicity, let’s go enjoy your birthday.”

“I don’t know. It’s just another year.”

“Nonsense. You’re here and alive and well you’re here with me, believe me. I know how to celebrate.”

“I should be scared.” Feigning fright.

“Ha! We are going to have fun.”

“Still not getting into my pants.” She teased.

“For once the end goal is just to enjoy another person’s existence of how many years?”

“I am officially seventeen.” After the initial shock, he thinks of Thea so he is like ready to hang out with someone young but not drastically that young she’s only four years in difference. Yet, not legal but they aren’t doing anything like that anyhow.

“No way, I would have never pegged you a day over twelve.”

“Shut up!”

“So, what does a teen do for fun now-a-days?”

“It depends on how old you are, You’re not like forty or something?”

“Really? I do not look forty.”

“Okay I believe you especially the whole dad thing, that wasn’t a made up…”

He rolls his eyes. “Felicity I’m twenty.”

“Oh, you are still young especially with that baby face.” She lightly pats his face. He moves her hand as if to fake indignation but she is already snickering.
“Let’s go do something before this whole ordeal has me rethink my strategy.”

“There is this arcade slash bowling alley down a few blocks.”

“Bowling, hum that sounds boring.”

“What about the arcade?”

“Really that’s what’s giving your face a seizure?”

“It’s me laughing, you dork!”

“Some say tomato, some say tomato.” They start their journey to the arcade place.

“So, what do you and your bestie do for fun?”

“Girl, I’d have to cover your ears for most of the story.”

“Ah you two boys…” she stresses the word boys “…are like devious wingmen looking for a hot lay.”

“Sort of but recently we are trying the straight and narrow.”

“Awe poor baby. Must be exhausting trying to be perfect.”

He let out a short laugh “Hardly, well do you know anything about perfection?”

“No.” She looks down. He looks at her trying to decipher the emotions crossing her face. “Far from it. I’m like a real fuck up.”

“No way I can’t believe that.”

She shrugs and looks at the sign above her. “We are here.”

“Okay then I’m so going to kick your ass.”

“In your dreams Tom.”

They play any competitive games enjoying the friendly assertion giving each other smack talk and it goes on until she turns to him saying she’s hungry. They finish up and head out to have something to eat.

“So, pizza?”

“Sheesh you’re such a kid.”

“Please! I wasn’t the one moaning when someone got annihilated.”

“I let you win, it is your birthday.” He says in a matter of fact tone.

“Really?”

“Okay I suck but in my defense, I don’t play video games I’m more of a social creature.”

“Fine. What do you want to eat then?”
“Pizza of course.”

She raised her hands in the air in mock annoyance. He laughs and points to a pizza joint and they head in.

They’re wondering the area after watching a local open theater event picking random things to do egging each other to do weird daring stuff when they come to a picture booth. Taking some photos and laughing at their stupid faces they find a quiet bench afterward to get to see the city view as they enjoy each other’s presence.

“I know this is a buzzkill question but I’m curious so if you don’t want to answer I’ll understand.”

“Just ask and rip that band aid off.”

“Why were you at the park alone on your birthday?”

“Like I said it’s just another day.”

“You don’t want to answer that’s fine.”

“Alright, if I must I had mandatory therapy session.”

“Did you try to commit suicide or something?”

“No, damn all because I’m Goth doesn’t mean I’ll take my life. Okay?”

“Sorry. I just assumed and that made me an ass. I am sorry.”

“I go because my mom threatened to pull me out of MIT.”

“Can she do that?”

“Probably not, but why take the chance.”

“I do drugs to slip away from my own void.” He manages to say.

“Your dad is hard to live with?”

“I don’t really see him much to be honest. I just know he has expectations and he seems to not think highly of me.”

“Why? Has he said anything?”

“It’s the little things. I just have that feeling. Like he wouldn’t care if I lived or not.”

“Well Tom. I for one think your awesome.”

He laughs. He hasn’t spent this kind of time with a female since forever if this is what talking to the opposite sex is truly like he has been going about it all wrong. He gives her a wink just to lighten the mood. She picks up on it but still says, “You are not…”

“Getting into those ridiculous black tight string galore pants, I know.” He finishes for her.

“Happy we are on the same page.” She smiles at his huge grin planted on his face.
“It is getting late. You don’t want your ride to turn into a pumpkin.”

He looks at her strange. “Why would it turn into a pumpkin?”

“Your curfew you told me you had.”

“Oh, shit what time is it.” He’s taking his cell phone out but Felicity told him in was a quarter to ten.

“Damn. Come on let’s get a taxi I’ll get you to your dorm and…”

“I can walk.”

“Yea that’s not going to happen.”

“I really don’t need a guy to…”

“Felicity, I wouldn’t walk alone and feel safe walking the city streets after dark just let me be the bigger person and make sure you get home safe. Please?”

“Fine.”

“Good.” He said as he flags an oncoming taxi.

Reaching her place. She takes his phone and adds her number. She then sends a text to her own phone. Giving it back to him. “If you need any help with any of your classes I’m your girl.”

“Thanks that be great. I’m holding you to it. We’ll continue with statistics.”

“What was our first lesson we had?”

“I forgot.” He smiled.

“It was about how often you get lucky with the ladies.”

“Like I said then and repeat now. That poll samples your using is all wrong.”

“Whatever floats your boat.”

“Goodnight Felicity.”

“Nite Tom.”

Felicity walks to the campus computer studies hall to print out some work to give in tomorrow. Looking around the quiet lab she takes a spot and begins to register into the password account given to her by the institute. She gets approached as she fiddling some more coding.
A male voice gets her to stop. “Hi, wow just saw that last code you did in class it was really, really good!”

She puts in a password to save and close her work before she says a word. “Thanks.”

“Name's Cooper.”

“Felicity”

“I know.”

They talk computer jargon for a while until the lab monitor tells the few people there that they are closing in ten minutes.

“What’s your stance on government?” he asks curiously.

“Part of me is for anarchy and another is like power to the people. I guess a mix.”

“Cool, what are you doing like tomorrow night?”

“There this poetry reading I need to check out, my friend is participating.”

“Cool, where at.”

“Open Mic at Slugs.”

“Nice, maybe I'll see you there.”

“Sure. Bye Cooper”

“Yea bye Felicity.”

Making it to his room just ten minutes after his curfew. He sees his dad reading while the TV is on low reporting international news.

“Your late.”

“I got…”

“Its fine I actually thought you’d still be out.”

“Um… going to take a shower than head off to bed.”

“Sure, sleep well.”

“Goodnight dad.”

He calls Oliver after a nice long shower knowing the time difference it’ll be best to call Oliver later in the evening.
Oliver picks up after the third ring. “Hey buddy.”

“Hey how’s things in Starling.”

“You really don’t want to know.”

“That good.”

“My mom and Laurel good.”

“Ah… I can feel your pain emitting from my phone.” He can hear Oliver’s vocal sigh.

“Seeing you haven’t jumped out a window yet, how are things with you?”

“I hate to make you suffer more but I had a pleasant day.”

“Really. Your dad isn’t being an ass?”

“Um… well that is the usual. What I want to say is I met this super cool girl.”

“That’s nice.”

“Totally goth.”

“Okay…”

“She has jet black hair but with sky blue tones instead of the purple.”

“Hair can be changed.”

“I would so set you up but…”

“But…”

“She’s like seventeen.”

“Yea no. That’s a deal breaker.”

“I know, totally thought so. Anyways I’m totally wiped I need to sleep have to get up early again.”

“Will you be in Boston day after tomorrow? I’ll be back in class we could hang and you can tell me about this mystery girl.”

“After this we going to London. Be back two weeks before school starts.”

“Poor you.”

“Take care buddy.”

“Yea you too.”
Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Felicity makes and deals with the hardest decision in her life. At seventeen she about to go through with the adoption. Oliver is pegged down by his mother’s choices and he starts to think of going back to his rebellious ways.

Chapter Notes

It's still very much in the angst part. When is choosing a path for a child ever been easy? Felicity makes choices.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“I am here.” She said undertone to the therapist.

The room big enough not to be claustrophobic. Felicity somewhat tired of these little get togethers. She could be tending to classwork or looking into adoptions clauses or even spending time with Kyle. Her thoughts are all over the place, she keeps trying to tell herself to think as Kyle isn’t hers anymore because it easier but he will always be hers. In this moment, the finality of another family raising her son is almost here. Doing her diligence to see what everyone’s rights are in the state of Massachusetts has become a hobby. She seems to know a lot which seems to infuriate nameless paper pushers trying to make their jobs easier. That isn’t happening they have underestimated the feisty girl she is.
“This is all for your benefit Ms. Smoak.”

“What do you want from me?”

“This session is about you. Its Therapy for you.”

“I don’t want to be here.”

“It is a requirement if you if you want to visit Kyle in NCIU after our session, even though the adoption isn’t finalized.”

“Not to forget your tell-tale on me to my mom who thinks this is best for me too.”

“I can sense why your angry. This must be…”

“Does every adult need to tell me how I feel?”

“How do you feel?”

“Like shit.”

“Would you like to elaborate?”

“I’m giving my baby up. I feel worthless. I feel like a fraud.”

“How have you been coping?”

“Being Goth is the best thing so far most people keep their distance from me.”

“Is that what you want? To be isolated?”

“There was this guy that made me smile when I just wanted to be left alone that was that day of my birthday session.”

“You were quite triggered that day. Barely said a word and when you did it was colorful.”

Felicity shrugged knowing how many swear words this lady heard probably fills one of her notepads fully.

“He was persistent and just wanting to chat.”

“Oh.”

“I know strange. Though in his defense I think he needed someone to talk too like I did.”

“Did you talk to him about Kyle.”

“God no. We talked about anything else he made me feel normal.”

“I see.”

“Yea I bet you do.”

“Excuse me?”

“I didn’t talk about Kyle because I have no right to.” Using her finger on her other hand and ticks off “I am giving him away.” “I didn’t know I was pregnant.” “He’s fighting to stay alive.” her index
finger still pointing to her other hand.

“Felicity!”

“I am a terrible person…”

“Fe-li-ci-ty” she tried again.

“What?”

“Your only human.”

“I’m terrible at that.”

“No, you are not. You’re here and your hurting that means you have empathy for your son. You love him enough to give him a better life.”

“It’s becoming a distant memory… his dad’s laugh.” Thoughtful as she remembers one feature that sometimes becomes a distant enough memory to hold for long.

“Do you remember more about him?”

“No. Just things that stick out. His smile, his eyes. Even his nose. I think Kyle has his nose.”

“What else does Kyle have?”

“Kyle could look like his dad. He is just so small. Like his skin was translucent. I’m afraid I’m doing the wrong thing.”

“You still can call off…”

“No. No. He deserves better. I still have two years to finish off and get my masters. Let’s say I’ll stop with school. I’ll have to find a minimum wage job. Yes, I have my mom who said she’d help me.”

“Indeed, you thought about it?”

“Of course! It is my baby. Though I’ll be eighteen in a year so then what? I’ll be able to get a job without my mom’s permission. Whoopie!”

“True, being underage is a con. What else?”

“My education won’t mean anything if I don’t get a degree. That is time and money. Also, doesn’t bring food, shelter, baby supplies, and everything else we’d need.”

“True again, poverty is most likely the avenue you’ll face.”

“How can I do that to him?”

“I’m more interested about what it is doing to you. If you keep your son how will you mentally cope?

“I’d be a mess, I don’t have to be a genius to know that.”

“I suppose so. Though how would you cope day to day?”

“What do you mean?”
“Your son will cry? He will have needs in all different time frames? He is a preemie and I have seen his health report with your consent and he is doing mighty well but there could be long term health problems. How would you cope with that?”

“I have no clue. Another reason I am unfit. I don’t have insurance once I graduate so if I quit school I’d need assistance. Just too many things against me.”

“Felicity, I am here for you to talk. This is what these sessions are about. How does it feel to finally say your feelings out loud?”

“That I should listen to my gut.”

“Okay, what does it say?”

“The Jacobs are Kyle’s parents. They have been with him shortly since he was born. I have been a visitor.”

“Is that what you truly feel or is that what you’ve conditioned yourself to say?”

“I really don’t know. One moment I’m okay next moment I cry.”

They keep talking. When her time is up Felicity walks down the halls slowly until she reaches the unit. She can feel the atmospheric change. She doesn’t enter yet needing to mentally prepare herself she goes and sits nearby. A door opens and she pays no mind until a voice brings her out of her stupor. “Felicity? Felicity Smoak? Is that you?”

Looking up she sees that it is her gynecologist.

“Hi Dr. Liu.”

“Is everything alright?”

“Just here to see Kyle.”

“I heard he is doing very well they say most likely with the overall vast improvement he will be going home in less than a month.”

“This is actually the month he was due to be born.”

“Oh yes I remember. Why are you not in there with that little sport?”

Felicity gives the doctor a tight smile and rises, “You are right I need to see him. Were you in delivery?”

“Oh yes, another beautiful child has entered the world. Well, have a pleasant evening.”

“You too.” Felicity finally puts herself together and walks into the nurses’ unit to sign in.

She immediately notices he is bigger than just a few days ago. She takes goes to the antibacterial unit and prepares herself to be as clean as humanly possible. A nurse guides her to hold him in the enclosed unit he is in. The moment she touches him he responds and a tear escapes letting freely go down her face she doesn’t want to let go yet. If she cleans the tear away she has to go through the whole antibacterial process. Sensing her dilemma, the nurse has a tissue and helps Felicity out.
“He is growing.”

“Yes, and also breathing on his own. Carol has been nonstop with him.”

“She’s going to be a good mom.”

The nurse just nods sadly. She can see Felicity loves her baby and its tragic.

“It takes courage to do what you are doing.”

“I don’t feel it I feel like a loser.” Felicity is lightly brushing his face as her other hand is feeling his grip around her finger.

“I was adopted and like you my mom was a teen. I met my birth mother when I was twenty-three.”

“How did it go?”

“I found out I was like her it was so uncanny. I understood why she gave me up. I was lucky that my mom loved me enough to let go. I had good parents.”

“But did you every…” Felicity started to ask than stopped.

“All the time. If you’re asking if I wondered why? It was all the time. I suppose all adopted children go through that but you need to realize I am the best version of me because my mom did the most selfless act she gave me a home full of possibilities I see that now.”

“Thank you.”

They spent the remainder of the time in a quiet hush as Kyle demanded a few things that they replied to.

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Oliver flips on his bed as he tries to get comfortable he may have had to many drinks. He starting to lose himself again.

His plan to just go to the gym cancelled after a phone call with his mother. She is so fixed on his love life all of a sudden. Even he isn’t pursuing anyone. His father is no help just shrugging at his wife’s antics.

He can’t believe he really was set up. That makes him weary about going back to Starling any time soon. Maybe he’ll try to get Tommy to go away for the Holiday season. Now he has to get some sleep he has finals to attend to before starting all over in basically two weeks. Man, after this he going to find some babe to help him release some stress. It would be easy to go that route it is something he has known a lot about for years. He just doesn’t want to give up his principles he feels hopeless.

He spends almost an hour tossing and unfortunately for him his usual thoughts on the Goth girl is really giving him a hard time he is picturing her with another which makes him groan in frustration. Maybe he does actually need a physical workout grabbing a pair of running shorts and a tank top he plans on going for a run.

He makes it to the ultra-busy pass and stops at a red light looking into the bus in front of him he sees
her. He sees the woman that has been haunting his mind for almost a year. He runs towards her but the light turns green for the bus and like that he is running after the bus. Crossing the street to begin his run on Harvard Bridge trying to keep up. After the bus keeps getting every green light and he having to stop a few times or chance his luck not to be road kill.

He stops to get his breath once he caught up to the bus on its routine stop the woman isn’t in the bus and he starts to wonder if she was really there.

Felicity enters her dorm building and begins her ascent to her floor tonight the bus smelled of cheese she couldn’t wait to get home to her awaiting room which she’ll be getting a new roommate this fall. Her previous one is moving in with her boyfriend off campus. She checks her messages and receives two from Cooper.

She presses play on the audio retrieval as she begins to untie her boots.

“Hey gorgeous was wondering if you want to meet up tomorrow and go over some study notes.”

Listening to the second message

“Hey thinking after we get a bite to eat. My treat of course. Call or text okay bye.”

Texting him back

‘How’s 9 if U do breakfast I’m game. Have to work in the lab at 11:30’

Shortly after she receives his text with a smilie face and thumbs up.

She decides to live again next week she’ll sign the final papers and as long as the Jacobs are in a happy loving relationship she needs to move on. That is the reason for all this to give Kyle a better life she reads every bit of this bidding agreement. Asked millions of questions even found herself looking up law personnel to reading up on laws in place. This decision was not easy but it was justified as long as her son would benefit and she stressed benefit it would be peril to the agreement within the law. She wasn’t a genius for nothing she stressed out the lawyers on both sides no caring as long as her son got taken cared for nothing else mattered.

She overheard on one of those meetings that talk her through the procedures that she was like a dog biting into a bone and not lighting up the slightest.

As being ready to be a mom if somehow everything she knew about the Jacobs comes apart she will have to suck it up and be a single mom at seventeen and hopeful have the universe take some pity and allow her son to be healthy so at least one struggle would be put to ease. It’s not like she’s going to meet the man of her dreams literally her dreams. It’s not realistic that he’d yearn for her too.

Chapter End Notes
Oliver and Felicity world is about to be intertwined shortly. Most likely the chapter after next. Thank you for reading.

*If anyone asks I will always say the baby will MOST likely Will be adopted, I can't give it that info away.
Chapter Summary

Getting an urgent call that has Felicity scared out of her wits with Kyle's well-being thinking the worst case scenario. This is a small chapter to conclude the adoption matter. Hope you enjoy!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Rushing towards the unit her son has been, her heart dropping the moment she got the call. They said it was urgent and all her fears were that her son was dying even though a part of her just couldn’t comprehend he was fine just hours ago. This couldn’t be happening she was hours away of signing her rights away this couldn’t be a cruel joke of the universe for letting him go. It just couldn’t be.
Out of breath and as she arrives at the spot her whole life as of late has been revolving around she feels a deep bone wrenching despair of what she could be walking into. She is alone no one to comfort her just people who have interests of their own. At this moment, she just could not breath and falling to her knees in a hallway that just in one moment was lifeless no one to see her crumble.

A hand on her shoulder took her from the void she found herself. She could not hear what was being said she was alert enough to move with the ease of being maneuvered to a sitting area. Her eyes came to focus on a plastic cup filled with what must be water.

She heard her name repletey but her tongue would not form words she was in the verge of tears and thinking she wasn’t even a mother no more gutting her core. She knew giving up Kyle would be the hardest thing to ever happen in her life but this pain just cut deeper and she didn’t know if he was truly gone yet.

Right before her a nurse on her knees lifting her chin and just saying soothing words until composure starting to kick in. Felicity takes the cup and drinks the liquid it helps immediately and her first question flies out of her mouth, “Kyle is he…”

“He is fine. He just had his feeding no more than twenty minutes ago.”

“He is alive?”

The nurse looks at her strange but nods to confirm that indeed her son was alive. “We need to get you to calm down first before you’ll be able to see him.”

“Okay” that is all she needs it just doesn’t answer the questions now forming in her head. She has no idea why but she begins to cry it isn’t of sadness she took their word at face value her son is alive so feels this pressure dissipate from her chest. This moment is all it took for her to know Kyle was hers she can’t let him go now.

“Ms. Smoak.” that was the voice on the phone the one that made her begin the quick journey to the hospital while she was still in class. Looking up she saw the man in a tidy business suit and he looked at her with pity. That didn’t bode well she thought Kyle was fine why the look.

“Oh, this has nothing to do with the health of your son more about his welfare Ms. Smoak.”

“What?” she croaked out weakly.

“If you’ll follow me there is some urgent matters to discuss.” He looks at her expectedly but she is lost.

“My son’s okay though?”

“Yes, and once we conclude our important meeting you should be able to see him.” He is waiting for her to follow him as he takes some strides away from the sitting area the nurse not privy to the man’s knowledge but knows Felicity is most likely here due to the man that has been working with the Jacobs.

“Are you okay to stand?” the nurse asks checking her as she rose.

“I guess so. Thank you.”

“You are welcome. I should get back in there.” Pointed at the unit Felicity couldn’t even manage to make it to before her panic attack.
Oliver just looked at his textbook the letters and numbers jumbling up as he puts his pen down and squeezes the bridge of his nose he sighs he can’t wait for his last class and then to finish up his summer finales to have another full year and be done with this. He was amazed he was offered an internship for next summer here in Cambridge for an upcoming company. He will probably turn it down and move back to Starling even though he was weary of his parents. He was seeing a girl that was nice they haven’t really gone further than a few dates and he knows he just not into it. He has become a bore that is what Tommy has accused him of.

Tommy was his lifeline and he knew he helped ground his friend too which they needed. Tommy was coming back soon his trip to Istanbul being fun and productive well that was his words on the phone anyway. He knows spending time with his dad meant business only Malcolm didn’t do emotional bonding at all. Poor Tommy Oliver thought at least his own dad shows emotions.

Getting up and heading to the fridge he takes out a container of orange juice he looks at the vodka in the back and once upon a time that would have also been brought out for a nice mix but instead filling a glass with some OJ he returns the carton and takes a gulp. He thinks he might be a good time to fix a meal but doesn’t feel like putting too much effort into it so he decides to go get a bit to eat and actually socialize. Between working out, school, and eating that basically the only reasons he leaves his apartment he can’t wait for Tommy’s effect on the whole social factor where he doesn’t feel like a hermit.

“Thank you for coming.”

Felicity looks at the man then at the few people who are gathered here for this meeting.

“What is going on? Why aren’t the Jacobs here?”

“That is why we are here to explain.”

“I ran here thinking my son was gone so please feel free to keep the suspense because my life is a soap for you people.”

“Ms. Smoak.”

She rolls her eyes these people were annoying to her. “Just get to the point.” She mumbles.

“Carol had fainted and was in admitted to the hospital.”

“Oh my God is she okay.”

“She is fine now. The Jacobs have concluded some facts that have changed their stance on adopting Kyle.”
“I don’t understand.”

“The open adoption with the Jacobs is no longer on the table. There are other options.”

Her mind reeling “Is everything okay with Kyle is he the reason…”

“No Ms. Smoak, you son is fine it has nothing to do with his well-being it has more to do other factors I am not at liberty to explain.” He looks at the people gathered in the room. “These people here can guide you with other options I am just here to inform you that the Jacobs are no longer viable for the adoption proceedings.”

“Okay.”

“Then I shall leave you with these fine people. Thank you for coming on short notice.”

Felicity didn’t say anything back as she looked at the rest of the pencil pushers in front of her. Leaving the man to leave quietly.

________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________

“Mom, just want you to know you’re a grandma.” Calling her mom was important she promised she would keep her updated even though Donna has respected her wishes she was hurt to see that the hospital is the reason she even knew about her daughter’s predicament. When she woke up after giving birth to her preemie son she was shocked at the presence of her mom all shaken up and disappointment radiating off her.

“I already know that sweetie.”

“I mean I’m keeping the baby.”

“Oh my gosh, that is wonderful news are you moving back?”

“I’m meeting with a counselor that will point me to all the resources for now. Kyle is still in need of medical attention for at least a few more weeks since he got a respiratory infection.”

“I’ll go up there.”

“Mom no need at the moment not until he at least leaves the hospital please.”

“Fine, you make sure to keep me updated.”

“I will. Thanks mom.”

________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________

She knocks on the door and her head pops in to the room.

“Felicity?” Michael says surprised.

“Can I come in?”
“Of course.”

Felicity gives him a tight smile but she looks at Carol on the hospital bed. “How are you doing?”

“I’m so sorry Felicity it just too much.”

“It’s okay what ever happened it’s going to be okay.”

“Mr. Harris didn’t tell you why?”

“I guess I wasn’t privy to such information.”

“We found out I was pregnant with multiples.”

“It was a miracle.” Michael said.

With this news, everything changed. Felicity wished them luck and left them to their newfound happiness.

Chapter End Notes

Fate still has a few more bumps in the road before the young lovers meet up again.
Thank you for all the lovely comments and patience :)
Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Felicity has some explaining to the authorities about misuse of technology that her ex had a hand in. Oliver and Tommy babysit and a party is here for basically everyone to reunite.

Chapter Notes

Grammar and so forth is all my doing. Hope you enjoy!

It’s been some time since Felicity has taken Kyle home from the hospital. Autumn and Halloween decorations are everywhere. Kyle tucked in his cutesy jacket that she bought at the thrift shop just days ago. He seems to be outgrowing items right and left. Close to her building she sees Maggie a close nit neighbor flagging her. Maggie waving her arms indicating for her to stop so she halts her
movement.

“Felicity!”

“What’s wrong Maggie?”

“The F.B.I., were looking for you?”

“What?”

“Yep, they arrested your ex-boyfriend. It was so freaking nuts.”

“Are they still around?”

“I don’t know but they came in black vehicles like in the movies.”

Felicity looking around decided to go in the backway picking up her phone.

“Is it possible that you can pick me up like in ten minutes, park at the gas station I’ll meet you there?” There was no time for niceties she called someone that most likely the authorities had no idea she knew. This way if she had to run she could get to his place even though she has never been there her son would be safe. They had an easy friendship and it was mutually beneficial. He makes her feel normal and she helps him academically.

When he found out she was a mother he was not to say the least very surprised. She thought right on the spot their friendship would be over and yet again he surprises her and ever since he always comes with gifts it was actually really nice how thoughtful he is.

“Hey Smoaky, why all this cloak and dagger stuff?”

“My ex-boyfriend got arrested.”

“What did that weasel do?”

“Tom can you look after Kyle while I go sort this out?”

“Um you want to leave me to care for your itsy-bitsy baby?”

“He likes you.”

“Why me?”

“Because you have your own place, if I leave him here state services could show up.”

“What happen to your babysitter?”

“It’s complicated, please can you do this?”

“Fine, but don’t take too long before I freak out, got it?”
“Thanks okay can you drop me off near the bank I need to get on a bus to Chelsea.”

Oliver entering his high-rise apartment he saw Tommy put a finger to his lips to indicate that he stays quiet. Shrugging out of his light jacket he moves to see why all the pillows are gathered in one spot.

He is super surprised to see a tiny child bundled. Tommy just shrugs it off as it the most natural thing in the world.

“Why is there a baby…”

“It’s Smoaky’s.”

“The famous Smoke chick.”

“Yep Lis’s baby.”

“Got that. So why is she here?”

“It’s a boy.”

“Fine. Why is he here?”

“Lis’s ex-boyfriend got taken in by the FBI.”

“And naturally you land up with her baby.”

Tommy smiles as he shrugs. “He’s a super chill baby.” Oliver shakes his head as he enters his room.

He can hear the baby’s cries as he finishes up with his shower. Getting dressed quickly and wondering what hell he is about to walk into. Tommy has the baby in his arm as he is reading a canister.

“What are you doing?”

“I think he is hungry.”

Oliver takes the canister as Tommy tries to calm the infant that is super tiny in his arms. “Okay, where is the bottle?” Tommy points to the baby bag. Oliver grabs it from the side table and goes into the kitchen suggesting ways to calm the baby as Tommy just handles the screaming tyke.

In the kitchen Oliver grabbing the scoop cup and looking at the little sticker print up by the baby’s doctor Oliver puts the recommended powder with the water amount and shakes it. Checking it on his skin like he has seen he doesn’t remember where but he chalks up to weird facts that stay with you.

The baby is full force in his little cries which freak them out a little but Oliver is looking at Tommy totally exasperated and actually takes the squirming baby. It’s a small pressure he now has on his
chest as he looks at the supposedly hungry baby in his arms.

“I thought he liked you.”

“So, did I. Here feed the baby on this spot, it looks more doable.” Tommy says as he moves pillows to make a spot for Oliver to sit. Oliver says nothing as he just sits moving the baby into more natural state he thinks. Bringing it close to the child’s mouth he smiles as the baby automatically latches to the bottle’s nipple.

“I think he was very hungry after his nap.” Oliver whispers trying to not break the baby’s attention now that it is quiet again and only the noise of the suckling.

“Sure, looks like it.”

Oliver looking at the baby before saying, “Wonder what his dad did that the FBI got involved?”

“Who knows? Cooper is a shady bastard.”

Felicity steps out of the federal building after a long tiresome chat. Cooper was freed on bail his parents posted it shortly before she left. She can’t believe how stupid he was how careless he was especially since she told him not to even mess with her special hacking piece she been coding. She had a son to think about not some outrageous hacktivist spiel he insists on.

Taking out her phone she calls Tom. Just after the first ring. “Hey I thought you’d skip town.”

She lets out a sigh “It’s been a very long day.”

“Where are you?”

“At the bus stop, next bus is in fifteen minutes.”

“Lis, nah little K and I will come pick you up.”

“You sure?”

“Of course, he probably misses you.”

“Probably?”

“Oh, he has a new-found friend with OJ they are hitting it off.”

“You tell your roomie he’s mine.”

“It’s going to be a hard sell, okay I’m coming to get you stay right there.”

“Thanks Tom.”

“No problem.”
“OJ?”

“You?”

“Yep, that’s you buddy.”

“Why?” Oliver giving his best friend a patented look.

“When I met her I kind of lied, well omitted some stuff and somewhat have her believe we’re just middle-class blokes.”

“And she still hangs out with you now that’s friendship.” Oliver jokes as he looks at the smiling infant in his arm. “Getting use to this little snot nose bag of giggles.”

“He barely has made a sound. How you know he was giggling?”

“Come on! Look at how he is waving his little arms and legs just showing us how much he is having fun.”

“Okay Rain Man of babies.”

“Alright he has a new diaper he’s all set to go see his momma.” Oliver kisses the boy’s forehead then whispers when Tommy is out of earshot, “Bye buddy, going to miss you.”

Being questioned two more times by the sweet lack of humor suits they are unimpressed and abhor her sassiness that makes it a little more painful but she isn’t going to be seen as a weak computer nerd. She has a backbone even though she has to get herself under control she does have a little newborn to look out for.

She has had two males that regularly spent time at her place. Her now ex-boyfriend Cooper who had frequently waltzed in as he pleased and Tom who always comes by appointment and the difference of attitude Tom actually gushes at the little human making funny noises and brings little presents as for Cooper who didn’t like another guy in his girl’s place at all which in fact just seemed annoyed when Kyle took the little attention he was getting from her.

Breaking up with Cooper after catching him coping at least one file off her baby ‘Jenga’ MacBook she wanted to stick that USB so far up his colon that it was best just to tell him to get out of her apartment.

He was such a sweet talker since they met up for breakfast which happened months ago any free time was spent with him. It was nice that a guy was so interested in her mind it was actually exhilarating that he appreciated her thoughts process and when he was excited he would treat her right and it was so good to feel sexy.
Maggie was at her place with her own son Matthew. It wasn’t easy being a single mom but she did love her baby boy. Her mom helped her move into the family oriented Westgate Apartments at MIT. Maggie was the first person to actually extend friendship to her.

“Been a long few weeks you we should totally see about that party at Turneys, you know Joanne offered to take the kids because her ex-husband’s parents have her kid and they’re throwing the bouncy party and she really wants to have young ones around to keep her mind off of it. She has been asking you every time she sees you.”

“I don’t know. I wouldn’t feel right.”

“You have babysat for her every weekend when she took that new job.”

“It wasn’t to go out dancing and drinking.”

“Sure. I went last year it was the best party I’ve ever been to.”

“I went and look into the bassinet you’ll see all the fun from that night.”

“You conceived Kyle there that’s wild.”

“So wild that I only remember features of his dad, no name, nothing!” Felicity sadly says.

“You need to move on and forgive yourself. Kyle doesn’t need to feel like a mistake.”

Felicity looks at Maggie and little Matthew playing with his trucks in the corner. Kyle was not planned but he was here and her friend was right, carrying this guilt he would eventually pick up that he was somehow unwanted and that isn’t what Felicity wants. She was abandoned and it ate at her for a long time in honesty it still was a large black cloud over her. She always felt that if she was good enough her dad wouldn’t have left.

Felicity sighs “It’s like the anniversary that I met Kyle’s dad.”

“Hey I’ll be right there, buddy system okay.”

“Umm…”

“After the whole Cooper thing, you deserve it.”

“Fine. You’ll be right there. Right?”

“Of course, it’s a party you need to unwind and have some fun.”

“Sure, I guess a night of being a little wilder be okay I guess.”

“So, you’re going” Tommy asked leaving his own room fully clad in pristine menswear.

“I am, might as well enjoy. Have fun, drink, flirt, and maybe even get lucky.” Oliver in casual pants and an athletic fit Henley just shrugging off being at his best he wasn’t going out to really impress.
“Love to be your wingman but Trish is going with me.”

“The lovely historian, lucky you!”

“Let’s drop the pretense she’s just fucking hot but how she got through school is a mystery.”

“Or she can be a dangerous one and pretend to be obtuse and trying to get a hook on your wallet?”

“That’s a lot more reasonable buddy.”

Oliver alluding to the obvious, “That’s because I’m not thinking with my other brain.”

Tommy nods and has a huge smile. “True dat but I give you a night of drinking. You’ll be the old Ollie of the tabloids.”

Oliver scuffs, “Yea maybe I should just stay in. Hit the gym and then chill.”

“It’s Friday night I know you know you want some action. Watching Friends on TV doesn’t do it buddy.”

Oliver laughs “No and I have TV on as background noise… Don’t even go there you caught me one time watching.”

Tommy raised his hand indicating with three fingers up that is wasn’t the one-time deal.

“Fine it was the damn love triangles just so you know.”

“La’amor gets us all the time.”

“So, I’ll see you there probably.”

“Yes, I doubt she’ll just want to have a private party of two.”

“No doubt.”

“Maybe she’ll be there?”

“Let’s not go there.”

“What? So now you’re hush, hush about dream girl?”

“It’s been a year doubt I’ll ever see here again. It’s for the best.”

“She had a power over you. The ghost of her…”

“Stupid I know. Maybe it was just me wanting to do better and I used her as a catalyst.”

“Hell, you being all reflective maybe you shouldn’t drink.”

“Shut up. I’ll be fine. Music, girls, and booze a great way to loosen up on a Friday.”

“You’re going to be shit faced come tomorrow.”

“That’s why you are my best friend. You know me to well.”
The bass kicking up with the beats, party goers grinding against each other and alcohol a plenty people moving around trying to make connections. The party house is filled beyond capacity but people don’t seem to mind as they go about their ways of having a good time.

“It’s so noisy in here can’t even hear my own thoughts.” Felicity screams out to her friend who could barely hear her.

“We are here so you can’t think. Just enjoy.”

After an a few hours of this Felicity maneuvers them to where the party is extended to the grounds and some daring people already in the pool. One of the guys they stopped to talk hanging around their circle. Felicity lost count after her fifth drink and she was tempted to take a swim but foggily remembers she can’t swim.

“Damn there are so many studs here tonight.”

“I want my own horse.”

“Sure you do Felicity.”

“Hey I can ride a horse I think. I mean you gotta mount it maybe it’ll be better someone showing me how. That a lot of power between one’s legs.”

“I wasn’t meaning that literally.” Maggie says pointing to a girl nearby dry humping some guy they couldn’t see his face.

“Oh yea” Taking a moment to ponder then a smirk across her lips. “Never been a cowgirl, you think anyone here wants to be ridden?”

“I need another drink. You want one too Licy?”

“Nah. I’m still on this one. It’s so good though.”

“Be right back.”

That was more than twenty minutes ago which has Felicity grabbing another drink and swaying to the music.

“Are you into darker arts?”

“Um no.”

“Too bad I was looking to find someone interesting for the night.”

“Well keep on looking.”

Oliver felt the strong buzz it was welcoming to feel that numbness to responsibilities of his own making as he was on the prowl looking for a score. He was flirting with some gorgeous cadets they were here to celebrate some accomplishments in their basic training regimen and he looks like he is their meal for the night until he saw her once a few people shifted to the new song playing. His mind
reeling that it couldn’t be and his body already in motion he was drowning out the whining of the girls who held his attention earlier.

He felt the tug the humming sensations over his skin in excitement as he closing in on her. He hears the last of the conversation she is having with a male in her path. ‘Well keep on looking’ that’s the voice in his dreams he couldn’t peg down once fully awake but he would know that voice, God that voice was doing him in. He knows she screaming over the loud music and his hearing is straining to catch more of what she is saying until he is right there in her orbit and the other guy pays him no mind as he tells his dream girl what he wants her to do for him.

“I suggest you walk away buddy.”

“I was talking to this bitch first.”

Felicity turned around to that voice she knew immediately and looked back at the guy who wasn’t taking no very well. She felt goosebumps and an attraction instantly as finding the guy who has literal changed her life right there after a whole year has passed she’s too drunk to think straight and pretty much jumps into his arms.

“Take me home.”

“Like I said get lost.” The other guy leaves when Felicity kisses Oliver’s neck. “I missed this.”

He pulls her off him enough to be looking into her eyes and any sanity left was gone. “Let’s go.”
Waking up in his bed, it is still very dark in the room so moving her body as much as she can so her head could peek at the bedside alarm clock to read it was just a few minutes after five in the morning.

“Go back to sleep it’s too early” his raspy voice said in the dark. She feels his breath near her neck before he brushes it with his lips. She feels his grasp against the breast he apparently is palming. He has her cocooned with his own body. His scent intoxicating but his steady breathing lulling her back into a fitful sleep.

Her second time to arouse from sleep she feels his fingertips lightly rubbing circles against her skin.
He isn’t palming her breast any longer as he is happily concentrating elsewhere. They aren’t as tangled up so he must have left the bed to at least relieve himself and come back to watch and wait for her to rise from her slumber.

“Good morning.” He whispers to his awakening sleeping beauty.

He feels her shift in his arms and his eyes automatically looks at the time and he reasons it is too early to begin an inquisition of information that’s bound to happen soon enough. He takes a whiff of her fragrance and for once it’s not overbearing like… He stops himself from thinking in those terms he isn’t going to try to not correlate her to past lovers. Everyone jokes including himself on the parade of women in his life.

That eventual when he finds the right one he is going to have to prove himself even harder than most and that isn’t something he wants, it would cause strains in a relationship. That one fight he doesn’t want or need. Whoever he decides to spend his life with should know he isn’t going to just abandon her for a new model.

The woman in his arms has since a year ago, power over his subconscious that he associates her scent with want and need and no other women has gotten close. He has no pending girlfriends, he did have the occasional dates and that was a dual purpose, it kept people from speculating how he stopped cold turkey being the bad boy he had no problem being just little over a year ago. Though he thinks that with his mother there is one girl he can’t seem to shake off and well she’s in school far from him but when he goes home sooner or later he’ll have to deal with the situation head on. He has to admit if this sleeping body he has being holding tightly since he woke up will have him it won’t be too hard to fend off his mom.

He found himself within this year that he actually likes learning, participating in class discussions, and creating new bonds with people in the business field it doesn’t hurt that he can charm his way into grander negotiations. It is better than being seen as an aloof kind of guy. It was all due in fact by one night where he spoke his mind and she listened to his own concerns he wonders if that was a fluke just a girl whose first time was with him and she just endured his jabbering but if his mind has taken anything away from tonight he wants to see if she’s available.

Her movement this morning he is content to brush his lips against her neck. They had a very heated make out session before they went further and he only got laid because he had proof he had condoms in her case rubber balloons. This time the only scientific babbling she did was biology she had her uncanny way of pointing out body parts as they would use it and he just laughed it off as the quirky girl he remembered from a year ago. He was making sure this time he was awake before her so she wouldn’t disappear.

She was softly snoring when he started to untangle himself from her. Enough light entering the room from his partially closed blinds to get to appreciate her backside before heading to his ensuite to relieve his bladder. While there he grabs the aspirin from his medicine cabinet and took some just to help relieve some minor aches. He brought the bottle with him just in case what he wants to voice out loud ‘his girl’ would probably need it. Sliding back into his bed he wraps her gently being careful not to wake her until she is ready. His fingers coating her midsection to her nice curvy ass. She wakes to his soft circles against her abdomen.

After his good morning is said, she looks at him resting her eyes on his nakedness.
“We had sex.”

“I know. I was there.” He adds in a gentle revelation “You. You really exist.”

“I do, I’m sorry, I should have started by saying good morning.”

“As long as you kiss me all is forgiven.” With his corny statement their lips meet.

Both moan into the kiss and it entices another equally hot kiss. His hands palm her face as he takes a slight control of the situation as he needs to kiss her again. When they break to breathe Felicity asks to use his wash room and he points to the correct door just in case she forgot from their frenzy state last night.

He enjoys the view as she walks away and his eyes look for all the articles of clothing they ditched around his bed. Her undergarments he finds first like radar the purple pieces he places them on the nightstand as he picks up her dress.

She is in there longer than expected and now he is getting anxious. He takes steps towards the door and hears sniffles he is petrified with uncertainty.

He asks, “Is everything okay?” after a few seconds she tells him she’ll be right out and after a few moments he knows she hasn’t budged standing there his hand stretches out very indecisive if he should knock or wait on the bed to regroup his thoughts. After he hears another muffled sniff he opens the door and sees her sitting by the glass shower entry. In two strides, he is kneeling before her his hand reaching for her chin so he can look at those blue eyes of hers.

“You must think I’m a whore.” She says barely audible. He doesn’t really catch everything she just said but did make out the last word he’s trying to grasp the meaning but knows if she is crying he surely knows any words he utters will cause an impact. She’s looking up at him expecting him to say something and he doesn’t disappoint.

“I didn’t catch everything you just said…” He brought his lips to her forehead for a simple kiss. His eyes than bore into hers “but the word whore isn’t even registering with me. The word I’d use is bewitched.” Taking a moment to look at her before adding, “You are all I have thought about in the quiet moments. God, sometimes I thought I imaged you.”

Her fingertips reach his face as she brushes his longer hair aside. Her other hand finding his forearm and holding it to steady herself as he begins to rise to bring them to a standing position. His hand goes to the small knot on the towel and without her noticing releases it so the cloth falls freely leaving them both bare to each other.

He notices her goose bumps and whispers, “Let’s bring this back to the comfy warm bed.” She nods as his hand takes hers and he leads her back into his room where the track over the plush rug his sister pointed out he should have.

“Are you alright?”

She nods but it isn’t what he wants, he needs to hear her say that she’s okay. To hear her voice to either confirm or really add doubt to the situation either way he needs to hear her voice. “I need you to say it.”
Her voice a little hoarse but she tells him that she is okay. A gleam that wasn’t there earlier now in her eyes it’s enough to make him relax, he doesn’t go in to kiss her yet even though he really wants to. He asks instead, “Are you cold? I put your clothes…”

“I noticed.” She smiles as she raises herself to her tiptoes and Oliver smiles back as his lips meet hers. Like all their kisses so far it has led to another kiss which always brought a fiery desire that would leave them both breathless.

A few steps back and she tumbles daintily onto the bed he holds his position looking at the girl of his dreams comfortable on his bed and he licks his lips, she is beautiful.

“Hi.”

“Hi.” She says starting to feel a little exposed by the way he is looking at her but before she can process anything he is towering over her and his lips meet hers again.

Tommy comes home from his wild night with Trish. He leaves his suit jacket on the first available seating in the dainty living room that his father and the Queens had made sure that the interior designer kept in mind, this bachelor pad of two college boys to show family wealth. He decides to just look out the glorious window view as he lies on the long settee and rest his eyes drifting off to sleep.

A noise from the kitchen has him sitting up from his nap and his eyes meet a figure just closing the door to the fridge with a bottle of water in hand. He makes a startling noise that gets the person’s attention.

“Eek” Felicity shrieks as she lets the bottle fall and goes to cover herself as Tommy eyes are glued to her and he finally looks away as she ducks her body behind the eating counter.

“Holy shit!” he exclaims.

“Oh my God!”

“You’ve been unwrapped!” Thinking of the first thing that comes to mind as a few naughty dreams have had her unwrapped from her ribbon and strap tight bodice clothing. Which had him wondering for ages since he found out she was a hot mom.

“Get me something to wear please.” He doesn’t move from where he is sitting because if he does he knows he’ll get a better view and right now he doesn’t trust himself. “Oh my God I just saw you naked” yet he couldn’t tear his eyes from where she was cowering.

“No shit Sherlock”

“Hey be nice. I’m not the one in my birthday suit.” If her eyes could kill he’d be dead. Thank goodness, he didn’t add it was a nice suit too.

“Of all the people in the universe.” She calls out to the universe.

“Small world” He says as he looks to where Ollie’s room flies open and he comes out in his boxers
after hearing the commotion. He has his shirt in his hand. He looks at his roommate and then his lover peeking over the counter very naked fuming over the interaction between them.

“Oh my God, you and Felicity! Not that I would think she’d be walking around here naked in the first place well maybe once or twice or half a dozen times in my dreams but that’s basically it.”

“What? How do you know her?”

“You guys met at the party yesterday; hot damn you know how to pick them Ollie.” Tommy sneers and shakes his head betting that these two haven’t even exchanged names yet.

“Oliver please just give me something…” Felicity begs.

“You heard the really naked girl hiding behind the counter.” Which gets Oliver to make a growly sound as she gets his attention he gives her his shirt. She slides it over her frame and is now standing.

“I’m going to get dressed.” Leaving the two men alone.

Oliver is now looking at Tommy waiting for an explanation.

Tommy asks “What are you doing with Felicity? …never mind I kind of get the gist but man why?”

“How do you know her?” Oliver weary that Tommy hooked up with his girl.

“That’s Smoaky.”

“No way.” Oliver is looking at his best friend as Tommy is putting everything together and Tommy shakes his head at lady luck’s amusing way of putting these two knuckle heads together. She’s that girl from the party. Which means that oh my gosh, Kyle could be Oliver’s and not the bonehead creep Tommy disliked from the get go. They stay silent until the bedroom door opens, Felicity emerges and looks between Oliver and Tommy and says, “I got to go. I left Kyle with a neighbor.”

“Not with his father?” Tommy has to ask to dispel any paternal queries that just arose.

“He’s not here with…” She uses her index fingers in quotations as she says, “with presumably OJ so no.” she answers Tommy’s question which Oliver takes in this new information that arises. Oliver sits on the edge of the couch shocked. He’s processing all the info and isn’t moving a muscle. Both men are looking at her like she has another head.

“He’s ours.” She looking at Oliver as she says this and his eyes are locked with hers even though his throat has constricted and any verbal talk seems limited he just nods that he understands.

“Well this got strange real fast.” Tommy says as Oliver is just paralyzed as Felicity starts to head for the door.

“Yea, well imagine my surprise.”

Oliver doesn’t even hear her but Tommy is on his feet and escorting Felicity to the door.

“I’ll take you home.”

“I can walk.”

“I’ll feel better if I take you home and know you’re safe, it also gives that lump over there some time
“Okay, thanks.”

“Yo Ollie, I’ll be right back.” He doesn’t expect an answer his best bud is deep within his own mind just processing. So, when Tommy is almost out the door he pops his head back in and says, “Congratulations it’s a boy.” That gets Oliver to look at the now closed door.

“So…” he looks at her as they make it to his car. They kept silent during the elevator ride down to the garage both deep in thought.

“Don’t look at me like that.”

“Like what?” He opens her door and lets her slide in and shuts it. She answers him back once he leaves the garage heading to her apartment.

“Like an older disapproving brother.”

“Ouch, you zoned me in the brother category when did this happen?”

“Really Tom?”

“Hey my pride just got hit, it’s a man thing!”

“It’s not like you ever planned on seeing me naked or…”

“Well I do have a pulse but yea I never really pegged that idea but…”

“Please don’t tell me you pictured me naked.”

“Nothing beats the real thing.”

“Ah!!!” They are at a stop light as she is making these noises of agitation and he’s laughing at her.

“Come on you always so tightly wrapped even now you’re in those knee length boots with damn gorgeous velvety dress that makes you look like a goddess.”

She’s just looking at him a little flustered.

Tommy getting back to Oliver and Felicity situation he states, “He thought well we thought you were around our age.” Looking at her, “Damn he was so far gone for a whole year. He changed a lot though I can understand that aspect since we have been friends I’ve changed too.”

“He is going to hate me now.”

“Is this about Kyle? If it is it took two to tango.”

“I was going to give him up. If he isn’t mad now maybe…”

“Why would he? He wasn’t in the picture. Not that this isn’t going to be painful. You both need to
talk.” He is parking the car in a spot as he finishes, “Age didn’t come up?”

“No. It’s hard to explain but being in each other’s presence was just…”

“Okay I get it. Please tell me you guys used protection this time?”

“Yea we did but don’t worry I’m on the pill.”

“Good, you’re too smart to be…”

“Frack, why does everyone have to say that?”

He looks at her as they reach the entrance to the building. She looks back and realizes what that might come off sounding. “I mean everyone always needs to tell me I’m smart and holds me to different standards.”

“I bet people just want what is best for you.”

They are silent until they are at her door. She opens the door to her place and Felicity breaks the quiet spell. “I can’t believe he met his son. I can’t believe OJ was a friend of yours this whole time. He probably doesn’t want to see me again.”

“Breathe.” He takes her into his arms and just holds her as she too is in shock.

“What if almost giving up Kyle or me being young or any other thing like being Goth makes me unlovable?”

He knows Oliver involvement with her is complicated now. His buddy meant well but the fact that these two never talked is really not a positive thing. Somehow, he knows Felicity kept this bit of information from him but she’s a minor it really falls on Oliver to have been more assertive.

“Listen here.” He says as she looks up at him. He can see she’s in the verge of crying. “You are very loveable. I have no idea what that other boneheads did. But, I’m here for you. You can tell me and as for Oliver, he’s been pinning for you for so long, yes, your age is going to impact this relationship but there are other ways. God! I can’t believe I’m going to say this.” He looks at her. “There are other things than sex in a relationship.”

“But…”

“Hey if Ollie is worthy of you, he’ll man up.”

“But…”

“Felicity there isn’t anything in this world that you could have done that could jeopardize you being loveable.”

She doesn’t believe him but nods anyhow.

“You want me to stay a little bit longer?”

“No. I’m good.”

“Okay then, see you soon.” He doesn’t know when he will; it will all depend on Oliver. They have some talking to do themselves.

“Thanks Tom.”
“No problem.”

Before he is out the door he turns to her once again. He knows she going to have a good cry but he
needs to reiterate one more thing. “Oliver just found out so give him time he needs it, there just so
much to wrap his mind on. Don’t hype yourself up for rejection yet okay?” She looks at him as he
waits for a nod or a verbal command. She nods and waves him goodbye as he takes one last look
and leaves.

Tommy stormed into his apartment heading to the man he considered a brother. He knew his brother
better than most. Oliver had two buttons either flight or fight. There were no in-betweens with him.
This situation he was in put him into the flight path if he had to place a Vegas bet. Looking at Oliver
sitting with his back towards him as his head was in his hands.

“One question?” Waiting for Oliver to acknowledge him. With a slight nod from his friend Tommy
continued, “Are you going to man up? Or run?”

“I’m not running.”

“Good.” Tommy said as he pushed back a high stool and sat near his friend. “This got to be rough.
You’re a dad. Check. You’re crazy about his mother. Check.”

“I was twenty when I got a sixteen-year-old pregnant.”

“So, you’re stuck on the age difference.” Tommy scoffed, “Right now that is the least…”

“What do you think her parents will do?”

“Okay fair enough. Damn this is all bat shit crazy!”

“Understatement. I’ve got a son. That small child we had over was of my blood. Shit! Tommy, you
met her on her…”

“Seventeenth birthday.”

“I woke up this morning thinking of hopefully getting to date her and eventually being more.”

Tommy nodded listening to Oliver’s thinking process.

“And then within hours I became a father.”

“He’s cute though.”

Oliver rolled his eyes and a small smile appeared. “I held him in my arms. It didn’t feel weird like I
thought it would.”

“Well us, becoming dads was an eventuality. Can’t stick your finger in the honey pot and assume it’ll
never get sticky.”
“Never mind the fact I fucked… a sixteen-year-old and left her to raise a child. Kyle was born in May he must have been a preemie.” He did the math while Tommy was bringing her home.

“You’ll probably want to get that info from her.”

“I got to hold him and I didn’t even… He was in my arms.” Oliver is just perplexed at the thought that he actually met his flesh and blood.

“I know suggesting this to be overboard but you should have a paternity test.” Tommy asserts to his childhood buddy. “This way its established he yours and maybe you and Felicity can rename his surname to Smoak Queen or just Queen or whatever.”

“He doesn’t have her last name?”

“Oh yea, this is something you should talk about too.”

“Tommy!”

“Hey it shouldn’t come from me.”

“Tommy! You already started this so finish it.”

“It fell through, I thought it was Coopers and anyways she was giving the child up to adoption.”

“Oh.” Is all Oliver could muster to say.

“So, the baby was named after the adopted parents but they walked away from my understanding.”

“Well that’s one thing that will need to be changed.” Oliver stated knowing his child would have his family’s name. “You know more about her than I do.”

“Well that’s an easy fix.” Tommy shrugs his shoulders.

“I need to get cleaned up and get myself together and go there.”

“Okay.”

“I’ll need you to call her and give her heads up at least. Text her info to me.”

“Sure.” He watches Oliver enter his room and picks up his phone. It goes to voicemail.

“Hey Smoaky, Just a heads up. OJ, I mean Oliver is heading your way soon. He’s just hitting the shower now.”

“Thank you for taking him. Was he a bother?”

“It was fine he was a perfect angel. Just a little cranky this morning. He must just miss his mommy.”

“I can’t wait to hold him.”

“He is so well behaved and he loves to show his little dimples.”
“I guess I lucked out.” Felicity walks behind Joanne into the room and she smiles at the little boy who is enjoying playing with his feet. “Hi baby.”

“Man, you look nervous” Tommy sits on a comfy lounge chair opens a bag of his favorite chips and snacks as he converses with Oliver.

“I am. What if this doesn’t work?”

“You’ll be fine.”

“Is there anything they need?”

“Look at that your already in dad mode.”

“Tommy, you know her best, is there anything either of them would benefit me getting.”

“New car seat, a better stroller than she has you saw that piece of shit.”

“Okay that’s a good start. You don’t think it’s too much?”

“Your Kyle’s dad, do you think it’s too much?”

“God no he deserves everything I can get him it is the least I can do.”

“Okay then happy shopping.”

The doorbell rings getting them off the subject Oliver opens the door and a pair of arms wrap around his neck.

“Surprise!”

“Laurel!”

“What are you doing here?”

“I know I should have called but after our last discussion I wanted…”

“We officially broke up. Why would you go cross country to see me?”

“Come on do you really believe that we broke up? It’s our cycle and with the distance between us due to our schools being far apart and besides I miss ya baby.”

“We aren’t a couple since July when that mishap at the house happened.” He pushes her hands away from his chest.

“We got engaged.”

“No. We didn’t”
“Technically your mother announced it but…”

“Laurel, I got to go.” Looking at Tommy eating chips and enjoying this sad show. “Can you please entertain her maybe have her book a hotel.”

“Sure buddy.” Tommy rolling his eyes.

“What is his problem?”

“You’re the one who showed up unannounced?”

“I thought he be happy seeing me. It’s not like he left us in a bad place.”

“Let’s just chalk this up as stress, boy got a lot on his plate.”

“You gonna share those chips?”

“I could but they are super delicious, why would…”

“Hey that bag was mine.”

“You snooze you lose.” She puts a chip in her mouth and mouths yum out loud. Flashing him her engagement ring.
Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

It’s one of those little fluffy with a pinch of angst.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Officially meeting his son has to be surreal to him. Felicity is standing to the side since she opened the door to him. It would have been too much he thought to bring the baby purchases stored in his vehicle. It could be misconstrued probably because she is trying her best to provide for their son. The little boy is in her arms and she holds him out for Oliver to take. He’s a little nervous at first but as he looks at Felicity’s little head nod he takes his son into his arms.

He can’t help himself but he takes a whiff off the top of his son’s head and his scent of some unnamed baby products makes it all real. His eyes catch the little boy’s amusement in his own pool of blue eyes. Oliver can’t help himself as a tear rolls down his own eye at how he finds himself feeling an ecstatic sensation of happiness and harmony of knowing he had a part of making this gorgeous little person.
A being that he didn’t know about until this very morning, he has a child with his dream girl. The little boy doesn’t seem bothered by Oliver’s presence. He’s actually interested in his new playmate and Oliver lightly kisses his son’s forehead as chubby little fingers grab his nose. Making a delightful happy cry which makes his parents’ smile. Felicity tries to act busy feigning more cleaning to let father and son have their moment.

“What’s his full name?” Oliver final asks his first question. Felicity doesn’t really know how to go about telling him that she had planned on giving their son away. They are having such a sweet moment but she will not continue to keep a farce even if he walks away mad as hell that she could think about terminating her parental rights.

“I have something to say first…” She fidgeting with her black tank top fringes “I was going to… I mean… I…” Having a hard time telling him this. He senses where she is going with the conversation.

“I know, Tommy fessed up after putting his foot into his mouth.”

“Oh…” She’s looking at him trying to see what he’s thinking. “So, you’re not…”

“Mad?” he supplies that word quickly. She nods.

“Yea I am.” He is pissed, he missed all this and he tells her that exactly. “I’m pissed that I missed out on all this.” He looks at the little boy contently playing with his hand.

“Kyle Oliver Jacobs.” That is what is stated on the birth certificate and it needs to be changed since she took full custody but making time and paying the court fees just has not been doable. She doesn’t have that kind of cash lying around. Not when she’s trying to at least dress him with all his growth spurts for one.

He asks the question she is already answering in her mind. “Are you planning on changing…”

“I am, it’s just hasn’t been a priority.” She looks at the unspoken question that might be his next so she continues, “It costs money I don’t have nor the time it will take when I’m trying to stay afloat financially when not in classes.”

He understands classes he’s graduating this coming June. “We’ll need to setup something.”

She nods as she looks at her son now finding his father’s fingers are perfect for gnawing on.

“Yes, need to go to family court.” She murmurs.

“Are you okay with the name Kyle while I’m asking?”

“I never thought about it.” It was her honest answer the name was given and she accepted it she really didn’t have an alternative pointed out.

“I think its best we talk about this later in depth.”

“You don’t like the name?”

“Its fine I suppose though someone else put the effort and meaning to it. It just doesn’t sit well with me the more I think about it.” He looks at her and then back to his son.

With that answer, she grabs her tablet and comes to sit tapping the sofa cushion he sits beside her
with their son now resting on his lap. She pulls up baby names on an open tab. Why wait for later when now is as good a time.

“Oliver? Is there a name…”

“Not really. Though it should mean something to us.”

“How about Thomas Oliver? Or Oliver Thomas?”

“Give Tommy a big head, nope.”

“Tom is a sweet lovable guy.”

“Who has now seen you naked.” He makes a groan sound of disgust.

“Well true. Okay then you try one.”

“Maybe our father’s names?”

“My dad left when I was young.”

“Or not. I’m sorry.” Oliver sincerely tells her. Not having a father must of have been tough.

“Maybe your dad’s name?”

“Robert.”

“Hmm, it’s a strong name.” she actually does like it and her need to see the meaning. The response on a website pops up. “Bright Fame. Also, People who like the name Robert also liked: William, Henry, Liam, Alexander, Benjamin, Matthew, and Samuel.”

“Do you like any of those names?”

“Check the meaning of William, Liam, and Samuel?”

“Those are your front liners?”

“Why? What do you like?” he asked curiously.

“Xander or Matt Smoak.”

“Queen.”

“Sure.” She rolls her eyes. Her son is using grabby hands to get his mom’s attention. Taking her son into her arms the tablet moves to Oliver’s grasp and he types in a few names to see their meanings.

“So how about Bright Fame Defender of the people Smoak Queen.”

“What does that translate to?”

“Robert Alexander Smoak Queen”

“RASQ”

“What are you doing?”

“Looking at acronyms.”
“Why?”

“There are two hits one is cute the other not so much.”

“And?”

“Royal Agricultural Society of Queensland and the not so delightful one Reasons for Attempting Suicide Questionnaire.”

“Um… I don’t get why you need to…”

“My life is acronyms, it is about huge amounts of data.”

“What?”

“Computers, Oliver, Computer languages and so forth.”

“Okay so what’s your suggestion?”

“Robert Alexander Queen.”

“Why not Robert Smoak Queen?” He watches her do her thing as their son is now laid back with him.

“We both know people like Tom would call our son Smoakn Queen.”

Oliver’s dreary expression tells her all she needs to know.

“Robert, Robbie Alexander Queen. I like it.” She tells him as he is rocking their son gently on his lap and Oliver asks the boy if he likes the name after a few small giggles.

“I guess its settled. Robbie Xander because I can see your mamma calling you that Queen.”

Her mouth opens and closes quickly, actually is fully smiling at him. She wants to ask how he knows but instead just nods to his statement. They are just content looking at little Robbie tiring himself out when Oliver speaks, “Everything about us has changed from last night, we are parents.” She doesn’t know if that is a good thing from how he said it. He doesn’t let her think as his hand is on her face and his lips captures hers and she relaxes to his touch.

“I woke up this morning wondering if you’d be okay in being my girl. Asking you out officially for a few dates until I would slip the girlfriend wording and working from there. Now I missed a few of those steps but I guess I can ask you to an official date where we would take our son because at this point I don’t want to miss anything with him.”

“You still want to be with me?” She has no idea why she asks for all indications he seems to want to be with her.

“I can’t think of why not.” He goes in for another kiss but their son makes a whiny sound. Observing his boy, he whispers, “He’s falling asleep.”

“I fed him before you arrived.”

“Same formula from when Tommy and I had him?”

“Um it’s a supplement. I pump regularly they said it was healthier for a baby…” Felicity takes a moment to reflect. “Because he was a preemie they suggested that it was healthier…” she kind of
feels weird about talking about her breasts but he is actually looking at her wanting to know more. “So, it’s also cheaper but I do supplement Kyle, I mean Robert just to make sure he’s fed.”

“I’m sorry I wasn’t there.”

“You didn’t know.” she gives him a small smile “He was born May 5th at 9:30 at night. I was so huge that I barely left my dorm room once I became whale sized it was hard to move.”

“What is it with the ladies making whale references?” He asks really wanting to know. “I doubt I would have thought you’d look like a whale.”

“My roomie Anabelle thought I was huge too.”

He looks at her as a forefront memory radiates he can’t believe it, no way she was Belle’s roomie. If she was it was a sick cosmic joke on how close he was on finding her. “Anabelle Dorchester?”

“Yes! How do you know her?” and Felicity makes a cute little pout he has ever seen.

“On one of my study breaks I met some of your friends.”

“Where you stopping every Goth group you saw?”

“No. I was observing every group wondering if one would be you.”

“That’s actually sweet.” She leans to kiss him making sure not to disturb the little bundle cradled protectively in his arms.

“We should transfer him onto the crib.”

Oliver doesn’t know if he wants to give up the precious weight on him yet.

“You don’t want him to process you as his sleep aide you’ll have a hard time getting him to slumber away from you.”

“Maybe…”

“Oliver trust me on this.” as she kisses him. He goes to deepen the kiss but he finds it’s hard to do with his son being an awkward obstacle. She may have a point and she rises from the sofa and takes their son from him and walks a few steps to place him soundly in his crib. He is right there beside her looking down at the sleeping angel of theirs.

“I have to be at my work-study for four.” She tells him that they have a few hours to talk or do whatever. His arms snakes around her bringing her back to his chest while taking the moment to revel in having them in his life.

He knows there is a lot of talking to do still. They now need to talk about just them and he thought about this a lot while he was getting ready to come here. A strong part of himself thinking about being the responsible one he was almost twenty-two years of age. He needs to date her and really be the viable option for her she has a brilliant mind and even with a little boy she keeps pushing the limits. He looked her up after the little talk with Tommy and finding out she already was carving a name for herself was very impressive.

Feeling her warm body against his wasn’t helping him be collective and cool. He wants to devour her and find out what’s she like now that they’re both very lucid in their thoughts. She must sense that as she turns around within his embrace and meets his lips she gasps as he picks her up and settles
her on the bed. For a short while they can be lovers and keep life’s obstacles at bay.

Oliver walks into his apartment holding a baby carrier holding his son who was just feed by his mom before she headed off to work. It was an experience for Oliver watching his girl breast feed his son. Just like last night their time together she kind of kept him from over stimulating her sensitive torso. He may feel a little guilty of feeling jealousy but he knew it was natural so it just pushed it aside as an asinine stray thought.

What he didn’t aspect was Laurel stretched out on the sofa reading some book of hers. She’s looking at him as he places the carrier on the floor. They both speak out at once.

“Where’s Tommy?”

“Whose kid?”

He waits for her answer before he tells her it’s his son.

“You have a son? Since when?”

He doesn’t answer right away when Robbie’s displeasure in being stuck in the carrier for too long for his liking shows it with some loud sobs. He pulls him from the carrier and as fast as his boy shed tears he stops and marvels at the toy his dad is enticing him with.

“Like I said, he’s mine.”

Laurel is up and in front of Oliver.

“You had a relationship with some floozy while we were…”

“There is no we.” He rebuttals hoping that finally she takes a hint.

“I’m wearing…” she raises her hand to show him “Your family ring.”

“Well to me it could be costume jewelry because I never asked you to be my wife. In fact, Halloween is coming around you can parade it to every clown you see.”

“How dare you.” Her voice pitching higher.

“Keep your voice down.” He looking at his boy becoming uncomfortable.

“How what?” she screams which in turn has the youngest soon to be Queen crying his lungs out.

The front door opens and Tommy walks into a hellish scene. He was gone less than twenty minutes to drop off some papers for a class project he was in. Laurel is basically fuming near the large windows while Oliver is rocking his son closer to where he is standing.
“Is he hungry?” It was the first thing Tommy could think of to say.

“No, he’s just upset over some unnecessary yelling.” Oliver doesn’t bother to implicate Laurel, Tommy can tell she is part of the reason by her evil stare at him.

“Well I guess once we all calm down maybe junior here will settle down.” Tommy reasoning with them, well he hopes Laurel is on board but she hasn’t even made a move to look at the hotel sites he pulled up on his MacBook.

“Do your parents even know?”

“It is none of your business Laurel.” Oliver says as calming as he can as he soothes Robbie onto crying hiccups which were not a good thing to a little boy who still got checked biweekly for breathing.

“Laurel please. Can’t you see Oliver is trying to calm his son down.” Tommy is a little worried as he knows all about Kyle’s issues the boy is still so small and rightful if he was born when truly due he would be about three months of age.

“Unbelievable. You have a bastard son.”

“It’s an illegitimate child which is the standard form nowadays.” Tommy correcting the harshness of her statement. Oliver paid her no mind. He knew exactly she was just being vindictive now.

“Though I can attest if he knew she was pregnant he would have married her like on the spot.”

“Tommy, shut up.” Oliver voices angrily.

“Oh, yea sorry.” He looks between Laurel and Oliver and his statement made her become very quiet.

“Where is this whore of a mother?”

“Laurel if you don’t show some respect you can walk out of this apartment now before I throw your ass out.” Oliver’s tone quite menacing if Tommy ever heard his best friend be so angry.

“I would listen to the man, you don’t have no place to go as of yet.” Tommy shrugs indifferently her words were uncalled for and hearing the little tyke cry was such a heart retching experience.

“Fine, but this isn’t over.”

Tommy could seriously watch Oliver throw daggers at his on and off again girlfriend since well there was a beginning somewhere he was there when they began this weird relationship that created endless drama.

They decided to go out to a diner to eat before dropping off Laurel to her hotel room. Oliver was weary but landed up folding and coming along. He was famished so his stomach betrayed him.

“So, how old is your son?”

“Old enough.”

“Really Oliver.”
“I’m not answering any questions about him or his mother. So, there’s weather, your field of study, or any other bullshit conversations we can have. Take your pick.”

Tommy have is lips pressed together wondering if Laurel is going to add fuel to the fire or just regain some decorum. She goes with the latter and they converse as they eat their meal in a peace that has the little baby Queen making humming sounds. A few patrons have already said how adorable he was which really got a rise out of Oliver is when people assumed Laurel was the mother. She smirked at how uncomfortable Ollie was at this point.

“Um guys while I’m gone please behave.” Tommy goes off to the lavatory leaving them two to try to be pleasant.

“Well at least he looks like you. So, I’ll give you that.”

“There is nothing wrong with his mother.”

“Why she dump junior in your lap?”

“She’s at work. Can’t call it babysitting when it’s your own kid.”

“Are you sure?”

“You just said…”

“I was being nice. Babies all look the same. Are you sure it’s yours?”

“Yes. I am very confident.”

“You should still do a paternity check.”

“I suppose that will happen down the line, but don’t worry about my problems.”

“Oliver, I have always been on your side. No matter how infuriating you have made me I still stand by you.”

“I don’t need your blind affection.”

“You say that now but we both know sooner or later you come back to reason. I am your home.”

Before he could say something, a flash goes off and then another. The person taking the photo leaves in a hurry which in turn has some people looking at them as some celebrity gossip couple. Oliver gets up and luckily Tommy is heading back.

“I got to go. Bring our guest to her room please I just can’t anymore.” Oliver leaves bringing his sweet bundle of nerves with him. He moves the slight blanket over his son’s head he doesn’t need any more stray shots by sleazy photographers near his son.

Chapter End Notes

Not much to this chapter but fluff.

Oliver is a dad and even though he has is dream girl by his side he still has to deal with his own family in Starling and a mom of a teenage girl. Never mind Laurel Lance.
Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

Tommy being a good friend, Oliver and Felicity communicate a little more.

Leaving a motel room, Tommy paid an undisclosed amount to the photographer. He had to admit his dad could come through with little things like finding people. Not that Malcolm allowed his son to meet the paparazzi alone. It wasn’t too impossible to figure his dad had eyes on him here in Boston. Probably the Queens also pay for this kind of service. He won’t mention his thoughts on that with Oliver; he already has enough on his plate.

Bombarded with question after question from his ice queen female buddy while taking her to her room he’s known as long as he can remember he surely had no intent on dating someone so needy he was a free spirit and he liked what privilege his family’s name offered. Plenty of girls, alcohol, good times and like he told his friend of almost a year for a long time just parting was enough. Not that he was a fool he still did his part his father wasn’t a forgiving man.

The only person he trusted other than himself was Oliver Queen, his best buddy since… since they’ve known each other. Now Felicity Smoak was in his orbit things changed he saw another path and he became protective of her. He once told Cooper to wise up but he thought Kyle was his son so he never told that jerk what he really thought.
He already had to get Laurel off his back the moment she was hounding him for information. He wasn’t at liberty to answer and as much as he had no qualms with her she could be a bitch. All these questions he avoided with telling her to just drop it, she sometimes just couldn’t let go like a dog with a bone she just wouldn’t let go. Her commitment, tenacious, stubborn, determined, single-mindedness was fine if she wants to be a lawyer. This grabbing hold of something and not letting go wasn’t so great when it was going against two friends he cared for. It really didn’t help when the Queen matriarch was egging her on oh boy when she finds out her son has a son he doesn’t even want to be a fly on that wall.

Entering his apartment, he saw Oliver parked in front of his normal study desk as he was reading with the TV on for some background noise.

“You’ve been gone a long time?” Oliver hopes he hasn’t hooked up with… he can’t even say it.

“I was taking care of my buddy’s recent problem.”

“Laurel?” He said that with disgust.

“What? hell no. She’s another problem you’ll have to tend to without me.”

“Then what’s the problem?”

“The man who took your picture he was advised you’d be at the restaurant.”

“What?”

“Well while you rode in the back with your son, Laurel was texting a phone number your mom must have given her.”

“Why do you think my mom…”

“Your mom has used this person on numerous occasions.” He handed Oliver a folder this man already developed the film he was old school. Mostly everyone used digital now.

“How did you get this…”

“I paid some good money, and damn you’re in it deep. He was just there to snap some photos of you and your fiancé.”

Oliver just sighed he knew now for certain his mom was instrumental in all this.

“He didn’t know about the kid, I would have lied about the kid but…”

“Laurel knows I’m a dad.”

“Yep, you better come clean to your parents.”

Oliver just nodded and he looks like he was going to respond but took a minute to ponder which left Tommy to move over to his favorite chair and grab the remote keeping the volume low as he sees his
nephew sleeping away in the bassinet.

Tommy had to give his best friend credit on making sure the carrier was enclosed and only when close up could anyone see the infant and after a few people gave their warm wishes Oliver placed a blanket more securely that only he was able to really see his son. Tommy could already tell his best friend was going to be super overprotective of his newborn.

“I haven’t had a real conversation with my mom since July, ever since that stunt.”

“Well yea I wouldn’t be thrilled either if I was suddenly engaged without consent.”

“I got off the phone with my dad about an hour ago. He wasn’t thrilled he was totally disappointed.”

“Does he at least entertain the idea of a grandson?”

“He has no choice.” shrugging “He said he’d talk to my mom.” Oliver just got up and went to check on his son. Making sure he was comfortable as he slept. “Do you mind keeping an eye out for him, while I go pick up Felicity?”

“I feel like my uncle duties are just beginning.”

Waiting for Felicity to bring her home like he told her when he dropped her off for work, it’s been a long day and he sits in the car recalling today’s events.

Nothing like taking a moment to reflect as today’s proceedings sunk in and has made such an impact on his life while waiting for his girlfriend the mother of his child. Yesterday he was a doomed preppy guy who couldn’t get a ghost of a Gothic chic out of his mind and went to the frat party only to find her, really find her.

Waking up with her in his bed not some nook at that loud, smelly, fraternity dwelling was a vast improvement. She wore a fitted dress he had more than a little fun tearing off her creamy skin. He enjoyed her presence once more. Her little witticisms in the heat of passion made it as if they never were separated. Her little freak out this morning could have been a disaster but all he could think about is how perfect she fit in his arms how his dreams of her didn’t measure to reality. He wasn’t letting her go.

How bizarre that in that time frame where he was planning on extending their courtship he gets a life alternating tale and bam he was a father. He was dumbstruck he heard the words around him just unable to act as Tommy took her home and when the door closed after his best bud’s congratulatory praise he was up and pacing.

There was a little human that was a part of him. He had no idea how his parents would handle this. As if on cue on how the universe just loves messing with him his phone rang and a picture of his father popped up. He realized he forgot to call his dad as promised early this morning he was just so out of it with just being told a life altering thing.

“Sorry dad, I know I was supposed to call earlier.”
“It’s fine. Though a phone call once in a while would be nice, your mother worries enough about you.”

“How is mom, Thea?”

“They’re fine. I was calling to see if this winter you’d go for a family getaway?”

“Um dad, I’ll have at least two classes for that time scheduled already. It will really help my GPA.”

“So no to Aspen?”

“Dad, I…”

“I know that tone. What is wrong?”

“Nothing really!”

“Oliver?”

“There’s just a lot going on and…”

“Does this have to do with distancing yourself since your mother’s stunt this past summer?”

“I’m not engaged.”

“I know that son.”

“Does mom?”

“She just worries about you.”

“She sent me some groom-to-be stuff, in anger I threw it out.”

“I’ll talk to her it sounds like she may be taking it too far.” A pause “Oliver, just so you know your mother is in contact with Laurel. I know it’s not what you want to hear.”

Oliver grumbles.

“I’ll talk to her see what I can do. Though think about Holiday plans we will expect you to come home.”

“We’ll see dad, we’ll see.”

“Well I have some other calls to make so make sure to keep in touch.”

“Thanks dad.”

After some pleasant goodbyes Oliver tossed the phone down and went to sit on the kitchen stool to think things through.

The second phone call was even worse he got home from having a dreaded dinner and had a darn strange photo lurker taking pictures which had him flee the scene. Calling his dad, a dread came over him as he came clean. Disappointing his family once again though he has to admit some of his
father’s words didn’t overwhelm him.

“This is not what I expected when I called you this morning.”

“Dad for whatever its worth, I really like her.”

“You just found out about a son, don’t you think it’s relevant the she would have told you earlier?”

“That’s a long story but she’s the muse of change.”

“Wait the girl you’ve been pinning about?”

After the call ended with uncertainty a lot of one sided fatherly advice which left Oliver weary but confident enough to follow his own heart.

Finally leaving his stupor as he saw her exit the building she looked peeved as she got closer. In a fraction of a second she had a sheet of paper on the passenger side window which with the bad light and dark surrounding he wasn’t able to read it. Bringing the window down and asking her to get in only got a muffled reply of no.

“Where’s Kyle?”

“You mean Robbie.”

“I know his name. Until it is changed its Kyle.”

He took the sheet of paper and realized why she was so mad.

“I’m not engaged.”

“Really that newsprint says otherwise.”

“You researched me?”

“I can understand peeing on a cop, but this…”

“Get in the car we can talk about.”

Her eyes narrowed and he gulped.

“Felicity.” He got out of the car they were going to have their first fight on a sidewalk off an MIT building at roughly a few minutes after ten at night.

“Where is our son?”

“In a crib sleeping at my place. Tommy is there.”

She’s fuming pacing across the grass to a tree then back near the vehicle while he stood using the car as a prop.

“Why does everyone from…”

“Starling City. It’s a long story.”
“You have a minute to explain.”

“My mom announced my engagement without me even popping the question. And, No I wasn’t never going to propose.”

“So…”

“My mom has it in her head I need to settle down.”

“Let me get this straight your mom announces your engagement to Laurel Lance even though you aren’t interested in marrying her?”

He nods.

“Just great! How do you think she’s going to feel about our relationship? I mean…”

“I don’t know, but my dad wants to meet you soon?”

“Wait your dad? Does your mom know?”

“Maybe, I don’t know I haven’t spoken to her just my dad. He said he’d talk to my mom.”

“How do you think that’ll go?”

“I think we should stay at your place just in case they show up at my place?”

“What is the chance they won’t show up at my place either?”

“I’m hoping Tommy would give us a heads-up warning. Now please get in the car.” She reluctantly gets in she still a little peeved mostly at herself but she won’t tell him that. They really don’t know much about each other which with a shared offspring that just sounds weird in her own head.

“I want to know you better?” She lets out halfway to his place.

“That the whole point of dating but with the paid photographer finding out about…”

“What?” Her head makes a spin so fast from looking out the passenger window to his physical form. She might have gotten whiplash as her eyes narrows at him. “Is our son safe? Oliver what is going on?”

“Let’s get to my place but first can you lift your hoodie over your face. Just a precaution.” He is slowing down a few blocks from the unground garage.

“No. No. No. We talk now.”

“Fe-li-ci-ty” he draws out her name, it supposed to sound annoying but it actually makes her smile which she has to stop because she’s mad but the smile was not unnoticed by him so he parks the car on the next available space.

“So, you want to talk fine…” He really doesn’t want to talk in a car but she seems adamant and that only fuels what he going to tell her.

“Why are you being difficult?” she asks concerned.

She knows he probably has no idea how good she is at finding information. The thing about her work-study is that she is planted with a computer and she can plug away with a few key tools she
carries with her everywhere. Finding out just about anything on Oliver Jonas Queen that was available was an easy feat to do. She didn’t think his life was so glamourous as it was but wow she was blown away that she had to physically pull herself away even after she got up to have a cry when she thought he was in a solid relationship due to be married no less.

“So, the background check at least you’ve read up on me so there are some things you know about.”

She nods.

“What do you want to know? That I’ve been kicked out of one school for sexual misconduct? The other one for I can’t remember but I was told I was high as a kite.” He looks to see her reaction she doesn’t budge so he continues, “You know about me peeing on a cop, or the fact I got a minor pregnant. There is a long list of shit I’ve done wrong. That I should tell you to keep away from me because I’m bad news.”

“Okay fine you’ve done all that.”

“You know about Harvard?”

She nods.

“But what set you off were the news clippings?”

“Yes. Oliver that shit is relevant to me. You being a dirty scoundrel player would have been relevant before I had our baby. That news is over and done with.”

“Maybe you’re too young…”

“Don’t you dare? I may be seventeen but I’ve gotten into some stupid shit too.”

“Really?” he doubts she has anything.

“I believed in hacktivism. I created a program that Cooper stole and tried to sell. The FBI got involved with some other government agencies.”

“What does that mean?”

“Basically, I’m under surveillance.”

Oliver scanning the area from his spot in the car.

“I mean they keep tabs on my internet or computer habits. I’ve been too busy with our son to care.”

“So, our son has been in danger?”

“Oliver, you have to believe me I stopped all this craziness once I decided I was going to be a full-time mom.”

Her hand goes to his face and he automatically lowers himself into her palm. Their eyes meet and he whines that he didn’t get to kiss her yet.

“My poor baby.” Finding out whom your baby daddy is, seeing all the baggage he brings should have her keeping her rigid form but when they are alone like this she’s putty. He hasn’t done anything to warrant her anger. Though she is now asking for inclusion. He reaches out to her and their lips meet. He lets out a sigh as his forehead remains against hers.
He really doesn’t know much about her and that little bit of information will be scrutinized later. He
knows he is a screw up but she has a diversion that could have jeopardized their son. All-in-all there
is a lot to talk about but he’s at least comfortable in sharing this with her.

“I’ve had a rough day.”

“Being a daddy is rough?”

He smiles. “Our son has been perfect even when grouchy.” He takes this opportunity to kiss her
again because what he’s going to say next will most likely upset her.

She’s giving him little chaste kisses kind of forgets why they stopped a few blocks from his place but
is so relieved he isn’t engaged to that attractive girl she saw online. That when he pulls away from
her, she is the one to let a small whimper it’s the cutest thing he thinks as she pouts.

“I need to tell you my ex-girlfriend is in town.”

“Any specific one?”

He rolls his eyes at that and points to the crumbled sheet under her feet.

“Oh. Laurel perfect Lance, she so…”

“Not perfect.”

“Wait does she have anything to do with this paparazzo?”

He nods but affirms their son is safe.

“Oliver what am I facing? God how can I compete? Your parents are going to hate me. Will they
like our son?”

“Hey, hey.” He said softly “Calm down.” He kisses her gently. “They’ll love our boy.” Her eyes try
to read his for any lies. “I just met him and I love him and I’m crazy about his mom too.”

“Oliver?” she wants to say more but he hushes her. “We can really talk about this later. We are
parked in a car when you could be holding him and all honesty he will get hungry again. That boy is
a monster eater.” That makes her grin. “No really, all that pumping this morning and I left Tommy an
ounce oh by the way he thinks its formula so don’t tell him otherwise.”

His phone goes off. Tommy’s calling using his Bluetooth connects him to his car’s speaker. Both
Oliver and Felicity exchange words to Tommy.

“Hey what’s up…”

“How’s my baby is he…”

“Guys, Kyle is fine. But…”

“But?” Felicity and Oliver say in unison.

“Your parents are here.”
The Queens

Chapter Summary

This is a back and forth from present to past chapter. Moving them along in time, the present time is shortly after Thanksgiving as the past is in October after the event of the party where Oliver and Felicity reunite and the Queens come to visit. Starts off in the present time.

He wakes up with the early morning beam of light right on his field of vision and he knows he should have shut the blinds but his girl was feisty last night and that became an afterthought but now hoping to glimpse his surroundings was an issue. Moving slightly the body bond to him shifts and a small whiny moan escapes her lips. This is his life now. Her hair tousled from sleep he moves his fingers to free a strand from her lips and as tempting it would be to kiss them she needs the extra sleep so he looks across to see his son’s crib and there was nothing but his discarded blankets.

He rises slowly being careful to disentangle the arms that are around him making sure she doesn’t wake up, a part of him wants to say her name until he remembers Tommy has been known to grab their son when his parents don’t wake up to his little babbles. Looking down at his girl the covers partially covering her rear end and the tank top riding high he shakes his head to what his best friend might have seen shaking his head to clear some thoughts of knocking his brother on his ass for entering his room when his girl barely wears anything at night. Finally, getting up from the bed and heading towards the door after putting on the discarded pants from the floor and goes looking for them.
He caught sight of Tommy talking to Alexander the official first name of his son since he and Felicity’s court date happening in a few weeks all thanks to the Jacobs who pulled in a few favors and now he and Felicity’s son has his new official name to be registered as Alexander Robert Smoak Queen soon enough.

--Shortly after The Queen’s visit--

Meeting the Jacobs when they both went to have Alex’s lungs checked had Oliver realize he was talking to the couple who would have been raising his son and an eerie feeling settled deep down in the pit of his stomach.

They were a nice couple and he noted the woman was very much pregnant and needing her husband’s help in basically any extensive movement which made him look at Felicity whom was showing them their son he recalls all the whale references and wonders if she had help getting up or down it seems to any sort of comfortable positions. Probably not and he looks away uncomfortable at that thought.

“Oliver.” Felicity called out taking him from his pensive state.

He apologizes and asks what was said. The two couples talk about babies for a bit and the conversation of Felicity and Oliver starting the process of name changing when Michael gives him a card telling them that it’s a good friend of theirs that will speed this up for them because they want to thank Felicity for how well she handled everything.

Leaving the ladies to their baby talk the men go get them something to drink from the little self-service snack area.

“It is quite lucky that both of you found each other.” Michael commented as they reached the little nook.

“It is.” He looks at her playing with their son as Carol is laughing making funny faces at the infant. He doesn’t know how much Michael here knows about Felicity’s predicament of their shared past but he’s guessing more than he is letting on.

“The way you’re looking at her I can see your planning a future.”

“What do you mean?”

“You’re looking at her like she is the sun and the moon.”

Oliver smiles. “She’s terrific.”

“What are your plans if you don’t mind me asking?”

That makes Oliver stop and look at the older man. “You mean marriage plans?”

He nods but adds, “I’m assuming both of you are young…”

“I’m going to ask her to be my wife next October.”
“Why October?” the man asked truly interested.

“That’s when we met a year ago.”

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**present time**

So here he is barely in the living room watching his best buddy talking to Alexander in a goofy tone that has his son vibrantly wiggling his hands back and forth trying to capture a wash cloth as a cartoon displays on the TV screen. He knows his son isn’t watching the program he is more into lights and patterns and anything he could place in his mouth.

“What are you both doing?” he lightheartedly says as he comes into Tommy’s field of vision.

“Oh no! We are busted.” He drops the wash cloth on Alexander’s face which gets a squeal as Tommy blows a raspberry on his tummy.

“Uncle Tommy is a thief.” He singsongs as he’s now in the line sight of his son and the little boy’s hands are in a grabby motion. Picking him up he adds, “He needs to get his own and not sneak into mommy and daddy’s room.”

“Your daddy is giving me ideas.”

“Your dad would kill you if you follow suit and have one to.”

“But think of all the possibilities Queen and Merlyn’s raising deviant children.”

“Really, eccentric children are what you aiming for?”

“Hey we were screwballs and look at us now.” Tommy grabs the remote and changes to a sports channel as he situates himself on his favorite chair still holding a large grin.

Oliver laughs he knows Tommy is joking as he walks to the kitchen. “How long have you and Alex been awake?”

“A little over an hour. Little tyke is a drummer can’t believe he didn’t wake you or the death princess up from slumber.”

“Probably because we are dead tired.”

“You do know your parents haven’t cut you off. This getting a job plus being a full-time student and dad is not so necessary.”

“It is to me. Did you feed…” Oliver’s voice low as he looking for the bottle Felicity put in the fridge last night.

“Yes, Xan the man had his fix.”

“What is it with you and Felicity calling him Xan. Started off as Alexander to Xander to only Alex surprisingly skipping Al to go with Xan?” Oliver places his son in the high chair as he grabs some ingredients for breakfast. “Should have stuck with Robert.”
“Oh, come on. Robbie or Bert just doesn’t cut it. Visions of your dad come to mind.”

“What’s wrong with my dad?”

“It’ll be weird when you start disciplining your kid and calling your dad’s name.”

Oliver rolls his eyes, “It’s not that strange other people have done it for millenniums.”

“Um-hmm, should have gone with Oliver Thomas like Felicity mentioned though my preference would have been little Tommy Jr.” He hears Oliver grumble something he can’t hear. “Now I could see you punishing yourself as little Ollie would find trouble and you’d have to use your namesake in a stern voice to mean business.”

“Hence why we went with Alexander a clean name that both Felicity and I liked.” The little boy hit the table with the mentioning of his name. “You want to try some solid food?”

Alexander just hit his little fists on the table making babbling sounds.

“He hasn’t taken to solids yet. He’s a boob man.” Tommy says coming to sit at the counter giving his nephew a high five. Oliver surprised a bit that his good friend didn’t mention once again the breast milk incident. He should have known better.

“Not like your dad to tell me of all people that it’s your mommy’s milk.”

“Oh, come on Tommy let it go…”

“The look you gave me the moment I wiped that dribble from my wrist will be ingrained in my mind forever.”

“And yet here I am weeks later apologizing.” Oliver mumbled as he placed his oatmeal bowl on the counter and a small container of puree to see if his son will take it if not he would add to the oatmeal and have his breakfast.

“Morning.” Felicity’s voice coming from the hallway as she is fast approaching looking at her boys.

“Look who is up?” Oliver said placing the baby spoon near Alex’s mouth. The boy moving his face in non-interest but excited his mom is saving him from the intruding goop. “Morning.” Oliver kisses her and whispers, “It’s a no go.”

“I hope in a month after Hanukkah I’ll be able to have the nectar of the Gods.” She misses coffee.

“Ha! I think Xan had the special nectar this morning. The good stuff you know not canned, maybe not fresh from the source but hey the little one knows what’s up.” Tommy smirks still playing on the milk incident.

“Tommy!” Felicity whined then took a bowl Oliver had made for her to.

--In Starling City present time--

Moira has entered this club many times to have brunch with some of the club ladies. Most are influential and their husbands are powerful businessmen. Coming to the table she sees a familiar face
who she has groomed to one day sit by her side.

The ladies are all enjoying their mimosa as each takes a turn talking about relevance of their current endeavors.

“Moira.” A few ladies call out all with their plastered smiles.

“Tammy, how lovely to see you here.” Moira spoke wondering when she flew in.

“Monique may have my husband, but I still own his wallet.”

Moira looked at her longest friend raised eyebrows and back to Tammy. She then sat down as she looked at the youngest women gathered around the table. “Laurel, I thought law school pre-courses would start to keep you busy?”

“One must find time to balance the right priorities.”

“Oh, child once you and Oliver start to have children I doubt you’d be so into civil duties.”

Moira choked slightly as she almost spits the liquid. These ladies have no clue to her son’s activities. He is practically engaged to a child but at least she was a bright girl with an incredible future if she chooses. Digging up that your son’s current love interest is a certified genius was better than the alternative of gold digging tramp.

--Days after returning from Boston--

She has a suspicion that Laurel had something to do with the results. Only she knew about the paternity test. What Laurel didn’t know is that Moira had taken a few samples of her grandchild while she was there and had a friend of her college days also perform the assessment and the result was different from the lab. Which made her weary of the girl she had taken under her wings.

How Laurel had that smile as confidence as she came that afternoon knowing the results were being sent by a carrier messenger to the Queens. The results actually made Robert upset in disbelief. He for sure believed that child was his grandbaby. He was livid. Thea was in school not privy to seeing her father so mad and utter obscenities. Moira herself was reserved she was under a microscope she didn’t want to give away that she believed that the information was more likely false.

“Laurel, I hate to be discourteous but would you allow us our privacy.” Moira said as sweetly as she could muster.

“Oh, of course Mrs. Queen. Knowing that rat lied to Oliver and yourselves must be a huge slap in the face.”

“It is dear, thank you for being here for us.”

“It is my pleasure. I sincerely hope you can save your son from that wretchedness.”

“Thank you Laurel.” Robert said quietly as he walked over to the grand window and stared out. As soon as Laurel left Robert spoke, “Our son is living with a liar, did she think…”

“Calm down Robert.”
“Calm down? Our son is across the country living with a hustler and her son.”

“We can lose our son over this. We proceed with caution.”

“Alright I’ll give this a few days. I do not like this at all.”

She patted his arm and left him to continue looking at the gardens from the window. She was now going to talk to the woman responsible for making her husband furious.

Moira Queen had nothing but good things to say about the lovely Laurel Lance who would one day marry her son. Not until she cunningly came to stand before her and her husband and watch the scene of two parents being devastated that their grandchild was not theirs.

She knew what the results were before they were read out loud and that was an indicator that the known assistant must have known Laurel. Very unprofessional indeed. Though she was angry, this is something she could see herself doing to protect her own family but she did not like that Laurel could think she was easily deceived.

“Mrs. Queen.”

Moira looked at the voice who has called her name from the guest living area.

“Laurel?”

“I thought I’d catch you before I left. I am so sorry that floozy has played your family.”

“What people will do to be a Queen is not strange at all. I have errands to attend to. I know you can show yourself out.”

“Of course, though I am truly…”

“Laurel, do not apologize for something you have no privilege to.”

Laurel looked at the Queen Matriarch and nodded then left Moira to look at the woman she once thought so highly of.

--Starling City present time at the club--

Moira corners Laurel off in the club. She tells the girl she knows the truth and Laurel for a few minutes plays dumb but Moira explains that she knows exactly what Laurel did and if she doesn’t cool down that her offences could be a legal one.

Laurel is adamant that she is doing what is right and that The Queens should be grateful. That Oliver is just having a fling and that he belongs with her. She knows him best.

“Don’t count on it.”

“He’ll come around.”

“After what you did, I’ll protect you just this once.”
“Mrs. Queen, if you taught me anything its persistence.” She didn’t want to boast to his mother but she added to herself ‘Oliver needs the right woman and I’m that woman.’

“Oliver already chose his family. He cut himself off to prove to himself he could do it.”

Laurel didn’t know that tidbit as Moira looks on.

“So, you’re okay with a woman who allows her man to shun his family.”

Moira was about to answer but thought better of it. She could see the younger woman starting to process the information it most likely would not be a good outcome. “Laurel, my son is adept to make his own choices.”

“Yes, we both know he thinks well with his little brain hence a child outside of wedlock.”

“That is my grandchild.”

“Yes, I suppose he is but how would people think if they knew his mother is barely an adult herself? There is a lot of Queen drama…”

“Laurel, I advise you to keep your voice down. You target my loved ones and you’ll understand that I am a force to be reckoned with first hand.”

Laurel added flippantly, “Your son belongs with me.”

“As I said, I’ll defend you this once nevertheless I am done endorsing you.”

Laurel knew that she needed to get back on Moira’s good graces and nodded.

--Later that day in Boston--

“I think we should keep this place your parents are offering after Tommy leaves after graduation.”

He sighs, “Babe, you know how I feel about taking anything from them; the point was I could make this work on my own.”

“Well, I still have my place at MIT.”

He nods they haven’t used that place but have made the necessary payments to keep it. He is thinking they might need to move there after his graduation they haven’t talked much about it. There is enough on their plate. Though his mother did react strongly to their safety if word did get out about his family it wouldn’t be as safe at her place.

“We’ll move in there, I know it be tight but it be on our terms.” He thinks to himself, ‘As long as it’s safe.’

“Okay.”

“Felicity, I know it sounds off the wall but I want to prove I can take care of my family. You and Alexander are my top priority.”
“Oliver, I understand and I’ll support your decision.” She stands up from the cushioned rocking chair and places the newest bottle on the bureau.

“Thank you.” He has her in his arms its late both exhausted from the day’s events. “I’ll put these two bottles in the fridge while you clean up.”

“Can you pick up our son from his late sports date?” She asks right before she lets out a stifled yawn.

Oliver leaves their room and heads to the kitchen his eyes roam to where his son is laid out on his tummy beside his uncle watching the night’s clips of games played that day. He is so lucky that Tommy really enjoys hanging out with the infant.

“How was that exam you were talking about with Professor Elkenson?”

Tommy moves his nephew a bit so he can sit up, “Actually aced it once again. Give Licy a kiss for me.”

Oliver just gave him the okay sure buddy look and sat on the edge of the long sofa as his son got to roll to his side and back down to his tummy leaving some drool pooling on Tommy’s sweats where his face landed.

“Is it time for Xan the man to get his last feeding before sandman gets you?” Tommy kisses the boy as he raises him into his arms. Alexander wants to play more as the buzzer on the TV goes off indicating how a team won that noise always has the boy making driveling sounds.

“If we are lucky the sandman will keep him for at least five good hours.” He takes his son into his arms as Tommy remotely shuts off the television set.

“Well Uncle Tommy is going to sleep night little monster.” He waves to the boy who smiling brightly at the man’s antics. “Night Oliver.” Passing the hallway where it splits he calls out to Felicity and they have a short exchange of words before he lands in his room for the night.

“Thanks Tommy, goodnight.” Oliver calls out before his friend reaches his bedroom. Looking down at his son who is eyeing him silently starts to blow bubbles and mimic in his babbling fashion. “So, are you tired yet?” the boy enjoying the senseless entertainment of blowing the bubbles and his drool running down his chin to his bib. Oliver wipes it off as he turns the correct knobs for controlling the interior lights of the large living quarters. He has his son bouncing in his arms as he enters his own room.

Felicity walks out in a towel and Oliver makes a low whistling sound. Felicity just shrugs her head but Alexander happily looks at his father’s mouth waiting for another whistle.

“He is all yours I’m going to wash up.” He says after she slides into her pajama bottoms and goes to sit in the rocking chair so she’d nurse her son more comfortably. He places the boy down into her awaiting arms and steals a kiss before washing up before bed. Alexander was the first to be clean when they started to situate themselves for the night. It’s become a ritual since she moved in with him. Everything has fallen into place.

If anyone were to tell him at age eighteen that in a few years he’d become a dad and happily move in with one desirable female he’d laugh at that person’s face. Even more bizarre the best friend he’s had since forever be okay with it and even participate in raising the little one he’d think the person insane.
Robert Queen had some business in Providence, RI to attend to he was already planning to stopover and visit his son and his family. It didn’t sit right how a few weeks ago how guarded his son was. He was practically insistent in being disowned as if that was even a pliable option. He loved his son and by right he welcomed his boy’s family. He was going to try to smooth any misunderstandings because he really wanted his family to be present for Christmas just weeks away.

Felicity seemed reasonable she didn’t jump to any conclusions when his wife asked for a paternity test. She agreed but Oliver didn’t. That is when the little festering turmoil of the summer came crashing down. Moira held the mighty card which landed up backfiring and Oliver just told them he’d be okay by packing up and leaving to wherever Felicity Smoak would lead him. He recalls the night vividly.

--The past in Starling City—through Robert Queen’s perception--

It all started when his phone buzzed and it was his son. He had spoken to Oliver earlier that morning when the boy didn’t call him at the correct allocated time frame. He wanted to get his secretary to begin the plans for the winter family vacation so he called his son it was a normal father son conversation nothing out of the ordinary other than the little grumble of disdain that his mother had caused that summer.

Answering the phone, it was Oliver quietly speaking so he knew it was something big.

“Is everything okay?”

“I need to talk to you.”

That was the tone he didn’t like. He readied himself for the blow. “What is it?”

“I want to tell you before it gets out.”

“What gets out?”

“The girl I met a year ago.” Oliver pauses “We slept together at a party.”

“Yes, the girl you’ve mentioned many times. The girl that you decided to change for. What of her? Did you finally meet?”

“Dad, um she gave birth to my son a few months back.”

“She what?”

“I’m a father. I know…”

“Are you sure. There can be a chance…”

“Dad! Please listen.”

That phone call changed their lives. His son was a father nothing would be the same again.
--Boston the next day (present time)

He called his son telling him he was in Boston and would love to see him and his grandchild. He really did want to see the little boy even though the test said it wasn’t his grandson.

“Dad, come in.”

“Oliver good to see you.”

“Same.” He gave his father a hug.

“Where is Kyle?”

“It’s actually Alexander now.”

“Oh. Since?”

“Since the court appointment his whole name is Alexander Robert Smoak Queen.”

He smiled it was a good name. “That is a mighty strong name.”

“He’s not here yet. Today Felicity picks him up.”

“How are you doing?”

“I’m fine.”

“Just fine?”

“Dad, really I’m okay. I was just here studying before they get home and I’m off to work.”

“Oliver, with how well you’ve worked to get your grades up. You’re almost graduating you should hold off this tending financially to your girlfriend and son.”

“Not that you believe he’s my son.”

“I’m assuming the court mandate for a paternity test was required.”

“Yes, also Felicity had to prove she was the mother even though they knew she was, just for records being the child didn’t have her last name.”

“She was really going to give the child up?”

“Yes, dad she was.”

“Things have a way of working out.”

“I suppose.”

“Oliver please, no matter what, we are family. Like you, I want to take care of my family. That includes my grandson.”

“I’m sorry dad. It’s hard to turn off this protective streak when it concerns them.”
Oliver and Felicity are sitting in the car in Oliver’s allotted parking space looking at each other.

“You ready?”

“No.”

“Let’s consider this a practice run for when we do this with your parents.”

“Single mom, remember?”

“Well she can file charges against me so…”

“She won’t, she knows what happened so she’ll probably just not like you.”

“Goodie.” He is out of the car now opening her door and waits as she grabs her backpack.

“If you prefer I lie and say she’ll love you. She’ll love the boy who knocked me up.”

“I get it.” He sports a small smile before kissing her forehead and they head up the elevator.

“Can’t we just turn around and go?”

“Our son is in there and well this was something that was bound to happen.”

“Your parents are going to hate me, probably think I’m a gold digger for starters.”

“Well they don’t know you yet, I know that they’ll be judgmental we both know that.”

She sighs but is content in his embrace. “Right now, everything is up in the air.”

Oliver opens the door and looks in before allowing his girlfriend to step into the shark tank. He sees his dad stand up and his mother is by the window cradling his son. Tommy is hopped up on the counter stool now looking at him. He takes a breath and looks at his companion in the hallway.

The door is now swung fully open to allow the Goth girl wearing mostly black into the monochrome bachelor pad. She places her skull backpack down by the door as she waits for Oliver to introduce her. She fidgets a little with her fingers as her boyfriend takes her hand into his. The contrast between them is real as his bright blue shirt plaid vest with tan slacks offsets her gloomy hardcore grunge look.

“Mom, dad, like you to meet Felicity Smoak. Felicity these are my parents.”

“Robert Queen, finally nice to meet the young lady my son has fancied for over a year.” He extends his hand out to her and she takes it. They briefly shake as she gives the man a small smile.
Moira is in viewpoint but she hasn’t moved from her spot overlooking the city with the little boy in her arms. She gives the little boy a look as she turns to slowly walk towards her husband and son. “He is very small for a child born in May, from Thomas’s explanation he was a premature baby. He should have been born somewhere in August am I correct?”

“Yes. He was released from the hospital mid-September.” Felicity informed her boyfriend’s mother.

“Are there any severe implications? How is he doing?”

“He’s a fighter and he is getting stronger.” Felicity didn’t know if she wanted to go deeper with this conversation she hasn’t even spoken to Oliver about certain health risks with their son. They just met and they were covering the basics.

Tommy, Oliver and his father watched the women interact without adding a word. The stares and conversation topic pretty intense.

“How were you going to raise this child without my son’s support?”

“Until a few days ago, I was doing it alone just fine.” Felicity’s voice laced with annoyance.

“For a smart girl, you’ve made blunders. Like my son who doesn’t think his actions out beforehand raising a child is…”

“Mom, please.”

“I was just informing you both of your foolery.”

“We get it mom, but my son exists. He’s Felicity’s and my world.”

Looking at Felicity, Moira stated, “A paternity test should be performed. I already took the liberty to have someone tend to being here on hand tomorrow.”

Felicity nods knowing that it was going to happen anyways but Oliver didn’t react so well.

“Mom, that is my son, I don’t appreciate your assumption otherwise.”

“The Queen family name is on the line, it is a must, how can you just take her word. No. Proof he is a Queen is a must.”

“Moira, there is a time and place for legality we are here to meet our grandson.”

“Robert, we cannot allow an angelic face to swing the truth. If he is not our grandson then what?”

“I’ll take my son now, its late he should get ready for bed. Excuse me.” Felicity walked up to Moira and waits as the woman places the child in her arms and excuses herself for the night. Leaving the Queen family to talk.

Nothing was said for some long minutes as a blanket of displeasure surrounded them all. Tommy a guest to this mess had to say something to at least get them talking again. “Your parents are amazed I can change a diaper.”

Oliver looks at his best friend and appreciates his interruption in the long silence he knows he needs
to pipe up now this whole mess is his doing.

“I can understand if you want to disown me, it would be practical I suppose. With all the foolishness, I’ve caused…”

“Oliver, your mother and I never once thought of such extreme doing, we are just surprised is all.” His father cuts him off not liking were this is going. Moira is somewhat in shock but hasn’t said or shown any emotions.

“Whoa” Tommy says also not liking his best friend’s lead into conversation with the Queens.

Tommy’s interruption has Moira looking at the young man and she finally speaks, “Thomas why don’t you go listen to this conversation in your room please.”

“Um…” he looks at his best friend who isn’t really looking at anyone but the rug under his feet. “Okay, good night Mr. and Mrs. Queen, Ollie.” He leaves the tense room keeping out from also wishing Felicity a good night he figures she doesn’t want to call out to him with their guests in the living room. The Queen’s also say their goodnights wishes to the young man as he retreats into his room.

Moira looking at Robert “Did I not tell you that his recklessness would lead to this moment.”

Robert looked from her to his sullen boy. He heard her complains over the years that his behavior was something that needed to be tended to he always allowed his boy to just get away with things. He was a busy businessman and somehow letting his kids be free of constraint be easier to handle because he felt that is the price of being wealthy and a socialite.

Moira continued, “Now there is a child that could be our grandson. How will he be raised? How much will this cost our family? Do you really think our son is ready for this?”

“Money isn’t the object Moira, our son made a mistake we’ll deal with it like we deal…”

“He isn’t a mistake.” Oliver said sternly.

“Oliver, you impregnated a minor, that alone…” his mother spoke before he cut her off.

“He still not a mistake, when I hold him he’s anything but and I won’t stand here and let anyone say he is.”

“Oliver, your mother and I are just being practical. Your decisions have led to this, we need to think rationally.”

“What exactly do you think will happen dad? Do you think throwing money will make this go away? Do you both think I’ll walk away? That the mother of my child can be bought?”

“Your father and I have not suggested that but we have discussed that in the trial period of this paternity situation you’d distance yourself?”

“Don’t mom, wherever they go, I go.”

“Son, you need to be reasonable.”

“He isn’t a pet, Felicity and I have worked out our schedules and we are confident we can make this work.”

“Exactly how financially can you support this family you’ve created?” his mother sniped.
“You mean without your help?”

“Moira, please.”

“No. Robert our son needs to explain this.”

“I’ll drop out of school and get a job.”

“No. That will not be happening.” Robert says in a finalized voice leaving no room for debate. Moira looks at her husband’s hard stare. She nods at him. “Your education is not up for debate.”

“I’ll get a job anyways and work it in. I won’t touch any Queen assets I’ll prove I can do this.”

“Oliver the money means nothing, this is all new to you and I don’t think you understand how much work this entails. Your mother and I only want what is best for you.”

“I having a feeling what is best for me is for me not to support the two people who need me right?”

“Oliver, I can setup up Felicity to…”

“God, have you even been listening to me. I want them in my life.” He says panicked.

“Calm down Oliver allow your mother to continue.”

“As I was saying. With both of you in school. I can setup something so Felicity can go about raising her son while your free to participate when you’re not busy.”

Oliver shook his head he couldn’t really believe his parents were enabling him to be a absent father, a man who periodically sees his son but shells out money to feel good about his contribution.

“You both have no idea where I am at. I am not walking away from Felicity, not when I finally got her in my life. I had a miserable year without her and to think that year she was alone pregnant with my son is enough abandonment. I may not have spent a whole lot of time with him yet but his cries gut me his happy babbles brings a contentment that I am not walking away from.”

“Oliver, your future.” His mother says as she looks at the boy in front of her.

“I’ll prove that I don’t need your money. This is my family and I’m not abandoning them.”

“You don’t need to prove anything son. We just need you to understand the implications of your decisions.”

“Dad, I’ll stay here until graduation and from there we’ll move to more affordable housing I’ll be living in Boston until Felicity graduates next year and from there we’ll see.”

Moira shakes her head “Oliver this place is secure you’ll live here.”

“Mom. I won’t be able to afford this place so.”

“Nonsense this your home please baby don’t let me worry about you.”

“What about Felicity?”

“She can visit.”

“No mom wherever she goes I go and I really don’t think you understand that.”
“What of Laurel?”

“I don’t care. You probably can tell her that yourself she’s at the Carlton.”

Moira looks displeased and Robert chimes in, “Why is Laurel in Boston?”

“You’ll need to ask mom that. I need to check on my family so we can talk more tomorrow and setup that test. Goodnight.”

Oliver is standing by the door his parents get the message and start to ready themselves to leave.

The door to a bedroom opens. Oliver looks up and says, “Not now Tommy.” Tommy has his hands up in the air in surrender as he goes to the kitchen to grab a water bottle. Oliver been sitting by a chair near the door replaying tonight’s events in his head he isn’t ready to talk to his girl yet.

Felicity was waiting for Oliver to come into the room but the wait and resting on the bed made her sleepy and when she closed her eyes that is all it took to slumber. That is how Oliver found her on top of the covers propped enough in a sitting position her head buried upon his pillow. He looked at his son quietly sleeping.

His hand gazes his boy’s head and he whispers ‘sleep tight’ as he rids himself of today’s shirt. Entering the onsuite he quickly goes through the motions to get ready for bed he’s exhausted. He just wants to curl up against his girlfriend and sleep.

He takes a moment looking at the scene before him. He practically told his own parents that he belongs to these two beings heart and soul. His son is sleeping all swaddled up comfortably in the crib as his eyes roam to rocking chair where Felicity has taken up knitting something to keep her hands busy when not focusing on her studies she said as their son nursed she created a pillow harness so he was very comfy while she did her thing always the multitasked woman he knew he loved since that night more than a year ago now.

Now his eyes comes to rest on the woman herself she doesn’t look like she is in a comfy position at all and would wake up with some aches if she continues to sleep in this way which she won’t he knows that for a fact as he moves to pull the bed covers down on his side and walks over to her and picks her up her eyes flutter open and she calls out his name he gives her a peck as he situates her on the bed and raises the covers on that side and then gets into bed himself she’s already moving to fit in his arms just like they have fallen asleep with one another countless times. They don’t speak as their fingers intertwine there really is nothing to say at the moment their both tired and just know they need to feel more than share words of comfort. They fall asleep listening to each other’s heart rhythm.

Tomorrow would be a testing day for all of them. At least his son would get to have his paternal grandparents for the day.
Chapter 11

Chapter Summary

Nothing like a day revolving around the elder Queens preparing to get the paternity test on the way as spending time with the young couple and getting to know the young heir. Yep the Queens visit making their demands and Oliver sticking to his guns.

This chapter is the day after Moira and Robert come to Boston. (last chapter was a little bit of past/future so the reader knows but the characters don't know the paternity test results)

- Present time

While pacing wasn’t bad enough, Felicity stopping to look at the clock as she randomly coos her son as he plays with his new favorite plush toy. She has to admit she may have told Oliver that he went overboard with his Saturday shopping spree before he went to visit but seeing that he cares that his son has everything he needs is completely a sweet gesture. Just the bedding of little lambs makes her smile as Alex moves his brightly colored stacking toys to his mouth and gnaws on it while his pure stuffed white bunny is still in his grasp as he intently watches his mom as she moves back and forth from his view.

“Oh sweetie, mommy is insane.” She rambles off as she checks his diaper again before continuing
her small strides between the bedroom and the clock in the living room where Alex lies in his bassinet.

They spent the entire time before she had to go to work yesterday moving practically her stuff into Oliver’s room. It was a quick decision on her part as he asked her to move in with him. At least have enough clothes for the week so it can fit with their schedules.

She felt like a grown up even compromising to letting Tommy have more hands on when she could leave Alex in daycare. Thomas Merlyn wanted some bonding time which blew her mind. He spent time with her son over the course of months knowing him but this concept was still unreal to her. She knows he is a big softy at heart but taking care of a child who can be pleasant one moment and have a crying fit the next but she raises her hands in defeat and tells Oliver no matter what she still has to pay the cost of child care. The conversation nulled as Tommy agrees on the spot to do that, it was a conversation between the two men that she must have not been privy too that had them both anchor the action down.

-Present time with also some (Felicity's thoughts of this mornings events)

A knock on the door has Felicity jump. She can’t believe she is crazy enough to do this. Waking up comfortably in her new beau’s arms she thinks to herself that this is something she so can get use to as she absentmindedly snuggles closer taking in his scent. He has one arm wrapped around her and the other possibly under his pillow for what she can tell. Slowly exhaling as she starts to get up because her son is making the telltale sign that he is also coming too has her shimming out of Oliver’s arms. He makes a small grunt of distain as she slowly helps his arm rest against his frame without fully waking him up.

Crossing the small distance, she lightly talks to her son as she waits for him to show the telling sign of wanting to be picked up and cradles him to her chest giving him a kiss and places him back down so she can begin readying both of them for the day. She’ll need to feed Alex soon and make sure there are enough bottles for what is in store for her son and his grandparents.

Somewhere before Oliver went to bed yesterday he had made a phone call setting up when and how things would work with his folks and the moment he settles into sleep she wakes up alarmed they haven’t spoken about any plans and she will not be able to sleep without knowing. She turns the dim light on her side.

“Oliver?” she calls to him nudging him awake.

“Hmm.” His eyes still closed. “What?”

“I can’t sleep without knowing when your parents…”

“You did fall asleep clearly fine.” He grunts. Felicity shifts on the bed and now waits for him to take her seriously. He finally answers, “I spoke to my mom. They are coming over before eight this morning.”

She looks down at him and nods. As she goes to turn the dim lamp on her side off she remembers his schedule and pipes up, “Oliver, you have that big exam at your eight o’clock class.” She then continues, “… and that presentation for marketing.”
He now sits up and is very aware, “Shit I forgot, I blocked that stuff out when my…”

“You have to be there. I’ll take care of your folks.”

“These are my parents you’ve met them.”

“Oliver, yesterday when you had Alexander all day I asked if…”

“Babe, I can handle our son and study it wasn’t a hassle…” He takes her hand into his and calmly applies pressure as her fingers intertwine with his. The alarm clock reads a quarter to midnight. “As for my parents it’s too late to call them. Are you sure you want to handle them?”

“They are going to be a part of my life, might as well go with the flow and start interacting with them. Shoot by the end of their trip we’ll make plans to shop and do all that cheesy family stuff. May even persuade me to buy some colorful attire… but nah they’ll love my style. Oh, the bonding experience.”

“Um hum.”

“What?”

“It’s so cute the little fantasy you’ve established.” He can’t help but smile at her forlorn look. He knows his parents play hard ball and his mother is one to grind an axe. “We are talking about my mom who since last summer has sent me little reminders on how I should truly be a fiancé to a certain brunette. As for my dad who goes along for the ride to keep the peace. How exactly are you going to pull this off?”

“Semantics, it’s too late to think… but I’ll pull it off.” Her free hand waving around in gesture.

“You are so adorable. My gothic queen.” He teases which has her roll her eyes.

“I won’t win brownie points with them and they probably already hate me.”

“Hate is a strong word but my mom quite dislikes this whole situation.” To get her mind off of it he tugs her and she happily follows him as his lips meet hers. “But, I adore you.”

“You’re just saying that to get into my pants.”

“And they are very…” He kisses her nose, “Sexy Darth Vader pajama bottoms.”

“You sweet talker you.” She finds herself on top looking down at his mischievous eyes. “You know I read somewhere that collaboration of two sensual bodies promotes less stressful moments.”

“Did you now? Is this stress academic?” he murmurs as his lips find that pulse point on her neck once he finishes turning her over to now be under his flesh. “Or new family dynamics?”

“Truthfully?” she asks as her fingers run through his long hair. He nods as his own fingers rest just above the waistband of her pajamas. “Your mom and dad scare me.”

“Honestly, they scare me too.” He leans into her for a quick kiss as she raises her hips for his swift work of removing their barriers and from there they forget anything else but the way each makes the other feel.

Oliver wakes up to a sight of his girl lightly speaking to their son as he can hear the little suckling
noises it has become quite customary by now seeing his child feed. He hasn’t made them aware of
his waking presence as he looks on and sees Alex’s little fingers fisted against his mom’s breast he
then sees that she moves him to the other side and he makes his move to not disturb the moment
more than necessary. He really doesn’t know much about any parenting minus the few magazines he
bought at the store when he purchased most of his son’s stuff.

Though he can’t wait to be there for every milestone now this is something he knows is
nonnegotiable. No matter what his parents will throw at him he isn’t going to be an absent father. He
hopes he has it in him to be a good man to Felicity that is a fear though that he needs to work on. He
was terrible to the last two girlfriends he’s had and that includes the woman that his mom thinks is his
match.

“Hope we didn’t wake you.” She said as Alex’s appetite diminishes as he sees his dad.

“No.” he turns his head to the alarm clock its twelve minutes after six. “How long have you been
up?”

“Five thirtyish.”

“Not tired?” he says as he walks up to her and pecks her forehead and seeing that his son wants to
give him a good morning hug it seems, picks him up from her arms. He makes sure to burp the little
miracle in his arms.

“Hello Alexander.” He smiles as his son starts to make his little ruckus of sounds. “You take after
your momma.”

“Hey, now!”

“What? I’ve noticed when you’re excited your words…”

“Choose yours wisely.”

“Nothing against it, it’s endearing.”

“Well if your wordy son is done I’m going to get some more bottles ready.”

“The sterilized bottles are in the dishwasher.” Oliver says as she walks out of their room. He’s
looking down at his blue-eyed carbon copy as the boy fingers busy themselves pulling at his father’s
shirt. He walks into the bathroom and holds his boy against his hip as he relieves himself allowing
the boy to continue to chatter his little heart out.

Felicity walks through the very quiet darkened living quarters she knows if she will be living here
she’ll need to know how things work because it is just weird holding out her hands trying to figure
where the half wall is to find the light fixture to the kitchen area. Her foot finds a leg of a chair and
she stumbles almost falling when her backside plumps into the chair’s cushions.

Her eyes adjust to the light and she turns to watch Oliver and her son by the row of light fixtures not
from far his room looking at her. Well her son has his face hidden into his father’s chest but Oliver
has an eyebrow raised looking at her. She sees that she’s actually teeter totting on the piece of
furniture.

“I should probably teach you some of the mechanics of the room.” He voices fully amused by her.

“Yep.” as she can now see the light switch and goes to get those bottles finally. They keep their
voices low trying to respect Tommy who most likely is still sleeping.
“So, are you serious about what you said?”

She’s looking at him wondering what she said that he wants confirmation on. They’ve talked a lot since but have so much more to discuss.

“Felicity, these are my parents I can’t just leave you alone with them.”

“Oh, that conversation.”

“I don’t think mommy had her full night sleep.” He teases.

“Well you’ve been studying on and off this weekend for this exam this morning and that presentation in your next class you can’t miss it. Did you not say it was worth 25% of your grade?”

“I know but…”

“No. no buts, you need to meet up with some of those peers and make sure it’s finalized so yes I’ll handle your mom and dad.”

He’s looking at her like she might be insane but says nothing more about it. “You should get to it.” Pointing to the bottles.

“Okay, yea sure. Entertain our son.” She heads to the bedroom and Alex makes a call out for her.

“Sorry buddy.” As Alexander goes to make a whiny sound Oliver bounces the boy taking his mind off whatever preoccupied it moments before heading to play some baby games he has noticed he loves to play with his uncle.

-Present time (Felicity)

Awaiting his parents was nerve wrecking. She insisted that he couldn’t miss his eight o’clock class that exam he studied for every free moment they had. She was adamant that he not miss it. She had no problem missing her first class but had to be at the next course for she too had an exam to take.

So, here she is about to open the door to Oliver Queen’s parents and explain why neither boys are home but why she is handing them their grandchild so she too can head off to class. They probably haven’t held a baby in years or maybe held them in prestigious gatherings for photo ops whatever rich people do. As she pushes the door inward and is faced with the elder Queens she visibly gulps before welcoming them in.

“Where is Oliver?”

‘Well right to the point.’ Felicity thinks ‘No need for niceties’ but she is going to start by being cordial even though her grunge look makes some people wonder if she’ll curse at them. She gives them a small smile and says in basically one breath, “Good morning. Oliver and Thomas aren’t here. I would have taken Alexander to daycare but with you coming we thought you’d like to get to know your grandson.”

“Why is my son absent?”

The distain evident in her voice, Felicity is terrified of doing the wrong thing, these are after all Alex’s grandparents and it seems they already have formed an idea of the woman who birthed their first grandchild. She may dress dark but she knows her heart isn’t made of ice even though she acts
indifferent in public. She hasn’t shown her insecurities to Oliver yet but Thomas has seen her at her lowest. That is what made her move in without question she felt comfortable with both men. Her and her son’s safety would not be comprised as a new mom she had to think of what was important and never comprise on anything that would hurt her baby boy.

Her dreams of her son’s father were nothing quite real to how he is in real life. Those drunken moments weren’t flukes of a guy with a dream he was the real deal he has shown to be with heart and the connection they created from day one was better than any fantasy so far.

“Yes, he knew we would be coming by. This is irresponsible.” Robert added to his wife’s question.

Taking a deep breath and heading to where Alexander was making his presence known by his rolling around and trying to peek out of the bassinet that boy seems like he wants to jump before he can even crawl. His curious calls trying to get someone’s attention because her son knows dramatics she wonders if she was this insistent when she was a baby herself.

“Since we hooked up I mean reconnected. Oliver been studying for an exam and practicing his section of the presentation for today. With your spontaneous visit it escaped his mind and I pressured him to not cut out of class. I missing my first class but it no biggie but I need to be at my next class. Professor Rogers isn’t one to give second chances. So… I…”

“Wait you want us to tend to your son?”

“Just for three hours tops until Oliver has freed himself of both exam and a group project he most likely will skip the rest of his classes and be here for this.”

“Ms. Smoak this is not how we…”

“I’m sorry. It isn’t ideal but it’s a busy Monday and I know you’re a busy man with your job, with whatever it is you do I…”

“My husband is the C.E.O. of a Fortune 500 business.”

“Well that is impressive.” She takes a moment to look at the man’s blue eyes and a small smile appears on his lips and then she collects herself, “So, let me run down what’s important to know.”

“Ms. Smoak!” Mrs. Queen calls out.

Frustrated but not going to be swayed she keeps the mantra in her head. ‘I can do this. I so can do this’ “He doesn’t like cold milk so that pan over the stove.” walking into the kitchen “Just place the bottle within the water and just keep dipping your finger in the water it should just be lukewarm no more than that please don’t burn my son.” She looks at them and then points to the bottom of the bassinet. “His diapers are in this bin they are simple to use. The cleansing products are beside the diapers. He loves playing peekaboo and there is a list of things he loves that the boys wrote down on a pad located on the coffee table.” Both Moira and Robert Queen survey the table in reference before looking back at her.

“I don’t know if you want to leave here to get some air but if you do I have his layers of clothing right here.” She walks to the interior closet by the door and shows them the basket that has her son’s coverings for this chilly weather. “If he cries just rock him but he usually calms down quickly I’ll be back for lunch to do that paternity thingy that is planned any questions?”

Moira looks at Robert and both look at her as if she were an alien. Bouncing her son lightly as the boy eyes the jacket he makes a happy noise since Thomas somehow introduced him to Maty a dog of a hot red head in the building. “No sweetie.” She gives him a kiss and immediately as she takes
the view of his bright jacket away he makes a sad face. “No, no, no be sad look whose here.” Lightly bouncing him and leaving soft kisses on his face that he likes so much she leads him towards the couple who are now sitting down realizing that they shall soon be alone with the boy as they look at Felicity mothering her son, “Your grandparents came all the way from Starling City to meet you. That’s where dada is from.”

He seems to be looking for the man whom has been showering him with hugs and kisses for two days now. The repetitive of ‘I’m your dada or that’s dada’ used many times over these days logically she knows her son hasn’t truly picked up on that but she’s come to find out children can surprise you.

“Dada no home. No dada.” Felicity murmurs loudly since Oliver left to go to school while Alexander was being dressed by his mom. He finally eyes the two other adults and he seems to find that he rather suck on his fingers.

“Oliver thinks that soon Alexander will be getting his first tooth.”

“And he knows this how?”

“He has been reading a lot of newborn magazines.” Points at the stacks of magazines arranged neatly on a rack to Robert Queen’s left. Robert takes one of the magazines and notices how there are little tab stickers with scribbles on them. He starts to sweep through and stops at one of the articles ‘10 Ways To Be a Great Dad’ his eyes breeze a few suggestions. He hears his wife say something to Felicity and he puts it down. He comments before either of the ladies says another word. “It seems our son has been quite busy lately more than just tutelage of Boston University’s higher educational system.”

“Our son is playing daddy.” Moira expresses off-hand.

“Well if he is the father, this is surely to be a routine.”

Felicity looks at both Queens having a conversation now with no words. If she was nervous before she feels the jitters rise exponentially. Her son, one who likes attention babbles out wanting to touch the publication on his grandfather’s lap. Robert lets out a hardy laugh as the boy tries to swing to him and his mother holding him securely as he rocks both his small legs and arms back and forth. To his mother’s chagrin he almost slips out of her hold. The boy makes a squealing noise as his mom secures him and giggles in delight.

“Alexander no.” She brings his face up to hers. He snuggles happily after such a moment that has Felicity’s face bright red in embarrassment. She waits for a rebuke from the older couple.

“Well, he certainly has a lot of energy.” Moira Queen is standing up and approaching them. “May I.”

Felicity looks at her son his little fingers apparently interested in the cord of her hoodie.

“He loves to put things in his mouth.”

“Yes, children have that tendency.”

Felicity gives one last kiss to her son and hands over her little nugget. “I should head out.” She heads to the closet to get her things. Her hand on the knob when Oliver’s mother snipes “Well Ms. Smoak, entrusting your child with mere strangers speaks volumes.”

Felicity’s eyes narrow as she quickly turns around. “Your right, I still have time to bring him to daycare. Silly me thinking that you’d want to get to know him.” She walks right up to Moira to take
her son back.

“Moira, that was uncalled for. We know she is already stressed enough with our presence.” Robert speaks as he walks to where they are standing.

“I’m sorry Mr. Queen. I know there is probably meetings and other less trifling matters to attend to but I won’t let anyone tell me I don’t love my son. If you don’t want to be a part of his life…”

“My apologizes. I was rash in my judgment.” Moira looking down at the little boy whose head is tilted upward looking at her inquisitively. “It has been a good while since someone entrusts me with their young.”

Felicity stepping back and now just looking at her son not fussing to get back in his mother’s arms which is a good thing she thinks though she starts to feel guilt and she hasn’t yet left him.

“He seems to be a very content little boy. Very sociable.” Robert comments.

“He’s been in childcare and around different people since birth and he is a sweet tranquil but chatty child.” She shrugs her shoulders, “I’m more a work in progress.”

“Do you need a lift to your class? My driver is downstairs.”

“No, I don’t want to be a bother; it is only a twenty-minute walk.”

“Nonsense, it is chilly out there. Let me call Lester.” He takes out his phone and makes the call and gives the driver the necessary information. He looks at the girl and she looks uncomfortable to be given this much attention then at his wife whom seems to be lost in the little boy’s blue eyes. “There all set. He will be expecting you shortly.”

“Thank you. As well as how descriptive of my look you gave to Mr. Lester.”

He laughs. “Your tailor enjoys crossbones and an extreme love of blacken dark colors.”

“Guess you haven’t entered a Hot Topic store.”

“No. I haven’t entered any store my clothes are all tailored.”

She looks him over. “Right. Ba-zillionaires.” She catches his eye as he looks humored by how she sized him up. She hears Moira clean her throat and turns to see her son tugging at the necklace while Moira stops the boy’s movements with a simple tap on his fingers.

Robert chimes in, “May I hold him?” Moira still has her vision on Alex while her husband was speaking to her son’s lover.

“Oh, I’m sorry. I’ll…” Felicity lets out as Robert speaks to hold the young boy.

“It is fine, what don’t you ready yourself. My husband and I will keep the fort until our son comes around.” She hands the boy to her husband.

“Oh okay.” She grabs her backpack and looks at the trio all looking at her. She waves to Alexander which gets him excitedly to wave back right before his fingers were ready to touch the beard of his grandfather.

“Um bye.” Felicity says as she finally leaves and leans against the door. She survived a meeting alone with the Queens she’s still has her sanity and no one got killed. Not that she would have killed anyone but there were a few times she imagined strangling at least one of them. The elevator dings
Oliver steps off the elevator and slowly approaches his door he has no idea what he is coming home to. Hopefully his parents won’t be too peeved. Maybe he should have not thought about his academic welfare like Felicity insisted on and been here to greet his parents. He honestly is afraid all this has been taxing on their relationship since last night he has no idea where he stands.

Opening that door means he will have to defend himself and his decisions. Being willing to be cut off. Grow up instantly and take responsibility for the mess he has created. Not that he thinks his son’s creation is a mistake but how it all happened wasn’t done in the most pleasant of ways.

If he knows how the media had a field day with all his past mistakes this one is going to highlight everything that is wrong on how his lifestyle was crazy fast and one huge party. His baby boy deserves to be presented in better terms.

Turning the knob and slightly opening the door he hears his father laughing and so he opens the door wide and doesn’t expect to see any of this. His mother sitting on the floor with her back to the lounger, his father belly flopped on the floor moving objects around as his son tries and succeeds to get the teething ring toy.

“Hi Mom, dad.” He voice cuts into the lively scene as his parents start to compose themselves. His son can’t see him but his drivels he’s been sporting just for him confirm he knows it’s his dad’s voice. He places his backpack beside the entryway wall and heads to see his family. His parents call out his name.

“Hi mom.” Oliver hugs and gives her a peck on the cheek.

“How were your classes?” she asks as he turns to give his father a welcoming hug.

“How dad.” He’s now facing both of his parents “I think I did well on the exam and sweet talked the professor during the presentation at least, all-in-all I think I did fantastic.” Looking down and seeing his son who got to finally roll over and wiggle his arms out for his father’s attention. Picking him up and kissing his cheek as the boy settles on his father’s arms. “I’m sorry I wasn’t here, I totally forgot about my schedule this morning.”

“So, we have heard.” His mom said just with enough annoyance to clue him in.

“Your mother and I were surprised to say the least.”

“I really am sorry. Maybe it would have…”

“Don’t be ridiculous. Missing those classes would have set you back and with all the hard work you have accomplished that would have been ill-advised.” His father clapped his back and added, “Your mother and I survived a few hours being entertained by this young gent.”

“I can’t believe he is so small with his hearty appetite.”

“Felicity says he was even smaller a just a month before.” He moves to get a folder he has stored in his moveable work desk. Giving the folder that Felicity has been saving anything medical on her son to his mother. “I don’t understand a lot of the jargon written by these doctors but I think overall he is
Moira looked through it quickly enough as she is sharing the contents with Robert. They already discussed how they would proceed in this matter. As of right now they would keep their emotions from entangling that this little boy was anything more than a child of a gothic girl who has roped their son into a relationship. Until it was proven that they were indeed the boy’s grandparents they would keep a relative distance. If the child was truly a Queen than they would plan a course of action to make any fallout as minor as possible with Oliver’s track record they needed to be on top of things.

“Oliver?” His mother’s voice soft for the first time since he has seen her and found out about being a grandmother is looking at him. He knows that she won’t really believe until science proves that this child shares the same family blood.

“Yes mom?”

“His legal name is Kyle Oliver… Jacobs. Why is that?”

Oliver brought his son to rest against his chest as he could sense the boy was going to take a nap soon.

He sighs and gathers himself thinking on any information Felicity did tell him the last two days. Seeing the birth certificate still brings an ache deep in his chest. The thought that he could have lost any opportunity to know his Alexander because to him Kyle Oliver doesn’t exist and if he has his way Alexander Robert will be the only given name to ever be spoken of.

“His adoption fell through and because Felicity was in the mist of giving up her child since before the birth the Jacobs’s name was placed on the certificate.”

“So, his name is Kyle.”

“Dad, please. We sort of renamed him this weekend.” Oliver quietly protests not wanting to upset the now droopy eyed boy almost asleep. “Let me put him in his crib in my room we can talk about this soon.” He already senses tension with his parents he could have kept all this information from them and waited for the paternity test but lies would only ensure his parents that he wasn’t ready to be a father. Didn’t make a difference now that he sees himself as a father and knows his learning curve is short but he is attached to this beautiful boy and his heart beats wildly thinking of sharing all this with Felicity.

“Robert.” Moira’s places a hand on her husband helping him to keep a retort from closing communication between them and their son. Oliver walks into his room and shutting the door behind him leaving his parents to talk.

“We spent a good amount of time with a child that could be our grandchild.” He shuts the folder reading enough to make him wonder if his positive outlook was clouding his judgment. In reality he didn’t know much about this girl who has trapped his son. Her early presence he felt she was adorable, a keen spirit of sorts. Any information gathered on her by his people showed that she was a young genius and her life in Las Vegas before her scholarship to M.I.T. she was raised by a single parent who worked in the service industry. He thought nothing of it even though his wife scoffed at the audacity that this girl wormed her way into her son’s life. He was more concerned at that point that her age was problematic.

He continued, “I for one am not enjoying the fact that our son is complaint to this alarming situation. How many other men has she been with? Does he not understand this could be a deliberate
scheme?” He is up and walks to the giant windows and looks at the city’s landscape his wife coming
to stand just short of where he stood. “The child was already to be placed elsewhere how is she to be
trusted?” Robert voice low enough just so his wife who shares his feelings understands.

“Let’s hear our son out, we both know how I feel.” She comes to now stand by his side as he takes a
look at her. “We need to be a united front. If it comes to light that she has lied and our son is caught
in her web we’ll need to deal with it swiftly and put this false alarm of a grandchild behind us.”

“Moira, and how will you react if you find that this little boy is truly our grandchild?”

“That is why we need to be careful.” Her voice firm as she adds, “If for some miracle we have a
grandson, our son was careless and once again will give the media another shot against our family
name.”

He nods in agreement.

“I do not think we let them think their choices have no consequences.” She maintains this since last
night.

They hear the door to their son’s room close behind him as he is standing waiting for his parents to
basically reprimand him. He isn’t wrong as his father starts in.

“When you called this weekend I fully expected to hear something of the lines of your academic
failure.” He saw his son deflate but standing there pay heeding to his father’s words. “Or your lack
of interest and wanting to quit or just finding yourself once more being expelled not in my wildest
thoughts did I expect to hear that you may have fathered a child.” Oliver was about to say something
but his mother’s hand in a halting position made him smack his lips shut. “I should have expected
such a tragedy.”

“Dad.”

“I’m not finished.” He scorned out making his son stop any words coming forth from his lips. “Your
mother’s concerns I did not share. I suppose my own carelessness has allowed you to make such
driveling mistakes.”

“Your father and I stand firmly that…”

“So, you are cutting me off?” Oliver’s voice cuts into his mother statement. He knew it was a
possibility and he hasn’t had time to stew the aftermath of this happening.

“Oliver, sit down. Your mother was not done speaking.” That voice of authority when he knew that
mouthing off would lead to a world of pain. Those times where he was truly grounded as a
youngster when he couldn’t even leave his room for fear that his punishment would be extended. His
parents were lenient most of the time though even pissing on cops just held a ‘oh really Oliver’ so
right now he knew he was in a world of trouble.

“Yes sir.” He sat down expecting to hear how much he royally screwed up and that they were
washing their hands of him.

“Oh Oliver, we do love you. You’re our beautiful baby boy and we want what is best for you.” Her
voice soft but he can hear the condescending tone that it’s their way or the highway. “I know you
love that little boy, he is a sweet boy. Your father and I enjoyed his presence but son, getting
attached to a child that may not be yours is absurd.”

His parents fell silent and exchanging glances he didn’t know what was going to happen and he
could feel is stomach turn. If they made him choose yet again he would select Felicity and his reasons would always come down on heart. How he feels around her is pure elation how he feels about his son is joyous he truly believes that he is the father he just has that sentiment now if for some reason he isn’t the dad he hasn’t thought about it in those terms. He doesn’t want to think it so he won’t, he won’t give in to doubt because when he holds the boy he just connects so wholeheartedly.

In a small quiet voice, he asks looking at his father first. “When you held him you…you didn’t feel anything?”

“I felt an adorable child that a part of me wishes that indeed he is my grandchild but I am also a harden businessman and I can’t think with my heart.”

Oliver so wants to roll his eyes but doesn’t dare piss his father off any more than he already has.

Listening to his next sentence made Oliver question some things eternally something for him to ponder later. “Children can be our greatest accomplishments but also our weakness that those out to hurt us use against us.”

His mother spoke in her cool manner, “As for Felicity, she is a young child. She may have a bright future; how will the media treat her and her impending accomplishments if she is just seen as a conquest?”

“Mom… I…”

“Have you thought it through on the impact when you are tired of playing daddy?” Oliver looks at his mom wondering what she is getting at. “Your track record shows your father and I that your ambitions change quite easily.”

“I won’t do that to Felicity. I know I won’t.”

“My beautiful boy, we are your parents we love you. We continually want what is best for you.”

“Your mother is right. You chances with this young girl are stacked far against you. Even if she is the mother of your child she is yet still a child herself. Her reasoning at sixteen is juvenile, immensely flawed. Even though she is truly a genius what does she actually knows of real life situations?”

Robert seeing his son was listening added another jab trying to make his son understand. “What does she know on how to live in our world? The attention she will get.”

Saved from answering as the doorbell rings Oliver makes his way towards the door. The medical technician is there with the co-ed assistant. His parents welcome them in and the start the paperwork and make sure that these medical personnel sign confidential papers securing the Queen name from at least being sold to media outlets.

Oliver is thinking of what was just said he isn’t stupid and knows that they changed tactics on him trying to convince him to fall back on what he said he’d do. That he is all-in on being with Felicity and his son.

The woman swaps his cheek and does the necessary paternity requirement as he keeps to himself. Once the blood is drawn into a second vial he is released. He goes to check on his son who is next but he will wait until Felicity arrives any minute before any test is to be done.

He doesn’t know what to say to his parents now. He knows they are right about how this can and will impact Felicity and she doesn’t… well no one deserves to be put into under a microscope but he also knows that even though she deserves better they have a child and there is no way he is walking
away from his responsibility.

As for the implication he will tire of her that is a concern he does have. He isn’t one to ever fully commit and he’s only been with her since Saturday so that whole throw back onto his face that he can and will get tired of playing daddy is a possibility even if he hates thinking that. He needs to talk to Felicity he needs to be on the same page because his parents are now under his skin.

Alexander looks like he is enjoying his nap he must have had an eventful morning with his grandparents. Felicity is due back home and he can’t wait to see her. He hopes his parents weren’t too rough on her. It was like leaving her to the wolves this morning but she is head strong and had him leave with just a kiss of a promise she’d be okay.

He grins as if on cue she arrives just as his nerves were getting the best of him and her voice already soothing him, his parents have it all wrong she’s different than any other girl in his life. He knows just from a year ago who he yearned for and just getting to know her has only piqued his attentiveness that he’d clash even with his parents he really needs to talk to his girl before his parents get their way.

First thing Oliver notices is how Felicity has her back turned as she is putting things away in the entrance closet. Taking her time as she practically knows all eyes are on her. She prattling out sentences in quick cadence that anyone in the room should be lost to understand.

Taking off the beanie of her favorite underground band her tresses of long dyed jet-black hair with concord grape streaks fall around her shoulders as she turns like a doe in headlights embarrassed of all the weird words she confesses just now. Her cheeks a rosy red and her stumbling in an apologetic tone of more unpleasant verses. Oliver rushes her into their room so she could have a minute of reprieve.

“Hi.” He whispers to a trembling slumped shoulder girlfriend who needs to hide her face in her hands. She’s mumbling words into her hands and he hugs her. With her apparent mortification he gives her sweet words of encouragement. He finishes as he requests a kiss.

This helps her get out of this moments funk. “Really, after I babbled some crazy stuff you want a kiss? I’m…” His lips hush her from alleging any more slurs and she molds into him as if this is the best way to shut her up.

“Better?”

“Much.” She leans in for another kiss. “Your parents must think I’m a moron.”

“Who cares what they think.”

She straightens up a little and catching his tone of voice. “Argh, they hate me. We are doomed.”

“What?” he’s a little agitated. He doesn’t need her to already give up he needs her to be strong because she gives him that extra nudge. “No! We are not.”

“Oliver?”

“Don’t. This is just a bump. We can so do this.”

“How can you be so sure?”

He is not but his desire for it is too convincing. “Do you trust me?”
“I do.”

“We aren’t going anywhere. Well we are going to head back into the living room before my parents’ barge in.” He looks down at their son and back at her. “Ready?” She nods and just like that everything falls into motion.

Alexander wakes up in his mom’s arms right before being placed on the high chair. He’s not looking pleased to see the added strangers. Oliver made sure the plushy long ear bunny is ready to be cuddled by his youngster before the boy loses his cool. “Let’s not forget big ears.” When he saw this plush toy in the store he knew he had to get it call it a basic instinct that somehow his boy would attach to it and he was so right.

The medical staff get-in-gear and soon this whole ordeal will be over. The young parents are anxious enough and they know they’ll have to go through this procedure again for court once they put in for their child’s name change.

The little boy sees the swab heading at him and he moves his head and begins to cry. “That’s strange he’s never had an issue putting things into his mouth. I usually have to press to get things away from his grabby hands so it won’t get into his mouth.” Felicity looks dumbfounded that her son doesn’t want to do this.

Moira looks guilty and Oliver calls her out. “Mom did something happen this morning?”

She looks at her son than to Felicity back at her son. She doesn’t want to admit she swabbed the boy’s cheek earlier. “Felicity mentioned that you stated the he could be getting his first tooth so I may have prodded the poor boy onto having this tiny fit.”

“Oh.” Felicity takes her son from where he is perched and starts to rock him back and forth as she gives his back a rub. “Just give us a moment.” Oliver looks from his son back to his mother somehow, he doesn’t truly trust that story but he just wants to get this over with. He walks to his room to retrieve his son’s safety blanket he uses to hide when he’s scared. Felicity told him about a good amount of doctor visits and how this baby blue blanket helped with some anxiety. As he walks out he sees that was the right choice as Alexander pulls at his mom to get him to his father faster so he can vanish within the fabric.

“Calm down buddy, here you go.” The little boy holds it to himself as he is transferred from his mom’s arms to his dad and is wrapped tightly as Oliver looks at Felicity urging her to help the medical assistant prop the swab. With finesse and teamwork, they have their son swabbed in no time though his parents also wanted blood samples to do other genetic tests. Felicity just shrugs and allows it but she refuses to give blood she shares her son’s fright of needles as she squirms as the medic draws blood from her son.

-present time (Robert's thoughts)

Now complete the professionals started backing things up to leave the Queen family residence. Robert sat from a distance as he watched and his wife moved around as needed. Both taking refuge from afar as their son directed his family around. As much as it astonishes him, the boy who gets in trouble so easily latches on to family man in an instant. If he wasn’t weary and had his point put across he wouldn’t even blink an eye and allow his son to freely play until he had his fill that in itself has been the problem he has allowed his son to practically get away with murder.
Spending time with this child brought an aery of emotion he knew someday he would be a grandfather and he shouldn’t be surprised that his son hasn’t been keen on being safe or they wouldn’t be testing the birthright of the adorable ball of energy. Even when he was on a conference call or talking to key people of his company he watched Moira handle the baby in awe.

He knows his wife is not pleased at all. She has pictured an outcome for her son that is surely not playing out. He doesn’t have anything for or against the young lady his son has dated on and off since high school. Though he can’t say his son didn’t parade women every chance he got. He is a lot like himself always into shiny new things. The young brunette forgives his son for all his transgressions he thinks it is for all the perks she gets because his boy does have a big heart, especially when trying to be in the lady’s good graces.

The grudge girl is different than expected. He read about as much as his people could gather of her. He knows she is smart and way to young. She is not far from his daughter’s age. She is strikingly very adorable and he can see why his son is attracted to her. Though he’ll have to ask one day what made him chose her over so many at that party that has changed his life.

He doesn’t think he wants to be anywhere near when those two ladies meet. One has been fortunate to be raised in an influential school environment while the other public education.

He is a very observant man he knows very well that Ms. Lance has been playing her cards with his son. He knows that his wife has prodded into that relationship and it was doomed to fail but it was better to stay in the outlines and keep the peace an angry wife makes for a miserable life. The fact that his wife has looked the other way on a few of his discretions he doesn’t poke the mama bear.

-present time (Queen family)

“I think that went well enough, in matter of a short time we’ll have the results. We can then figure out impending living situations.” Robert uttered to his family as the door shut behind the medical technicians.

“Felicity and I are in this together.”

“Oliver please must we…”

“Mom. Nothing has changed from last night.” He can’t believe he needs to rehash everything again. He can’t light up on this it to important and he knows it. His stubbornness is probably the only thing that his parents will agree on and that is fine.

“Why must you be determined to resist reason?”

“I will prove it to you both that I don’t need the Queen wealth to raise my family.”

“Oliver.”

“No, I mean it starting right now. Felicity and I can move into her dorm room and find ways to make this work.”

“Fine, but you and friend will live here where security is tight and your mother and I do not have to worry in that front. As for the money it is there if you need it. Your mother and I haven’t cut you off and we will come back to discussing this in detail once the paternity suite is confirmed do I make myself clear?”
“Yes.”

“Good. I would prefer you to worry about your studies but if this is your plan I shall not interfere for now.”

“Robert, he is just a boy.” She huffs.

“Moira, we should be heading out, leave these two kids be. They have already reorganized their day enough.”

Moira gave him a ‘you got to be kidding me look’ but he smiled and tapped his watch. “Well your father is set on getting back to Starling tonight with how your sister has a recital tonight that we should be there for.”

“Oh, tell Thea good luck for me.”

Moira nods as she allows her husband to help her into her coat.

“Good to see you son.” He gave him a pat on the back and then looks at Felicity, “It was an immense pleasure to meet you and your son.”

“Likewise.” Felicity held her hand out to shake his hand as she kept talking, “I mean you and your wife not your son, I already…” He went beyond and pushed her in for a hug cutting off her ramble. Whispering, “I do hope for a grandson.” As he is hugging Felicity his wife is with Oliver.

-present time

Felicity could not be more excited when that door closed behind the patriarch leaving her and Oliver to stare at the exit as if any moment they could decide to come back. She hears him sigh and she looks at him.

“You okay?”

“I should be asking you that?”

“I survived the Queen Inquisition, I’m good.”

“I’m sorry.”

“For what?” She smiles as she slides into his awaiting arms. “They have your best wishes at heart. You are so loved.”

He chuckles “Nothing like the draining love of an interrogation by one’s parents.”

“Do you think Alexander minded their presence?” They go look at the little boy who has been quiet since his grandmother laid him in his crib.

“Well he’s fast asleep. I think my parents may have worn him out.”

“Oliver is that a note.” Felicity was about to reach it when Oliver plucked it from the edge of the crib and read the scribble. Handing it over to Felicity with a smile as she reads it she just sways her head.

“It’s an antidote to at least one way I’d fall asleep as a child.”
“For someone who thinks he isn’t yours she can be spontaneously nice.”

“She’ll probably be like this until she’s won over.”

“Oh goody.”

“Well do you think your mom will shoot me on sight?”

She shrugs “I don’t know if she owns any firearms.”

“Oh goody.” He mumbles.

“Well aren’t we a lucky pair.”

He turns her to look into her eyes. “I think we are. We sure did make an awesome baby.” She nods as they go in for a kiss. A sweet light kiss that adds to the moment where they are happy she turns to face the crib her head against his chest as they keep vigil and are just content to just stand there listening to their son breathing.

Rapid succession of knocks on the hotel room a woman waits to be let in. It opens allowing the guest to enter and walk in and sit on the available chair.

“You were right.”

“I usually always am.”

“Well the switch was a success and he didn’t even notice me.”

“I did say you were nothing but a faceless notch on his bed post.”

“What are your plans?” she gives the woman the manila packet holding the true contents of today’s tests.

“First, nothing like discrediting a devious girl. Who is she to waltz in? He’ll be devastated and when that happens I’ll welcome him home.”
ups and downs

Chapter Summary

Oliver and Felicity have been together a little over a month, their usual happy routine has some bumps with certain visits at work and a child that both parents love very much becomes grumpy which is not normal for the happy babbling baby.

Chapter Notes

I know its been awhile, family illness got me to step back from enjoyment of a few of my stories. So anyways hope you like this new chapter. This chapter has a little more Laurel and Tommy gets a girlfriend.

See the end of the chapter for more notes
Her plane landed and as Laurel Lance left Logan Airport:

She knew somehow her plans for the paternity test didn’t go her way. After all that trouble well, she was going to test the waters with a friend’s lavish party in Boston she would see how Oliver is doing. Even with Moira calling her out the woman didn’t stand in her way. Taking it as a sign that the Queens weren’t embracing that gold digger.

After a Long Night at the Bar

As he enters the lobby to his residence the night guard a jolly old man welcomes him home. They say a few words and Oliver heads towards the hallway that houses the residential elevators. He stops at a trash receptacle his fingers bunch into his front pockets as he withdraws some scraps of paper and tosses it into the trash as he waits for the elevator.

It was an eventful night and learning to bartend was actually fun. The extra cash from tips was a bonus but the ladies who throw themselves are a little to extravagant and as much as it is somewhat nice for his ego he can foresee how it would seem to his girlfriend and their new-found relationship.

They have been together for a little more than a month and he can’t believe that the Jacobs friend was able to get everything in motion so fast. By Christmas Alexander was going to be a Queen. He had his father’s support but his mother was harder to read. She held many reservations knowing her son was a player for so long she understands his little change within the last year but she has never been this hard on him before so it is taking some getting used to.

As he checks his pockets one last time because this night was a crazy one especially with a certain brunette that can’t get a clue he was so over her. Logically it was not good if his girlfriend found any phone numbers he just threw out especially if he told these girls he had a girlfriend and a young child and some expressed what she didn’t know wouldn’t kill her and others just told him when it was over to call them as if that was going to happen. He didn’t take anything seriously most were at that tipsy stage and just wanting a good time.

“I see you do that every late night, your wearing that local pub shirt.” Oliver’s thoughts interrupted when he looks at Harry the night security doorman.

“It’s just unwanted garbage hazard of the job.”

“I see your one of those lady killers.”

“It helps with tips but this collection of trash is just a hassle.”

“Keep your head straight there will always be one in the crowd that is always trouble.”

The elevator arrives he didn’t notice that guard called for the elevator as he was busy. “Thanks
Harry, Goodnight.”

“Goodnight to you to, sir.”

He smells of stale beer. Undressing in guest bathroom so he wouldn’t wake up his family. Tonight’s rowdy crowds and good local musical bands had people waving their cups in the air and getting rained on by alcohol every time he took walks around the bar area picking up partially or discarded plastic beverage tumblers.

Being finally home under some hot water soothing his muscles just right as he is finishing up washing his long shaggy hair. Through the glass stall he sees her enter the bathroom and watches as she pulls her shirt over her head leaving him to groan at the small display she is giving him. She gives him a wink and he moves to open the stall door for her.

“I thought you’d be asleep.”

“Can’t sleep well without your arms around me.”

“And our son?”

“Fast asleep. Doubt he’d be accommodating to me sneaking in here with his dad.”

He grins down at her; their son is practically attached to her when she is around he can tell Alexander is a momma’s boy. As soon as that thought arises it flies away as her palms touch his chest and he responds by lower his head to capture her lips.

Her fingers appreciating his chest lightly toned not meager in any way yet he isn’t one of those jockey muscle heads. They still bring attention to themselves when they go and hang out in the city she’s thinking that maybe just maybe she should normalize herself. He always tells her he likes her just the way she is.

“Babe, you’re in your head again. We’re stark naked I’m starting to feel…”

“No.” she kisses his chin. “No…” her fingers leave his chest and holds his face as she peppers it with kisses “No baby I was just admiring your body and…”

“So, you want me?”

“Yes! Hell yes.” Her fingers digging now at his scalp trigging him to move her against the wall, she makes a surprised yelp as he turns her around suddenly her back to his front as he needs to taste her neck her long hair pushed to the side.

“I always want you.” He whispers just as he parts her legs enough and bites her tender flesh. The water still cascading over them as their appreciative moans fill the room and he guides himself into the temptress that has his heart.

Going out was always an activity as people would stare at them. She clearly a beautiful Goth who loved to show her midsection and somewhat be provocative while he was a standard jock looking
shaggy blond hair. It was their son that always invited people into their world as Alexander always happily wanted to interact with anyone and everyone.

Her head on his lap as they just sat on a bench in the middle of Quincy Market with Alex fast asleep Oliver and Felicity just acted like a young couple for a few hours before he would leave them to go to work. His fingers twisting and untwisting a strand of her hair with sporadically sweet kisses to her mauve tinted lips. For crisp fall day it was extremely warm and so they walked around downtown Boston and enjoyed the area.

“Faneuil Hall Marketplace is the 7th most-visited tourist attraction in the world, according to lovehomeswap.com.”

“Wow, so how many people come through here?”

“Boasts 18,000,000 visitors per year. So, with your bartending gig you must get mobbed?”

“It’s more a college scene but always a full house.”

“Well the site described Faneuil Hall as follows: The backdrop of many famous speeches, this marketplace also has an array of dining and shopping options. Stop to watch a street performer or check out one of the many entertainment and music events.”

“So, what’s number one on the most visited place in the world?”

“My hometown.”

“No way! Vegas really?”

“Yes. But hush I’m trying to read facts of…”

“My genius of a girlfriend is always hawking out facts.”

She gives him a skeptic look.

“I love it really. I love hearing your voice.”

“Hmm…”

“Stop that.” He chuckles.

“Stop what? I haven’t done anything.” Her blue eyes flutter under his scrutiny. His free hand just steadily following her gold chain holding a dark Druzy Pendant and periodically stealing a pleasant feel of her boob she keeps pushing away every single time she looks up to see his smirk as his hand adjusts under the visitor’s book she’s been reading.

“Thinking too much.” His lips claim hers once again and they hear a passersby say get a room. He looks up and says, “Tough crowd.”

“Or maybe he’s just been people watching us for what…” she looks at her watch, “The twenty minutes you’ve been groping me.”

“Well then, he should mind his own business.”

“I think we should get something to eat and head back home.”

“Sure, but let’s go to that little restaurant we passed.”
“The one who is pro families feeding their young.”

“Yep, Alexander will be hungry when he wakes I prefer you not finding a bathroom stall when a beautiful blue blanket and my wonderful social skills are at your disposal.”

“Good thinking. I prefer feeding him at our table.”

“Well honestly it’s just I tend to think about them a lot more.

“And here I was giving you boyfriend points.

“Blame me all you want but that tank and the glimpse of side boob when that hoodie moves just right.

“Okay, okay.” She giggles as she gets up from enjoying his attention this mid-morning.

“Never mind those lacey pants

“The lace is over the cutouts its faux leather it goes well with my sneakers.”

“Okay my badass girl who wears it so well…” His teeth scrap her ear as he mentions her hello kitty panties and matching socks. But as he takes the baby carriage he says, “I’ll keep your deep sweetness a secret.”

“Oh, shut up.” She slaps his behind as she mentions the toy he just purchased for their son “Castle Greyskull playset you had to get because your son is in need of a sword wielding muscle guy with bad hair.” She notices him bite his lip so she adds, “Never mind adding Hanna-Barbera cartoons into his life.”

“You’re hurting my soul babe.”

“Oh, poor baby.” Stressing the last word before the cross a busy street.

“I am He-man. I could so rock caveman shorts.”

Later that day

“She the kind of girl you’d have a one-night stand with.” Tommy is thinking about the girl he is seeing.

“If I wasn’t in a relationship…” Oliver kids, as a smirk slowly displays as his eyes even express elation. He is happy a feeling of content and he wants his best friend to find someone who makes him feel at least half of how he feels.

“Those are words I never thought you would have uttered. Felicity owns ya man.”

Oliver shrugs.

Tommy smiles and adds, “Never said she didn’t suit you because we both know she’s owned your ass before your official meet and greet and move right in.”
“Your still okay with them living…”

Tommy stops him. “Hey I encouraged it. Still do. You know she’s a wiz and a great help to my GPA.”

“So, it’s all quid pro quo.”

“The kid helps too, are you sure he is yours? He’s just way to adorable.”

“Funny!”

“So, is it okay if Felicity and your son meet Samantha tonight? Going to bring her over.”

Oliver looks at his best friend. It is cool how a girl he probably would have had a one-night stand becomes an acquaintance that he happily introduces to his childhood friend as a potential love interest. Surprisingly they have hit it off and have had a relationship form.

“I'll text Felicity to behave and there shall be no cat fights over your deadass.”

Eyeing Oliver than letting out a chuckle. “Sammie is as preppy as we are. Your girl would massacre us.”

“Please she is so sweet.”

“That only tells me you have a lot to learn about our girl.”

“Right, my girl.”

“Yea sure buddy.” He claps Oliver’s back and starts on his way to meet up with his own girl. “Enjoy the rest of your night.”

“You’re still going to your six thirty class tonight?”

“That’s the beauty of it Sammie and I share that class.”

Oliver nods and walks back into the now open bar.

She had an adventurous time yesterday. Seeing Oliver serve guests was slightly erotic even though he would not serve her alcohol because he knew she was underage until her coming birthday. She got there before the crowds would start to pour in. Getting him to take some time to talk to an old friend as she played it. Tonight, was basically the same she would get some time with him and reminisce about good times.

“It’s cute that you remember my birthday.”

“Laurel we dated for almost three years some things would rub off.”

“Yet you never did remember our anniversary.”

He’s thinking of a good response but then shrugs.

“It was on that date where I escorted you to that dance.”
He gives her a blank stare.

“The night you had your way with me.”

It dawns on him how that night went down they went to a school function because she manipulated him. He was so excited that his dad was taking him to a game some father-son time and not some business associate. Something he was really looking for to but Laurel had mentioned to his father that it was a poignant dance that Oliver should attend because of some sob story and his dad sided with her. By the time he tried to grovel to his dad about it he had already made plans with a corporate patron. He felt deflated but by the time of this dance he was back in good spirits.

That night wasn’t a complete waste for his raging hormones because of the make out session that lead to their first time. He remembers that clearly because he made sure to have protection on him due to her suggesting the whole ordeal beforehand with little flirting and explicit plans.

In no means were they a couple the next day he left for the annual two-week trip with his family. At that point he was already talking to other girls. That when school started back up he was cordial with her until their next date two weeks later where somehow, they did become a couple till their first fight and on and off their relationship went so many times.

“Laurel we weren’t a couple then.”

“Did I not get you off?”

“Whatever it’s the past, we aren’t and ever will be a couple again so…”

“I know you’re with that emo girl but what exactly do you two have in common? I doubt you frequent her clicks.”

“Laurel, really?”

“I am truly interested.”

“No, you’re not.” He scuffs “Besides it’s not that deep.”

“The relationship?”

“No, the reason. First of all, you never really knew me. Your projection of who I should be has been an ongoing argument and now that I am free I can see it. Secondly, the only reason we lasted as long as we did is that you seemed to like the status but didn’t expect much of me. There was no you and me in the grand scheme of things.”

“Oliver you really believe all that? We had so many good moments and you choose to stress the small dents in our relationship.”

He sighs. He can already sense the dread in his gut. At least now he has a family waiting for him at home who he is happy to return to. It gives him the silent strength. “I didn’t say it was all bad.”

“Do tell?”

He rolls his eyes and looks to see if Jeff needs help at the bar. Unfortunately, his coworker is lightly flirting with some girls so no reprieve.

“Enough about the past. What brings you to Boston?”

“Always so deflective.” Seeing he isn’t going to indulge her any more she tells him of a friend’s
birthday bash and even invites him.

“No thank you. Between work, my academic prowess and being a family man, I don’t…”

“Come on it be fun and I know for a fact Tommy will be there.” He made a face and she laughed.

“Like I said, no thanks. Anyways I live with Tommy so the party never ends.”

“But there is a baby and a teenager just slightly older than your kid sister also living with you. I doubt your having fun.”

That was his cue. She was overstepping and he wasn’t going to entertain this line of thought “It was nice, thanks for the talk but I should get back to work.”

“Fine.” She takes out her cell phone. “Let’s take a selfie.”

He shrugs and she gets close to him and snaps a photo of them and when she says something he turns his head and she gives him a kiss to the lips while still snapping away. He backs up and unceremoniously wipes at his lips.

“Sorry.”

He just sways his head and walks back to the bar. “Take care Laurel.”

Alexander is being a little fussier than normal and she chuck it to the tooth wanting to pop out any moment now. She decides to clean up because baby spit is not an attractive look on first impressions. Tommy is bringing a girl home. Not just any girl but his girl, girl. She wonders what she’ll be like. Hopefully she won’t be affronted by her Gothic ambiance. She doesn’t have many friends especially female ones so Tommy’s girl is an important person that will be spending time with them.

She hears the door open as she steps out of her room and looks as Tommy opens the door in a total gentleman manner and the brunette steps in she looks like that certain type. The type she doesn’t fit under but she can’t be affront because at least he had the decency to approach her months ago where they started a really good bond that has led to finding his best friend the man she hopes to make a life with. She now wonders how deep Tommy’s feelings are for this woman. He does look smitten with her.

“Hi Felicity.” Tommy’s words take her from her insights.

“Hi Tom.” She walks closer to the couple.

“This is Samantha Clayton, Sammie this is Felicity Smoak, Oliver’s girlfriend.”

Both ladies say their hellos.

Samantha continues to speak, “It’s finally nice to meet you, Felicity. Oliver gushes the most amazing things about you and its quite an honor to finally put a face to the warm stories.”

Felicity thinking of all the dumb things she has said since she met Oliver and her cheeks turn red. “I… I probably should be embarrassed.”

“Oh no, Tommy and Oliver adore you and when they aren’t speaking highly of you they’re talking
about the cutesy stuff about Alexander, your son right?”

“Yes, and thank you. Oliver said he met you at the bar he works.”

“Don’t believe all he says I am not an alcoholic.” She looks at Tommy. “He introduced me to Tommy a few weeks back and well since than…”

“We have been getting to know one another.” Tommy supplies with a wink.

As Felicity was about to say something her son’s grumpy bellow has her move to get him from the bassinet.

“Oh wow, he is so adorable.”

The boy eyes catch the new guest and he is intently staring he usually is happy to meet new people but he just isn’t having it.

“His first tooth is coming in and he is so grumpy.”

“Awe poor baby. Where is his teething toys?”

Felicity grabs her son’s favorite one. The boy spits it out just being nonresponsive to any stimuli.

“Maybe something cold will help.” Samantha looks at how Felicity is a little overwhelmed with the little boy not yet crying but very irate. Tommy is already opening the freezer to see if there is something to help his little buddy.

“Oh, look at that, did you already have one of these things in the freezer?”

“No. Probably Oliver did, he loves to read all those parent magazines.”

“Yes, that sounds like him. Dad101.”

“Is there anything I can do to help?” Samantha asks feeling like an outsider as these two good friends are so at ease.

“Xan just being at little difficult. We both know that he is usually a ray a sunshine.” He winks at his girl and she smiles. Felicity turns her attention on the two love birds. She can connect the dots that Tommy has been bringing her son to Samantha’s place when he has Alexander Monday nights.

“It’s okay Samantha, it seems my son isn’t up for company tonight. Though I bet he was in better spirits Monday night.”

“Oh man, busted.” Tommy calls out as he heads their way with a tethering. “You have total faith in my uncle duties and well you never asked what we do?”

Felicity looks at her baby boy. “Well, once I did follow your behind to see what was so interesting about a single guy with a baby and well…” she looks at Samantha, “I learned babies are like magnets.”

Samantha shook her head that sounds like a Tommy thing. “Awe, you used this cutie to reel in the ladies that is so cliché.”

“I know, I know but for both of your amusement it was the older much older ladies that oohed and awed the most.”
Late night

Washing the grim off of work Oliver leaves the guest washroom and heads to the kitchen for a glass of water before he’ll head to bed he doesn’t expect to see her sleeping body lying on a chaise. A textbook opened on her lap. It looks like Tommy may have covered her with a blanket before heading to bed, she looks so young and fragile. He thinks of scooping her into his arms but thinks better of it as he sits on the edge and lightly rouses her. She lets out a sigh as her eyes flutter open and sees her boyfriend looking down at her.

“Hey.” His fingers push rogue strands of hair from her face. “Why aren’t you in bed?”

“Looking over some…” she taps the book “stuff after trying to put Xan down in his crib. He’s been miserable today.”

“His tooth come in yet?” he asks just as she sways her head no.

“He’s been a little aggravated.”

He is now sitting on the rug to be eye level to her as he kisses her temple. “But he is asleep?” His teeth graze her earlobe. She’s trying to concentrate.

“Yes, but it took twice as long to feed him.”

His hand glides to one of those mounds and he lightly squeezes, “Can’t blame him for cavorting with these babies.” His lips finding that right spot that gets her to moan as his hand lightly tweaks the sensitive knob.

“Oliver!”

“Hmm.” As his lips trail down her now pinkish hue mesmerizing skin.

“I’m trying to talk about our baby boy and oh my word…” Feeling his other hand graze her warmth that yearns to be touched as his proximity and attention to her body has created a desire for intimacy.

“He is snuggled safely in his crib and I’d like to take you to bed.” He murmurs as the intensity of their gaze signify the craving blaze at the moment. Capturing her lips, the moment she wraps her arms around his neck.

“Oh, but…”

“He’s asleep and we can talk about it tomorrow morning. I really want to be with you right now, okay?”

“Okay.” She takes his offering hand “Lead the way.” She follows his lead with their joints hands to the bedroom making sure to keep their on-going devotion to each other from waking up their son.

Early Morning Next Day

Midway into the lecture with the professor droning on and on about exponential points her phone is buzzing. She lets it go to voicemail at first everyone she knows wouldn’t bother her during a class so the likely it was a telemarketer was a higher chance even though she is on the verge of checking
because that is something installed in her she hates wondering who it is but she’s taking notes and she stops herself from looking. The phone goes off again and this time she needs to look and when she does a gasp is let out as she answers as quietly as possible. Her son is having troubling breathing and paramedics have been brought in. She needs to get to the hospital and she’s in the verge of crying because apart of her knew something was wrong when she left him in daycare but she didn’t allow her instincts to prevail and now she’s telling them that she’ll be there soon.

A cough disrupting the ended call as the professor’s voice stern spoke out, “Miss is there something more alluring then…”

She cuts him off as she stands “Yes, sorry I got to go my son needs to get to the emergency room.” She’s packing her stuff real fast and vaults from the lecture hall not looking back to see all eyes on her.

Jumping on the bus as it pulls up just on time Felicity still has a bus pass and she is sighing in relief so far one thing went her way and as she takes a seat her eyes close to take a moment to gather her bearings. She hasn’t felt this lost since the birth of her son when he was placed in the NICU for extended incubation for months after his birth.

Her eyes open as she passes a monument and her mind rushes that she should tell Oliver. She thinks of it for a moment but recants the idea thinking that Oliver being as worried as her won’t help the situation right now, at least one of Alexander’s parents is being educated in higher learning. Oliver has been so pleased with himself lately when he aced all his mid-terms and can handle working and being there for them.

She forgets about him and as the buss takes a turn her stop is just ahead. She’ll call him later right now her single mind focus has to be on her son. Her baby boy needs her. She needs to be there to comfort her son it’s the only urge propelling her forward and as the bus stops she bolts down its steps and towards the emergency door beckoning her in.

Its busy with plenty of people in the waiting area she is behind this woman and child and the little girl shyly waves at her. She raises her hand to a small but polite wave. As she looks at a t nurse and tells her that her son was brought in and she needed to find him. The nurse’s name tag says Beth and Felicity lands up begging, “Please Beth, I need to find my baby he was brought in by Sunshine Nursery his name is Alexander well actually Kyle Jacobs but in less than two weeks he’ll be Alexander Queen and he needs me.”

“Okay sweetie, slow down, what is your son’s name?”

“Alexander Queen.”

The woman looks at the updated chart and sees Alexander Kyle as an infant that was brought in by the EMTs for erratic breathing with either blue around the mouth or taking more than 60 breaths per minute. He is being thoroughly checked.

“Miss?”

“Felicity Smoak.”

“Ms. Smoak please follow me. Your son is being evaluated as he came in with erratic breathing. Dr. Grenard is the doctor handling your son.” Felicity follows the woman and just nods to what she is saying. Her heart rate increasing as her fears are all over the place.

“Have you called your pediatrician?”
“Yes. His office is aware.” The woman nods as they move around hallways reaching the appropriate room. Felicity flies to her son and is relieved that he is only attached to an IV and no breathing apparatus.

“I will check in with the doctor see when he is able to see you.”

“Thanks Beth.” The woman gives her a small smile and leaves her with the small patient. “Xannie baby, you gave momma nerve palpitations.” Placing his little hand over hers as her thumb rubs in a circular motion waiting for him to wake.

Shortly after waking up Alexander is in a crying fit as the doctor makes his appearance.

“Ms. Smoak?” The doctor leisurely says as he’s looking over her son. His calm demeanor is supposed to help her but all it does is make her weary of how she may be overreacting. “He vomited twice from what the nursery communicated to the emergency personnel. His temperature has normalized so that’s good. He’s been given fluids. How was he last night?”

“He was a little fussy last night but he was fine this morning he even had a huge appetite.” Even with him crying he still curls his fingers around her index finger. “I should have known. I’m his mom right?” She’s at the verge of crying and he notices.

“It happens all the time, children get exposed to many ailments doesn’t change the fact that you did your best.” That really doesn’t help so he gets a little personnel. “I had young ones once and yet they got quite sick at least my son Geoffrey had to be admitted on several counts and I am a doctor even the resident pedestrian for the hospital.”

“Does it ever get easier?” she whispers.

“No. Every single incident is heart wrenching.” He admits and looks at the squeamish child. “We’ll have to keep him for at least a few more hours.” She just nods. “He is doing quite well. You’ll need to make an appointment with his doctor as a follow up and once the intravenous pouch is depleted he’ll be ready to go home. Any questions?”

“I breastfeed him is it still okay to feed him?”

“Once he is set to go home you should try to feed him then, there is a good chance he’ll be hungry though finickier so keep that in mind. You’ll need to be calm children have this amazing ability to read their parent well.”

“Thank you.”

“Your very welcome.” He says before leaving to see another patient.

She finally gets to go home with her son who is fussy but had some sleep while he was at the hospital. She changes his soiled clothing and using cleansing wipes tries her best to clean him up. His bath will have to wait but she needs to do some laundry. Felicity tries her best to make Alexander as comfortable as possible, he’s hiccuping in-between sniffles at least he isn’t loudly crying anymore. A part of her wishes he was admitted at the hospital so she knows he’ll be cared for and safe. All she’s doing is holding him using calming methods to keep him from thrashing about. He surely doesn’t want to be left in his crib or bassinet. His teary blue eyes looking at his mom is gutting her as she has no idea what can make her son feel better. Being so overwhelmed at the moment she fidgets about getting a hold of Oliver. He has a full set of classes and there is no reason why both of them should suffer.
Exhausted from today’s events and she’ll have to deal with Oliver when he comes home because she
knows deep in her gut he will be mad. No matter what reasons she used to rationally keep him from
this event a part of her is scared that if he sees the hard part of being a parent he’ll realize this isn’t for
him and run from them. She’ll have to go back to the depressing dorm room and somehow try to go
back to being a single mom; she knows her mom did it. It’s a fear she can’t shake.

At least her voice centers him in-between the crying fits. These are moments exhaust seeps through
and all she wants is to crawl under some covers and let the weight of responsibility pass by. She
decides to do some laundry anything to keep her mind from wondering. Grabbing the laundry basket
from her room she goes about picking up some scattered clothing dropped last night when Oliver
took her mind off their son’s grumpiness when in fact their son was showing signs of being ill. She
doesn’t want to get angry about not picking up any missed signs her poor boy could have exhibited
as her own pleasure took center stage.

Balancing Alexander’s clingy form against her chest as she carries the basket to where she’ll load the
washing machine and to her amazement doing these little things has gotten her son’s attention and
he’s seems like maybe just maybe his cries are subsiding. It was short lived as a ring tore through the
apartment and Alexander starts to cry like a banshee and she sighs loudly as she walks towards the
doors.

The darn doorbell chimes again and she heavily sighs wondering who could be at the other side and
be so impatient needing to press the button in short spurts. Whoever it is knows she’s home due to
her son’s loud sobs. She doesn’t lay Alexander down he seems to wail and bounce dangerously
close to falling out when placed in bassinet.

Opening the door to a pristinely dressed woman who she can already tell who she is by some photos
she has seen. She going to play it cool because she really isn’t in the mood. Her son grasping her
tank top as Felicity gives his forehead a small kiss and address his body against hers. She notices
how the woman scans her and if she’s didn’t have a terrible morning she would have been
subconscious. So, she asks, “May I help you?”

“Hi. I’m Laurel, I’m actually looking for someone that lives here.” How she says it in the snootiest
way possible.

“No one is home except for my son and I.”

“You must be the help. Tommy and Ollie can be…” She walks into the apartment. Felicity looks at
the recently vacant spot and sucks in a breath she has to remind herself that she is holding precious
cargo because if not there so could be a catfight on these expensive tiles. “…well you know boys
being boys.”

“No. I actually I don’t.” shutting the door behind her to now face the brunette whom seems
comfortable in the Merlyn-Queen residence. “If you know them well, you’d know those two have
this OCD with everything has its place mantra.”

Laurel smiled a wicked smile, “Of course, that is why I assume you’re the paid help.”

“The cleaning schedule is no concern of yours. I doubt you even know how to use a broom but then
again you might have used one to get here.” Laurel lets that remark slide as she takes in the place.
Since she has been here there is more kid friendly accents throughout the space. “Why are you
here?”
“I was in the neighborhood, wanted to tell him last night was nice and head back west to my own college dorm.” Felicity looks at her and doesn’t take the bait quite yet. “We had a good time reminiscing and well it was good to see him smile and be himself again. Even with all the ladies fighting for his attention his eyes were on mine.” Laurel notices Alexander and asks, “What is wrong with your son?”

“He’s sick.” Felicity rubs his back as Alexander doesn’t even budge to look at the woman his mother is talking to.

“Poor little Allen or is it Owen?”

“It’s Alexander.”

“Right.” Laurel nods and continues with why she is here. “So, no Ollie or Tommy?”

Laurel makes herself at home knowing the layout from previous visits though she glances at all the child memorabilia trying not to gawk at the girl’s appearance.

“Is that a monkey outfit?” Laurel asks looking at the over covered infant.

“No, a sloth, Tom thought it would be hilarious to see Alex’s little movements enact a sloth.”

“You’re telling me Tommy went out and bought baby clothing?”

Felicity shrugs she doesn’t know Tom’s clothing habits or if she wants to discuss his perchance to indulge Alexander as much as he can. “Tom is a great guy and you’ll need to ask him.” Alexander has his fingers digging into Felicity’s Animaniacs sweatshirt as his face is looking away from the visitor as his little whimpers are steady. Felicity moves to get a soft wash cloth to wipe his stuffy nose. “Tom and Oliver have their shopping moments I guess.” After a sigh, “Seriously Laurel, there is no reason to prolong your visit. Neither men are here and I’d like to actually be productive and do some laundry so if…”

“Are you sure you’re not the help?” Laurel takes one more look across the apartment. “It seems the Merlyns-Queens need to get an interior designer this place has lost its posh milieu.”

Felicity bites her lower lip from commenting she won’t give this bitter ex more than she deserves. Her son starting to feel her displeasure he whimpers get louder and that is enough for Felicity to walk to the door and ‘gesture’ it was time for this intruder to leave.

“I’ll tell the boys you came by, maybe.”

“Don’t worry. I’m sure I’ll converse with either soon.” Grabbing her purse, she walks out and Felicity slams the door.

“Bitch!”

Laurel grins as she walks out of a distraught diminutive girl’s overwhelmed world soon to be ex-apartment if she knew Oliver he would tire of her. She didn’t even need to sell the real Ollie Queen. Though, she can’t believe Ollie fathered a child with that grungy girl what was he thinking? He had the world handed to him and he settles for a clearance section style with store bought dyed hair teenager. Could this juvenile be any more tragic? It was a bummer she thought as she would have to deal with Ollie’s trashy kid. At least there were nannies she could employ so it isn’t all bad.
Ollie will be hurt for a short time but he’ll get over it and be ready to be his normal free self and that is when she’ll come and mend his heart and make everything better. They would have their own family and she’ll find ways for him to be too busy for whatever that ill crying little boy would eventually need. His son is unfortunately collateral damage in all this.

**Mid-Afternoon**

She spots some of Oliver’s pants hanging out of the laundry basket and decides a full load is eco friendlier. Flipping his pants and checking his pockets and throwing it into the machine she comes across the ones he used to bartend last night and she finds a tiny napkin cutout from where he serves and is about to throw it out but without thinking unfolds it and she wishes she never did as her heart just drops. Lipstick imprint with hearts all over the place. “Sweet reminiscing like old times on your lap. You’ll always be my bae.xoxoLaurel” Felicity is fuming thinking that bitch has got to be kidding she waltzes into this apartment acting like she owns the place and then leaves in some almighty attitude and that smirk she wants to smack off that face.

It leaves her skeptical that it can’t just be his determined ex that flirts with him. All of a sudden, she thinks how naïve she is and all the ladies that he meets at the bar. She trusts him but she’s the reason he decided to dedicate being financial responsible for his family and his past reputation is so overwhelming what if sleeping with other girls is a release to handle the burden because he always comes home happy and isn’t that some sort of sign? Felicity is overwhelmed. She slides down and has her head on her knees as she cries.

**Late afternoon**

Picking herself off the floor was hard enough she stuffs this note into her pocket as she remembers the need to pull the baby clothes from the dryer. It keeps her busy enough not to wonder if he is seeing someone on the side. She’s too exhausted with today’s crisis that dealing with anything more is just too much when she hears the door slam shut.

“Felicity!” Oliver barks out. “Are you home? I can see your jacket, what the hell! I’ve been trying to reach you for over an hour.” He is angry he went to get their son and they told him that his son was sent to the hospital hours ago. “I started calling…”

He sees her emerge from the hallway. She looks like a zombie. “How could you let me think the worst-case scenario?” he notices the tear stains due to her eye makeup. “Is it bad? Why have you been crying?” He needs to see their son so he leaves her for a moment and enters their room now trying to be as quiet as possible he softly opens the door seeing that his son is sleeping. His hand hoovers over the boy afraid that any touch and he’ll wake up. He lets go of a breath he didn’t realize he was holding as he kneels before the crib needing to watch the rise and fall of his son’s tummy area knowing he is breathing and so alive. The fear that his son may have gone into cardiac arrest has had him on edge for hours. Why wasn’t he informed? He deserves to know. He is the father and it just brings on more anger. She had no right he thinks, she had no right. After he gets what he needs knowing his son is home and well enough to sleep in his crib he leaves the room for answers.

Felicity goes to retrieve her phone and she sees all the missed calls. She crosses her legs on the long
sofa looking out into the cityscape and with Oliver in their room she can feel some anticipating anxiety. She has put his needs on the back burner and that was before the whole Laurel Lance coming into their home to piss her off but what has her feeling dread is the note she has read multiple times wondering why Laurel was so smug. Was everything she’s been living these weeks a lie? It just makes her want to cry again. Can she believe anything he says now? She just doesn’t know. She just does know if she can trust herself. She hears the door gently close to keep from waking Alexander. The poor boy has had a rough morning but seems to be doing better. She’s still not sure if she can relax enough until the follow up with the doctor.

Holding the phone out as she sees Oliver’s shadow off the window telling her how close he is. He hasn’t said a word and she bites her lower lip waiting for his angry words.

“He’s asleep? What happened?” He asks in a clipped voice.

“Got the call he was being taken to the Children’s Hospital on Longwood Avenue, and I can’t remember how I got there. I know I put my phone on silent after the nursery kept trying to reach me. I told them I was at the hospital and I threw the phone into my bag. Haven’t looked at it since grabbing it when you went to check on Alexander.”

Both are silent for a long time. Felicity hears Oliver shift and sit on a chair nearby but he isn’t saying anything and afraid to look at him she keeps her eyes on the cell phone in her hand.

“Why? Why Felicity?”

She shifts in the seat and moves to look at her boyfriend. Still says nothing as her mind is trying to arrange and rearrange what she needs to say. He’s right about how he should have been told of their son’s health scare a situation she would be livid too if he did this to her. She would have had more sympathy if the note that’s been making her tear for some time now with the added visit by the woman he’s had a past with.

“Tell me about Laurel Lance?” The look on his face would have made her laugh if she wasn’t pissed off.

“You have got to be kidding me? What the hell does Laurel have to do with our son?” He is up from his chair and really close to her face. “Seriously Felicity, what is your problem?” He doesn’t move closer nor retreat as Felicity just sitting there like a statue. “Why didn’t you call me? I should have been there.” She has no answer which infuriates him. “Seriously do I need to tell the daycare center to call me to? This is a no brainer I should have been notified.”

She tired and she doesn’t need his attitude. “Been handling things on my own just fine I don’t need anyone’s damn permission.”

“What the hell is that supposed to mean? That is just a big fat cop out. Can’t use the past against me like that. I didn’t know he even existed.”

“He did. I know because I felt him grow inside me.” Her tone pisses him further.

“Yet you were giving him away like some used…”

“Don’t you dare finish that sentence!” It is the first time they can’t think straight letting hard emotions actually out. “It was agony. All those nights apologizing to my unborn child that I wasn’t good enough. Meeting the couple who would be doing my job.” She can’t look at him as she leaves the area where at least a wall is between them.

“I’m here now. Why? Why push me away?” He isn’t going to let this go. This fight was bound to
happen they always skim to moments they had sex, she got pregnant, and they meet up again. Everything in-between becomes a hush where she shuts down and doesn’t talk about it. Meeting the Jacobs was an eye opener to him where he now knows how close to losing the boy he never knew he wanted. As promised their friend steamrolled the whole process of getting the name change and in little more than two weeks it’s a done deal.

“She’s just looking at the cloudy sky.

This would be the moment in his past relationships he would say the hell with it and walk away. He is seething with anger he has a right to be angry that he went to pick up his son on his determined day and finds out that the life he helped create was rushed off with emergency services. No answers to his calls, finding out they were sent home from the hospital just a few hours ago as he headed to the childcare to pick his boy up leaving him to contemplate for more than an hour, worst cases any parent shutters to think of. He had the right to be furious.

“He had to be sick last night, you knew he was restless and you looked-for your needs to be met.”

“So, him being sick is my fault? What the hell is your problem?”

She digs into her pocket and throws the note at him which never even gets close as it drops near her feet. Like it is going to burn her she jumps back slightly and looks to leave the room but he is blocking her exist.

“What exactly is that?”

“It came from your pants pocket; you know damn well what it is.”

He doesn’t really but as he gets closer he sees the monogram of the pub and knows he must have forgotten to take one of those craps he received last night. Not once has he ever read any of them. Even with this fight the thought would never cross his mind.

“I don’t know what it says.”

“Sure, you don’t.”

“Felicity for heaven’s sakes I really have no clue what is written on that or any other that I throw out.”

“Others?”

He sighs as he realizes what he just says. It puts everything in perspective why she been cold and unapologetic for putting him through a nightmare. He isn’t going to let that go but he needs to address the situation with any jealousy hurt feelings now.

“God, how am I supposed to bring it up? It’s not even something I even think about. I’m happy. It could only end with an argument.”

“So, hiding things is better?”

“Really you’re going there?” his hand goes to his forehead trying to relieve some tension. “After having me think something terrible happened with our son?”

“I thought about calling you.”
He makes a pfft noise just not believing her. “Yet you didn’t.”

“I’m sorry. I wasn’t thinking. I fell on my default behavior.” She has no idea how to communicate what she feels she doesn’t want to be seen as weak. “I know it’s no excuse but I’m scared you’ll see that we aren’t worth it.” She looks at him trying to see if there is truth to her words.

Just as easy as he got upset it deflates. He isn’t going to let the situation go not without hashing things out but he just wants her back in his arms. “What part of me saying I want to be with you don’t you understand?” Her eyes shut as a new wave of tears threaten to fall. “Because I can say it over and over but if deep down you don’t believe it what’s the point?” He can tell she’s in her head and his stride to stand before her. “I know it’s not all icing on a cake, this… what we have does take work. A lot of it. I’m not delusional, I’m not expecting you to be perfect but I do want you to share your life with me.”

“Why do I feel like everything you just said is rehearsed? I… I don’t know what to believe.”

“Why are you doing this?” he waves a hand between them.

“Did you see Laurel yesterday?”

Oliver looks at her and somehow knows he spent time with his ex yesterday it started off innocent enough but he wasn’t ready for the forward advances of his ex and was unprepared but as fast as it started it ended and he did see some cameras probably catching this on film. All he could muster to say, “It’s not what you think.”

“Yea, I bet it was a very platonic moment.” She scoffs as she passes by him heading to their room. “I can’t… I can’t be here I’ll just grab a bag and our son…”

“Felicity, you aren’t going anywhere.” He states as he is thinking of ways to get her to listen to him even though he’s at a loss for words.

“Don’t you dare tell me what I can or can’t do.”

In frustration he utters “Alexander and you aren’t leaving this apartment…”

“Like hell we aren’t.” she walks into their bedroom and slams the door behind her. Within moments he opens the door and just stands by the threshold as she grabs one of her bags from under the bed.

He sighs “If you actually stop to be reasonable.” She makes an unintelligible sound but throws the bag on the bed for emphasis. He knows she’ll try to move back into her dorm but their son is sick and this place is safer than any place she would go. “I need to get ready for work. I’ll take your place at MIT for at least tonight let you cool off and we’ll talk more.”

“When you leave for work what is going to stop me moving into my place?”

He fishes into his pocket and takes his set of keys. “Because that is where I’ll be going once my shift is over. You’ll be here with our sick son. Where you both belong.”

“You have some nerve.”

“Felicity, I can understand why your upset. But tread lightly because I also have some gripes. Our son was at a hospital and you let me think the worst. We may need a night apart.” He walks to his dresser to grab a monographed shirt of the business he is heading to. “But if you think…” He thinks better of what he wants to say. “I am his father and I’m not going to roll over and be compliant.” He fishes out a pair a pants and grabs his shoes from the closet. Felicity doesn’t make a move as she just
stares at him getting his stuff and eyes his every move until he walks into their bathroom. Amazingly enough Alexander being so tired is still very calm with the loud commotion happening around him.

With the closed door behind him he scans the mirror before him he looks tired, he just had a long academic day than worrying like a madman about his son’s health to having a vicious fight with his girlfriend. He needs to get a grip and calm down and become stoic to any problems he may be facing and play a charming barkeep. Stepping out dressed to head to work he looks at her and her eyes are on the bag before her he then looks to see his baby boy.

His son is gnawing on his favorite teething toy. With his father’s approach the little boy rolls over to see his dad. He doesn’t make his usually happy babbles as his red little face is puffy and irritated from being sick but he still is happy to see his dad.

“Hey buddy.” Little arms reach out and Oliver takes him into his arms. “You gave daddy a small heart attack.” He kisses his boy’s warm face but keeps Alexander from actually rubbing his face on his clean shirt. “Daddy needs to go to work but you’re going to be okay. Mommy has been doing a good job huh? She loves you just like I love you.” He gives his son another kiss before bringing him back into his crib.

He bends down to be leveled with his son who is intently looking at him. “I know you can’t understand but I don’t want you to worry if you don’t see me tomorrow morning.” He rubs his thumb over the boy’s face. “I will never abandon you.” One last kiss for good measure and he heads towards the door. He wants to say goodbye but doesn’t know if that will be received well so he decides to say, “Felicity make sure to set the alarm after I leave.” He doesn’t hear a peep and just opens the door and walks out.

Felicity is sitting on the bed where she couldn’t face Oliver yet but she heard him come from the bathroom and start talking to their son. He’s been a good dad she knows deep down how much he loves his son. His words of distraught as he didn’t know anything about what was happening to Alexander is hitting her hard now. Not having him loom over her is allowing her to breath a bit, she needed some space and having this moment without his energy overpowering her senses to understand how it made him feel about being left out on something so major like their son’s health and how disappointed he is.

She let her insecurity play into hurting him. Her reasons for thinking he would realize they weren’t worth it and having found a promiscuous note in one of his work pants and the dreaded visit from Ms. Lance. It was a lot for her to take in. She hears him call out to set the alarm and her mind races until she hears the door shut and she bolts from the bed.

She can hear the elevator making its movement. She needs to tell him to come home to her to them. Flinging the door open she calls out, “Oliver.”
Yes Samantha will still have 'William' if he's a boy and you can already guess who the baby daddy is.
Chapter Summary

Donna Smoak comes to Boston for a visit!

Tommy making important life choices.

Continuation…

The door opens and she calls out for Oliver and runs out into the hallway and there he is sitting with his back to the wall by the elevator. Getting up quickly as she rushes out of the apartment.

“You didn’t leave?”

“It’s a little after six I don’t start until nine.”
Realization crosses her face. “oh.” Today she would be at her lab and class doesn’t end until late where she would go home and tend to their son while he heads to work.

“I would have eventually left and walked the city streets until…” she hurries to stand before him. His eyes scanning hers wondering why she even came out of the apartment.

“Come back inside.”

“Felicity, you made a point…”

She holds out her hand. It’s her way of telling him she is conceding to the angry rant and meeting him half way. “Oliver, I ran to hopefully tell you before you left to come home to us, to me.”

“Are you sure?” His voice small showing uncertainty. He really doesn’t want to fight or hash out any grievances not before work. “Can… Can you tell me everything that happened with Alexander?”

She nods and he takes her hand into his as they walk silently back into the apartment.

With their biggest fight from days ago still leaving some issues in the air Felicity is a little worried about adding her mother to the mix. She has yet to tell Oliver that curtly after Thanksgiving her mom will come for a visit. It’s Thanksgiving’s week and Oliver has taken on extra hours but has the holiday off to spend with his family here in Boston. He made no plans on going to Starling preferring the added income.

They’ll be a family of three without Tommy. With their friend heading with his girl to her family’s gathering and with the Clayton’s reaching out to Tommy’s dad. They have no clue if Malcolm Merlyn will except their invite but Oliver grimaces thinking about it. Oliver listened to Samantha’s wisdom about a food chain having Thanksgiving dinner platters he ordered one the previous week. This way he’s sure they won’t go hungry or start any kitchen fires. He wants his family’s firsts to be seamless.

Light music playing in the background the lovebirds are conversing enjoying an early evening with their son, who is ready and bundled up waiting for his uncle to take him out for a few hours. Felicity making it known that her pout about her man siding with his bestie was a total gang up against her.

They can hear Tommy whistling in his room as he is preparing himself for a date night. Things with Samantha are progressing nicely. With them leaving for the Clayton’s home in two days Tommy is actually really cool with spending so much time with them.

“I can’t believe you sided with him.” She says grinding into him just right. His hands stop her movements just as Tommy walks into view.

“Come on guys I’m still here.”

“Yes! Yes, you are.” she mutters.

“You can stay pressed all you want but ya pretty ass can’t cook.” He heads to the closet to get his jacket.

Oliver kisses his girl but slides her off his lap as he gets up. “Tommy wait up! Are you bringing her here or spending…?”
“After dropping off Xan, her dorm. Roommate went to visit her folks.”

“This is as much your place you have…”

“Oliver, its fine.” He’s about to open the door.

Oliver looks at his girl. “I'm going walk Tommy out. Okay?” She nods she figures they haven’t talked about little things like Tommy’s love life and Oliver’s jittery warning to keep his son safe.

“An escort? I’m a big boy.” He kids as waits for Oliver to get his own coat just in case they do happen to talk further outside. He grabs the stroller and takes the filled baby bag and places it in its spot.

Felicity waves at her son and gives the bird to Tommy. He rolls his eyes and says his goodbyes.

“You know damn well why I’m walking with you. Your comment earlier just got me thinking. This is crazy? Are you sure? I know you have been seeing her since I introduced you to her at the bar.”

“Oliver, you would have done her in a heartbeat if you didn’t connect with Felicity.”

“Chances are good I probably would have. Anyways still… have either of you thought this through?”

“Her parents live a few miles from Starling so she is okay living in the city with me and we are both graduating this spring.”

“I just thought with you actually witnessing how hard it is you’d run from such a commitment.”

“Oliver, you probably can’t see it but it’s there. Your freaking happy even though you’re trying to prove a dumb point that you can take care of your family.” Tommy shakes his head at how much added stress Oliver put on himself needlessly. “I know. I know it’s more for you to know that you actually can. You love those two more than anything.”

“I didn’t plan anything but your right I do love them a lot but it doesn’t mean I stopped being there for you. You’re my best friend, my brother in all that matters. I just don’t want you to be blindsided.”

“Samantha and I are compatible and since I can’t stop talking about my nephew and she actually brought up if I wanted kids. I do. A year ago, both of us would have scoffed at the idea. Now here you are a father and I also joke about our kids growing up together so I don’t see the big deal.”

“Sick babies for one. You know I missed out on the whole pregnancy thing so I have no idea what that entails. But hey. If you’re at that stage and you can see Samantha Clayton be your baby mamma go for it.”

“Alright enough about me. Your girl’s upstairs probably in some corset waiting for her preppy lover.”

“Her faux anger is adorable but if you think she’s a fire hazard maybe we should keep with takeout and her favorite frozen entrees.”

Tommy pats is friend and has a mortified look. “That is no way to live man. If she’s can’t you’ll need to take the mantle.”

They continue talking until their goodbyes as Oliver makes his way back home entrusting his best friend with his child.
He enters and immediately stops in his tracks. “Wow.” He can’t say much after that but it gets her attention as she turns around and grins.

“You and Tommy good?”

“Yea.” He is regarding her all over again, “We are more than fine. Is this new?” he points at the really nice material but he knows they can’t afford frivolous things.

She senses his hesitation even though his eyes have gone dark. “I might have mentioned to my mom that all I had was nursing bras because I couldn’t fit in my normal stuff. So, she sent me a care package.”

“Oh, I thought it was just those delicious cookies and…” she slides in into his embrace “However this is nice.”

“It’s more your dessert anyhow.”

“Have you spoken to your mother about me?”

“Umm.”

“That’s a no. So, why would your mom send…”

“You haven’t met my mother. She’s my mother.”

“Well you have met mine and I doubt she would ever send any of her children anything in this realm of erotica.”

“You wouldn’t believe it but after she cooled down from finding out she was a grandmother she praised that…” she touching her chest. “These finally materialized.”

“That’s …that is um… something… When are you going to tell her that you have a boyfriend? That he is the one who also knocked you up?”

“She is coming to visit me. I wanted to butter you up before her visit in a few days.”

“She doesn’t know I exist. She thinks you live at your dorm with our son. I don’t know if there is that much butter than can…” Her lips against his neck shuts him up for a moment. “When?”

“Saturday.”

He pulls back enough so he can look at her. “I’ll be working most of the day.”

“Her flight lands at eleven in the morning. We’ll go shopping and spend time together. What time are you off?”

“Give or take Five o’clock.”

“I’ll talk to her. Okay?”

He nods there isn’t much he can do. Its on her to tell her mom and introduce them. Now he just wants to let her continue to undress him as he appreciates how hot she looks. Not that he will but his
mind is thanking her mother for having some really good taste. Thoughts of her mother gone as she pulls him to the available couch and climbs over him. Settling just above where he’ll want friction as she begins to tease him. His hands attentively moving around any patch of exposed skin.

It is nice to have moments like this when they get so busy with academic studies, long labs hours, work, and being parents to find time in their schedules to just be together. Felicity mentioning upcoming advents in the computer science world that she would like to partake and they both know they’ll have to chart down events that will take more of her focus. She’s really good and truly excited in her endeavor and working with a professor that thinks she should participate in a convention in her study of field taking place right after the New Year.

Being with someone who is totally focused yet able to be a great mom is another reason he wants to be at least the provider so she doesn’t need to worry financially.

“Oliver, Ashley asked me again if I want the barista job. I feel like I should…”

“Remind me who Ashley is again?” he’s fingers rubbing her back in soft circular motions.

“The supervisor at the little corner shop I sometimes bring those turnovers you like.”

“Honey, your plate is full.”

“But…”

“You’re working on a double major, have this cool opportunity coming up at that convention and you have a family who needs you.”

“I just want to pull my weight…”

He cuts her off as his hand wraps around her front to cover one of her breasts. She leans back against his chest as she enjoys this touch. “You plan your routine around our son’s feeding schedule. I know you’re an amazing mom and I’m damn lucky that you’re in my life.”

“Oliver, the extra income?”

“Babe, still a billionaire’s son.” His hand drops to her smooth skin on her abdomen and holds her steady towards him allowing her to figure how much he wants her again. “Are you still okay about me needing this? It means the world to me that at the end of the day I could financially support you two if I had too.” He sees her look and can think her worry about his studies. “Felicity, I do a lot of studying while working at the bookstore.” He’s actually never thought he’d plan his life like he has starting to chart down recently. He sees end-goals from now graduating to asking the gorgeous beauty in his arms for her hand in marriage. Lying in bed he’s just imagining adding more children to the mix.

“Okay, I just don’t want you to overdo it okay?”

“Baby, I actually don’t mind any of it. I’ve met people and made my own money in the process.”

She turns her body slightly so she can kiss him better and enjoys bringing her had down between them getting a little rise out of him.
Out of the blue he mentions it to her as he holds her after their love making. “I want another baby?”

“Oliver, babe it’s hard enough with one. And we just recently had makeup sex. Maybe…”

“I didn’t mean now. You still have a few more semesters. I just blurted out something I really want.”

She smiles knowing her boyfriend really hates the fact that he wasn’t there for them since the beginning but she always tells him how they met again was meant to be and it’s been perfect.

“Okay so I’ve also been thinking is it weird that Tom and Sammie always take our son out when they go out on dates?”

“They have these planned family things and it gives us time to ourselves.” He’s content just lying there beside her. “It’ll only be strange if they weren’t trying to have what we have.”

She looks at him as she processes this.

“They aren’t alone they have a six-month old child. Our child what exactly…”

“Samantha is planning on being knocked up by Tommy.”

“Say what?”

“Tommy’s jokes aren’t really jokes.”

“No shit. He still has another full year of classes before…”

“Plus, med school. Then residency.”

“You’re okay with your best friend doing this?”

“Felicity! Felicity, Tommy isn’t a teenager.”

“He is acting like one.”

“We aren’t ones to talk.”

“Okay you’re not one to talk I’m still a teenager and I think its madness.”

“Do you want to add undue stress to all this? They are a couple. They like each other. Why this reaction?”

“Because I was …I was the pregnant one. Once Xannie made his appearance jumping and kicking my bladder at crazy hours and not being able to walk a mile.”

“I bet you were beautiful. God, I missed out so badly.”

“Sure, whatevers. Like seeing your girlfriend puke her brains out was romantic.”

“I thought you found out late in your pregnancy you were pregnant?”

“Yep and once I did let me tell you I had my face in the porcelain commode for a good amount of time.”

“You know Tommy and Sammie might already be on their way to having a baby.”

“Wow! Tom with his own munchkin. At least he seems to adore Sammie.”
‘It seems you like her too.’

‘Yes, she makes amazing dinners. I follow her like a lost puppy in the kitchen as she is patiently training me not to burn eggs. I mean who burns eggs?’

‘Apparently you do.’

‘Yet you’re thinking of scrambling my eggs.’

He shrugs unabashedly.

The night before Tom leaves with his girlfriend for Thanksgiving Felicity flags him down.

‘Tommy, Tommy, Tommy.’

Tommy looks at Felicity she doesn’t call him Tommy if not annoyed or just pulling his leg.

‘Yes Felicity?’

‘Oliver doesn’t want me to push the subject but you know darn well I have my own mind and I need to get this off my chest.’

‘Okay. What did I do?’ she doesn’t answer right away which makes him think of a short list of things. Maybe pulling out the load of laundry she had into the bin she has a particular way of folding towels or was it the small mess he left in the sink before heading to class the more he thinks about it the list could get longer.

‘I don’t know but for starters becoming Papa Merlyn, have you thought that through?’

‘Umm… Well… It’s complicated.’

‘Complicated? More reason to think it through.’

‘It’s not that complicated but Samantha and I want a baby. We talked enough about it so…’

‘Tom, you know I love you I just want you not to screw up your life.’

‘Well its basically your fault if you want to go there.’

‘Huh?’

‘You came into my life and our friendship put me on course to wanting more so yea it your fault.’

‘When did you come to this conclusion?’

‘When Sammie and you were fussing over Xan and I could see it. I could see her and you fussing over my own. It hit me hard I know I want to be a doctor and I still have loads more schooling to tend to but I want that family thing you have with Oliver.’

‘There is no contest. You know that. I hope Oliver and I don’t make you feel like an eternal third wheel.’ He smiles as he brings her in for a hug.

‘Smoak, don’t ever change. Now wanna help me finish packing?’ as he throws some socks her way.
Picking up Mom

“I’m going to go get you a subway ticket, please stay here with your bags.” Alexander made an erupt cry that he wants to be held by his mom. “Stay here with grandma.” He wasn’t having it as she turns to get the ticket he lets out a shriek. “Alright. You win. Sheesh.” She picks him up and he quiets down instantly as they now walk over to the ticket booth and wait behind a few other metro customers.

A man wearing a pressed suit sees something he likes and heads to where the bombshell blonde is sitting near two small suitcases and a baby carriage.

“Welcome to Boston gorgeous.” The man looked her up and down appreciatively. “Here alone? Need a lift somewhere?”

“No. Thank you. I’m here with my daughter.”

“No way. Your telling me you’re not sisters?”

“That’s my teenage daughter and my beautiful grandson.”

“Well, I would never be able to tell. You really are a fine babe.”

After a few minutes Felicity gets back to her mother and Donna says, “Baby girl we should go, we don’t want your father my loving husband to worry.”

Felicity looks at her mom and then the guy in front of her. “Right, dad is expecting us.”

Donna nods and helps her daughter put her son back comfortable and the man leaves them be.

“Thanks sweetie, he didn’t take no for an answer.”

“Mom you really don’t have to explain. I have ya back. Let’s go to my dorm and drop off the luggage before we shop and stuff.”

“Good idea, I also would like to freshen up.”

Using the correct subway lines to get to her dorm to leave her mom’s luggage before doing some shopping and catch up. Donna wanted to unpack her suitcase but Felicity insisted she would do it later after she’d tell her mom this isn’t where they were going to stay. She isn’t ready to tell her mother about Oliver yet. So, some shopping and bonding would need to take place. Then add her love life once her mom was settled and done cooing her son.

Donna was looking through her bag then asked, “Felicity? Do you have any aspirin?”

“Sure, mom there is some aspirin in the medicine cabinet if you need it.”
“Thanks honey.” Donna grabbed her purse and went to refresh herself as she opened the medicine cabinet she noticed an unopened prenatal vitamins bottle and precautions on teen pregnancy. That alone just made her sigh but think nothing more of it. Her grandson is only six months of age it be ridiculous if her daughter whom is still in school becomes a mother to a second child and juggle the needs of a newborn. Taking a sip of water and placing the pill box back in the cabinet she noticed behind the rubbing alcohol bottle was some sort of stick and a gynecologist card. Now she had suspicions but wasn’t ready to get into some discord with her daughter. Later maybe after shopping and enjoying some bonding with two of her favorite people in the world was in order. Donna calms herself before exiting the bathroom she will wait for her daughter this is delicate news.

Holding her handsome grandson. “He is getting so big. He was such a little baby just a few weeks ago.”

“He isn’t strictly breastfed now.” She thinks even with Oliver’s chagrin he wants her to try for at least a year but too bad for him she hates to pump and with her busy schedule a weaning her son is the best idea at least to her.

“Really? I kept insisting with you to keep feeding him this way it is the healthiest option for both of you.”

“I know, I know but he’s been doing well and I have the support of the pediatrician so…”

“Mother’s milk is the best.”

Felicity just sighs she heard the same from Oliver but she’s putting her foot down. “He’s been eating soft foods but he’s far from being weaned.”

“No solid foods?”

“No. Don’t worry mom he still feeds every three to four hours and I never thought that talking about my breasts would be so darn important.”

Donna could sense her daughter’s irritation so she changes the subject somewhat. “Well how are the new one’s fitting?”

“They are okay. I really don’t wear them.”

“What? Bought them because they’re so pretty.”

“Still need the easy access so I don’t really wear them.”

“But they fit right?”

“I guess.”

“You guess? I know you said what size you think you are. I doubt you lost a whole cup sizes because your still so huge.”

“Mom, after he weans they’ll go back down.”

“Sweetheart you were a late bloomer and found yourself pregnant there is no way they’ll shrink that much. You’ll be like me. I already told you you’re the reason I got these babies. Your father and I married young.”
“Gross.” She mumbles.

“My baby had a baby and she thinks her conception was gross.”

“Mom, can we stop talking about my boobs?”

“I’m your mother…”

“I know because you won’t let me forget that either.”

“Let’s at least look at some of your intimates before we go shopping.” Looking into a few draws she looks at her daughter “So I found all those old bras. You should just toss them out.”

“Mom the cost…”

“What exactly will these be used for? Not like your son inheriting these will do him any good.” Felicity just looks at her mom and knows there is truth there. “Only if you’re planning on growing your family and adding a princess could I see…”

“Okay, I’ll toss them out.” She goes grabs the nearest garbage can.

“Tell me is there any boys you seem to be amorous with?” Donna suggestively wiggles her eyebrows getting her daughter to moan.

“Really mom? Can’t you just look at my underwear and tell.”

“You’re a beautiful girl. Dark but that just makes you mysterious. Any boy be lucky to be with my zheni.”

“Can’t I just be that girl that who gets a good job raises her son…”

“Baby, you deserve the world. To love and be loved. My grandson my handsome…”

“He already has you his bubbe. Anyways I am seeing someone.”

“Being a single mom, not like that last boy he broke your heart. This one needs to know you’re a package deal. Not only be interested and he must accept your son.” Donna tenses for a moment “He does accept your son?” a few more seconds later, “He just doesn’t tolerate my grandson to sleep with you?”

Felicity glances at her mom who seems nervous now. “He’s really a nice guy.”

“Will I be fortunate to meet this young man while I’m here?”

“Yes. He’s just a work.”

“He works that’s definitely a plus.” Felicity rolls her eyes. “Felicity, knowing you are being taken cared of makes me less nervous of you in this city alone with a child.”

“Mom. I’m fine and let’s get ready to shop okay?” he mother smiles happily to shop for the little bundle in her arms.

Nor more than two hours later an excited grandmother doting over her grandson. Felicity mentions looking at some gender-neutral baby garments and when Donna was about to ask why when
Alexander made a fuss that he was hungry.

Felicity double checked that the items were on sale and that Donna looks at her daughter’s penny pinching. “Baby, I know money is tight but let me spoil this little nugget.”

“Mom!” looking at the apparel “Just this outfit he’ll grow out of it in one week. Here let me get a bigger size.”

“Sweetheart but he’ll look cute in it now.”

Felicity rolls her eyes once again knowing she be doing a lot of eye-rolls while her mom visits. “Mom! That’s just so silly. you know he looks good in anything the point of shopping is so he’ll have something to wear when his current wardrobe is snug on him.”

“What are you doing with the clothes he outgrows?”

Felicity shrugged her shoulders. “I’ll give some away.”

“Just some?” Looking at her daughter shrug her shoulders again she decides to change the subject.

“My baby is shopping for her baby. It's just still so very surreal.”

“Okay mom, but were in November now, Alexander is over six months now.”

“Hosh posh, he just barely six months. Look how my little spurt is such a cutesy-wootsey baby.”

“Okay, okay mom stop kissing him, you’re making a scene.” Alexander is squealing in delight as his grandmother is kissing him all over. Other patrons are smiling as they continue their shopping.

As she puts the happy boy back in his stroller she sighs, “Sweetie have you decided your long term living arrangements? You know Vegas has plenty of technical…”

“Mom, I am not near graduation yet I’m planning 2009 to be it and its only 2006.”

“Just asking.”

“I know. Thanks for worrying but I’m truly fine. I promise. Now let us look at footwear.”

“You don’t need to ask me twice.”

“I meant babywear.”

Donna laughs and takes the stroller as Felicity carries the garments to the register.

Back at her dorm room.

“Felicity?”

Felicity mindlessly folding some clothing her mom bought Alexander. “Yes mom?”

“Baby, I know your super independent but do you need some money, I do have some…”

“Huh… what?” Felicity looks at her mom who is looking around the sparse dorm room. “Mom, why are you asking?”
“Baby girl, are you taking care of yourself? I know. I know you’re a mom and Alexander’s needs are super important but if…”

“Mom…Mom I doing good. I should have told you I moved in with someone and their roommate last month. We just came here to pick up an old textbook for a friend and your suitcase.”

“What is wrong with living here? This place has a nice setup are you giving this place up? Is this the same person you said you were seeing?”

Felicity doesn’t want to get into many details so she just skims some facts. “His name is Oliver.” Looking at the wall clock she continues, “He’s still at work, well at the bookstore it’s one of his jobs.”

“Jobs?”

“He’s a student at BU and works three-part timers. He has this need to prove he can provide for me and the baby.”

Donna is silent taking in the information. “Oh, okay. So, he gets along well with you and Alexander?”

Felicity just smiles and nods before going back to finishing folding the clothes. She takes a good look at her daughter with the baggy MIT sweater shirt she can’t tell if her daughter is expecting and it leaves Donna to look around the studio style dormitory trying to process how her baby girl can be so calm about adding to the family.

As Felicity gets up to use the washroom she tells her mom, “I’m not really fond of him being a bartender though. I’m too young to even be let in and no I won’t use that fake ID because his boss knows my age.”

Donna gives her a small smile it’s probably best that she isn’t near alcohol it’s not good for the baby. That must be why she is weaning Alexander, she is waiting patiently for Felicity to outright say she is pregnant. She can hear that her daughter is on the phone probably with her current lover a part of her is antsy thinking that her baby having another baby wondering if this boy will stand by her side. He probably meets a lot of girls if he works at a bar.

Felicity comes out of the room with the phone still glued to her face. “Mom, Oliver wants to know if grilled chicken with asparagus and some jasmine rice be okay for dinner?”

“He cooks?”

“He dabbles but is it okay?”

“Yes, its fine.”

“Okay.” Felicity goes back into the washroom to finish her conversation leaving Donna to put the folded clothes back in the bag.

As they are heading to Merlyn/Queen bachelor residence using the subway then taking a bus and a few blocks by foot. Donna looks at her daughter she busy entertaining her youngster and looks really happy maybe adding to the family won’t be so bad.

“Baby girl, how does Alexander take to Oliver?”
Felicity laughs as her son bops her nose as she leans to tell him how close they are from home. Alexander is super tired and finally succumbs to sleep “You should see him with Alexander. Just three more blocks mom.”

“This is a nice neighborhood.” Felicity nods and gives her mom another smile.

They continue walking until she abruptly stops. Donna glances at the nice structure. A man opens the door for them. “Hi George, how are you today?”

“Fine Ms. Smoak.” he looks at the older beautiful woman and bows his head in respect.

“This is my mom, Donna Smoak. She’s will be here a few days. Mom, this is George one of the security guards to building.” Donna says her hellos and when she goes overboard Felicity moves her along to enter the awaiting elevator. “Oliver should be home now. Tom the roommate has class now. He came home yesterday after his dad sent a jet to pick him up few days before. Rich people are so dramatic.”

“He sounds like a nice guy.”

“Tom is a sweetheart and between you and I… I think he’s the reason Oliver asked me to move in. We were friends since July. Anyways Oliver and Tom go way back and are best friends.”

“Well Tom sounds like he has a big heart letting you and Alexander live here too.”

Felicity just shakes her head yes.

“Mom, this is Oliver.” She glances as Oliver walks towards her to kiss her cheek. “Oliver, this is my mother Donna Smoak.”

Donna hold out her hand be cordial but not overly friendly she’s inspecting the boy who is playing house with her daughter. She says a little to clipped, “It must be nice that your friend lets you stay here.” Donna isn’t looking at them as she looks at the stunning view the apartment provides them. Oliver is looking at Felicity waiting on her lead but the longer Felicity has her mother ramble about responsibility and actions and consequences Oliver is a little lost and the atmosphere is getting a little too thick for his taste. He isn’t going to lie to Felicity’s mom about who he is so he hopes Felicity corrects the situation. She only shrugs and that is not the answer he needs.

“Mrs. Smoak I…”

“Its Ms. Smoak, Smoak is my maiden name.”

“Oh. Okay. Ms. Smoak I cohabite this place with my best friend. I asked Felicity to move in with me since we became a couple. I couldn’t… I mean I can’t endure her living anywhere else.”

Donna is holding her grandson and rubbing his little back as he is still groggy but showing signs of waking up from his nap. “How do you feel about this nugget?” She looks at Alexander than back at her daughter’s lover. “Is he a part of any plan of yours?” She waits for his answer she wants to talk about how reckless he is impregnating her daughter. “He’s too precious and…”

“I love Alexander.” He looks at his son and back at his girlfriend. He’s looking upset and hurt that Felicity didn’t tell her mom.

“And with you knocking up my daughter her focus will be between two children.” Donna speaking
in a hushed tone trying to contain her displeasure with the situation and with her grandson in her arms she doesn’t want to have him start to cry.

“Mom. That’s enough.”

“Enough? He seems enigmatic and appealing and a bartender whom meets young ladies like yourself. What have I told you about charming snakes? Have you not learned what life is like for a single mother?”

“I am not going to abandon her. What do you mean knocked up?”

Donna faces the young man. She can sense that he is rapidly starting to loss his cool. For her daughter she will see this through see how this boy who impregnated her baby girl has probably used her insecurities as a way to win her affections. He is good looking and what single female wouldn’t want his attention. So why would a good looking young male want with a seventeen-year-old single mother? Now totally suspicious of a four-year older male she spats out, “How many other kids do you have with other women?”

“Excuse me?” with that said Alexander fully wakes up to his father’s aggravated voice.

The little boy looks to his grandmother and then to the voice he seeks for comfort. His little arms flaying out for his daddy. Felicity begins to walk forward but with Oliver’s words, “Don’t! I have him.” He comes to stand near the older woman and he asks with it not being a real question but a statement, “May I please have my son now.”

“Son?”

“Felicity why don’t you bring your mother up to speed. It seems you have some explaining to do and allow Alexander and I to finish dinner.” It was in a no-nonsense voice that he barely used within the confines of his home but has to use at work when rowdy costumers need to be dealt with.

“I’m sorry Oliver…”

“Not now. One conversation at a time. Your mother deserves the truth.” He nods to the woman distressed by the events unfolding as she hands the boy to him.

“Mom, I’m not pregnant.”

“I saw what I saw the doctors…”

“Mom, please trust me I’m not pregnant.”

They go to the media room which is practically sound proof leaving Oliver to look at his son whom has decided to rub his nose on his daddy’s shirt. “Really Alexander?” with big adorable blue eyes looking back at him he bounces the boy. “Puppy eyes only get you so far.” With his son making ‘ga’ and ‘ba’ sounds Oliver sways his head and just like that his mood is lifted. “Daddy now needs to change his shirt.” As he heads to his room he swipes a tissue on his way and cleans Alexander’s nose.

Dinner starts off awkward at first with Felicity looking everywhere but at Oliver and her mom. Donna looks at Oliver when her focus isn’t on her daughter. Oliver’s gaze is mostly on Felicity waiting for her to crack. Alexander does not provide any kind of relief as he is satiated gnawing on the food his dad has provided him.
“This can’t continue.” He decides it’s enough. He hasn’t talked to Felicity alone since the arrival of her mother who had assumptions of her daughter being pregnant. He has expressed a desire for another child but realistically at this moment it was not something either of them needs right now. His grand scheme of asking her to be his wife is still in the horizon and she deserves more than to think he is marrying her because of Alexander or any other future child of theirs. He has yet to say the love word to her. He says it in a roundabout way but gosh he just can’t say it yet without it being a production.

Felicity finally looks at him as her mother’s eyes are now also on him too. Oliver looks at both ladies and turns to Donna and says, “Felicity and I have been together since Oct 10th and yes we met at that party from a year ago. My life… our lives have changed. I wasn’t there for her and it wasn’t out of malice.” He takes a moment to gather his thoughts. “I’ve been trying to prove that I can tend to raising my family not only to my own parents but most importantly myself. I don’t know what you’ll need but I’d do anything to keep my family happy and safe.”

Donna looks at Felicity as she sees her daughter fidget. “I’m sorry Oliver, you told me to say something and I haven’t…”

“Felicity, this isn’t the time. Now is more about us as a family, us having a conversation with your mother.”

“I don’t know where we stand. Your just so chill that I’m…”

He gave her a small smile. After the whole thing with Laurel he knows she still feels insecure. Maybe he should take her aside and express that he sorts of understands and he isn’t going anywhere. Looking at her mother he asks cutting Felicity off, “May we be excused?”

Donna not expecting that nods vividly she watches the couple walk into what she presumes is the bedroom. Alexander just looks at his grandmother and offers her what’s in his hand. Taking the half chewed soft carrot from his fingers.

“I’m so sorry. So very sorry.”

“Felicity.” He put his hand on her shoulder “Calm down.”

“Easy for you, you didn’t screw up.” She mumbles.

“Hey, didn’t we agree we are in this together?”

She nods but she thinks of how strong he has been with his own parents and she just kept him from her mom like some dirty secret. “I didn’t know she thought I was pregnant.”

“Then what happened to make her think so? Not that if you were it’ll be a bad thing. Any child we have is always going to be wanted.”

“Stop trying to make me feel better. I deserve to be yelled at.”

He chuckles, “Okay, so why did she think so?”

“I guess one of my tangents got her to think so and she did mention she found my first pregnancy test
I ever took. It was positive by the way which I already knew because of results at the doctors but I wanted something tangible to hold on to then."

“Okay, maybe we should buy a small chest of sorts. Baby firsts and all that.”

“So, you’re not mad at me?”

“Alexander and I did some talking.” She gives him an oh really look. “Okay I did most of the talking but I think he agreed with me that if I were the one at sixteen, seventeen in age I wouldn’t be so forthcoming.”

“Really?”

“Felicity, I’m about four years older than you and let’s just say that if it wasn’t for you I’d probably would be acting like a teenage dirtbag.”

“You give me too much credit babe.” She leans on her tiptoes to kiss his nose. “You’d eventually find yourself.”

As her lips are free from that soft kiss to his nose he captures them with his own. “As long as I find my way into your arms it’s the only home I crave.”

“To bad my mom’s here.” She winks as she detangles herself from his arms and holds out her hand time to go back to reality.
Beginning Holidays w/Queens

Chapter Summary

After some consideration Oliver takes his family from Boston to celebrate the Holiday Season in Starling City.

Chapter Notes

Oliver expects some turmoil with his parents. Felicity will finally get to meet Thea. The beginning of the Holiday arc. Hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes
Stepping off the plane into Starling’s chilly air Oliver looks back to see that his son is covered well. Felicity gives him a small smile as she holds their son tightly to her chest. They spent the last days of Hanukkah with Donna in Las Vegas before heading here for Christmas. Felicity would be flying back to Boston alone for an exciting technological opportunity she is excited to partake days after the holiday.

A black luxury sedan pulls up as Felicity is halfway down the steps and she hears Tommy behind her finishing up a wild story of a few Christmas’s ago when they came back shortly after Oliver’s stunt that had the paparazzi all over the place. She’s afraid what will happen when they find out he’s a dad and they’ll want to know about her and their son.

“Home sweet home.” Tommy declares as he lands on the tarmac looking at both of his friends. He’s got to admit watching them is a sport now. How many times do they vanish into their own little world? They have no idea they’re even doing it. With a few looks and gestures they communicate it’s just wild to watch. Oliver takes their son for a moment as Felicity gets in the vehicle. Tommy knows she is inspecting the baby carrier before they’ll place Xan into it. As much as Oliver is protective he doesn’t hold a candle to mama bear. Nothing like the chauffeur emailing her the specs of the carrier bought for Alexander’s first trip home. “Holidays with the Queens nothing quite like it.”

Oliver rolls his eyes at Tommy’s theatrics as he begins to hum a favorite holiday song. They board the vehicle and within minutes their adventure to another Starling Christmas Family gathering is in the works.

“Did you get everything on Thea’s list?” Tommy asks as he’s looking through his phone.

“Yea, the Oliver get me this stuff is all been purchased.” Oliver hears his girlfriend snicker. “Okay, Felicity helped a lot.”

“I bet she did.” Tommy looks up from his phone. “Can’t believe how little Thea has everyone wrapped around her little fingers.”

“Well she does sound delightful. I can’t believe I’m finally meeting her. I am so terrified.”

Oliver starts to comfort her but Tommy knows better as he tells her that she should be very, very afraid.

“Tommy shut it.”

“What? You can’t allow the mother of your child here to walk into a venom pit and not think…” Oliver points his finger at Tommy and grinds out. “Shut up.” Then looking back at Felicity. “She isn’t that bad, I swear.” Tommy lets out a dramatic cough.

“You two are being so conflicting I think I’ll side with Tom on this.”

“Felicity! He’s just being… an ass. Thea is well mannered and you'll love her.” Oliver giving Tommy a pointed look.

Tommy raises his hands in surrender. He knows Felicity will find out soon enough and he trusts she’s a bright one so she’ll be in her best behavior he can’t say the same to the second youngest Queen now. Maybe Xan will get most of her attention he is a living doll after all. “Well anyways guys now that his birth certificate is officially changed and both of you are without a doubt the proud parents of my little man here.” He winks at Alexander who seems to always be fully attentive to his uncle. “Whatever results were had the first time becomes moot.”
“I still think my mom had something to do with it.”

“Oliver!”

“No really, who else would want to break us apart?”

“I don’t know…” Felicity isn’t sure but she believes Moira when she told her she had nothing to do with those false results. She knows Robert Queen is impartial. He came to Oliver with an olive branch telling his son that Alexander is family even if a test showed otherwise.

Tommy doesn’t add his suspicions; he thinks it’s Laurel Lance. Her smugness last time they spoke just days ago he didn’t mention Felicity coming to Starling but he did say Oliver’s family pressured him to come home for at least Christmas because his presence was missed at Thanksgiving. He himself wishes he wasn’t attracted to the family friend and being with Samantha kind of helps break some ties but he still talks to Laurel, he hopes it doesn’t come to backfire on him.

Felicity changing the subject, “Well at least you’ll be with us Tommy. I still can’t figure how your dad rather be in Japan than with his only child during the most colorful time of the year?”

“That is because you haven’t met his dad.”

Tommy shrugs, “Anyways I’m happy that I have no other siblings, there are no Hallmark moments in the Merlyn household.”

“I love those movies.” She says excitedly as she is talking with her hands. “They are so cheesy but they make you feel so good inside.”

Both guys moan they have watched one to many in their opinions.

Coming upon the manor Felicity’s jaw drops. She has seen pictures but to actually see it up close. “Oh my gosh it’s so big. You actually grew up here? It looks like one of those huge museums where they store art collections. Wait does your family collect art? Oh my gosh it is just… so huge!”

Oliver looks at Tommy and they just burst out laughing.

“Guys it’s not funny!” Felicity looks between them as she pouts.

“Oh babe, Tommy and I couldn’t bet against each other because your reaction was just what we thought it would be.”

“Really?”

“Oh yes, we were both there when we went to the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston and you lost your chill.”

“You two suck.” She just says as the car comes to a stop.

Oliver looks to his best friend and just tells him. “Don’t Tommy!”

“What? I wasn’t going to say anything.” Tommy lies.
It is surreal to watch other people take her belongs and head to wherever she’ll be staying at this huge mansion she tries to mask her excitement by talking to the overactive little boy in her arms. Tommy and Oliver are talking about maybe having a swim later and getting the kinks of flying out of their system. She doesn’t partake in much flying so she just going on the few times she’s had the luxury. Entering the mansion Felicity takes in the décor and minds that she be careful not to bang into anything but with all the space maybe that is hard to do.

They follow a man into what looks like a living room but on some sort of steroids. Its just so big like she can’t even fathom why a family needs so much space. She can hear Moira’s voice welcoming them home and asking for them to get comfortable as the man they followed plus another person who enters the room waits for their coats. She doesn’t know if having people tend to her will ever come to feeling normal. She takes her cue from the boys and gives her coat to the awaiting man. The Queens give their warm hellos and it strange to hug either of them since meeting them in September. Even with the weekly phone calls between the women. Oliver helps her out in getting Alexander out of his winter garments as his grandparents seems eager to hold him.

Felicity has yet to meet Thea but the young girl was not allowed to cut the last day of school and only the elder Queens are home. To her surprise Moira tells Oliver that they’ll share his room. The room across the hall will be Tommy’s and that the adjoining room Tommy used to use has been converted into a nursery.

After a nice amount of time of small-talk Moira looks at her grandson who seems to begin showing signs of fatigue. “Oliver why don’t you show Felicity where she’ll be staying and enjoy some time before your sister is due to arrive. Tommy you know the lay out. You would probably want a heavier sandwich before heading to your own.”

He looks at the snacks given while they talked, Tommy just loves this family as they know his ways. “Yes please.”

“Whoa.” Felicity looked around the room adjoined to Oliver’s bedroom where the Queen matriarch made Alexander’s nursery. She isn’t expecting it to be so overwhelming. “It’s a toy store that fused with a magical library.”

“Too much?”

“Oh my gosh Oliver! I’m never leaving this room.” Felicity handing Alexander to his father as she walks to one of the built-in cabinets and makes her squeal in delight.

“Most of it is nursery rhymes, umm… just baby books.” He looks at the bookshelf unimpressed.

“The nurseries are on the middle shelf but look around. Your mom got all these children’s books that are classics and even the best sellers that I grew up with.”

“Okay.” As she then turns to him and has this really sad look he asks, “Felicity why the face? Just moments ago, you were so excited.”

“I can’t compete with this.”

“What?”
Her finger touches one of the headbands of a particular book. “Your parents are… their rich. I mean they are civil and nice but…”

“Hey, like you said before we came. We are a family. You reminded me of that. You belong here as much as I do.”

“I doubt that. I feel like a fish out of water.” She turns back to a volume of collections of one of her favorite authors. “I am so going to say or do something embarrassing.”

“Have you met me?” He bounces Alexander in his arms. “I’ve trumped embarrassing and even shameful antics.” Kissing his son then looking at his girlfriend. “You don’t need to give me that look I know that they are my parents. I’m just telling you that you don’t need to hide who you are. Just be yourself. I love them but where you and Alexander go. I go.”

“We’ve only been together a short time…”

“Wait does this stem from that encounter with some malicious family friends while we headed to the airport back in Boston?”

She nods.

“Well they don’t know how intelligent you are for starters. Let them talk.” He moves their son to his side so she can hug him.

“Maybe I should take your mother’s offer and do some shopping.”

“If that is what you want. Just don’t let her change you. I adore you in any style you choose.”

“Doesn’t your dad want to take you out? Male bonding or something?”

“Yep on the something. So, you’re up to shopping with my mom and little sis? Because that is going to be one hell of an adventure. Probably not as exciting as your mom spending time with us.”

Felicity rolls her eyes. “My mom loves you. She calls you her goyish son.”

“Once we got past the awkward baby daddy stage, it is hard not to love your mom.” He hears her make a pfft noise. “She’s your mother.” He smiles as she turns in his embrace as their son apparently now sees the stuffed toys in the crib that gets his attention.

“He is going to be so spoiled while here. How will you coax him to leave?” She already thinking ahead she’ll be alone in Boston for a few days and she’ll miss them so much.

“That is drama for another time. Right now, we go with the flow and just enjoy his wonder in the moment.”

The night before…

Felicity looking at the next outfit she put on before she will fold it and place it in the awaiting suitcase on the dresser, Oliver sits on the bed looking at her calmly as she’s a bundle of nerves.
“Oliver?” she says his name yet again asking for his input.

“Hmm.” His only response to the back and forth they’re having now.

“Do you think this is okay?” she twirls once so he looks at the outfit.

“Felicity, you look fine the tenth time I said you looked fine.”

“How about my makeup? Too much?”

“Umm… you do know that you already met my parents. You had heavy eye makeup and lush blacken red lips that I love to kiss.” He gets off the bed and draws her into his arms.

“It’s your home turf, I don’t want to look out of place.”

He laughs. Giving her a peck to the lips. “Babe, it’ll be just like our walks around the city of Boston. Your style is complete opposite of mine and do we care what anyone thinks?”

She makes a distorted gesture “No.”

“Then why would it be any different in Starling?” he looks at her pointing to the suitcase, “Come on, let’s get that outfit in here and do a final check please.”

“Okay, okay.” She leans into him for another kiss, “Thanks for being patient with this whole thing.” She looks at the pile of clothes that didn’t make the cut.

“I know you anxious about coming to Starling with me for Christmas.” He holds her tighter to his body. “Thank you. I wouldn’t be able to enjoy myself without you there.”

“Well a part of me is selfish in all this…” her arms glide around him as she’s content being held. “No way I am going to miss our little boy’s first experience with all this Christmas glee.”

“I have to say our son gets ecstatic about anything. He may be my sister’s greatest Christmas gift.”

Felicity laughs but needs to mention, “I may be coming home earlier for that interview process for that awesome convention and maybe even an internship for next spring but you are surely to bring him home to me, right?”

“Yes.” He plays it off as if he offended but she gives him the ‘don’t even’ stare. “Though are you sure about that? Alexander and I can come home with you.”

“Oliver, enjoy your family I’ll be busy anyhow three days of seminars and interviews but I’ll get to see you both right before the new year.”

“That’ll be two extra nights without you in my arms.” When Oliver says that out loud they both heave a sigh. They haven’t been apart since they got together and they wonder if their son will have a hard time those few days without his mom. “Okay babe let’s get back to finishing packing.”

As she puts the rest of her clothes away he notices the one item that he recently purchased when they went to that vintage shop she loves to grab her Goth apparel from. His eyes caught onto a certain display of erotica and he knew right then she needed to sport that so he could so unwrap it on Christmas.
“Hmm”

Felicity turns from where she thinks is the last item to be placed into the luggage when his ominous wording has her asking, “What?”

“Umm why aren’t you taking this?” he asks holding up the flimsy nightgown.

Her response a little tight. She doesn’t think them being intimate at his parents’ home is even on the table. “No way. We are under your parent’s roof.”

“Seriously?”

“Yes! Seriously. Your parents might even separate us.” She has seen plenty of Christmas movies to know that a real couple is separated and faux ones pretending to be a couple get stuck in one room.

“I’ve had other…” He stops his blunder of cascading of words and just adds, “I mean no they won’t.”

“You’ve had what now? You…” she pokes him in the chest. “Think I will sleep naked in a bed you’ve probably had conquests when your parents weren’t home. This bed we sleep on now has enough plastic bed covering that the thought of any one before me…”

“Okay. So, what I am hearing is if I get a mattress cover and make sure the bedding hasn’t been spoiled you’ll entertain the idea?”

“Did you not hear the parents’ part.”

“Yea I got that.” He moves his hand in dismissive manner. “We have a child together my parents are very aware we are sleeping together.”

“Oliver we are not having sex with your parents nearby.”

“We are still taking this extraordinary piece I chose as my Christmas morning gift.”

“Isn’t the point of this Christmas thing to exchange gifts in the morning with your family?”

“That is my point! Hence why I just pointed out why you weren’t going to bring this.” He is giving her an indigent look wondering why she doesn’t get his point.

“I… I can’t with you.”

“So here put this with your other sexy undies.” He winks at her as he takes another look around to make sure they aren’t missing anything.

“I can’t believe you thanked my mom because she has good taste.”

“Your mom is one of a kind, I love her.”

She shakes her head as she recalls the moments her mom warmed up to Oliver and they clicked in the cutest way as her mom played with Xan. Nothing like two people she loves starting to create future plans without her involvement. “I’m still a little peeved at the whole exchange.”

“I did apologize profusely for that.”

“Yet, you don’t really mean it, do you?”
“Hey, hey let’s not poke at this sore subject. I agreed with your mom but I made no promises especially with how you gave me the stink eye.”

“She wants a granddaughter.”

“I know. I also told her that’ll be years, many years away.”

He’s been thinking about how it would be to add another child into their lives. He’s ready. Felicity has laid out all the pros and cons because once he mentioned how much he wanted a child since he let it slip after coital post bliss. She hasn’t come out and said she was against the idea. If she is, he would put this conversation on the back burner but she’s just been quiet about it. With Samantha’s recent pregnancy confirmation and spending a lot of time with them now he wonders if that will be a deciding factor.

He loves being a dad. He is getting a kick out of experiments with his son’s taste as he is learning to cook through classes and with some help by Samantha. Felicity and Tommy are trying to make the basics and sometimes the competition between those two is way to hilarious.

Back in the present and meeting of Thea

Thea hops from the car and has a mission to complete she is just told that her brother and his girlfriend have arrived and they can be found in his room. She sees her mom heading her way but she won’t be taken from her goal.

“Hi mom, bye mom.” A bouncing girl runs up the steps determined on her mission. She’s going to meet the girl who has taken her brother from her. He didn’t even come home for Thanksgiving.

“Thea!”

She not stopping until she opens the door and walks in invading her brother’s space and gets more than an eyeful in doing so. Her brother comes out of the bathroom with a towel around his hips and is surprised to see his sister barge into his room when she knows better.

“Thea, what the hell.”

Thea looks at him after getting a glimpse of Felicity nursing her child. “Boobs!”

Oliver just rolls his eyes he should have locked his bedroom door. “Thea knock before entering or you may very well see more than just boobs.”

“Ew gross.” Thea shakes her head but then looks back at Felicity who is now covering herself better. “You must be Felicity.”

“Hi. Nice to meet you Thea, I’d get up to properly say hello but this little guy…”
“Thea, leave! We’ll officially talk to you once I’m dressed and Felicity is able to. Now skedaddle.”

“Fine! Fine! Sorry.” As fast as she enters she leaves the couple in the room to just continue what they’re doing.

Moirachildes her daughter, “I have taught you manners.”

Thea just nods telling her mom what see saw and Moira couldn’t help herself, “That is what breasts are for.”

“We aren’t getting Ollie back, are we?”

“Thea, you never lost him. It is bound to happen sweetie. Someday you’ll also find a boy...”

“Mom please! Boys are stupid.”

“Hmm hm. I may use that against you in a few years.”

“She seemed nice.”

“Well you’ll get to know her better. I invited her to shop with us.”

“Really this will be interesting.”

“Thea! Be on your best behavior. Getting your brother here was no easy feat.”

“That’s because of her.” Thea says this thinking Felicity is the reason he hasn’t visited just called her.

“Actually, your brother for the first time is putting someone else’s feelings before his own. He has extended his family and I think you’ll actually like her once you get to know her.”

“You and dad like her?”

“I don’t recall saying we didn’t. We just aren’t thrilled that your brother got someone pregnant. Irresponsibility but the actual mother of your nephew you’ll have to get to know.”

“Okay fair enough. I still might judge her mom, she took my brother away.”

“She may have but your nephew is so worth it.”

“Really I can’t wait to actually meet him.”

Robert Queen hanging out with his son and another young man he thinks of like a son. They spent some time together so far enjoying each other’s company. Robert knows he has made plenty of mistakes and recently is starting to look back at some actions that are unconceivable. He wants better for these two whom now seem to know what they want out of life.
Once his initial disappointment from finding out Oliver had fathered a child and consequentially finding that someone tempered with the results even though his wife negates her involvement. He may seem impartial to his own family but he is a man of action. There’d be no way his son could be in his third school without pulling strings or finding out the technician is a good friend with a girl who dreams about becoming a judge someday indeed had a hand in sabotaging his grandson’s paternity test. A part of him leaning to make her life a tad more difficult without his family ever knowing how he can be vindictive. She would be denied access to some of the best law schools in the country.

Now Thomas Merlyn deciding to become a physician comes out of left field. Not that Robert thinks Thomas can’t handle it because the boy he has seen grow up is very capable but finding out that a young lady which has his son totally head-over-heals with has that much influence over him is quite remarkable. They will probably never know how extensive in research he received and then destroyed in these few weeks of having their lives monitored. If Thomas didn’t ask, but tell his own father that he is planning on being a father himself with a girl he seems to like enough to deliberately choose as the mother of his unborn child. He wouldn’t believe a year ago either one would want fatherhood to be their next step in their lives. It’s not like they haven’t dated plenty or had on/off girlfriend’s in the past. He sees it as a Felicity Megan Smoak influence.

Which now has him thinking about this Ms. Smoak rarity that he sees being more than a girlfriend to his son and they have only been together a few months. He had the pleasure to be in her presence when he has business in the New England area he always makes sure to see them for at least dinner. When he heard of her and had the initial findings he admits any thoughts of grandeur didn’t exist she comes from measly beginnings her mother a cocktail waitress her father in the wind due to his lifestyle and not present in raising his own child. Felicity Smoak on paper was just a young girl that got knocked up at a party by a raging hormonal boy who had no common sense. What he finds to be true is Felicity stands up for herself when he said something rather sexist about someday becoming a housewife. Her babble of rather chewing him out than finding herself trying to be cordial but yet firm in her beliefs. Those few times with this intelligent, strong-willed, yet bashful young woman he knew her place on the hierarchy of the family business is going to be executive for sure.

“We have one more stop before we head home.” Robert declares to them as the driver heads to where he needs to give something to his son.

Oliver looks at the exit that leads to the waterfront. “What’s at the marina that we need to visit?”

“I have something on the Gambit an early gift of sorts for you.” Looking at Tommy, “You can come with but I like to have a private chat with Oliver.”

“Oh yea, I’ll always pass on one of those talks.” Tommy quips back.

“Thomas, we will also have a chat about your decisions. One son at a time.”

Tommy snickers but he smiles when Robert calls him son. Their close, he’s been a constant presence in his life especially when his father bailed on him years ago following his mom’s death.

When Oliver steps into the specific room his dad uses for business Robert closes the door for added privacy.

“First, I wanted to take a moment to thank you for coming out here to visit us this Holiday season. It
really does mean a lot to us.”

Oliver nods he is grateful to listen to his girlfriend’s words. “Dad? Just so you know it was all Felicity. She pretty much badged me about what the holiday is supposed to represent. Family. She is my family.”

Robert just nods and looks out at the marina from the window where the Gambit is bound to port before motioning Oliver to sit down. “I have something that your mother and I wish for you to have.”

Watching his father go to a small safe and take out a manila envelope and empty the contains to show two black boxes. Giving his son them and watching Oliver look at him before opening them up. Oliver hitches his breath as he thinks of the significant of these gorgeous rings.

Oliver cocks his head before he can stop himself, “You left it on the yacht?”

Robert shaking his head at his son’s question before jabbering back, “Are you done smarty pants?”

“These are… they’re amazing. Why though?”

“You answered your own question a moment ago when you referred to her as family. It is a logical step.”

“These are just so much. Their praised at what?”

“Son, their yours and hopeful this beauty here…” pointing at the engagement ring “Will be on my future daughter’s finger soon enough.”

“I don’t know what to say dad, I wasn’t expecting this. I actually was… am ready to be grilled and told any and all my mistakes of why you think I’m…”

“No. Your mother and I are way past that Oliver. We will always want what is best for you. Our family has grown and we will need to sit down as a family with our lawyers and public relations and start to bring to light this fact. After the holidays of course.”

“Fine. I was expecting something like that and Felicity does want to keep everything in the down low.”

“She’s a smart one. Also, she is a young woman. They will ask if you knew she was sixteen when you met.”

“I figured. No, I didn’t know but then again, I was looking for a hookup. I just got lucky that I knocked up someone who I really…” He looks at his dad as he finishes, “Love.”

“Just remember to say impregnated the PR people hate the word knocked up.”

Oliver looks at his dad wondering how he knows this. Robert just goes back to looking serious.

“Anyways I’m happy that both you and Felicity took what I said about keeping Kyle in his name, a small reminder of his humble beginnings.”

“Felicity also dropped Smoak which baffled me but it is her way of saying she trusts me. It just got me hoping she’ll be a Queen too. I’m planning to ask her in October to marry me.”

“That’s ten months away. Your mother honestly thinks you’d be married by then.”
“What?”

Robert shrugs.

“But, but mom has been… she’s just… I can’t even formulate what I am saying.”

“Oliver, we noticed. You’ve shown us that even though it’s only been two months that you’ve shown growth. A growth we cannot begrudge you.”

Oliver looks down at the rings now that he is alone and can actually take stock of the situation. His parents have given him an heirloom set of beautiful rings. It makes the situation a little more real. It is too early for an engagement his plan is to propose to her on the anniversary that they met. Making it sentimental but then after talking to his dad. Proposing and maybe making that particular date the wedding one. He likes his father’s idea better and it would be less than a year that he would officially make Felicity his wife, his family.

A Christmas proposal, he has a day to think that through. Nevertheless, for now he’ll hide the rings and decide soon enough. Felicity just texted him that she on her way home and she’ll need a nap along with their son. Shopping with his mother and sister might have been too much too soon.

Oliver left his girlfriend asleep in his room as he went about hanging out with Tommy and maybe swim a few laps before dinner.

“Oliver.”

He turns to his mother’s voice and she suggests they talk in the closed room she just came from. He follows obediently.

“I haven’t spoken to you privately since your arrival home.”

He just stands there impassive he doesn’t know what his mother is going to say. Even with his father’s surprise of giving him a family heirloom of beautiful matching rings. It’s just still so surreal.

“I do want to admit that maybe I was quite harsh at first but as a mother, a parent of a son who will inherit a fortune it’s hard to look at potential family without any agenda.”

“Mom, I want to believe you. I truly do but I just can’t understand why you’d fake the results.”

“Your father wanted to know the same thing and I’ll tell you what I told him. I didn’t. I am not going to defend but I also handled it my way. I knew Alexander was your son since I had two tests done.”

Oliver can’t keep his voice low, “What?”

“I swapped him earlier before the actual professional test.”

“Unbelievable.”

“I know it sounds…”
“Mom, you went behind my back. Felicity trusted you enough. Do you think it was easy for her? She’s the outsider.”

“I didn’t know her.” Moira’s voice saddened “I just knew my son who was reckless may have gotten a girl pregnant.”

“Well I did get a girl pregnant. I messed up.”

“Are you with her because…”

“No. No!” Oliver just sighs, “I know from the outside it could look like that but this is Felicity.” He looks at his mom who is just trying to understand. “She’s the one that from one night… just one night changed the trajectory of my wants in life. I can’t explain what happened I know I changed.”

“Your father and I have both noticed. Even more so now that your living with her.” Moira can see Oliver’s eyes light up as he thinks about her. “If it will make you feel better I do find her rather refreshing.”

“Well mom, I want to thank you for how well the shopping trip went.”

“It was my pleasure. She actually has good taste.” Moira finally has a warm smile that Oliver has been waiting for. “My New Year’s dress inspired by a future queen.”

They’re sitting in the room where all the presents lay under the massive tree and Alexander has seen so much glittery sparkling things that he can’t seem to get enough of.

Alexander is so excited to touch all the shiny wrappings he doesn’t care what is in any of them as long as he is able to drum his little hands against all of it. Thea has the honor of trying to contain her nephew as he sprawled against her as he is wildly giggling at her antics of peekaboo with the sparkly gift wrap.

She has plans to coerced his parents to allow him to sleep with her. If not tonight at least Christmas Eve.

She looks at her brother again whom seems so captivated by the girl in his arms and if it wasn’t for a pact she has with a certain brunette she promised to spy for she would actually be giddy to see how happy her brother looks.

Chapter End Notes

end of first part of the Holiday arc...tbc
Queens Holiday

Chapter Summary

In the mist of the holidays Felicity gets hurt and one terrible morning leads to a perfect Christmas Eve spectacular.

Chapter Notes

The arc continues as the Queen family enjoy the Holidays.
***There one time jump within this chapter from Christmas morning back to Christmas Eve.***

See the end of the chapter for more notes.
Continuation…

They’re sitting in the room where all the presents lay under the massive tree and Alexander has seen so much glittery sparkling things that he can’t seem to get enough of.

Alexander is so excited to touch all the shiny wrappings he doesn’t care what is in any of them as long as he is able to drum his little hands against all of it. Thea has the honor of trying to contain her nephew as he is sprawled against her while wildly giggling at her antics of peekaboo with the sparkly gift wrap.

She has plans to coerced his parents to allow him to sleep with her. If not tonight at least Christmas Eve. He’s just the best thing to come into her life in a long time. Even better than riding her favorite horse. Not that she’d think of giving that up she loves to ride.

She looks at her brother again whom seems so captivated by the girl in his arms and if it wasn’t for a pact she has with a certain brunette she promised to spy for she would actually be giddy to see how happy her brother looks. It is quite intense on the contrast of how different they look when her brother’s ex asked her for this favor she gladly said yes. Laurel told her that her relationship would bring him back to Starling where he belonged. She agreed. How could she not? This is his home even with a child he belongs with his family. She looks at the trio sitting close by Tommy happily telling Felicity some anecdotes of Christmas’s past.

“Oh my gosh Tom there was no way you both could have done that.” Felicity laughing at an old tale that just sounds so absurd she can’t believe it. Tommy’s just highlighting the scenario further getting Felicity to look at her boyfriend with tears of laughter he’s wiping them away with his thumbs as he isn’t negating what his best friend is saying leaving a younger voice to chirp up.

“Ollie was so busted after that my mom hired his first bodyguard a.k.a. babysitter.” Thea says turning away from her nephew in her arms as his little fingers are trying to capture the glossy paper to stuff into his mouth.

“Alexander!” Oliver voice firm getting the little boy to stop momentarily but enough time for Oliver to already be heading to get the danger away from his son. “Thea, thanks for looking out for him but it is getting late already. I think we should call it a night.”

Thea looks at the clock just being past eight thirty and arches her eyebrows.

“I mean its Alexander’s bedtime.”

“Oh… okay, can I help?” Thea asks.

Felicity gives her a smile, “That is a very nice offer Thea, but Alexander right now is quite excitable, he’ll need less stimuli.”

Thea is looking at Felicity wondering if she said yes or a no.

Tommy is up and already moving Thea. “Come on squirt let the parents of the energized bunny try to get him to sleep.”

“But he had a nap hours ago?” she mumbles to Tommy as they leave the room.
Oliver shakes his head as he looks at his sister and he’ll need to thank his best friend for that smooth transition. Now he notices his girlfriend saying sweet nothings to their boy. He looks around double checking none of the important stuff animals are left behind as they move to go place their bundle of joy in the awaiting crib up in his room.

Very early Christmas Morning

Felicity moves quietly from the bathroom and tries to just get back onto the bed unnoticed.

“You took long enough everything all right?” his voice deep from sleep.

Reaching the bed. “Sorry. I didn’t mean to wake you.”

He really wants to look at her face. She has had a very long day even with it ending as nice as it did he already found how sleepless he can be when her body isn’t within reach. Lifting the covers slightly he feels the slight temperature change but waits silently as she comes to him and his fingers already grasp her to bring her closer when he feels the different material and his sleepy demure is now full on alert as a slow smile creases his face.

“Are you sure you really didn’t want to wake me?”

“No. So go back to sleep.” She says trying not to exhale noisily as his fingers begin their slow assault on her back. Finding the ribbon crisscrossing against her back he is playing idling with each frilly strand.

“Babe, then why are you wearing my gift?”

“Oliver, honey it supposed to be a surprise. You're spoiling the…” His quick movement as he is now over her and turning the lamp on his side of the bed to look into those blue eyes that made him the happiest guy on earth just a few hours ago.

“It’s Christmas morning how can anything be spoiled?”

“Oliver! I was going to wake you up in the most sensual of ways and tell you how much I love you again and again.”

“You are the best but by first light Thea will be banging on our door and breakfast will follow and then Christmas between the two of us will be small little intervals as our family already has a planned agenda of activities.”

“So, no you and me time?”

“Nope there will be us with everyone else time.”

“I suppose your telling me that my surprise would be a tease if I had my way?”

“I wasn’t expecting anything like this I really thought the no sex rule was going to be observed at my parents’ house.” She’s under the covers so he has no view on how that little getup looks on her and he can’t believe she would have the stockings on because that be just too much but looking at her he is wondering and he’d love to know.

“I love you Oliver and I know it was recent when we said these words to each other in our home in Boston but I never thought. Gosh Oliver last night was magical and I’ve never felt so loved in my
life and don’t you dare tell that to my mom I mean… love…”

“I know what you mean. I love you too and I had help last night in making it as memorable as it was.”

“Who would have thought the terrible day I had would lead to the best day ever?”

“I’m sorry that all happened. Thea is sorry too she’s just so impressionable.”

“I know I held her while she cried telling me how sorry she is.”

“Oliver are you okay?”

“I am now, but those mean girls they could have gotten you killed and…”

“Hey, I’m okay even the bruising doesn’t hurt anymore.”

“Felicity, when my sister called saying you were being taken to the emergency room I can’t remember those few moments as I found myself at the hospital.”

“I can’t believe my mom came with you in such short notice. I didn’t even put anything together about what you and the others had plotted.”

“Well you were in pain but let’s not ever do that flying and hitting a tree stunt again, okay?”

“Sure, because that is what I planned on doing while riding a horse.”

“Babe the wound wasn’t deep per se but it could have all gone wrong.”

The morning of Christmas Eve

The selection put out for breakfast had Felicity already salivating even if she looks like a pig she is going to try everything.

“Someone’s hungry.” Says an amused Thea.

Tommy piping up, “That is nothing, but never challenge her to a food eating contest she’ll decimate you.”

“Really? Where does she put all that food then?”

Tommy about to answer when Moira coughs giving a look to the young Merlyn. He just grabs his fork and digs back for some eggs.

Robert looking at everyone somewhat behaving at the dining table it has been awhile since the table has been this full. Asking his wife, “Moira, doesn’t Thea have the equestrian lesson this morning?”

“Yes. As much as I’d like to take her I still have a few random things to put together for tonight’s Ball.”

Thea looks at her mom and then looks at Felicity slicing the French toast on her plate. It’s Oliver that continues the conversation, “Mom, Thea begged Felicity last night if she’d go with her to where she rides her horse. I think it be nice if those two spend some time together.”
“If that is okay with you, Mrs. Queen?”

Moira looks at her children and back at Felicity. “I see why not. The driver will be here in an hour so finish up and ready yourselves.”

“Thanks mom, can’t wait to show Felicity my horse. He is the best”

**Heading to the Stables**

The driver closes the door behind them Thea is already talking a storm about her horse yet Felicity hasn’t gotten his name.

“Thanks for taking me, somehow after speaking to Ollie, mom said she would be busy handling a few more touches to the Christmas Eve Ball.” The girl rolls her eyes, “The party is always so stuffy anyhow.” looking up at her brother’s girlfriend to pause from her texting.

“I’ve never ridden a horse.”

“For real?”

“Yes. Is it scary?”

“I’m not scared but sometimes I see other kids go and never ride a horse. Total scaredy-cats.” Then just as fast Thea goes back to texting and silence follows suit.

**Just about two hours later**

Oliver waits as the plane’s door is lifted and service personnel make sure it is safe for the passenger to exit. Seeing Donna Smoak come down the stairs he waves at her from where he is standing before his vehicle already popping the truck so the crewman can place her luggage in.

As she reaches him they embrace. “Welcome to Starling, Donna. How was the flight?”

She turns back to glance at the jet that his parents sent out to retrieve her for this special night at the manor.

“Oliver, it was delightful. I am thankful to be here and I can’t wait to see my babies.” He walks around and opens the passenger side door.

“Felicity is with my sister, they’re both are out of the loop, I love my sister but she can’t keep a secret if her life depended on it.”

“I can’t wait to meet this little spitfire.”

He laughs. “You say that now.” Closing the passenger door and begins to head to the driver’s side when his phone buzzes. Pulling it from his pants he sees Thea is calling and he picks up, “Speedy, what’s up?” He hears her sniffle and letting out a sob with words. “Thea, I can’t understand what you’re saying. What’s wrong?” Pulling his door and sliding in. He’s ready to go to the stables where Thea rides her horse when she tells him Felicity is hurt and on her way to the hospital. “Thea get the driver and go home we’ll talk later.” He hangs up and from there his mind goes blank as he goes on autopilot while explaining what he knows to Felicity’s mom.
“Felicity Smoak she was just admitted here. Where is she?”

“One moment.”

“Sir, are you her family?”

“She is said to be unconscious is my girlfriend alright?” It just taking so long that when the door to the ER entrance opens he runs through.

“Sir, sir… only family is allowed.”

Donna looking at the man behind the counter, “He’s my future son-in-law, where is my daughter?”

“She’s in booth 101” Donna quickly heading to a maze of sorts of curtains and numbers by a wall plate seeing Oliver just ahead she calls out the number. All they can do is wait.

As they're waiting for Felicity to wake up. Donna and Oliver sitting on each side of her.

Slowly coming around the first time, she notices her mother, “Mom? What? What are you doing here?”

“My baby girl.”

She notices Oliver as he squeezes her hand. Squeezing back she just asks, “Oliver? You called my mom?”

Oliver looks at Donna thinking of an excuse. Donna was already in Starling when he got the phone call and they headed this way from the airport.

“Sweetheart the only allow family in the ER once Oliver heard of the incident.”

“Oh” is all Felicity could say. She doesn’t know how long she been knocked out and just is happy to see them. “When can I go home?”

She goes through a list of procedures and when she is given a sign that she’ll be fine. Her family gives a sigh of relief and she just closes her eyes to rest and falls asleep.

It is all a blur waking up for the second time. In the hospital and just wanting to go home. Not that she’d be going home and her mom is probably staying at a hotel and she does want her mom. Not that looking how fussy Oliver is being with the medical staff. She loves him dearly but there are things she doesn’t want him involved with being that he’s just her boyfriend she feels they’re not there yet. Her mom can sense this as she asks her daughter if she needs to relieve herself and as Felicity nods, Donna asks for some privacy as she walks her daughter very slowly to the nearest bathroom.

“Sweetie, here let me help.”

“I can’t believe Oliver got you here so fast. I feel awful that you had to fly in just…”

“I’d fly anywhere anytime if you need me. I’m your mother. I hope you realize that I’d do anything
for you. Especially now you have a little munchkin of your own.”

“I… I’m sorry I never asked if you were okay with Alex’s official name.”

“Well baby girl Alexander Kyle Queen is a lovely name in itself. Especially if his own mother were to ever take that name I’d be more than content but at the end of the day it’s just a name. Your name is lovely on its own.” Donna helps Felicity up, “Not that my own little baby girl didn’t get her own name changed.” Thinking back to a young tear-filled blue-eyed girl missing her daddy as her world changes rapidly and starting anew.

Felicity nods, “Thanks mom, for the help.”

“Let’s get you back in the room. I believe Oliver would try barging in here to make sure you’re really okay.”

As they open the door they see Oliver against the wall on the other side he is already moving to help Felicity back into her curtained room.

“Oliver, I’m fine.” She tries to walk straight but lets out a whimper.

“You’ll be fine but you’ll need to relax and when we get home you’re going to get some rest.”

“I’m not a baby. I know exactly what the doctor said. I should be jumping around in a few hours so calm down.”

“You hit a tree and scrapped your back it’s a miracle that you don’t even have a lump on your head.”

“Mom, save me from mother hen over here. I can stay at the hotel with you.”

“Sweetheart, I’m not staying at any hotel.”

“Of course, your mother isn’t staying at a hotel. She has a room at the manor.”

“Your parents are okay with this?”

“My parents insisted on it.” Oliver looks at Donna trying to not blow any cover but the story of Donna Smoak coming to the Christmas Ball when she’s Jewish just didn’t sound all that plausible.

“You haven’t met his parents yet, mom please, please don’t embarrass me. Like don’t talk about my underwear or something in those lines.”

Oliver shakes his head only Felicity being held at a hospital is thinking of his parents more conservative traits.

“I promise no undies will be discussed during my visit.”

Felicity looks at her mom and nods in agreement.

Donna looking at the two young lovers disagreeing and it brings out a knowing smile she decides to leave them be and take her grandson on a walk. “This little nugget has been held up in this room for so long. He needs some wonderful crisp air.”

“Mom, I just fed him maybe he would like to nap with me.”
They know Alexander is wide awake and that his grandmother is right. Oliver is already readjusting the pillows behind her leaving Felicity to sigh exasperated she hates being coddled.

“Felicity, honey you need the rest let your mother take our son around the manor.”

Donna can see the exchange without words. Felicity’s just being overprotective and doesn’t want to let her own precious bundle out of her sight. Oliver has eyes only for his girl and knows their son will be safe with his maternal grandmother.

Letting out a huff she concedes, “Guess having Alexander will make the walk around this museum of sorts not be so overwhelming.”

“Alright I’ll leave you two as this little one will tell grandma all about how he loves these sparkling festive lights and cheer around this enormous dwelling.”

“Be careful mom he loves all shiny things and puts things in his mouth.”

“These decorations are so sparkly it be bizarre if he wasn’t trying to get at them.” Donna softly takes her grandson from his mother and kisses his cheek as she settles him against her chest leaning down to kiss her own daughter’s forehead. She gives a bright smile to Oliver and leaves them be as she already sing-songs cutesy sayings to the babbling boy.

Oliver just sits on the bed beside his girlfriend taking in her hand. “We’ll get some rest and then if you’re up to it decide if you will attend the ball.”

“Oliver that is hours away I most certainly will be ready.”

“Fine, let’s get some rest I’ll need to hold you for a bit and just humor me on this.”

“As if I’d say no to cuddles.” She hears him mumble something “Okay Mr. I keep score… once I was just to annoyed but I know your cuddles cure me of such things.”

“Then lay back.” Oliver suggests as she’s still rigid.

A few moments pass and Oliver is about to speak when she cuts him off, “I want to. Really, I do. It’s just I’m still thinking of those few moments before everything went black.”

She hears him take a deep breath he’s told her that she is lucky to only obtain the deep scratches on her lower back. It could have gone wrong in so many ways.

“Oliver?”

His fingers are caressing her hairline as he quietly answers. “Yea.” She shifts into his arms and sighs as she can feel the pull of sleep.

“You haven’t mentioned Thea, how is she?”

“I… I don’t know. I haven’t seen her since the incident. I can’t deal with her right now.”

“Last thing I remember before blacking out was her scream.”

He slowly rubs her back being mindful of where the dressings covered her raw skin. It is enough to lure her into sleeping. He closes his eyes just grateful and joins her in slumber.
After their long nap Oliver is up and looking at his girlfriend embracing his now cooling pillow as she joins him in the waking world.

“Lay there, I’m going to get something for you to eat.”

“Oliver, I can walk you know. You didn’t even have to carry me up the stairs earlier.”

“I know.” He winks and leaves to get her something. Laying back down she looks at the decorations around his room. Deciding without mother hen or anyone else keeping her from wondering around she slowly brings herself up from the bed. Making some unusual sounds that she knows from her experience of some mundane workouts she is quite stiff. Hopefully a bath will help. Though first she wants to actually look at some memorabilia this vast room holds. She’s been so preoccupied with just about everything to allow herself a moment to acquire Oliver’s childhood tastes.

Deep in thought that when a knock is heard she almost trips as the oak door opens up and she is surprised at her guest.

“You gave us quite a scare dear.”

“I’m sorry.” Is her automatic reply.

A small smile passes Moira’s lips, “Should you not be in bed?” She looks at how the girl looks behind her. “No, he is probably just now making his way to the kitchen.”

“Oh.”

“I came to give you this.” She places the box near the closest table to Felicity. “It is a dress I have chosen for you for tonight. If you are still up for it. I could understand…”

“Mrs. Queen I am really looking forward to it even with Oliver’s scoffing at my eagerness.”

“He may not be too keen on these events but I can only imagine he will not be too far from your side after this gem is donned by you.”

Felicity looks at the box one more time before raising its lid and her eyes flash back to the woman before her. “It’s beautiful.”

“You will surely be a sight to behold, is this the color of your liking?” Moira’s fingers touch the fabric lightly “I chose this olive green over the golden red one which I think would blend with how saturated the Christmas theme is, and as delightful as the decorations are you should stand out.”

“I don’t know what to say.”

“I had the shoes changed since your accident and got you slippers, Oliver can be very demanding. My boy is quite enchanted with you Ms. Smoak.”

Felicity looks at the dress her hands hovering over the box as she bites her lower lip. She doesn’t know what to say even with Oliver’s mother being so nice she just doesn’t want to do anything that will make her look like a fool.

Moira sensing the young girl’s hesitation. “Come now you surely can hold it. I promise it will not crumble.” Felicity finally brings her hands down around the fabric. The satin dress feels what she is calling it in her mind super soft dreamy like gown made for royalty.

“I will come by later to help if you like. Believe it or not I do enjoy playing dress up on occasion and
I’d love to prepare you myself if that is alright? I know with your mother here I don’t…”

“No, I would love that. I think my mom will be fine sharing her daughter for at least one night.”

Moira smiles as her hand cups Felicity’s chin. “You really did give us a fright this morning. I cannot apologize enough for the occurrence of such terrible antics of some of Thea’s friends.”

“How…” she really wants to know she can’t get Thea’s scream out of her mind. “How is she?”

“How is she?”

Hold up in her room. Robert and I will discuss her disciplining; this could have gone another way. It is unfathomable.”

“I don’t want her to lose any privileges it was an accident. I doubt she meant any malice.”

Moira sighs as she says, “You are too forgiving, and I’ll have Thea come by shortly. For now, I suggest you get back to resting, let’s at least keep some harmony within these walls. Not that it has gone unnoticed my son’s ample to be overprotective when it comes to you.”

She knows that to well. If he could buy a bubble and wrap her and Alexander in it he would.

“Thank you and I’ll look forward to Thea’s visit.”

Moira nods and leaves the young girl be she still has a few more things she’d like to tend to before the party in a few hours’ time.

**The Christmas Eve Ball**

The Queen Ball at Christmas Eve had everyone stirring with delight with the enchanting music. Delicious food with the exquisite wine list had every guest floating around the dance floor enjoying another gathering at the grand estate.

Robert and Moira take turns showing Felicity to their esteem guest list and when she is allowed to step away she finds herself in a dance with Oliver.

“Your parents really are putting a lot of effort into this evening.” Felicity looking a little dazed.

“Do you need to rest? You had a long day.”

“No, I am fine. I don’t know how to put it, it’s like their putting me on display.”

“I guess with that convention coming up. It’s actually really an esteemed technological event.” He smiles at her “You’re really smart and their showing how brilliant you are without even telling anyone that you’re my girlfriend I think that’s really weird but in a nice way.”

“I think my accident at the stables kind brought this on.”

“Most likely but they were as freaked out as I was.”

“I’m okay Oliver you don’t have to keep watch over me you can go hang out with the guys and watch that boxing event.”

“Nah, I have my reasons maybe one is that you look amazing in this dress.” He twirls her around allowing the dress to swirl around her frame and that catches the eyes of other bachelors. She looks amazing in the light olive-green dress his mother picked out for her. He thought for sure his mother
would have gone with a traditional floor length gown but when she asked of a style that Felicity would prefer he mentioned off hand a mix between priestess and medieval and the look on his mother face had him chuckle. How his mom found the right dress is amazing for it screamed Felicity. Seeing her in it took his breathe away and with how the flowy open shoulder dress heightened her astounding upper body he just knows other men would certainly notice her even more.

His parents held this event for years it is one of the most influential of courting of many prominent heirs and heiresses on this side of the seaboard. A wonderful mix of different people and their guardians come to this affair to meet others that could be beneficial to their own families. Not everyone comes from wealth if they hold social reverence in their community their invite surely to be mailed out. This is what made this Christmas Ball so enticing to socialites as they mingle with their own or with new blood that holds some relevance to making prosperity for years to come.

Felicity’s dowry among some suitors is the talk between a few gentlemen even the parents of some ladies’ present. Wondering who she is and her relevance as she stood by either host of tonight’s festivities. Oliver knew this and even though he warned Felicity of it she still wants to indulge his parents for the sake at least being a gracious guest in his home. Hence why he hasn’t left her to the vultures keeping a respectable distance as he also mingles with some of his schoolmates and people his own family wants him to keep close relations.

“Oliver, it’s been some time, how are you?”

“I’m great. Yourself?”

“Doing well. I heard you weren’t heading to Aspen this season. Two years in a row. I’m starting to wonder if you’ve settled down.”

“I may have changed some of my habits. Instead of parting I’m found reading a book or two in the library.”

“I just spoke to Tommy and even he is declining the bunny slopes. He is going to check out a few medical schools. Our bud, can you believe that?”

“I do share a place with him so yep I believe.”

“So, what’s going on in Boston that has you both leaving the party scene?”

“Darren, we all will eventual grow up.”

Oliver takes Felicity aside.

“My mom actually spent some time decorating this afternoon the little footpath that leads to the water fountain just off the back of the house.”

“She did?” Felicity was led around the grounds yesterday by his mother and this footpath is setup with large bushes hiding the fountain from view. With a little garden around it, she mentioned how beautiful it must be in the spring.

“I believe the words magical were used to describe its appearance.” He wants to take her there and enjoy the beauty of the moment with her.

“Should we excuse ourselves? Tell your mother where we are at least?” Felicity briefly looks to see if Moira or even her own mother is around and looking back at Oliver he is already leading her
through some doors into a hallway that directs them to an exterior door. “It is strange that she would
go through the trouble and not have the party extended to this supposed spot.”

“I don’t think so. My mom actually is the one who tends to those flowers every year it’s her personal
spot.”

“Oh, I didn’t know that. Will she be okay…”

“Felicity, of course she’ll be okay with us there. We are her family.” He stops her before she negates
the sentiment. “I’m her son and bringing the woman I love to that very spot is exactly what my
mother would want.”

“Okay, if you’re sure.”

“I am.” They pass the last of the large bushes and the view to the fountain is clear and Felicity takes a
breath at how beautiful this spot truly is. What gets her to gasp is seeing the Queens, her mother,
Tommy and her baby boy bundled up in a carrier all waiting for them which makes no sense until
she hears Oliver speak her name in the way she knows the emotion he puts forth in those few
syllables.

When he gets her attention back he falls to one knee. Thea makes a squeal in delight and Donna
covers her mouth as she watches on.

“Felicity, when we disembarked the plane yesterday I turned around and looked at my whole world
behind me. Your smile indicating you and our son were okay I knew wherever my center is I am
home. Felicity will you always be my center and make me the happiest man alive and marry me?”

Felicity stunned as tears run down her cheeks as soon as Oliver stops speaking holding out a
beautiful ring her head bobs up and down rapidly before any sound can come out.

He is up and he asks, “Is that a…”

“Yes. Yes, I’ll marry you.” She in his arms and she hears their family clap and make some noise but
Felicity can’t hear them as she’s being kissed and everything just dissolves around her. As they come
for air he takes her hand and places the most amazing ring on her finger.

Now they are being hugged by their families and as the moment continues the Queens excuse
themselves they have guests back at the house. Donna looks at them and tells them that Alexander
will stay with her tonight as planned winking at Oliver. Thea giving Felicity another hug and telling
her how sorry she is again for today’s events. Tommy just having to whack Oliver in the back again
and hugging Felicity and telling her how truly amazing she looks. She just notices the family
photographer snapping pictures and blushes. She feels like a princess. Like she is living a page of a
tale of one of those books her mom always read to her as a child. Oliver makes her feel like there
really is magic in the world.

Oliver looking at her as she looks around the water fountain she is in a half daze. He knows she’s
processing what just happened that when she brings her hand up and looks at the ring that
symbolizes that one day soon she’ll be his wife a new wave of tears falling freely and he is there
wiping them away.

“I love you.”

“Oh Oliver, you planned all this since? How?” she has this look as she realizes, “My mom came here
for this moment and not because I was hurt.”
“We were at the airport when the call came in.”

“I’m sorry that I scared you.”

“Shh! It’s okay.”

“I love you too, so very much.” she eyes the water fountain and the beautiful fairy lights and she can’t help the huge smile. “Your mom really had something to do with this?”

“Like I said, your family.” He can see another wave of tears as he lets out a laugh at how happy she is.

“I know what you keep saying but seeing all this just confirms it and I can’t help not cry. I’m just so happy.”

“Good, now we should probably head back inside its chilly and I want to check the dressing on your back and put you to bed.”

“You get to play nurse?”

He smiles as he takes her hand to lead her back inside. “I want to take care of you for the rest of my life. I suppose playing nurse will come into play but between us both I don’t ever want to see you hurt again.”

Chapter End Notes

Coming on the next chapter the incident will be covered and the wrap up of the arc is at its end...
Holiday wrap-ups

Chapter Summary

A little bit a cheer in the Queen Manor.
The Christmas arc ends.

Chapter Notes

Sorry this was supposed to be posted much earlier but life got in the way. Must say that the nurses and doctors at Dana Farber and beyond (the nearby establishments) are wonderful people. This is the conclusion of this arc get to see what happened to Felicity within Oliver and Thea’s talk. Hope you enjoy!
Oliver is surprised as he walks into a room off the kitchen to find his father feeding some goop Raisa probably made for Alexander. His father hasn’t seen him yet but he has never heard such talk from his dad. The man before him is enjoying the task at hand as the little boy opens his mouth wide for whatever that meal is. He knows Felicity will be ecstatic she has been trying to get their son to eat more than a spoonful with no avail. Looking on at this scene he is beyond surprised and Alexander being the little bugger just eating happily what his grandfather is giving him. This is probably the Christmas Miracle Felicity has been dreaming of and she doesn’t participate in his faith.

Oliver hears female laughter and as much as he wants to intrude on how his dad got Alexander to take more than one bite, he leaves them to investigate what is so funny. Now if he thought his dad’s baby talking his son was perplexing seeing his mom whole heartily laughing alongside Donna must be the cream of crop. They're off on the patio in light jackets as the outdoor fireplace is burning away and the ladies drinking from their cups as somehow a story one of them happens to be saying is full of humor.

His hunt for his baby boy has held some interesting finds. Once he passed Donna’s room and the door was entirely opened showcasing she wasn’t there. He knew he had to find his kid. Felicity is upstairs ready to feed their young one who happens to be eating while her mother is getting along with his mother yep he’s probably going to chalk it up to Christmas wonder. Even surprised that Thea didn’t barge into his room when the first light sprung through her curtains of her room. Maybe he went to bed last night with his fiancé and woke up in a twilight zone.

“Morning Ollie.”

He whips around and sees his sister who is still wearing her comfortable pajama set that he knows she went to bed in. They always dress up for breakfast this is a first.

“Thea, you didn’t change this morning?”

“Nope. I had a sleepover with Felicity’s mom. Mom and dad woke us up early but they didn’t want to bother you guys. Especially with Felicity still healing.” Thea looks down then up again. “I’m so sorry Ollie.”

“I know speedy. But we will talk about this later. For now, give me a Christmas hug.” He opens his arms and his kid sister rushes in and holds him tightly.

“Is she awake?” Thea’s looking to see if Felicity is downstairs while still in her brother’s grasp.

“She’s upstairs waiting to feed her son. But he’s already chomping away with dad.”

“Raisa made some peach oats something and gave little Alex a taste and I think he liked it that dad said he’d continue feeding him because mom and Felicity’s mom we’re deep in conversation.”

“I noticed. So, where is Tommy?”

“He was helping me and Raisa but a girl called and he told us he’d be back.”

“Your helping Raisa make breakfast?”
“Yep. It’s almost ready too, so maybe you can go back upstairs and bring down wifey in the making downstairs so we can eat and get to business. I want my presents Ollie.”

“I bet you do.”

“Yep, I heard Donna say you may have gotten your gift already. You couldn’t even wait like the rest of us.”

Oliver just looks at his sister and bites his tongue keeping from saying anything that is surely not rated for her ears. “Okay sport I’m going to go back upstairs and get my fiancé.”

“Hurry it up to.”

He rolls his eyes as he heads back to his bedroom.

Looking around his room and the adjoining nursery he wonders where Felicity may have gone. “Felicity?”

“In here.”

Opening his closet door, he sees her holding last night’s dress to her body. “Are you camping out in the closet?”

“I actually came in here looking for something to wear after washing up.”

“Okay.”

He knows she didn’t shower if she were too, they would have to reapply new dressings and she cleaned up after their lovemaking earlier this morning. He couldn’t keep his hands to himself as they explored each other again in the shower it truly has been one interesting Christmas morning.

“Where is Alexander?”

“My dad is feeding him some peach substance.”

She laughs as if he just made a joke. “Oliver really? Did you leave him in the crib?”

“No. He…”

“Not on the bed.” She gets up from the spot she is sitting. “He could roll off the bed and hurt himself.” As she hurriedly walks towards the bed she doesn’t see her baby boy. “I thought you said…”

“He really is with my dad.”

“Alexander hasn’t taken to really eating any solids. He likes to chew on soft veggies but…”

“I think he is ready.”

A smile crosses her face, “You really mean he took more than one spoonful of this peach thing?”

He nods.

“Yes. My boobs will be mine again.” She looks at Oliver giving her a side look. “Listen buddy I
have had a little munchkin constantly needing to feed off these babies.” She taps one of her boobs. “Half the time they’re so sore and now you’re telling me there is light at the end of the tunnel. I’ll be able to concentrate on this technological opportunity I am so freaking happy.”

“So, if he is ready are you thinking of going cold turkey?”

“No. It’s still a nice bonding ritual. I love you and our son more than anything else.” Felicity’s need to tell him that he is very important that their family is more important than any other opportunity that arises.

“I know, I love you. We love you very much.” Her stomach makes a grumble sound and just shakes her head. He laughs as he states, “I came here to tell you breakfast is ready.”

Walking towards the dining room where they can hear lots of laughter Felicity looks at her fiancé and he just shrugs he isn’t going to tell her about the weirdness yet.

Two nights ago, when they were heading to bed he made up his mind that Christmas Eve would have him down on one knee as he proposes to her and asking his parents for their permission and while in the room with them calling Donna to see if she’ll like to be there for this. His parents took care of everything and he takes a moment to think of that event before taking her hand and entering the room.

Thinking of that night

He needs to talk to his parents concerning tomorrow’s event. “I’ll catch up with you I just want to say goodnight to my parents.”

Felicity drawls out. “Ok-ay.”

“…and say a few more things.” Oliver quips back because a few minutes ago they did both wish goodnight to his parents. He pecks her lips once. “I’ll see you shortly.” And he walks to where his parents were last seen.

In his young adult life, he’s taken cues from his surroundings he has learned a few things about relationship hiccups from his parents. Putting on a scene is what he grew up with and for a time he wondered if his parents would separate. He isn’t clueless he knows both of his parents have strayed hence why cheating on prior girlfriends didn’t faze him. Learning that with the right incentive or gifts the person being cheated on would let the incident slid. After a while not really being into the relationship like most things it just expires and one moves on. Being home last summer he remembers the event that made him not want to come home and it revolved around the concept of commitment. He knows quite well he can favor someone enough but just not care enough about their feelings. He wasn’t ready to man up. In the last few months he reached out to make amends and be the man that his son can look upon. He’s ready.

Knocking against the doorframe to make his folks aware of his presence. In these instances, where he sees how content both his parents are adds to the joy he is already feeling. “Mom, dad, can I have a word on something?”

His parents listen to what he has to say and don’t seem surprised in the latest of his wishes. They actually are glad very happy indeed to go along with their son’s request. That moment will probably stay with him forever just seeing the look of pride in his parents’ face. Like for once they thought he is doing the right thing.
Coming back to the current spot in time

He looks at his girl with admiration while taking their seats at the table they join the lively conversations. Felicity makes sure to kiss her son good morning first as she thanks her mom and finding that Thea helped gave Felicity extra props to thank the girl.

Oliver looks around the table everyone that matters to him is here. Noticing how his dad is now chatting with Donna as his mother turns to talk to Tommy about how by next Christmas they’ll have a new little one to fond over with. Thea baby talking his son as Felicity grabs his hand to squeeze and even Raisa a woman he deeply cares for takes a seat near his mom because she is a very important part of how this family can even function. He can’t recall a better Christmas to date.

“Oliver, Thomas are you both to be my elves at the Children’s center? Your mother roped me into being Santa this year.”

“How did you get this big lug to agree?” Tommy laughs out now looking at Moira.

Oliver looking at how his mother slightly blushes by his dad’s look has him cough up the coffee he just drank.

“Oliver are you okay?”

He nods as he wipes some of the liquid off his face. Felicity jolting a napkin around.

“No Raisa, stay, I made the mess I’ll clean it up.”

Raisa still gets up to help. Being thankful as she does so and when everything looks back to some sort of normalcy they continue enjoying their meals.

Tommy looking at Oliver with interpretation just answers his pseudo father, “Sure Oliver and I would love to be bossed around by the big guy on his holiday of all holidays.”

“Very good.” Robert says satisfied. Moira then tells everyone it is time to move to where the gifts are and Thea’s already squealing in delight.

They day just goes by quickly after that as they enjoy each other’s company. By nightfall mostly everyone is tired and head to their rooms. Donna is taking an early flight out and it is nice to have Alexander back in their room sleeping contently in his crib.

“Well this was one exciting but tiring day.” Felicity yawns as she flips the covers to get in. “Though meeting Tom’s dad at dinner is something out of a book. He isn’t like his dad at all.”

“I was once told years ago that tragedy changes people. Once upon a time I could vividly remember actually being excited to see him. Uncle Malcolm liked preforming silly magic tricks to make Tommy and I smile.”

Felicity gives him a sad smile as he gets into his side of the bed.
Felicity had a hard-enough time saying goodbye to her mom this morning. Now waiting for her flight, she had to say goodbye to Oliver and her son and even the Queens. She hates thinking that she’ll be so far from her family. Oliver did tell her that once she got her mind on what the subject, she was coming back to Boston early for she would zone out the rest of the world. She loves it that he knows her so well in the time period they have connected since meeting each other again. She is going to be his wife and that alone could probably make her dream happily until he comes home with their son.

Oliver enters his family’s home. He now needs to talk to Thea and see what happened from her side of things. When his dad comes up to him with a warm smile.

“I’m glad you could bring your family here this Christmas. We have truly missed your presence son.”

“She is a keeper.” Robert pats his son in the back as they walk into the cozy living quarters Oliver notices Thea and Alexander aren’t here. “Alexander’s first Christmas has been a highlight for us all.”

“He is loving the attention and dad I am happy to be here too.” A real smile on Oliver’s face and his father smiles just grows in intensity.

“I do enjoy this time of year. It truly is about family.” He laughs before saying, “Thank you for being an amazing elf. Tommy is upstairs getting ready to leave.”

“Really? I’ll have to check in with him.”

“I can’t believe both of you have entered fatherhood at some point I never would have imagined.”

“Dad?” he solemnly says.

“Yes son?”

“Thank you. Really thank you.” Robert just embraces his son and enjoys this moment. His son is a grown man and already has his own family. “Alright I got to go see Tommy and find Alexander who is probably the best doll Thea has ever had.”

Thea hasn’t been looking forward to this but her brother wants answers and now she’ll need to come clean. A tear slides down her check as she uses the back of her hand to wipe at her face. The memory of the horse getting spooked seeing Felicity just airborne and hitting the tree and wondering if she had a hand in her brother’s girlfriend death. Because she thought there be no way Felicity could be alive. Her nephew motherless because a bunch of girls were super mean. She hears a knock on her bedroom door.

“Can I come in?”

“Hi Ollie.” She jesters him into her room. “Mom put Alexander down for his nap in the nursery even though he looked super adorable in the middle of my bed.”
“I thanked mom. Saw her just a minute ago and also thankful that after seeing Felicity off it’s nice that my family took care Alexander for me.”

“Hey we’re family, it’s the least we can do.”

“Thanks.” He knows he’ll need to approach the subject no matter how sore it is. Thea can pick up the shift of her brother ready to ask her for details.

“Ollie, I am really, really sorry. I never meant for Felicity to get hurt.”

“She did though. Lucky that she sustained little damage. Though she’s heading to Boston with most of her lower back in a blueish purple shade. She was able to get a hold of a mutual friend of ours to apply ointment on her injuries because I don’t think I could have let her go home alone otherwise.”

“I’ve never seen you so protective of a girl before.”

“I’m protective of you.”

“That’s different and you know it. I do like her enough being I just met her, but I just wonder what makes her special?”

“Honestly I’ve been asking myself that for over a year now.”

“Over a year? But…”

“That’s the thing Thea, when someone means something to you their memory is a powerful tool. She affected me and in the best way. I swear I think I fell in love with her before becoming her boyfriend. Before I knew that I had a son, making you an aunt. All those stories of love at first sight it might be cliché but… but I fell for her when she told me to get lost at a party.”

“Say what? She told you to leave her alone?”

“Not in those words. She actually said after long sips of her drink.” He’s thinking back to the moment he couldn’t take his eyes off Felicity’s darken lips as she talked. “There is no room for a preppy boy and a gothic chic to be lovers.” He chuckles as he adds, “I may have said some stuff and she laughed and then kissed me. She just kissed me and I was a goner.”

She looking at the faraway look her brother is giving her and she wants to just say gross just in case his mind is being like those lovey-dovey shows she watches. Her soon to be sister-in-law is making her brother all mushy and he barely ever shows that kind of emotions for anyone except for family.

“You really love her.” She says it more as a factual statement then as question as she continues, “Does that mean you want more kids?”

Oliver just looks at his kid sister. He came here to find answers but is now more than happy to talk about the woman he wants to make a life with. “Yea, Thea, I really do want more kids.”

“I once overheard a conversation between you and Tommy and it sounded like you didn’t ever want kids.”

Oliver knows those words left his mouth a lot as he spoke to his friend in the halls of his home. He knew he didn’t want kids especially knowing he was a party boy. His sister looking at him expecting an answer he doesn’t want to sound flippant because she means the world to him and he knows she looks up to him.
“I was home this summer for that week do you remember the moment you found me studying? When you thought I was hiding a girl in my room?”

She nods and he sighs it stings that his sister truly expecting something of a norm from him that when his behavior changed no one accepted the scholar in him to be true.

“One week because I had summer classes actually retaking some classes to improve my academia. It wasn’t easy but I put the effort in and found myself actually absorbing information and finding that I’m not a total dummy.”

“I don’t think you’re a dummy.”

“Thanks Thea, but I’ve done some dumb things and I knew I wanted to do better. I didn’t know I was a father to an incredible preemie little boy. I knew my life was changing but I didn’t know the scope of how it would be… never in my wildest dreams would I think I’d be having this conversation but here we are. So, it troubles me that you’d be a part of hurting someone I brought home. Not just someone Thea, but the mother of my amazing little boy.”

Thea shifted in her chair. She was going to be honest, her big brother deserved the truth. She’s never seen him so distraught and overbearing on making sure the dark-haired petite who talked a mile-a-minute was cared for. When her mother led her to the room, Oliver’s bedroom to apologize she didn’t think she could feel even more guilty.

-Thea and Felicity

Felicity Smoak sat on the bed chipping at her dark nails as the young girl and her mother entered. Moira left them to converse as she had ongoing plans for the party that night. Thea looking anywhere but at Felicity as the little girl’s eyes were watery holding back some sobs. Felicity reached her hand out and got the girls attention. She said quietly just like she would soothe her son when he’s upset trying not to spook the girl, “Thea, is everything okay?”

“My mom said that you could’ve died, it is a Christmas miracle you’re alive.”

“I’m not…”

“I know. Your mom said you’re both Jewish.” Thea moves up on the bed to be closer. “I am so, so, sorry. I didn’t think they’d scare the horse like that.”

“Thea.” Felicity taps the bed beside her so the crying girl moves up even closer. “Come here.” Felicity holds her as much as she can without causing extra pain to herself. She also had some tears already flowing as she trying to speak coherently “Before I blacked out hearing your scream scared me more than anything else.”

“I’m so sorry.”

“It’s okay. Alright. I’m here and everything is okay.”

-Back to Oliver and Thea

Thea tells him how it began. “I texted Laurel, I’ve been in contact with her this whole time.”
Oliver shuts his eyes and keeps from saying a word. He knew something was up but hearing it is another thing entirely.

“I liked Laurel she’s been really nice to me and I thought that you’d land up with her because you two always find each other but that was so before meeting Felicity I swear I didn’t know Ollie; I wouldn’t do that to you if I knew.”

“So, let’s get this straight. You texted Laurel because you’ve been pretty much spying and reporting back to her.”

Thea nodded waiting for her brother to lose it.

“The girls at stables are they your friends or hers?”

“Mix, two of the girls my age their sisters are friends of hers.”

“Sounds like a party at the horse farm, how many girls?”

“Ollie, I…”

“Fine, I get it you don’t want trouble. Was Laurel there?”

“No, no she wasn’t. It’s not her fault she wasn’t there.”

“So, everything you said from some of them occupying the trainers and those mean girls telling the girl I was planning to propose that night just got told she was irrelevant and never going to amount to anything?”

Thea nodded in shame again.

“Then did their best to have her fall off the horse with their antics.”

She nods again.

“Though spooking the horse in that manner was an accident? Are you kidding me? Felicity flying 15 feet was no accident. How she fell and kept skidding against that hay pile near a tree where finally a tree root knocked her out on impact.”

“I’m sorry Ollie.”

“I love you but you realize those aren’t real friends, right?”

She nods as tears run down her face. “It just got out of hand, their taunting I told them to stop Ollie I swear I did.” She is now fully crying and Oliver holds her to his chest. He really wants to believe that she didn’t participate but peer pressure has a tremendous hold especially when you don’t want to be ostracized.

“Just so you know Felicity was so worried about you when she woke up. I was so furious and she was just so worried about you. That’s who she is Thea, she’s got this big heart that made me calm down and just count my blessings I was just so distraught before she woke, I’ve never felt so helpless.”

“Do you forgive me?”

“Oh course, I just needed to hear the details from you. I already spoke to dad’s lawyer who got the incident report.” Looking at the fear in his sister’s eyes, “Don’t worry no charges will be brought
forth but the girl’s parents have been notified.”

“Oh.”

“Thea, they are lucky because how I felt at that moment, I got your call to when I held my…” he allows a small smile to grace his face even with the sad memory. “My wife-to-be in my arms. I didn’t feel whole within that timeframe.” Thea is in her brother’s arms leaning against a stack of bed pillows just in each other’s space and after a long pause.

“You’re getting married!” Thea excitedly said as she dries her eyes. “My big brother is going to tell the world he is off the meat market.”

“Sheesh Thea where do you get your enthusiastic wordings?”

“Books bro, books!”

He shakes his head as they get off a heavy topic and talk about easier things.

He thought Laurel was the past. She seemed to understand that they were over in Boston it has been awhile since he’s seen or talked to her but to know that his sister has had an alliance with her makes him question some things. Why would Laurel send some means girls to agitate his girlfriend? It made no sense.

Looking at his cell phone willing to remember his ex’s number even though he deleted the contact shortly after his fight with Felicity even after she said he most likely knew the number by heart. When in actuality he knew she was speed dial number 7. So, right now he is wondering what the number is and decides to call his best friend whom is with his own girlfriend’s family home for the rest of the Holidays right now.

Hearing it ring twice before Tommy voice is on the line. “Hey buddy.”

“Hi Tommy, how it all going?”

“It’s actually going well. Better than Thanksgiving that was an awkward time.”

“I bet it was. Telling the Claytons that your planning to knock up their daughter must be one hell of a conversation piece.”

“Probably in the lines of when the Queens came to Boston. Though not to boast too much, they embraced me quick. Must be my charm.”

Oliver laughs and says right back, “Sure. Must be the Merlyn charming genes that this kid is going to be one of a kind.”

“Hey! He or she will be besties with Xan so be prepared for their antics.”

“Stop! Next, you’d say if you’re having a girl, you’d hear wedding bells.”

“Ha! But anyhow what’s up with you? Felicity leaves you for a whole day you haven’t screwed up
“Um… I’m actually calling for Laurel’s phone number.”

“Say what? Laurel Lance? Don’t you know it by heart by now?”

“Speed dial buddy and I deleted her contact info.”

“Oh, okay but why do you want to call her? I thought it was finally fully over.”

“It’s been totally over for the longest time I just want to talk about Felicity’s incident.”

A pause on the phone “What? She had something to do with that disaster?”

“I think so. Thea and I had a little chat.”

“Okay give me a moment let me check.” Tommy pulls the phone from his ear and moves to see what number is under Laurel’s placement on his own phone giving it to Oliver and wishing him some luck before they end the call.

Oliver now looks at his phone calling her opens up too many cans of worms. As if the cosmos knows how much he is dreading to be the one to call his phone lights up showing the very familiar number on his screen that he’s been staring at for about ten minutes.

“Hello.” He says in a neutral tone trying to act like he doesn’t know who on the other side of this call.

“Ollie.”

“Laurel. Hi.” He stops from adding why are you calling me? How could you do that to Felicity but instead he keeps quiet waiting to hear what she has to say.

“Can we meet?”

“Why?”

“It’s important and I’ll think you’d want to know. Bring the munchkin if he’s with you.” Her tone sweet and that gives him a strange indication that whatever she wants to talk about will not be something he wants to hear.

“Fine. Where?”

“Starling Harbor Inn”

“When?”

“I’ll be there within the hour.”

He sighs and answers back he’ll be there. Looking down at his son who has been entertaining himself. He has to admit his boy really is chill sitting at this café for over two hours reading notes on his next semester’s class schedule by some professors on recommending readings he did witness little ones having crying fits. Watching his son take in other criers and finding that what toys he brought
and the small conversations kept his son entertained. It amazes him how he lucked out with this little one’s temperament.

Placing the glasses back on his face and wearing the ridiculous hat to keep his identity just in case because he knows that anything is possible and Oliver Queen with a child would cause speculations.

Entering the famous Inn Oliver looks around. His son fell asleep on the journey here so he is able to cover up the carrier with a blanket no photo ops just in case. He sees Laurel near a potted tree and heads her way.

Upon seeing Oliver, she beams that smile that always meant I’ve gotchya. She always has told everyone that when she calls for him, he always comes her way.

“Laurel.”

“Hi Ollie.” She sees he did bring along his son. “There is a small conference room that we can use.”

“Yea sure, whatever. We do need to talk.” He is following her to the room.

“Is it about Felicity?”

“It’s about her accident a few days ago.”

“How is she?” she doesn’t wait for an answer as she adds, “She’s not even in the city. Just packed up and left her son.”

“She’s being considered for a prestigious technological feat. I’m so proud of her.”

“Right, tech geek.”

“It’s her passion.” He says more as they actually enter the room. “Love her more for how passionate she is.

“It’s adorable how much you keep trying to prop her up. Without what is in that carrier you’d have tired of her.”

“Laurel”

“Come on, you find you impregnated a girl and are trying to make sound decisions based on that. I know she was a good lay but come on Ollie grow up.”

“So, you need to pile up reasons why I must be with Felicity because of what? You can’t fathom that I’d rather be with her then anyone else?”

“What exactly did you have in common with a sixteen-year-old?” her eyebrows raise in confronting his disgusting sleeping around habit. “She just stopped playing with dolls and you swept her up into giving her a real one.” She scoffs before continuing, “Or was it being hammered that took the edge off. Not like she wasn’t one to step back while an adult who should have known better was ready to pounce.”

“You have some nerve calling me. Telling me this meeting is for my benefit. Especially with what you did to Felicity.”

“I never told the girls to hurt anyone, from what I heard it was an accident.”
“You played my baby sister. That is crossing a line.”

“Ollie, you know me. I’m always trying to save the world in this case the world would only be privy to your dire sex life.”

“What?”

“Your sex life sells. I came across a voyeuristic senior who happens to have taken some liberties at a frat party.”

“What are you talking about?” she puts an envelope on a desk for Oliver to take.

“What is this? Where, how did you get this?” looking at the disk in the envelope.

“The how is just luck that the start of a blurred-out video had a boyfriend wearing something his girl could tell exactly who was having way too much fun that night.”

“There’s video?”

“I felt quite dirty watching that extensive video but oh it so intense I always wanted to make such a video myself but never had the gumption or in her case being an inebriated slut.” She smiles, “I told him the girl was a minor and the bastard smirked I also mentioned you were my boyfriend and he gave up these. Here are some of the copies”

Oliver looked back at the photos on the Inn conference room’s desk. Laurel didn’t play fair with this he had to tell her that Felicity was sixteen at the time and publishing these photos would be illegal. Laurel looks at him with a knowing smile. She knows he’ll do anything to keep Felicity in the dark. Their first time in the frat party being shamed.

“Must say, is it Alec or Allen? Anyhow he really did give her boobs.”

Oliver wants to walk out and never see her again but just sits there listening to his ex-girlfriend being manipulative and vengeful.

“What do you want Laurel?”

“Oh yes, the reason I called you Ollie. So, if it seems I can’t get you back making you pay seems the next logical step. I got denied to a prestigious law school I want your family to work its magic and get me in for starters.”

“What else?”

“Little old me shouldn’t have to pay a cent for my studies, living expense, and having a life.”

“Is that all?”

“What makes Felicity so damn special?” Laurel looks at Oliver expecting an answer when he doesn’t supply one quickly, she just adds, “Is it because she gave you a child? Alexander should have been mine.” She finally spews out, “I was a good girlfriend.”

Oliver looks at his son waking up but answers Laurel. “That night… the night we had that fight and I said I didn’t want an us or kids. You know what you did? What you always do? You placid me… worked me. Manipulated me. Then you cried and it made me feel like shit and there we went again on a cycle. I wanted out and every dispute of letting some good memories keeping me from manning up. Being alone even with my mother nagging would have been better.”
“So, this is all my fault?”

“I didn’t say that. What I’m saying is we don’t work.”

“That’s because you can’t handle being a man.”

“Laurel, you are right in a way. I couldn’t break our toxic relationship then because I didn’t know what I know now.” They hear Alexander little noise and Oliver just gives the boy a teething ring to placid his son for now.

“This is rich coming from you.”

“Laurel, everything came to me easily that I didn’t put effort into things and that’s on me. I’m sorry I was crummy to you when you deserved better.”

“What I deserved is you, and you’re throwing me out like some old…”

“I can’t do this again. What we had ended the moment you accepted what my mother did and got engaged to a phantom because I walked out telling you both I was done.”

“Felicity was already in the picture. That is why you could walk away so easily.”

“I didn’t know her like that.”

“Oh please, she was sixteen and you had no problem impregnating that goth girl.”

“She’s my life now.” He could see the fire in Laurel’s eyes. “Laurel, what exactly do you want for you to disappear?”

“I’m going nowhere.” She looks at him as she passes the little boy gnawing on his teething ring as another tooth is set to be coming in. “He’s lucky to look like his daddy.” Alexander is looking at the woman his dad seems to be entertaining raises his arms like he wants to be picked up. “He really is docile, that is a dangerous trait with how valuable he is.”

“Don’t touch my son.” Oliver is already there picking up his boy.

She reaches the door and laughs. “Ollie, I have law school to attend make sure it happens. Or his mom will be seen as the tramp she is.” She out of the room making Oliver wish he could tell her what he really wants to say.
Chapter 17

Chapter Summary

Alexander and Oliver have some bonding time. New Year’s Eve the Queen’s go to Boston.

Chapter Notes

Fluffy family time.
Happy Holidays everyone, hope everyone enjoys themselves.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Oliver enters by the back holding his son in one arm and the carrier in another. He is tired but still needs to give his son a bath and feed a mix of Alexander’s moms milk and whatever Raisa is
whipping up. It seems his son really likes her cooking. Oliver will be heading back to Boston with his family on the corporate jet. He’s going to attend the investor meeting with his dad while Thea and his mom enjoy Boston with his son. Felicity is still busy until mid-afternoon New Year’s Eve.

The manor is quiet and the sound of a grandfather clock ticking is the only background noise Oliver hears making a loud noise as he shuts the door by the kitchen. Placing the carrier down with a huff his son’s nose and cheeks are cherry red.

“Hey there big boy, daddy is going to take your jacket off okay?” He says this as he pulls the zipper down. Alexander isn’t as energized with his small nap at the Inn so his blabbing is in short bursts. It is funny how he can tell by the animation level of what his son can handle and knowing all these small things he’s learned in the weeks that he became a father. All the magazines helped a bit. It helps calm his nerves of what to expect and anticipate his son’s needs. He loves it all. He loves how he catches himself in wonder as he takes his son’s amazement to the new first experiences.

Placing Alexander in the carrier so he can take off his own jacket and place it on the coat rack just off the nook of the kitchen. “Daddy’s going to give you a bath then some warm milk and maybe you’ll be up for a snack Raisa has made, hmm… what do you think?” He looks at the boy looking up at him as his cherry cheeks stand out. He’s a cute baby. Getting the jacket off and walking a few feet but in line with his son’s vision so Alexander doesn’t lose sight of his daddy. Oliver just hums getting his son to murmur along. Hearing heavy footsteps heading towards them Oliver can tell it’s either his father or one of the male caretakers of this large estate. He is by his son’s side before the person comes into view and seeing it is his dad, Oliver relaxes knowing his son won’t squirm.

“Where have you been?” the tone is calm but with a hint of worry. He’s parents worry that he can be exposed before the public relations do their jobs. He isn’t going to help the situation by admitting what he has to say.

“Dad, I umm… I met up with Laurel.”
“Material?”
“Can we go somewhere a little more private?”

Robert looks around and nods to his office down the hall. Alexander wants to be held and Oliver picks him up only to see the boy fuss that he wants his grandfather. Robert shakes his head at Oliver’s dismay but takes the boy gleefully as Oliver grabs the carrier. They head to the office with Robert slowly bouncing the little boy who seems to be very happy now.

Closing the door Oliver looks that his dad is getting comfortable in his chair with the now over hyper babbling boy seeming to tell his grandfather everything he’s done today.

“Oh, really Alexander, that all sounds wonderful.” Robert looks to his son “Or are you tattling on your father?” Oliver rolls his eyes but lets the little cherub speak his heart out before he needs to get serious. “Now son why would you meet up with your ex?”

Oliver takes a chair and sighs.

Robert continues, “I know your probably wanted to chew her out for what happened Christmas Eve. I would have told you it’s not worth it. Some hassles are better left alone.”
Oliver is thinking of the right wording to start this conversation. “It actually landed that she called me and she has evidence of Felicity and I meeting for the first time there is some lewd evidence of our encounter.”

“Wait, your telling me Dinah Laurel Lance is blackmailing you?”

Hearing him say her whole name he knows there is anger underlining underneath his cool exterior. “Yea, basically.”

“How bad is the material?”

“It was at a frat house; Felicity and I were in a drunken haze it’s pretty severe.”

“With your family history coming out and engagement announcement that could put a damper on things. Let me see what I can do. Did she have any demands? Extortionists always do. What did she want?”

Their talk extensive and Robert telling his son to leave this matter to the professionals. Robert Queen would handle it.

Oliver decides to take his son to the aquarium on his last day in Starling if it is a hit, they’ll be heading to New England Aquarium in Boston in no time. He calls up his girl to make sure she wouldn’t be hurt by taking him to his first aquatic scene without her. With an okay by Felicity they head out.

What he doesn’t count on is how much penguins are a marvel to his son. No matter all the other cool species he just wants to hang with the penguins so their time there is chilly to say the least. He has to bribe Alexander with a stuffed one almost the size of a real one to get him to leave without having a tiny fit that he has never been prepared for. It is a good thing that he is going home on the corporate jet because that monster sized stuffed Spheniscidae the actual scientific name for the penguins and he swears his son somehow has learned the word by how he reacts to it.

What has him in awe is looking at how his son’s eyes dilate in reference to any way shape or form the use of the word penguin transpires in the boy’s happiness. A deep feeling of joy bubbles as Oliver has never quite felt being a part of Alexander’s life would make him be so content. He has felt the love for sure since becoming a dad but the bond has never been so profound. Felicity is right as usual when she told him this time in Starling was a great time for some real bonding especially because he worked so hard to prove he could provide financially that his moments with an awoken child was rare.

The enjoyment on the lecture on these arctic swimmers as the woman has his son pointing at each one in the exhibit when he catches on to the lady’s talk about these birds. In these moments Alexander is so Felicity’s son not that he isn’t smart enough it’s just that his son is acting like his mom. Making him miss Felicity even more. Finally getting Alexander ready to go home is an exercise in itself Oliver makes a mental note of how he coaxed his son so the next trip to an aquarium will be hopefully easier to navigate.

The family driver helps place the huge toy as Oliver places the carrier securely in the seat beside him. It’s a good thing he also bought a smaller version of his son’s new favorite buddy which he has in a bag to surprise his son later because there will be no way to comfortably carry the monster bird
everywhere. Alexander is cheerfully just looking at the penguin that the driver places the seatbelt over to keep it as immobile as possible.

One of the talks during the holidays was about Alexander and how Felicity and himself were going to raise their son. The only thing he knows of the Jewish faith is anything from the bible he learned in school but he was brought up on the new testament. There are things that he knows he’ll like his son to know of both faiths and after some extensive talks with both their parents, Alexander will be baptized once they come back to Starling for the Public Relations announcement. So much change for him and his fiancé but it is all good he thinks. They are a strong unit and are blissful to show each other the support of making their life together work.

His son looks at him finally when he starts to pull the fake mustache off. The little passenger makes a staggering noise and wants to touch his dad’s face.

“Play with Chilly Willy, daddy is busy taking off his disguise.” He hears a snicker from the driver’s seat. “I never said it was the best disguise but I can only get away with a hood over my face for so long.”

“Like that wouldn’t be creepy sir.”

“Yea, hence the pornstache.” Oliver laughs. He knows it’s offbeat but keeping up with appearances to not look like himself is important. Too much is at stake and his son deserves the wonderful hoopla the announcement by his family’s legal team will have devised up.

A black town car stops just in front of an old brick and mortar building not too far from Starling to make this trip in one afternoon. It is unpleasant business to the man that leaves the vehicle once one of his bodyguards opens his side of the door.

“I’ll be quick. You both can stay here.” Robert Queen closing his overcoat over his suit as he heads up the entrance of the resident hall. He’s making this trip after his lawyers gave him what he desired and counting this trip as business and tending to it in very personal manner so less people know his business.

His leather clad fingers open the glass door as he heads to the apartment dorm number that he has scribbled on a pad in the briefcase he is tagging along with him. Taking the old elevator to the correct floor and weaving through a corridor until he is face to face with the door he needs to knock.

When the door opens a young lady, he has known for a time opens the door with a surprised face.

“Mr. Queen.”

“May I come in?”

Laurel looks at her roommate and then nods. They both look at the other girl putting on her gloves to be heading out is actually good for them both to give them some privacy.

“Kerrie, this is Oliver’s father?”

She looks at the older man suspiciously but says hi and leaves them.

Laurel points to a sofa and Robert tells her he is fine standing. He just needs to have a conversation
and places his briefcase on the small table. Laurel eyes the case wondering exactly what is going on. She isn’t dumb to think Oliver has the resources to do anything alone to help her case. Having his father here alone wasn’t something she envisioned though.

She asks just in case Oliver is just outside she’d like to see him. “Is Oliver here?”

His voice crisp, “No. This matter between us does not involve my son’s presence. Of course, my son did tell of your request and intentions. He doesn’t have the means to help you Ms. Lance. It’ll be best if you sit.” He nods to the chair by the table. She glances at him once before taking the seat.

He goes to the point. “This is how it will play out; those photos are of a minor and shall be destroyed. I am not going to deny you an education with those same sentiments you will keep from making contact with my son and his chosen family. That includes my wife and daughter. You will get the school of my choosing, the lifestyle I see fit for you. When you do get far enough in your studies, we will talk about career paths.”

“Are you…”

“Ms. Lance, I wasn’t finished. You’re cunning and all the energy you have for your little vendetta could be used for better purposes. I won’t destroy you but if your need is to play in the big leagues you better learn your place.”

“I don’t understand.”

“I could have you playing your rueful games and you’d be nothing but a shell or you can make due to have a good life and maybe be of use to my family. It is your choice and it is a deal I only offer once and after I leave the offer goes with me. It is ultimately your choice. This is business. You can pine over my son and nothing will ever come of it or grow to be something else with the potential you have shown in your mock trials. Now tell me what does Ms. Lance really allegedly need?”

The Queen family wants to enjoy the New Year’s Eve in Boston as Robert would love to have dinner and maybe catch a show and enjoy some time with his children. Though there is a snag in the plans as Alexander has an ear infection which has Felicity opting out and Oliver wanting to stay with his own family.

“I think I’ll stay in Alexander seems to be fussy and he needs to stay here where it’s safe and warm.”

“I’m not leaving you to deal with this alone.”

“Oliver!” Felicity says sternly about to say more when Moira interrupts to say her words.

Moira looks at the two before her arguing about the cutest thing. Watching her future daughter-in-law tell her son to enjoy his parents’ company while she stays behind with their seemingly fussy son who has an earache. Seeing Oliver torn with the idea of leaving his fiancé to tend to their sick child he seems quite adamant to be by her side and give a helping hand. Her son has come a long way and she hides a breath of relief from them as she stands up and counters their argument. “Oliver, delight your father and spend an evening with him and your sister, I shall stay behind and help in any way Felicity deems possible.”
“Mom. I can’t ask you to…”

“Oliver, Felicity and I can handle this.”

Felicity looks between them and can immediately see Oliver’s inner fight dissolve and nod to her wishes.

“Is that okay with you Felicity?” He asks anyhow because he wants to know if being with his mom will be okay.

“It’ll be fine. Just make sure you wear that warmer coat it’s a chilly night.”

They all hear Robert chuckle and how he charmingly words in a low voice, “Mothers.”

Moira giving him a look before adding, “Your father as you can tell will be bundled up.” She gives Felicity a knowing smile. “Us mothers know best.”

Thea comes bouncing from the powder room and sees that her brother is grabbing some coats and hands one to his father when he walks from where he is sitting. Thea takes hers but notices that Oliver didn’t grab her mom’s.

“Mom you’re not going?”

“I am staying behind. Enjoy your time with your father.”

Thea looks between her parents then back at Felicity. “You aren’t going either?”

“No, Alex isn’t feeling well.”

“Oh! Do you need me too?”

“Thank you, Thea, but I think your dad would love to spend time with his two precious kids. So, have fun.”

“Okay, but do you want anything my dad would so get it.”

“Only if your mom wants something because I’m good.”

Thea turns to her mother but Moira answers first, “Thea, let me help you put your scarf, it really is cold outside.” Thea finishes zipperring up and walks to her mom’s gentle touch and gets bundled up tight.

Oliver is back to Felicity’s side as only she can hear him. “Call me if anything changes. I love you.”

“Will do. I love you to.”

“Are you feeling okay?” Moira finally asked after Felicity found herself emptying the contains of her stomach more than twice now.

“Maybe I’m coming down with whatever Alex has.”
“Maybe we’ll like to try again with the real answer.”

“What do you mean?”

“Your per chance to make it in time to your latest round of letting any remnants of remaining food out of your system the computer monitor I passed piqued my interest.”

“Oh! You saw?”

“Child, do you think of me as being obtuse?”

“No. I just though I…” she looks at Moira Queen and deflates, “I don’t know if I am or not.”

“Come, rinse your mouth out.” Moira helps Felicity up from the bathroom floor. “I’ll put a kettle on the stove to heat some water for tea.”

Placing the mug on the island counter where Felicity has just occupied as she looks at the older woman busing herself around this gourmet kitchen that has only really been used since Samantha came into the picture. Tom and Oliver have pretty much made her promise that she would only cook if they were there with her.

“Drink up it will help settle your tummy. It’s actually just hot water with some squeezed lemon. No one here really drinks tea I presume and the tea box expired a more than two years ago.”

“Nah, the boys drink a lot of sport drinks and huge amounts of water.”

Moira raised her eyebrow until Felicity adds beer to her continuous run-on sentence. Listening to how Felicity barely drinks and when she does, she needs to express milk beforehand because she knows its taboo otherwise.

“If you are again pregnant then no alcohol for the foreseeable future.”

Felicity without thinking lowers her head to the counter as she moans.

“It will be tricky with your heavy school load. What do you have in place if you are carrying another one of my grandbabies?” Moira’s voice relaying a warmth Felicity has never heard before. Her head pops up from the counter with huge eyes as she takes what has just been said. She has no clue. One kid is a lot of work. Being pregnant will add another whole dimension she isn’t ready for. “We can look into a nanny or an au pair while you live in Boston.”

“Have someone look after my kid, I don’t know.”

“You have placed him at a daycare. At least he’d be home safe and sound. That is if you are really pregnant. We’ll have time to discuss this further now let’s get you to rest even if you aren’t pregnant, you’re showing signs of fatigue.”

“I’m not a Queen yet, I…”

“Nonsense. Unfortunately for you, you have already been inducted into the family. I have another daughter now and your education is important.”

Felicity looks at the woman before her and tries not to tear up but she can feel she’s in a losing battle but she nods and says thank you she didn’t know how much being accepted really meant the world to her.
“This holiday has been one that hasn’t been a farce and I owe it all to you dear. So as far as I am concerned you are what this family needed.”

“I just came home with your son I really didn’t do much.”

“You don’t see yourself like he sees you and it goes both ways. My son is trying to measure up to your own excellence. Within a year he has slowly but surely been modifying his ways.”

“Oliver is great just the way he is.”

“Oh, my dear, he’s changed profusely. My son is shaping to be the man I always knew he could be. Did you know he is thinking of going further with his education?”

“He never specifically mentioned it. Though he is very active with his studies.” Felicity finishes her drink.

“Now go rest, if Alexander wakes up, I am here.”

“Thank you.”

Felicity wakes to her back being gentling rubbed and hearing his voice, “Hey, how are you feeling? I brought a thermometer.”

Felicity looks at her boyfriend and nods as he brings the gadget to her lips. She mumbles with the stick in her mouth but Oliver clues her in. “The family is out on the balcony it almost midnight. I just wanted to be here with you.” He waits for the thermometer to beep and slips it from her looking at the normal temperature. “At least no fever, so how do you feel?”

“Okay.” She looks to the crib and sees her son. He follows her eye movement.

“He’s fine I actually just recently put him down. Glad you though about expressing milk earlier. We need to ween him.”

“So, now it’s a good idea.” She half mumbles as she looks at the clock still a good ten minutes away from a new year.

“I never argued either way I just leaned more to your mom’s point of view.” He leans in for a kiss and is happily rewarded with her soft lips. Pulling back slightly he needs to ask her if she is okay once again getting a nod for a response. “I was so worried when I came home and mom said you weren’t feeling so good. I had to check on you, lucky my parents helped with Alexander. He is doing much better but I decided to hang out here with you.”

“Oliver, you should be out there entertaining our guests.”

“Please! They know where I belong and Thea was basically sleeping until a half hour ago, anyways we brought food so if you’re up to eating.”

“I think we should go out there, start the new year as a family.” He hums in agreement and helps her out of the bed. Grabbing her a sweater just being overzealous in making sure she’ll be fine. They join the Queen family as the countdown is near.

“10 down to 3… 2… 1”
“Happy New Year!”

Felicity is grabbing a bag in the storage room to give to the Queens and Moira quietly follows her.

“It has been an intense New Years Eve, it is wonderful to have celebrated it here with you and Oliver.” Her voice dips so no one else can hear. “Please keep me updated on any development.”

“I will, I promise.” Handing Moira the bag. “Thank you for coming out to Boston just for a night.”

“I’ll be counting the days until we are all brought back together and we can share the news. Robert and I are not having a fun time keeping from talking about our adorable grandchild. I cannot wait to express my adoration for him.” Moira’s hand lands on Felicity’s shoulder as the next words are deepfelt, “No matter the outcome I am just a phone call away. There is nothing we can’t handle as a family.” They hug as they hear Robert asking what is taking so long and stops at the sweet display.

Thea turns to Oliver and says, “Can’t wait until you and Felicity move back to Starling.” Oliver just has one of his arms around her as he looks at his dad extend out his arm for his mom. His family is his everything and a part of him is sad that they’ll be gone in the morning. Watching the sweet gesture as his mom leaves the storage room and Felicity walking out after them at least wherever his girl is that is his home.

They say their goodnights.

Oliver watches as Felicity leaves the wash room. Her need to check on their young is an auto response she can’t lay down without at least hearing the soothing breathing of her baby boy. She missed him dearly only having her fiancé send a vid or two every night of him asleep. Now she wonders if she’ll be giving Alexander a sibling so soon. She can feel Oliver’s stare on her. They are alone again in their home after being apart for days.

Moving the smaller penguin that is being held tight by her son so it’s not so close to his mouth she finally turns to Oliver who is appreciating her in those silky cream-colored boy shirts and matching camisole he had left in a gift bag on the bed before they left to Starling. Christmas shopping with Tommy led them to the lingerie shop. The mannequin display piqued his interest and he couldn’t leave without a few more items. It would match the necklace he also left in the bag with the earrings he gave her on Christmas morning.

“All I did was buy you socks.” She watches his index finger give her the cometh here gesture and she slowly makes her way to him.

“Come here.” He says in a hushed low tone which expresses how much he wants to connect with her. He doesn’t move from the bed and waits for her to come to him. The bed dips slightly as her weight is distributed on the mattress and crawls to move to him. Licking his lips in anticipation as she puts on a slight show, he can see her glorious mounds perfectly as the satin fabric freely flows downward but he doesn’t hurry her along as she is feeling him through his own boxers, he has had the foresight of having nothing but that on.

They could have done romance. Held off this reaction they have for one another and just sleep and then try to make the day special but after his parents left, they had a little make out session and both decided that getting ready for bed and enjoying each other will satisfy their needs. They can always
do cutesy things for one another in this new year.

The golden necklace a stark difference from her gothic love of charismatic pendants and identical pair of earrings that enhances more his style of upbringing just has him in awe. He asks as she situates herself to sit beside him. She can feel he wants to say a few words.

“Do you like the necklace?” His fingertips gloss over the necklace and she looks at the little pear shape crystal it is a little to cheesy but seeing it when she came home alone it meant something, like a part of him was here with her and it made her feel a deep sated warmth not that the silky set she is now also wearing waiting for this moment on feeling incredibly hot celebrating being together again.

“The crystal is beautiful…”

“It’s diamonds like the earrings.”

“Dia… diamonds that is just…” she is sitting up a little dazed.

“Felicity, I always planned on forever with you. You’re the mother of my child you don’t deserve any less.”

“It’s to much. I… I didn’t give you anything like that.” She has her hands on the diamond thinking how much it cost.”

“Really… you gave me a colorful wardrobe though Hanukkah.”

“I know you don’t eat chocolate and well Alexander is to young. Tommy thought it would be a hoot that we all dressed the same for the photo ops. I wish I could afford…”

He cuts her off as he pushes her to lay partially on him. “Do you love me?”

“Oliver, of course I do.”

“Than that is all I need. Plus, you wearing this is more than I could ever want.”

She can feel his palm pressing against her back. “Is that so?”

He tries not to think about the video of their first time but looking at her beautiful doe eyes being so open with him it brings a flash of how she conversed to him about what she wanted to do. What she was willing to do even inebriated she held this expression and he was unraveled then as he is now.

That night they were on their way of creating Alexander Kyle Queen and he knows he would love to ask for another miracle he just goes in for a kiss and happily falls for any spell she casts as she takes charge of the situation in showing him every reason he dreamed of her every time he closed his eyes.

Chapter End Notes

No Laurel the thorn in Oliver/Felicity side won’t go away that easily. She’ll be sated for a while. As for if Felicity is pregnant the first chapter answers that may not be within words but it’s there.
Remembrance of January

Chapter Summary

January is a busy month for Oliver and Felicity as they come back to Starling and the media gets to meet Felicity Smoak. The gossip world already ablaze as news of Tommy’s engagement and upcoming wedding in March.

With school session about to start in a week

Thomas Merlyn opens the door and let’s his now fiancé enter his shared place with his best friend and a girl he considers family. They both hear the little giggles of a precious boy. Tommy smiles at the happiness he is welcomed home to. That boy has changed his life for the best, he loves his uncle duties.

Looking at his fiancé. “Make yourself at home.” He can see the visual effect of confidence overtake his girl. Soon it will be her place of residence as she’s due to officially move in. Thomas places one
suitcase in the storage unit by the laundry room. They’ll have to empty it out and wash any garments from their travels. Samantha heads to the kitchen to fetch two bottles of water.

“Welcome home.” A deep gleeful voice of Oliver’s is heard as Thomas shuts the door and smiles as he sees the little boy placing his arms out as much as possible from his father’s hold signifying wanting to be held. “It’s getting harder to contain him without added strength. He wants his uncle Tommy.”

“Hey Xan.” Tommy taking the child into his own arms as he places a soft kiss to the forehead. “Miss me I see. Worried you’d forget about little old me with your new-found penguin addiction.”

Oliver turns to Samantha as she’s just been observing not wanting to interrupt. “Hi Sam.”

“Hi Oliver, can’t believe Alexander has grown so much.”

“Nothing weirder than trying to put on an outfit and finding it getting to snug. So, how was the trip?”

“It was so sweet, Tommy here blindsided me.” She raises her ring finger. “It was a dream.”

Oliver looks from her to his best friend as he says, “Congratulations to the both of you.” He watches as Tommy gives her his son while taking a bottle of water. As Samantha is sweet talking and making Alexander giggle, he sports a smile watching his friends who just came from a trip overseas and practically fits perfectly with his own family.

“What time is Felicity getting back? I can have dinner ready.” Samantha says as she cradles the boy and walks back to the kitchen to see what’s available in the pantry.

“Oh please, you both just got back and must be exhausted. I’ll call for takeout.”

“It will be no problem Oliver. I love to cook. It also relaxes me so. Why don’t both of you catch up I can keep an eye on this sweetness and prep dinner.” She sees he’s about to argue. “Might as well start creating a routine. Also love to have company and this little one fits the bill.”

“Come Ollie, the lady has spoken.” He’s amused as he leads his best friend away. “Come on. We both know we’ve been whipped and neither of us would have it any other way.” Oliver just grunts knowing it’s the truth and they go hang for a bit near the large windowed living area.

“You sure Sammie wouldn’t want an extra pair of hands? I’ve actually made some tasty meals.”

Tommy just shakes his head and sports a smile. “For now, she’s fine. She’s giving us some bonding time because I mentioned your ass a few times since we left to Paris.”

Oliver looks from the kitchen area where Samantha has placed his son in the high chair as they’re having some sort of conversation as she talks and Alexander moves animatingly along with whatever is being said then looking to the man sitting comfortably on his favorite lounge chair that he considers a brother who just got engaged. “So, you missed me?”

“Not to mention I’ve missed Xan, who is what? An inch taller or two? Boy I leave and he goes through a growth spurt.”

Oliver just shakes his head but his boy did grow if it wasn’t for having to pull out the next size up on wardrobe, he wouldn’t really believe it. Tommy’s still talking then adds that he misses the death princess. He has no idea why he keeps calling her that and finally asks, “Death princess?”

“Oh yea, it’s the necklace man. It’s a character in the sandman. Now stop… Keeping… Me…”
“Hanging man. How did it go with Laurel?”

“Oh, yea.” Oliver looks back towards the kitchen. “It’s a long story and Felicity is in the dark about it.”

“What? Are you insane? That is a recipe for disaster.”

“I know.” Oliver gets up from his spot and mentions that they go into the media room where its sound proof.”

“Really? Sam knows about your call to Laurel so…”

“Humor me.” Oliver points to the room.

“Sure fine.” Tommy looks at his girl who is looking their way. “Everything’s okay babe. You know us guys and our lewd comments.”

Samantha rolls her eyes as she says, “Sure, whatever you say.” She looks at Alexander as she finishes, “I think Uncle Tommy will need his mouth washed out with soap.”

Oliver waits until Tommy is in the room before shutting the oak door.

“So, what is just such a secret that you needed…”

“Laurel blackmailed me.” Looking at Tommy give him a disbelieving look and then adding, “With porn videos of Felicity and I’s first time together.”

Tommy jaw falls he didn’t expect that. He doesn’t know if it’s the blackmail part or the porn. It is probably a mixture of both.

“You’re kidding? Tell me this is a joke?”

Oliver looks up to the ceiling. “I wish it was a sad joke. I told my dad. He says he’d handle it.”

“Oh shit, I can’t imagine how much that conversation must have pained you.”

“It’s going to be nothing like if I have to tell Felicity. I’m afraid of what she’ll do.”

“I probably am going to ask a crazy question but Felicity is a whiz at this computer stuff maybe you should tell her.”

“What? She’s in school learning. What makes you think…”

“Oliver, she writes code. If you were home enough, you’d notice. The girl got some mad skills.” Tommy can see Oliver’s not really getting the point. Underestimating the brilliance of his soon-to-be wife. She may be young but she’s a genius in ways his best friend hasn’t seen yet.

“What is that supposed to mean?”

“It means in the two months she’s been living here. You’ve been trying to prove to yourself really that you are man enough and not realize the genius you’re in love with.”

Oliver cocks his head looking at Tommy wondering what the hell he is talking about. When he is home, she’s just reading books and spending time with him. Nothing weird about that. “I don’t understand.”
“That’s because I see her more than you ever have. She spends her time coding when Alexander is sleeping or being entertained by his uncle and you’re at work.”

“You’re telling me she can what? Hack?”

“Like she’s told me, if its online she can find it.”

“Wait! She never really got into why Cooper was arrested by the FBI. Wasn’t it about some coding he stole?”

“Coding to wipe out student loans. Boy I know you trust her but come on. You’re telling me you don’t know how badass she is?”

“You keep saying that. I know she’s sweet, super smart. Freaks out about spiders.”

“Can destroy you with a few clicks of a mouse. Another reason she is the death princess.”

“Damn! So, what do you think she’ll do when she finds out?”

“Probably freak out like you said she will.” Tommy smirks as he adds, “Then get her head in the game and seek and destroy.”

“I can’t see her do that, she’s just so nice.”

“Boy you have it bad but you have to tell her. Doesn’t it like creep you out that there are guys who jerk off to…”

“Don’t say it.” Oliver’s voice starts to rise as the thought boils his blood. “We are leaving to Starling soon I’ll tell her then if I need to.”

“It’s your call.”

The flight to Starling wasn’t as pleasant as both Oliver and Felicity hoped as their son cried from altitude earache from the take-off and it took a lot of effort to get Alexander to calm down. They even made sure to see their pediatrician to make sure he is in good health standing because he is prone to ear infections. Luckily as a very young preemie he didn’t get any long-term effects as Alexander’s lungs are functioning normally. Oliver can feel how tense his fiancé is as she holding their son tightly against her chest. Still cooing a now exhausted sleeping child. He tries to help her see how wonderful she is beyond just being a mother to his son.

This is going to be a stressful few days as for some reason Oliver Queen and his best friend Thomas Merlyn’s names have this appeal to the tabloids and even with how quiet it’s been with them both out of Starling their reputations already gather attention. With his best friend’s social media announcement from Paris, overnight the paparazzi made their way to sit by their residence. He had to keep from being seen with Felicity and that in itself sucked. So, this announcement is due and he can’t wait to tell the world that in few weeks’ time he’ll be married to an extraordinary girl.

In quiet moments Felicity finds herself having some form of anxiety that prolongs her deepest concern that she’s doing everything wrong. That her son deserves a better mother. At first she hid
this from Oliver. When he found her holding a onesie of their son crying that Alexander was still so tiny that she failed to protect him, she’s never thought that someone could be so alert with her. He leaves her side for a few minutes as she can hear him ruffle through a few boxes of his that he stores in the closet.

Coming back to her making sure she wipes her tears and that her hands were dry he gives her what looks like a large photo album. With his urging she flips to the first few pages. In shock she gasps. It really is a scrapbook, his scrapbook. Looking at his blue eyes staring intently at what he gives her waiting for her to continue and a response.

The scribbles, drawings, looking at the dates. Felicity looks up at Oliver she doesn’t need to read any more she knows how true his words are that in quiet or crazy moments since that first night they’ve been connected. There was… is a guy who thought about her as she thought about him. She didn’t feel so alone, so crazy. Didn’t use that she is a teenager as some sort of excuse to make her feel less than. Her emotions were and are valid. Even though it sucks he admits honestly that if he knew she was a minor that night he wouldn’t have hooked up with her. Telling her that even with his reputation of partying and being into anything that walks most of it has been embellished. The basic truth is he needed to rebel. Run from that feeling that he didn’t measure up to excellence placed upon him.

Being of privilege there are many who just let him carry on and all it took is a long night of talking, as weird as it is he tells her that and in the same regard she tells him he is so full of shit, he remembers her words then its fundamentally what stays with him. Having him begin to see himself like she did that night in those moments he gets a grip of some insecurities knowing ultimately it is his life and thus a change started. Not to mention the sex cemented that she was one of a kind but it is the quirkiness of their union that he desperately wanted. Therefore, finding her again Oliver tells her there is no way he wouldn’t fall on his knees and hope she’d want more with him. Even though that morning things become more entangled when dots were connected and Tommy asked about the little boy he met and already adored from the beginning.

He takes her hand in comfort. They are both in deep thought that when the stewardess comes to them to make sure their safety belts are on they both seemly jump.

“Are you okay?” he finally asks as Michelle their stewardess goes to her own seat to buckle in as the plane will be descending soon. He feels her fingers tighten around his. “I know you’re scared but I’ll be by your side through all this.” Hoping she’ll finally look up at him as her face is hidden by their son and a fluffy cream-beige blanket.

“What if they don’t like me? My style is dark. Maybe I should have a makeover.”

“No!” He blurts out which makes her finally move the blanket so she can see him. “Differently not.”

“But?”

“I love your style. If you change its because you want it. I give no fucks on what other people think.”

“Oliver!”

“What?” he shrugs his shoulders he knows he’s being blunt but he needs her to understand. “This is what got you stressed? We don’t need to do this. You can stay at home and I’ll go deal with all of it.”

“That would look strange. Makes me seem weak.”

“Felicity, I just care about you and if this is too much just say the word.”
“I got some pointers from Samantha, she did say these people are like sharks waiting for a bloody shot.”

“I told my parents not to make this into a production.”

They noticed a few photographers as a car came around to pick them up from the airport. Oliver already making sure their son was covered. Felicity keeping from directly looking at the gathered media as she got into the car immediately.

Reaching Queen Manor and going through the pleasantries Moira takes her grandson as Oliver needs to say something important to her after a brief talk with his dad. Leading her to his dad’s office and at first, she like no big deal, they were getting married maybe he needs to talk about prenuptial agreements or something. It’s standard in the rich people’s world so she expects it. Instead she is told in a roundabout manner that there is a video… explicit video that is floating in cyberspace of her and Oliver’s certain activities caught on film.

“What do you mean?” Felicity is looking at Oliver because talking about this with his dad is just so unreal.

“Felicity!” he says frustrated to his girl.

“Oliver, are you telling me that there is a porn…” Her head snaps to Mr. Queen before its back on her fiancé’s face. “I mean adult video of us?”

“It’s what I’ve been trying to tell you.”

“How long have you known?” seeing the lost look on his face, “How long?”

“Since after Christmas.”

“That’s a two weeks ago.”

“Felicity!” she raises her hand to show she doesn’t want to hear it. Oliver whines, “It’s just…”

Both of them stop when Robert Queen speaks, “Oliver found out and yes maybe you should have been alerted, he was trying to do right by you. He came to me and I told him I would handle this situation.”

Felicity looks at the older man now wondering what he has witnessed.

“No. Ms. Smoak I am not privy to what is shown of you two. Believe me I am so impassive in seeing my son in this capacity.”

“Then who has viewed it?” she looks at Oliver seeing him nod and then looks at Robert Queen for more answers.

“The investigator and most likely his associate.” Robert says and then explains everything that has been gathered and what ailments of virtual web settings have dampened in making sure the Queens don’t get exposed in the risqué manner.

“I need whatever you have and the digital fingerprints, I’ll need a supercomputer and I’ll need to get some hardware and a few more things then I need to handle this properly. Find it and destroy all
virtual traces.”

Oliver looks at her, “You can do that?”

She sighs they really never talked about her extra accumulative hobby of perchance of being a technological wizard. “Yea Oliver I’m…” she looks at his father “I may be very good at computer stuff.”

“Ohay Ms. Smoak. We’ll get what you need and I may have a place but it’s at Queen Consolidated. If you are up for the task, I’ll take you for a visit and see what you can do. Let me setup something for later.” Felicity nods and begins writing on a piece of stationary paper things that she’ll need from him.

“I’m going to need some time Oliver; can you keep an eye on our son while I write some code later. I’ll like to see the evidence gathered so I’ll know what to look for.”

Leaving Robert Queen to make some calls. They then go get ready to have their lives become a spectacle.

Felicity can now admit with certainty that being asked questions about her private life and random quick queries in succession is something she will never be comfortable with. She is so happy that Oliver put his foot down in keeping Alexander at home. Most of the media are respectful but the vultures who thought intimating her as goals had her on age. Finding her age to be problematic and asking if bad boy Oliver Queen is using her to clean his image. When a reporter asks if they are getting married due to her being pregnant that is right before they announce that they already share a son. Guess the only reason Oliver would want to marry someone like her…

“Oliver, are you sure that he is your son?”

That is when the elder Queen steps up and speaks up telling his thanks for the turn out but the meeting is complete. His family are now happy to include a bright woman into the fold and how lucky he and his wife are at having a grandson. With that and the news of the double wedding in a few weeks the reporters leave to start figuring what headlines to use. The Merlyn Global Annual Benefit will be even grandeur this year.

Oliver walks into their room where Felicity has sequestered herself in the last few hours. She is so captivated in what she is doing that she doesn’t hear him. Passing his girl to place their sleeping son in his crib he walks back to her looking at some asynchronous JavaScript and the fact that he knows what that is shows just how much time she’s spends on her tablet in bed.

“Felicity, um you haven’t touched your sandwich?” when he gets no respond other than hearing the steady typing on the laptop. He places his hand on her shoulder which gets a walloping scream.

“What the hell, Oliver!” He isn’t surprised at her outburst but places a finger over his lips as he nods to the nursery.

“You haven’t eaten anything. You promised ten minutes from telling me you would. That was two hours ago.”
“Oh!” She looks around and notices the time soon they’ll be leaving to QC with his dad. “I’ve just got in the zone. I’m sorry. How was the film?”

“Lots of cartoony singing weird looking people which held his attention so I guess that was a good thing.”

“Yet you look miserable.”

“Did I mention the cartoony singing that sounded like someone scratching their fingernails on a chalkboard?”

Felicity laughs as she gets up to hug him. “Poor baby.”

“I’ll survive.” He lets out a dramatic sigh. “I see a lot of those moments happening.”

“Yes.” She agrees as she scares him with telling him that after a while, he’ll be singing the lyrics without even realizing it.

“Now eat. Maybe we can snuggle for a while before it gets close to when we need to meet my dad downstairs.” She grabs a section of the sandwich and starts to chomp away as she looks at the laptop. “Don’t worry you can finish up while eating. I need a shower anyhow our son decided to smother some snacks Thea and I were eating all over my head.

“Yes, that explains the orange bits on your face.”

“I’m sorry this is happening.”

She sighs as she gets comfortable in his arms. “It’s okay Oliver. You’re not the one who had a room set up to exploit uninhibited inebriated delinquents.” It takes him a moment to understand each word she just uttered. When she rephrases, “Drunk horny idiots.”

“You couldn’t have gone with that simplicity?” he’s already tickling her “Eh?”

“Stop it.” Giggling as she tries to fend him off until he stops and looks at the woman, he now shares his life with.

“Still I’m sorry this is all happening. All I wanted was to protect you.”

“Oh Oliver.”

“It’s just that… My mind flash-backed to that morning at my place when you were so vulnerable and all I wanted was to comfort you.”

“I was so embarrassed; I didn’t go out to party that night to get laid. Not like the first party we met.”

“Yea, well…” He brings her to him and pecks her nose because he doesn’t want her to think anything extra of what he says, “That morning changed my life. I became an instant father.” That makes her look into his eyes and seeing what she needs a smile crosses her face.

“And now… along the way I got to share custody of Tom.”

“No matter what he says about being whipped, he truly adores you.”

She nods just happy that Oliver’s best friend is so relatable. Though now she wonders if Tom has
seen any incriminating footage actually, she is puzzled how Oliver found out. “Um… actually I’m puzzled how you found all this out. How did you get the video?”

“Oh! Umm.” He sits up and seems uneased with this. “I… well…” She’s looking at him confused. “You had left for Boston and…”

“Oliver! Spill!”

Hurriedly saying under his breath, “Blackmailed by Laurel.”

“Say what? I didn’t get that?”

“My ex-girlfriend wants to hurt me, us.”

“Wait! Did you say Laurel or is this another ex?” Felicity looking at him and she already can tell who brings that sour look to his face. “Okay and how did she come across this?”

“The details are sketchy but the dude thought the whole ordeal is wild. I swear I may kill this guy.”

“You’ve watched what was given to you? Were you recognizable? Cuz Oliver if you are this could be a disaster, we need to clean this off the net.”

“It’s an edited video and… I’m not the focal point.” He feels her get rigid. “I really never wanted you to find out, this is just all-around crazy.”

“Oliver?”

“Yea.”

“Once this mess is cleaned up, I may need to make them pay. Are you okay with that?” He doesn’t know if she is joking because she said it in a neutral tone. “As for the blackmail part, that’s what you said right?” she hears his answer “What does Laurel want?”

“Money, I guess I don’t know what my dad arranged, he told me to let it go.”

“For now, I agree with your dad.”

“What?”

“She thinks she has one over you.” Oliver sighs as Felicity speaks, “I mean if she thinks you’re keeping a secret from me it’ll keep her sated and she won’t try doing something else. This is workable. What made you go to your dad?”

“Other than the chunk of cash I’d be withdrawing my dad would question me on it and getting her into the school she demanded I don’t have that kind of pull.”

“Interesting that she’s into law and well into the arts of extortion.” That makes him snort.

Back in Boston few weeks later.
Watching Alexander sleep is always so calming. In the short months since Oliver’s come back into her orbit, she’s noticed that her son’s physical attributes are more geared towards his dad’s genetics. Seeing so many similarities she no longer needs to close her eyes and wonder about that night that gave her this happy little bundle of joy. Oliver is a fixed part of her life and with their upcoming marriage that Tommy set up because he thought a double wedding at a special corporate Merlyn function would be the best idea ever. She’s noticing that it’s hard to say no to the men in her life.

Oliver’s planning on taking an internship here in Boston while Felicity completes her education. They actually sat down after her pregnancy scare a few weeks ago and planned their lives around major events. No surprises because both of them found they had goals each wanted to complete. Oliver getting real experience by shadowing a business pal of his father in a pharmaceutical company.

What she didn’t see is sitting here looking at her little boy and knowing a pregnancy test she just took confirmed that Alexander is going to be a big brother. Her mind reeling of the foolishness of forgetting to be cautious. Those days in Starling were nerve reckoning with the press having her name plastered all over the media as everything about her and her family comes to light. If that isn’t the shocker add Oliver confessing something that in a million years she would never guess.

Tommy sits back on his desk chair and looks at the three important letters that he received recently. All to medical schools he’ll like to attend. Loads of good schools here that maybe living in Boston isn’t so bad. Hence his dilemma. His father is pushing for a good school not far from Starling. He has never seen him excited for an endeavor of his. It still is weird to find that praise especially after telling his dad he was going to become a father and if he got caught off financial so be it. He is ready to be his own man. Guess seeing his best friend take charge rubbed off. His father surprising remarks of how he couldn’t be prouder that finally his son had life goals. He still can’t figure out his father maybe that is for the best.

Which leaves him looking at the three letters before him and Oliver’s comments before he left to the market still fresh on his mind. ‘Do whatever is right for you, Sammie, and the new life both of you are creating. It’s really what matters.’ In a few months’ time he’ll be graduating and taking on more schooling and welcoming his newborn into the world. He is lucky to have people he cares for living with him. Their advice vital to any endeavor he sets forth. He really wants to see their children grow up together.

When Felicity left him to put Alexander in his crib almost a half an hour ago, he thought he’d get an opinion from her but as his phone goes off and sees Samantha’s face light up, he picks it up. Listening to her trying to talk through her sobs.

“What? Honey I can’t understand… No wait I’ll be there. Okay?” Hanging up and grabbing his jacket in a hurry to meet up with his fiancé as a friend of hers is being transported to a hospital. He knocks at Felicity’s bedroom door and pops his head in. “Hey, I’m taking off, Cybill had an accident.” He hears Felicity words of comfort before he leaves her to keep vigil over the tyke who has every adult wrapped around his fingers.

As Alexander sleeps soundly, Felicity moves from her spot she’s held as she finished recalling finding she had some videos plastered on a few sites that now don’t exist. Serves them right they had no problem hosting uploaded non-consensual viewings with prohibited underage persons such like herself. Even if she created a copy, guaranteeing it will be watched someday when this whole event isn’t fresh in her mind. Her thoughts disturbed as Tommy knocks on the door and when he tells her
about Sammie friend, she up from her position.

“Oh my gosh, is there anything I can do?”

“I don’t know the details but hopefully she’ll be okay. I just don’t know what time we’ll be back.”

“Don’t worry about that, dinner can be reheated. Just drive carefully. Okay.”

“Okay mom.” He sees Felicity roll her eyes but she has a warm smile as she grabs him for a quick hug.

“I mean it. Be safe!” He just nods and gives quick look to his sleeping nephew before he is out the door.

Entering the bathroom and seeing the dreaded test staring back at her she moans. She’ll have to tell Oliver. There is no way around that, the boy is totally in tune to her behavior. She fears instead of him looking into getting that masters and enjoying the internship that fuels his plans in making his way into business world. Branching out from his parent’s grasp and seeing to making his own way before literally only being just the heir for Queen Consolidated.

His excitement is contagious. Felicity knows how much Oliver will miss Tom when they separate after both graduate this spring. Tom is most likely heading to Chicago with Samantha as she and Oliver will remain here in Boston. She going to miss the daily grind of the Merlyn-Queen-Smoak now add Clayton to the mix household. She’s so lost in her thoughts that with her bedroom door opening again she sighs at how easily she can zone out but is alert enough to hide the positive test into a drawer.

“Felicity. I’m home.”

Leaving the bathroom, she gives him a smile and speaks low not to wake Alexander up. “Hi, yea I can see you’re back.”

“I got one of your favorite treats.”

“Just one? Sheesh”

“Yea, one super sugary treat is enough someone needs to tame their sweet tooth.”

“Whatever! So, what did you get me?” he pulls the package of uncooked cookie batter and she looks at him. “Oliver, I’ll burn these. What? I know they sell them already made.”

“The point was me going out to buy things for my recipe, I want to take a crack at more intensive cooking.”

“Okay! Then you want to be the sole responsible party in burning these cookies?”

“Felicity, I am not going to burn dinner.”

“Don’t look at me I can do that for the both of us.”

“Listen, I took classes and I actually listened to Sammie while she showed me the basics and for your knowledge Raisa also taught me a few things.”

“Okay, okay. No need to be testy. What do you need me to do?”
“Nothing. Ms. I can burn water.” She just rolls her eyes at him. “You can sit at the kitchen’s island and keep me company if you’ll like. Um where’s Tommy?”

“Hopefully not speeding.” She sees him give her a look. “Cybill had some sort of accident, Sammie is with her and Tommy went to be supportive to his girl.”

“Oh, I like Cybill she’s nice.” Oliver starts to finish his unpacking the remaining groceries as he welcomes his girl to sit and watch.

Oliver gets Felicity to help prep otherwise she’ll be snacking on the cut vegetables and he knows as much as she can snack once full, she’d just move the food around her plate, the whole point is to eat together.

She drums her fingers as Oliver starts to mix the ingredients. “Next week is Valentine’s day. I know we spoke about not getting each other gifts…”

“I know so I’ve just planned a romantic dinner at that sushi place you seem to love.”

“Really? That’s so sweet. Though…”

“What’s wrong?” he looks at her. “I know that tone.”

“Raw fish, I think I’m going to keep from it for a while.”

“Why? Did you read a study on it or is that place on the shit list?” He moves the food to the correct pans and starts to place it over the cooking range.

“I thought maybe we could use that night to get serious on our wedding vows.”

“We’ll still need to eat. Maybe if tonight goes well I can try this again. You, me, and maybe an early night for Alexander that does sound fine by me.”

“You don’t think we are to boring for Tom and Sammie? They’ll be on Valentine’s date night and here we are acting like an old married couple.” He turns to look at his girl since arriving home with the ingredients needed. She shut down his romantic dinner plans so he can’t place it but knows something is a little off.

“Okay spill?”

She looks up from the counter she been finding interesting for a few minutes as her fiancé stands observing her. “Huh?”

“When I left you were in a bubbly teasing mood and I was only gone for what forty minutes and you’ve become my pouting butterfly.”

She gives him a look remember an episode of how she got that nickname. “I may still be ticked that you went and basically carried me out of that tattoo parlor.”

“Hmm. First, you’re underage, and a butterfly is so cliché.” He grabs the cookie batter from the fridge and places it on the counter as he grabs a knife. “And why the hell would…. you entertain the idea of getting something so permanent without thinking about it.” He then places a cookie pan on the counter as he grabs some parchment sheets. It seems Samantha and Felicity have a thing for cookies because before them there was no cookie attachments found in this kitchen. “I also know
you are so trying to move the conversation away from the topic at hand so spill.”

“Fine I will but let’s get these cookies cooking man.”

He shakes his head a wide smile on his face. Taking out a spoon to divide the rations on the tin cookie sheet.

“I just want you to know I love you.”

“Oh, this is really serious.”

She gives him a look. He raises his hands in defeat and makes a gesture that urges her on. Her voice shaky, “Since that video fiasco and the long talk, we had I’m the one advocating that there be no secrets between us.”

“Okay?”

“Alright you know how um we umm talked about all our goals and stuff.” He nods waiting for her to continue. “What if something changed that we aren’t planning on and it made everything more difficult. I mean I can’t see half of umm…” she stops talking.

“Can’t see half of what?”

“We both love Alexander a lot, he’s our little dude.” Oliver just nods he loves their son but he isn’t understanding what Felicity is saying. “Babies are adorable but so much work and their clingy and need loads of love and are always hungry and I don’t want to be sick again. Oliver it sucked so bad.”

“Why would you be sick again? Alexander is doing well and I know the baby scare was…” he sees her tear up. Something is totally off and he isn’t seeing it. “What exactly are you saying? I mean are you…” He pauses because the next sentence sounds so unlikely but then again it makes sense to where this conversation is heading. “Are you trying to say that you’re pregnant?” He hears her gulp and just realizes that he knows the answer but waits for her to say it.

“I might be pregnant.”

His head tilts “Might?”

“Okay, Positive pregnancy test in the bathroom says so…”
Fluffy fluff within Household

Chapter Summary

Lots of fluff and Merlyn-Queen-Smoak-Clayton household are hanging around and talking, living among themselves readying for the big day that is inching closer. YET... Tragedy looms as the wedding is set to take place in less than thirty days.

Chapter Notes

I thought about breaking this chapter up because it is long without deleting some of the conversations that have no bearing to the story but connect each character to each other. So basically fluff and insight to the lives within this household.

-Mistakes in grammar and such are my own!

(I guess we all heard about the small season of eight... that kind of bums me out!) Anyways Thank you all for sharing in the olicity ride with me. I will finish my stories to say the least.)

See the end of the chapter for more notes
Previously...

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His head tilts “Might?”

“Okay, Positive pregnancy test in the bathroom says so…”

*(Five weeks till wedding)*

*Continuation…*

“Felicity!” he calls out to her as she’s already moving to their room. Seriously now that he thinks she’s pregnant he is beginning to feel a little overwhelmed. Is he happy? It’s more the question of timing he knows he wants more kids but isn’t a complete fool to think two little ones at this time frame isn’t a big deal. Felicity still has a solid two years to reach what she knows is the academic goals she set for herself. He’s up and automatically moving to where she is. “Felicity!”

Her back is towards him as she opens one of the cabinets. Grabbing a lone stick and turning to him. “It’s positive.” He looks at it but is surprised she only has one test strip. He’s unable to form words other than to say her name. There are questions but right now he’s to stunned. “Oliver, say something?”

He wants to say something cute, memorable but no words come forth and as their son makes his presence known his movement towards Alexander is more obvious and he knows Felicity is waiting on him. The most lackluster thing comes out of his mouth as he speaks, “I guess we aren’t donating the baby clothes now.” He squeezes his eyes shut at that.

“No, we aren’t.” He can hear the icy tone and damn he is in trouble. “Is that all you have to say?”

“No. I’m sorry.” He shakes his head from his jerky movement at looking at his first born to his fiancé. He steps back towards her. “I wanted to say something witty but I choked, I’m sorry Felicity, you deserved something memorable now you get me being lame.”

“I just want to know how you feel?” Tears fall freely as she looking at her boyfriend wondering what he is thinking. He’s surprisingly quiet and just made a bad joke. For the first six months of her first pregnancy she practically didn’t even know she was going to be a mother. From that moment she found out it was a tremendous whiplash as her body rapidly changed and she was alone.

He is worried she’s truly unhappy at the prospect of being pregnant. “I’m so sorry Felicity. I thought we were careful…”

She wipes her tears with the cuff of her shirt. She’s isn’t sad about the possibility. After the initial scare and having a long talk with Moira about actually getting a nanny for Alexander a small burden was lifted. She then could see her son having a sibling. She now gets to enjoy the ride and she doesn’t feel hopeless. This situation is bound to happen she knows both of them want more children. “Oh no Oliver, these aren’t sad tears.”

“They’re not?” he somewhat is relieved but he questions her to make sure. “When do you think?” He blows out some air. “We’ve been using two forms of protection since the baby scare.”

She shrugs in an uncertain way. Which has him noticing, “What?”

“Well…”

“Felicity?”
“I forgot my pills in Boston and like you said we were using condoms I thought we’d be good. I was going to get a new refill.” Now he understands the scene of her ransacking the luggage back in Starling. Though she could have said something.

“Well… I guess we weren’t that careful.” He can remember a few instances that if he knew about the situation he would have been more cautious.

“You never answered on how you feel.”

“Happy. Baby I’m happy.” He takes her into his arms.

“But…” she looks up at him after his sweet kiss there is something more, she can feel it.

“Also, anxious, really ecstatic but I didn’t think in less than a few weeks’ time I’d be yet again in this situation which isn’t the worst thing but still it is… overwhelming.” He doesn’t give her time to process his words as he envelops her in another hug. “I love you. What matters is how you feel.” He lets her go when their son is now persistent on getting his parent’s attention.

Oliver picks up Alexander who happily makes a cute noise. He can, no. They can handle another one of these. Another perfect mix of his girl and himself to give their son a sibling.

“Honestly, I really want this baby.” She really does, the more she thinks about adding to the family the more the thought is appealing. Being an only child and not having a childhood best friend she knows she missed out on what Oliver has with his baby sister or with Tom. She wants that for Alexander. “I had time to think. I’m not sad like I thought I’d be. I know this changes some things I thought of all the things Alex could benefit from. He’ll have a sibling and not be alone. Even if we waited like we talked about around my graduation I don’t want to start my new career pregnant. When is it really the right time?” Just as swiftly as she said those words she quickly adds, “I also know your mom is fundamentally already looking for a nanny. She says that a trusted caregiver is essential. After that media circus I’m prone to believe your mother in those regards.”

“Slow down baby.” He takes the strip from her keeping it a distance from their son. “Okay this strip could be wrong. You only took one test, right?”

She gives him a disbelieving look.

Now that he’s thinking about this subject again. If they are both in the place for adding to their family, it would royally suck if the test is wrong. “I mean last time was overload with what three… four?”

“Five.”

Oliver smile doesn’t leave his face as he shakes his head. Five tests seem extreme. “Really?”

“Oliver!”

“Sorry, so I can run back to the market and…” She places a hand on his arm just below their son’s foot. “What Felicity? I’ll be quick.”

“No. I’m sorry what I should have said is I am pregnant.” Now it’s his turn to give her a disbelieving look. She kneels down to retrieve the waste basket. “The others are in here.” He can see multiple cardboard boxes and realization that there is no mistake.

“Oh.”
“Yea!”

“Really?”

They spend the rest of the evening in bliss and decide until the doctor’s visit and checking to see that everything is okay before proceeding to tell people. This was their private moment something they never shared the first time around.

(Four weeks to wedding)

It’s the downtime when the hectic lives of the people who live in this residence enjoy some semblance of tranquility. Tommy is trying to watch a boring special documentary so he can finish writing for a class paper using the video as another reference. Felicity is laying upside down with her head resting on the carpet watching it with him and somehow giving commentary which has him practically listening to her and not reading the subtitles like he should be doing.

“Do you really need to do that?”

“What?” she stops looking at the vintage black and white film.

“I’m trying to focus on this…” he points to the paused screen. “There is like twenty minutes left and I’m going to have to restart watching this awful documentary again.”

“No you don’t. I’ve been paying attention for the both of us.”

“Really?”

“Hmmhhm.”

“Okay then first electrocardiograph?”

“Willem Einthoven, Dutch. First practical electrocardiogram in 1903 and received the Nobel Prize in Medicine in 1924 for it.”

“Okay fine…” Tommy trying to remember Wilson Greatbach. “Pacemaker?”

“Wilson Greatbatch an American engineer and inventor and still alive.”

“You remember all this crap?”

“Not crap and you’re the one going into the medical field. I’m a techie but still had to take other fields of study to fill my requirements.”

“Whatever smarty-pants.”

“Let’s watch the rest of it and if you’re nice to me maybe just maybe I’ll help you write this monster.”

He doesn’t say a word and hits play and resumes watching this ancient tedious doc. Felicity happily goes back to her silly commentary moving around her spot which makes him think of his little nephew. If he didn’t know her so well he would say her innocence is enchanting. However, he
knows this beauty could be a Venus flytrap and that is why he respects her so much.

“Are you procrastinating?” Tommy finally asks Felicity as she’s been helping him and not working on her own project. “Ever since I got us home you’ve been doing everything else when you specifically said you had to recalibrate something.”

“I guess am just waiting for everyone to get home.”

“You’re not still hung up on Oliver wanting to be the one to pick up Xan from daycare?”

“Okay fine, maybe I am. Alex has been temperamental and I think Oliver knows why. He thinks I’m fragile or something.”

“Fragile? Are we talking about you? Because that is a synonym I wouldn’t use to describe you at all.”

“Be serious.”

“I am. Maybe you’re just overreacting to something. Picking up Xan is on the way from Oliver and Sam’s classes before heading home.” He shrugs. “I mean Boston traffic sucks and it take us twice as long to pick him up.”

“I could use public transportation.”

“Okay. That is an argument ready to happen.” He gives her a stern look. “Seriously Felicity. We already had some gossip play out and how are you going to keep away from the paps if they can easily follow you in public?” He hears her sigh but she still has that look. “Listen, you’ve already shared some ups and downs with Oliver, you’re both solid. Sometimes we make a mountain out of a molehill.”

“Yea, you probably right. Now let’s reread this bad boy.” She takes the written paper they worked on and starts to recite it making sure that this assignment is a solid A.

Having Oliver home in a more permanent way without him having to prove himself and go off to work she’s allowed him to see her working with wires and creating programs to make her little inventions work. Though she spends a lot of her time working on security for her thesis so she can get her dual masters. Meeting with renowned masters of some of these crafts where she’s already made a name for herself is just a pinnacle of her academia.

Today she hasn’t been herself and needed some alone time with Tom. He seems to understand her in a way that isn’t clouded. Like she knows him in a different sort of way then how Oliver knows him. Tom has no problem showing her his insecurities. They’ve bonded since meeting that hot summer day in July when she was at her low point and he being his charming self. He says he was thankful to not be stuck in a corporate setting with his father but she knows he also needed someone to talk to.
It was the beginning of a good relationship and through Tom she found Oliver who for a longest
time just existed in her dreams.

“It’s just in a box.” She mutters to herself. Oliver has a few boxes and she’s looking for a green
tagged one. It’s weird how organized he is. She is the opposite a complete mess. Finding the case,
she opens it and finds the floppy disk with family photos Oliver wants to look through to give the
wedding planner. Moving around to see other small mementos. Her eyes catch the lipstick case with
green fabric rubber banded to make it look like a flower. A part of her is alarmed to find some
another girl’s stuff. Hesitant at first and she knows she can’t place it back because then it would be a
mystery and yea she couldn’t let that fly. So examining what she can see. Muttering, “Ugh I got have
to wash my hands after this.” She pulls the lipstick case from its entangled wrapped cloth and it looks
familiar. “Oh!” It is recognizable because it’s her stuff.

Felicity finds her green panties in a box Oliver must have forgotten he has stashed there. Placing the
silky cloth into the hamper to wash she goes and brings the box back to where it belongs. Leaving
what Oliver asked for on the counter. She sees the new crisp shirts he received from his mom.

“Oliver?”

“Hmm” he says as he looks up from reading and placing some more notes across the writing pad.

“I’m going to do a load of laundry, those new shirts you got do you…”

“Nah, it’s dry clean only.”

“Oh. Okay.” She gives him a smile doesn’t add she found something of hers in the box. He’s a little
hunched over a desk near the visible bookshelf just off the kitchen. “Good thing I asked. How’s the
studying coming along?”

“Fine. Just rereading some material. Do you need help?”

“Nope. Done this plenty of times. Just study!” She leaves him be and goes to the laundry room.
Pulling those panties for inspection and wondering why he has never mentioned them. Well she’ll
have to see if he remembers them later.

Alexander throws some of the mashed food at his dad. Upset that he can’t eat what his dad is eating.
He wants whatever it is. Oliver trying for patience as he moves his son’s fingers from gripping
another fistful of food to throw. “That’s enough Alexander.” The boy is not happy at all and lets out
a wail. Felicity’s up from her seat to pick him up as Oliver is cleaning the goop from his little fingers.

“Shh, honey. You can’t have what daddy is eating you are too young.” They all know he has no
idea of the concept of those words he just wants what the adults are having.

Tommy and Samantha don’t intervene verbally knowing their words could make more drama so
Samantha is up getting a wash cloth to help Oliver as the little boy is all out crying. Tommy is
already on the move to provide some relief by getting Alexander’s favorite toy.

Felicity looks at Oliver’s calm movements but sees the small tick in his jawline. He isn’t happy how
easily their son has them scrabbling about. He stated earlier that their boy has learned something on
how he can get his way and he’s only a baby. Mentioning that maybe its time to set boundaries even
though Alexander isn’t even one yet he is over coddled. Felicity hasn’t said much to those words yet.
Their discovery that they would indeed add to their family in a few months that maybe he is right that with their tight schedules and preparing for another child that they add a nanny sooner rather than later.

“Oliver, he’s just…”

“It’s fine Felicity.” He looks at her knowing she is going to say something to soothe another one of Alexander’s fits that has been growing in intensity the last two weeks. He has a feeling his son isn’t liking the new caregiver at the daycare center and even with checking out this new employee who seems legit he just wants his son to have a stable caregiver that is directly accountable to him. He hasn’t told Felicity of these worries since she been overwhelmed with gynecological appointments. Their roommates have no clue of the pregnancy yet. “That is what I get for enjoying the steak while our boy gets mush.”

He thanks Samantha for bringing a wash cloth as he cleans his face. At least his boy has good aim. With Tommy enticing the crying boy with a plushy stuffed toy he seems inconsolable.

“Guys, please finish dinner Felicity and I can deal with this.” Oliver exclaims as he already following his girl out of the dining room. He can hear her trying to sweet talk their son with no avail. When their son is this grumpy it’s hard for Felicity to reach a happy medium with their unusually happy boy. “Hey, hey Felicity let me take him. Why don’t you go back and finish eating?”

“Ohiver?” she looks at the crying boy not sure she can walk away.

“Honey we are under the same roof.” He looks at the red-faced tyke knowing he won’t fair better but at least he knows she’d be getting some nourishment and he can eat later. “If you don’t go eat now, I can whip up a healthy shake it’s your choice.” He can see the answer in her face she hates those healthy shakes.

“Okay, but…”

“But nothing! Go eat. I’ll handle this.” Taking his son into his arms as they both watch Felicity move away it triggers Alexander to bawl even harder making her turn. “We are fine Felicity.” He sees her pained face but she goes back into the dining room. “Okay it’s just you and me.” He looks at the crying child in his arms. “Daddy isn’t going anywhere and you may fool the others but not me.” He raises his child’s face to his eye level. “My teensy-weensy genius.” He kisses the tip of his son’s nose. “Who only shows his intellect with me.” His son already beginning to calm down significantly.

Walking into his bedroom he places his son on the changing table. “Alright let’s get you cleaned up. You have more food on your onesie then in your tummy.” Going through a routine as its already a mindless few steps he just talks to his son telling him each step of what he’s doing. Figuring that once this little genius starts to talk there will be a new-found situation on how he’ll need to be educated.

He already probed Felicity on everything about how her genius was discovered and calling his soon to be mother-in-law on afterthought questions. It seems the new caregiver sees his boy as a mindless baby compared to the previous woman who thought children were small adults and handled them accordingly.

“I know your frustrated Alexander and I know you can’t really grasp what I am saying but I know we’ll work something out. First thing we shall gather out of all of this is what no and yes means.” He is going to have to learn how to teach this because it seems his beautiful boy doesn’t show the rest of the household how well he can pick things up. Maybe they just love to be amazed but he can’t fault them he’s the one who is an overachiever on reading child development books.
He helps his son sit up and the boy obediently let’s his dad give him a new shirt. Opting out of the onesie until bedtime. Oliver turns his head to the doorway when he hears his son babble what sounds like ‘Mammma. Mm mamama’ seeing Felicity quietly observing them until she gets caught.

“Hi. It is so quiet I had to check what was going on.”

“Nothing much just a father-son conversation.”

“I can see that, I got to hear the part about learning yes and no. Don’t you think that’s a little early?”

Oliver finishes up and brings his arms out seeing if his son wants to be in his arms especially now that he has a choice and picks his momma.

“Our son is a bright boy, it’s never too early to start with the basic guidelines.”

“He’s just a baby.”

Oliver shrugs “Weren’t we all!” and as Alexander makes his move Oliver cradles him to his chest.

“Now mommy is here. Does that mean momma didn’t finish eating?” They hear their son babbly more with the consonant sound mmhms. “Yes, mama.”

“I missed my boys.” She admits to Oliver and looking at her son who apparently forgot why they were separated. “Are you teaching him to say mama?”

“Not really. His mama showed up during my father-son lecture when she should have been eating away before the food gets cold because then she becomes nitpicky and a second fussy child of mine.”

“I am not… okay lots a food doesn’t taste as good when… oh!” looking at Oliver and knowing he is right making her so frustrated as she blows indulgent air out of her mouth and just walks in front of them back to the dining room where Samantha and Tommy are still there talking about their future.

Felicity gives Tommy the look he’s been dreading since she told him to make himself scarce for the evening until Samantha was done with her evening class.

“I’m going out.”

“Oh, do you want some company? I could do with some fresh air.” Oliver pipes up having no idea that his girl wants him at home with her this evening without any other roommates for company. The look on Felicity’s face as she still facing Tommy has the man wince as the sour look tells him to think of something quick or she’ll have his hide.

“Um…” Looking between the lovers. “That’s a cool offer but I’ve already made some plans.”

“Really?”

“Yea, um going to hang out with a friend.”

“Oh.” Oliver shrugs “Okay. I would have used this time to pick up Alexander from Gracie’s place. I miss my boy. I guess I just have to wait for her to bring him back home later. Have fun then.”

“Yea sure.” He sees Oliver walk away and he looks at Felicity as he mouths “Probably not as much
as you.” He mentions the friends name that he has been in contact with and is texting to see if she wants to hang out.

“Yea, now go hang out with this friend. See ya later.”

“Whatever!” Tommy grabs his jacket and leaves Felicity to her wild ways. Oliver turns to them being sort of weird. Stopping when he hears the name of a female friend and before he is able to ask Tommy about it the door closes. He says the girl’s name to Felicity to see if he heard right. Somewhat shocked to be right.

“Yes. That’s the name. Okay, enough about Tommy.”

“That was strange. Maybe I should still go get our son. I mean I know she’s your friend and all but her taking our son without even giving us heads up. I just…”

“Oliver! I called her hours ago when I was doing laundry.”

“Why?”

“Oh, my word! You are making all this much more difficult.”

He is now looking at her like she has another head. “I’m sorry… what?”

“Listen, I may not be as suave as you. You are a ladies’ man. You just smile and the girls swoon.” He makes a disgruntled sound. “I just wanted to have you be flabbergasted by me. Okay!” she sighs as she digs at her side boob. “I wanted to surprise you but… sheesh this bra is killing me.”

“What am I missing?” There are no anniversaries to he had. He’s stumped. Why is she wearing a tight or uncomfortable bra and if he asks will he get himself into trouble? Maybe he’ll say nothing and see where she is going with all this.

“I found the matching panties to this bra I’m wearing in a box that you had…”

“Oh!” As everything just clicks remembering that he stashed them there since she took more space in the dresser, he looks at her to say it again, “Oh!” and a smile graces his face “You’re wearing the set. Like right now?” watching her nod he licks his lips. “So, Tommy…”

“Shut up about Tommy.”

“Okay, sorry. So…”

She tries to sound pleasant, ““Go sit down.” She points to the outer living space away from where the TV is. She goes to the light control and dimmers the light to create the ambience she wants. She has planned to be more seductive but that flew out the window.

He hears her mumble about red lines and he soundlessly chuckles so it doesn’t make her break her plans. If memory serves him right that bra is most likely not containing much but it probably is digging into her so hopefully they can lose the top in a few quick steps. Though seeing the panties he’s held in his hands since she took them off the first time is going to be fascinating to say the least.

Watching her come his way. He has no idea she even made serious plans to rock his world. Which is weird because finding out their having another baby bewildered both them days ago.

She’s standing just before him. In a pair of jeans and button up shirt, nothing to give away her plans.

“I didn’t expect you to find it? You have the lipstick case too?”
“Yep.”

“I’m going to want them back.” He motions for her to sit in his lap with her facing him.

“Really?”

“There were for my lonely nights.” His hands slowly move down her arms and back up before they take her face into his hands. “Sentimental.” His lips caress hers. When they part their stare into each other’s eyes these are the most intimate moments they share. Oliver’s just entranced enjoying her proximity. Felicity is finalizing a decision in her mind before voicing something she hasn’t taken lightly.

“I’ve decided to take the Queen name.” Looking into those eyes she has adored since before she even figured she was in love with him. Everything has been so fast moving that taking moments to figure out how she feels and what she wants. Peeking at the tabloids doesn’t help. Some say that she is so young. Like she being edified to be the perfect Queen. If she could knock out the person that used that pun she would have. “I want the same last name as my family.”

“Okay.”

“I may keep Smoak for my diploma though. You think that’ll be okay?”

“Of course. Felicity Megan Smoak is a beautiful name.” he brushes the lose strand from her face. “I love you.”

“I love you to Oliver. Now we got that out of the way.” Her hands pat his chest. “It’s time to get busy.”

“Felicity?” She already beginning to unbutton her shirt and she hums in response looking at how she’ll like to taste his throat just a few inches down from his earlobe. “We don’t always have to have sex. You know?” That gets her to look back into his eyes and she makes a pout like she’s been scolded.

“Oliver, I love that you always act as if it’s our first time every time as you make sure I want this.” She’s now playing with his collar. “It is sweet and I know you think maybe because I’m seventeen I’m naïve. I’m not worldly nor have I had multiple partners. What I do know is that I trust you. So yes, I want this since I found my panties.”

“I’ll always want you. I just….” He brings his hands back to her arms as he moves upward towards her shoulders. “I was reading.” He looks at her face. “No. Seriously Felicity hear me out.”

“Okay.” She says with a huge smile wondering what he read. He loves to tell her little facts on baby stuff he’s learned from all the rags he reads.

“I’ve been meaning to ask; I know it will suck for us but it be a short while with the wedding just a few weeks away that…”

“Why do I have a feeling I’m not going to like this?”

He has a weary smile but he continues, “We’ve always been so grabby with one another.”

She can see where this is heading and gets to the point. “Are we going to have sex?”

“Hopefully but after this moment I think I’ll like to hold off until I call you my wife.”
“Do I have a say?”

“Yes. That’s why we are having this conversation.”

“Is this because of that gossip columnist?”

“What? No.”

She wiggles against his groan. “Hmmm. I need to think about this.” She really doesn’t. Now that she knows what he is talking about. She’s read the fine print of the article he put down on the side table while Alexander needed his daddy. She also read a nasty gossip how Oliver only sees Felicity as nothing but a sexual conquest. It mentioned some other nasty things that she had no problem taking down their website just for smite. “Now if it’s all the same I need to get nasty with my boy toy.”

“What I’ve been demoted…” He can’t finish that line as her lips silence him. It is all good he’s gotten to say what he’s been dreading to ask her and this may be their last time for a while but he hopes to make it up as her husband.

__________________________

“Tommy have you and Oliver already tended to getting your tuxes?”

Tommy stops flipping a book he was reading for his economics class and look up at his girlfriend.

“Um. No!”

She looks at him surprised because he doesn’t even seem to be alert to it. “What?”

“Babe, chill!”

“Our wedding is only a few weeks away. Mid-March at that gala your father hosts. How can you not…”

“Oliver and I don’t rent. Just like me, Oliver probably has his in a Tux bag in his closet at home.” Samantha looks at him and visibly seems to compose herself. He taps his knee getting her to take a breath before sliding into his lap. “Relax a bit. My dad and the Queens have hired the best to make this a special day.” He goes to kiss her but she’s out of his lap as she walks back to the dresser to finish dressing. “What else is on your mind?” He stands up and goes to her.

“There is just so much to do. The planner sent Felicity and I a list and… argh there is just so much to do.”

“You’re going out with Felicity and if you need me to do anything…”

“Tommy, you’d be happy with leprechauns on our cake being the wedding falls on St Patrick’s day.”

“Yea that be cool. Shamrocks and…” He looks at her giving him the ‘oh grow up’ look. “Fine, you’re right I’d be terrible at helping out.” That gets her to chuckle. He wraps his arms around her, his fingers intertwining over her belly holding her tight against his front. “I could help you distress though.” He finally gets to kiss her neck that’s exposed to him.
As she finally relaxes in his arms enjoying her fiancé’s touch she asks, “What of the bachelor party?” and as she waits for a response their connection is lost.

“Oliver and I are going to discuss this while you and Felicity are out tonight, don’t worry I don’t see us doing anything more crazy than is expected.”

“Your crazy is legendary that is a lot of…”

He sighs as he watches her actually finish dressing up there is no way he’ll be able to persuade her for a quickie. “Okay. You got me there. What is it you’re worried about? Girls? I’m committed to you. I want to see us through and I promise there is no other girl.”

“If Felicity and I do anything, I won’t be able to drink. So…”

“I get it. You’re pregnant and you want me to what not drink?”

“Well… It be only fair.”

“I can’t promise I won’t, but I can promise if you’ll trust me there be no raunchy behavior from me, just please don’t ask me to act like an old man.”

“They’ll be guys from my family there so just try to behave.” He laughs, his girl can be so serious. He already has a list sent to him by her father of male relatives, the Claytons don’t mess around.

“Okay, okay.” He raises his hands in a defeat measure as she looks at what sweater she wants to layer up with before she goes and grabs Felicity to go on that shopping spree. He leaves her grabbing his book and heading to the kitchen island.

“Felicity.” He hears her make a ooph sound against his skin as he can feel her fingers go down his back again. “Felicity!”

“Hmm.”

“Baby, you need to get finished dressing up.”

“Comfy, don’t want to end this.”

“The planner is meeting you two at that bridal shop to get…” He hears her make a sound that he knows well enough. It’s one that marks she doesn’t want to do whatever she needs to do. “Come on you’re planning our wedding don’t you think that’s exciting?” He doesn’t need to hear her as her body is already showing how she thinks what he just said as the most hilarious thing ever. He comes to find when Samantha gave her some wedding catalogue that rival some of his own textbooks the look on Felicity’s face held a moment of clarity. She never was one of those girls that planned their wedding since she tells him whatever the planner sees fit she’s fine with. He can already tell Samantha will win over his fiancé in any design she wants.

Finally, she moves her head to look at him. “We are getting married on St. Patty’s day, throw two leprechaun grooms and their lovely wives on the cake and I’m good.”

“I don’t think Sammie would appreciate that.”

“What about you guys. What would you like?”
“I don’t think I have a say. Isn’t it traditionally the lady’s call?” Felicity doesn’t answer not that he is expecting an answer as she finds that she’d rather kiss his skin again. She really does need to finish dressing up. He’s also the romantic one in this relationship. He’d want to have gorgeous blooms of roses and as much as this Irish theme of green doesn’t really bother him he’d rather have some blues and reds be their colors. He thinks Tommy would be fine with shamrocks and pots of gold be the ever so present theme like Felicity. Guess he should be thrilled Samantha will want a more intimate touch. “Felicity, baby… do you want Sammie to barge in? You know she said she would last night if you weren’t ready.”

Felicity stops her displays of affection and finally let’s go of him as she up quickly from their bed half-dressed and grabs a shirt. “Yea, yea she did say that as I begrudgingly said how much fun this will be.”

“Try to have some fun.”

“Oliver, I’m going to be looking at different shades of colors and act as if that is the most exciting thing ever. Thank goodness the color for the function is already set.”

“It is?”

“Yes, red and yellow. Tommy high jacked the event in the making at Merlyn Global Gala.”

Oliver laughs it is so true. His best friend just called his dad asked if he could and then announced to the world without the actual company having any time response.

The knock on their door tells them that Samantha is ready. Oliver keeps from laughing at his girl’s ‘I’m doomed’ face.

“When Alexander finishes his nap make sure to give him a bath before the game. He’s all sticky from trying that honey mixture he seemed to love.”

“Will do.”

“Also whatever bachelor party you two come up with don’t make me regret letting you boys plan a party.”

“Okay. But…” he stops himself from getting himself into hot water.

“Please Queen and Merlyn putting their thinking caps on to plan a bash. Yea what could go wrong?”

“Wow. Woman of little faith.”

She rolls her eyes and grabs the door handle to leave the room she feels Oliver just behind her as she steps out and she can see Tommy reading his textbook. Turning around she has him against the wall as she’s about to kiss him. “So you know I’d rather being licking chocolate off you instead of eating pieces of dry cake that be served at our wedding.” Oliver can’t believe how much control he is having and not closing the door on his friends and having his way with his future bride.

“Felicity… come on. Let’s go!” Samantha’s call has Tommy looking up from his book to look at the lovers in progress.

Felicity turns to Oliver who is still pressed against the wall while she can’t stop kissing him. He pulls away, “Hey, have fun. Whatever you want you get okay?”

“Kay.” She goes in to kiss him one last time and she hears Samantha call out to her again. “Alright, I
Tommy watches the two with an amused look.

Samantha is fiddling with her purse as she looking at Felicity as per her future father-in-law has arranged for a protective escort so their heading to the assigned bridal shop with a body guard and driver. She heard something she thinks to ask Felicity about. She knows Oliver and Tommy were joking around but somehow it still has become an issue. Her friend has known her now fiancé for less than a year and they act like they have known each other forever. What makes her feel inadequate is that the boys comically talked about how they’ve both seen her naked. They didn’t know she was within ear distance but the way Oliver grunted in response to Tommy’s words has made her feel like she may have missed something. Like did Tommy and Felicity have more than just a friendly relationship? She’s going to find out.

“Felicity?” It makes the dark haired girl turn from looking at the passing store fronts to Samantha who looks nervous.

“Yes?”

“I have something to ask. I hope you’ll understand.”

Felicity looks at her wondering why she is acting so nervous. “Okay.”

“Have you and Tommy ever been together, together?”

“Huh?” Felicity is trying not to read too much into this but did Samantha just ask if she and Tommy ever hooked up? She tilts her head at the girl just by her side while almost getting to the place they need to be. “What exactly are you asking?”

“I overheard the boys talking and Tommy made an offhand comment about your nice body not being always so wrapped in leather and lace.”

“Well I do… well did wear a lot of leather.”

“He spoke about you fondly. Like… Enough to tease Oliver in a way that spoke of something, a history I guess.”

“I met Tommy on my birthday last year.”

“Okay.”

“As much as Tommy is a flirt or was a flirt.” Felicity smiles trying to calm her friend. “We have only been friends. The moment he found that I just turned seventeen I was already shelved into the abyss of untouchables.”

“But you and Oliver?”

“Different story. Oliver and I met and let’s just say age wasn’t a conversation topic.”

“So, you and Tommy never hooked up?”

“No. It was the second time around with Oliver that Tommy happened to be in the right place and
time to see me in my umm… birthday suit.”

Samantha smiles letting out a relieved laugh. “That must have been a sight.”

“Yea, I suppose as I hid behind the counter from mortification.” Felicity shakes her head thinking about how she wished that the ground swallowed her up but everything since then has worked out good.

Their watching the Boston team who eliminated their favs two weeks ago play an uneventful second quarter. Tommy grumbles something when a Valentine’s commercial is aired. Oliver catches his name being uttered and moves his head to look at his best friend being a play mat for his son. The boy happily sitting on Tommy playing with a new interactive toy. He has to hand it to his roomies on using his son as a guinea pig. The love is there but it really amusing to see them take notes on what works like Alexander is the mold when by reading all these parental magazines Oliver can tell them that his boy is easy going and not the norm. He finally asks after another quip from his friend is uttered, “What?”

“You are a lucky…” looking at the little boy sitting on his lap he doesn’t say anything vulgar like he wants. “Dog.”

“What?”

“You basically get manhandled by your girl. Like she can’t get enough of you. Samantha has all these regulations I feel like I need to fill out forms to even get to second base.”

“How do I get the blame for your love life?”

“You just do. I had a very satisfying routine and its now shot out the window.”

Oliver shakes his head not even turning to look at Tommy as he tries to enjoy the game. “Told ya to think hard about the consequences.” That only has Tommy rolling his eyes as he moves another part of the Fisher Price toy to keep Alexander busy. “Not to mention that pep talk on the phone before you became an engaged man.”

“Huh?!?”

“Yea well I know your dad talked you into being the responsible one, but getting hitched is just crazy when I know you’ve already strayed.”

“What? What makes you say that?”

“Oh please of all the sisters in the world you’d knock boots with one of the Lance sisters.” Oliver really doesn’t know if Tommy has strayed but has to nudge to check. “I know you like Samantha but you’re not in love with her.”

“Um… Sara and I are just friends.”

Oliver gives him an incredulous look.
“Hey she’s a great girl and she always fancied you a little more but she’s really sweet.”

“I have no idea what it be like if instead of lucking out with Felicity I went back to Laurel like the yoyo I was.”

“Dude, doubt you’d even be in school.”

“True.”

“I’d also say no porn vid, but that be a lie. The probability of one of us be in one is still there, shit I wonder if I have one too? Anyways the chance you’d impregnate someone doesn’t dwindle either.” Alexander smacks the top of the moving gadget which has Tommy sitting up looking down at those baby blue eyes. “You ever think he understands beyond his age?”

Oliver shrugs. He doesn’t rule anything out. He’s learned with some amazing moments he’s spent with his son that there really isn’t any sure measurement even reading in magazines there are plenty of theories.

“Samantha agreed on Rebekah if we have a girl.” Tommy has a smile on his face. “As for a boy I tried to insert the junior which she turned down.” He laughs “She says one Tommy Merlyn is enough so I guess I settled with a William if it’s a boy.”

“Think they’re good solid names. Just like my little boy here.”

“I like that you kept Kyle in his name sake. He probably heard it a lot since his birth.”

“Probably, the Jacobs were on their way to adopting him. I can’t see a world without him.”

“Our lives have changed so much. I’m going to call it the Smoak effect.”

Oliver chuckles but doesn’t argue the case because he fully agrees. Felicity Smoak came into his life and changed it in the best possible way. Enough so that he can’t wait to call her his wife. He takes a sip of his drink as his eyes roam back to the game. Tommy isn’t finished surprising him and what he says next makes him choke.

“I’m surprised she isn’t pregnant, the way you two go at it. I swear she told me to make myself scarce few nights ago when Sam was at the group class meeting because she was going to climb you like a tree.”

He remembers that night as he surely couldn’t place things together fast enough for his girl’s liking. Asking, “What if you didn’t listen?”

“I would get a free show. Can you believe she’s so deviant?” Tommy shakes his head. “I mean I know she’s a goddess behind the computer screen but damn all the visuals she gave me I almost left rock hard.”

“Yea, that’s too much info and we should probably talk about the bachelor party.”

“Big and extravagant or small affair?”

“I prefer small and memorable. Like family and real close friends.”

“Well I have a list of Claytons and such already, and Sam is worried I’ll be my party self.”

“You don’t say. Honesty I don’t think we should give up on everything we are. We are getting married not getting anointed to priesthood.”
“Sure but our parish priest is married.”

“Oh… yea. Father James and Elizabeth, how could I forget?”

“Because we always get the talks about our souls and how we never listen.”

“We listened we just didn’t care.”

Tommy just nods.

“Felicity is Jewish so I made sure that I pointed it out to the planner. Is Samantha getting her dress fitting in Starling or …”

“Samantha will be at her grandmother’s that weekend. I’m supposed to make sure that my Tux is fitted perfectly so I’ll be in Starling with you guys.” As the words leave his lips Alexander pushes the toy off his uncle’s midsection as he sprawls himself horizontal to get comfortable. “This little munchkin seems ready to nap.” Tommy lightly rubs the boy’s back as those amazing azure eyes look at him with such awe.

Oliver sits up from his comfortable position ready to get up and grab his son. “I can put him in his crib.”

“Nah, it’s fine. We just had a moment. Did I tell you I want one of these?”

“Yea, several times. It’s why you hooked up with the soon to be Mrs.”

“How is he so chill? I spent fifteen minutes at the daycare center and wanted to pull my hair out but this little tortoise who is now crawling.” Letting the boy climb further up onto his chest. “It was just yesterday he was still my little snuggly sloth.” As a pharmaceutical ad pops on the TV Oliver wonders where Tommy is heading for medical school.

“Which reminds me. Have you chosen a medical school?”

“I did. I already accepted and everything.”

“Really? And you aren’t going to share with the class?”

Tommy turns his head to look at Oliver as he holds Alexander to him so the boy won’t fall.

“Chicago. Samantha also got a part-time job offer there so it cemented the deal. I haven’t told my dad yet. He wants me close to Starling. It’s probably where I’ll land up doing my residency anyways. Starling is my home.”

“Maybe during spring break we go up there and look at potential living arrangements.”

“Oh God, once upon a time Spring break met warm weather and plenty of bikinis.”

“Well now we get to look forward to perfect nursery locations.”

“Have you thought about what I said about revamping the loft space for the nanny and moving into my room?”

“No. Felicity and I have been occupied with other stuff especially with the wedding so near.”

“Can you believe our girl got recognized for her brilliance? That going to be one hell of an award ceremony. It’ll be different now that you’re not just her plus one but the man who will be her spouse.”
“Lucky me, a room full of people I’ll need a cheat sheet to understand half of what they are saying.”

“Can’t be that bad, your graduating this semester with what a 2.5 GPA.”

Oliver laughs which grabs his son’s attention. He gets up to help his friend who has a squiggly boy interested in flying off the sofa. “Here, I got him.” Oliver takes his son into his arms and places a soft kiss to the boy’s temple. “It’s a vast improvement but nothing in your range.”

“Well no shit if I got anything under 3.5 I think my dad would have disowned me.”

“A 3.8 isn’t shabby either.”

“Yet, Felicity beats us hands down. A heavy loaded internship, being an amazing mom, still tutoring our asses. I mean she helped me want more and here I am heading to becoming a doctor. The girl isn’t even eighteen and she’s more than halfway in getting her masters.”

“Hope my children gets her intellect.”

“Whoa there, already planning on knocking her up.” Tommy shakes his head with delight.

“Wait, you’re not really surprised. Are you?”

“I shouldn’t be. Though your both thinking after she graduates right?”

“Maybe sooner.” Oliver bites his tongue to keep from telling his best friend that he and Felicity are already expecting. Only after the ultrasound does she want to say something, he’s actually so excited to be going to his first gynecologist appointment. Wanting to change the subject he remembers a courier at the door earlier. “So what was the courier about?”

Tommy is up from his seat finally stretching after having his abdominal muscles cater as a play mat and giggling boy who moved around a lot.

“That was a signed delivery for the Prenup papers.”

Oliver nods he doesn’t need to say anything else but states, “Felicity asked my parents for one. They actually weren’t going to do it showing good faith but you know Felicity.”

“Honestly, don’t think they could have asked for a better daughter-in-law.” Tommy says he truly believes Felicity is one of a kind. She’s fierce, admirable, loving, and has her head on straight. Not to mention she sexy as hell, sassy, and really is intelligent. Just as Oliver sits down with his son cradled to his side which is actually an adorable sight. The boy tries to sit up and has his little fingers do the grabby sign that he wants to be with his uncle.

“Alexander your uncle must be tired of all the monkeying around.” The alert boy looks at his dad with a sweet smile and still his fingers do the grabby sign and Tommy laughs at the face his best friend makes.

“Does Xannie baby want his Uncle Tommy to hold him?” Tommy laughs even harder as the boy surely delighted at the prospect of his uncle taking him back that the little boy has uncontrollably made spitballs that are wetting his father’s shirt. Oliver reluctantly gives his son back to the man his son seems to worship. The boy happily babbling as he takes in the discarded toy on the floor.

Tommy and Oliver sees the fight to happen in Vegas as the commercial on the TV have both men stare and both can see it clearly. Oliver already saying. “We can invite the guys for the weekend when the girls go for their dresses.”
“Your thinking like bachelor’s party in Vegas?”

“Yes! Drinks and us guys hanging around watching the major fight it will be good.”

Now Tommy asks a question he’s asked earlier, “Like you been dodging this question going to ask again. So… how does reality match to the fantasy of her?” Tommy asks still smirking as he takes in Oliver’s grumpy look as dissatisfaction of how happily the boy shows his content to be in his uncle’s lap.

Oliver takes the new Fisher Price toy his son has been playing with from the floor and places it by his best friend’s lap. “You two are spoiling him.” He mutters.

“Of course we are. He is just so easy to please.”

“You’re just buying his affection.”

“Me? No way this one loves me since day zero. He’s got good taste.” They’re both watching the boy very into the flashy new toy to even mind them any attention. “Come on tell me is the fantasy of how you pictured her. Better or worse with the real deal?” Oliver now tries to get his attention back into the game.

“I don’t get what you mean Tommy.”

“Is Felicity better than you imagined?”

Oliver stops watching there is no pretending to anyhow even though his team is at bat he looks at Tommy. “Why ask now?”

Tommy shrugs.

“You’ve known me since forever. You also know how this…” Using his index fingers when saying Death Princess “Got under my skin since I met her and now I’m marrying her so you know… Reality’s got to be damn fantastic and no I’m not worried of our relationship fizzling. It could but I’m all in. Now watch the damn game.”

“So death princess is perfect dream girl.”

“Not saying another word.”

“Come on I was hoping for something sappy, maybe a sweet line or two.”

“Now you are just being ridiculous.”

“Okay fine. But I’m stuck on writing some mushy stuff and needed the inspiration.”

“Are you using me to write your vows?”

“I… you know what? This game is boring. Maybe Xan here like to play elsewhere.” Tommy is readying himself to get up.

“Oh no. You aren’t using my son. No matter how enthralled he is with you. Keep your ass down I’ll grab some writing material and let’s do this.”
The dress fits like a glove as her mother and soon to be mother-in-law cooed at how lovely she looks. Both finding out today that she is expecting her second child.

Thea is happily playing with her nephew as they clap at seeing his mom all dressed up. “Look at how mommy looks like a princess.” The little boy enjoying the repetitive action of clapping as his aunt plays with him as he gets glimpses of his mom. This weekend marking how close the wedding is as last minute features are tended to in Starling.

Donna holding on to the train of the dress as her daughter lightly spins and suggests, “I think your hair should be in an updo with a that…” pointing to a certain veil.

“That would look lovely and I can already see a beautiful pendent necklace that belonged to my grandmother complete this ensemble.” Moira quips in. That gets Donna to ask about the heirloom which already has the two ladies happily chatting away around the bride to be. She is glad that these two get along so well as they are surely total opposites but they love their children and are so pleased to see them marry off that any differences they share is completely ignored.

“My little marshmallow.” Donna taking her daughters arms and holding them out to her. “You are so beautiful though it would be such a treat if you went back to your honey brown hair for this special occasion.”

“Mom!”

“I know; I know this is who you are but imagine the photos when you’re older. Your real beauty shiny through.”

“I agree with Donna, a natural look for this occasion would really stand out don’t you think?”

“I… I need to think about it. Oliver really likes…”

“Oh sweetie, you could be a blonde like me and he’ll find himself loving it, trust me.”

Moira gives her a reserved smile she knows her son is taken by this goth girl whom probably could become blonde and he’ll see her as his angel.

Felicity is talking to the salesperson when she’ll be back in Starling for the wedding and any adjustments the dress will need to be done prior to the date. Moira and Donna are conversing on the next item on their list of to dos with no one really seeing a white van that’s pulled up near the service door. As two of the three masked men head into the shop already knowing what to target.

“Mom, are we going to get something to eat…” never finishing that sentence as she screams as one of the men whacks her hard enough to knock her out easily putting her over his shoulder. Alexander tumbles out of her arms almost hitting the tile flooring. The man hears what he assumes is the boy’s mother, calling out for her boy. As he gets a grip on the child while holding a pistol in the other hand.

“Down on your knees.” He sees that one of the ladies making a move towards them. “Now!”
It’s the guy with the semiautomatic that shoots a round shattering the mirrored glass. Felicity tries to call out to her son again while covering herself from the debris of glass shattering around her. It happens so fast as the men disappear back out the door leaving the women in the establishment in shock.

Chapter End Notes

Yea next chapter: Things go down. That is all I can say.

End Notes

Thank you for readin

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