Daughter of the Arrow: The Rise of the Sparrow

by QueenAllen1982 (DeansWinterRose)

Summary

6 months before, the people of Starling City's lives were changed forever. With those events, Oliver went back to Lian Yu to cope with the death of his best friend and the fact that he himself has failed the city.

Now, life in Starling City is totally different. A man named Blood is running for mayor. Aspiring Vigilante Roy Harper has decided that its his job to clean up the Glades, much to the chagrin of Thea. And Alexa is adjusting to life as a normal high school Freshman, at 12-years-old and being a vigilante. Will she learn to balance them both?

Along the way, Sara Lance is discovered to be alive and Slade Wilson, a man from Oliver's past on the island vows to avenge the death of the woman he loved. For these members, it's just another day in Starling City.
This is a Canon-Divergence

Author's Note: Please remember, Alexa doesn't act like your normal 12-year-old girl. Because she's not a normal 12 year old. She's a High School Freshman and hero for her city.

Reminder: I took from several shows I watched with child prodigies--to name a few, Doogie Houser, MD(Neil Patrick Harris), Smart Guy(Taj Mowry), Numb3rs(Charlie), Criminal Minds( Spencer).
Cover Art

Story 2
City of Heroes

Chapter Summary

Starling City is in shambles after the quake. Immerging from the wreckage are a band of hooded guys who believe that the Vigilante had the right idea with playing Robin Hood and are now taking back what they believe belongs to Glades.

Roy is trying to clean up the Glades one drug dealer and rapist at a time and Alexa figures out that being the only Starling City Hero is a hard job.....especially when you got shot.

Alexa sat under a tree in a park in the City, the birds chirping in the background as she read her book. It’d been about 3 months since she seen her father. He was currently living on Lian Yu again. She knew why he was there, but she missed him immensely. For the first 3 months she lived there with him. And for 3 months he trained her non-stop.

She now felt more confident than ever that she could take on anything that being one of Starling City’s Vigilantes could handle. She came back afterwards and found the entire city in shambles. And apparently a new man attempting to run the City. That’s when she herself had made it her life’s mission to put things right. Her grandmother may have assisted in destroying the City but she knew she was going to be the one to save it.

Of course it would seem that she had a sidekick of her own in that endeavor. When she had gotten back from Lian Yu she had found out from Thea herself that Roy was trying to clean up the Glades, one drug dealer at a time. She had asked Alexa to talk some sense into him, so she promised she’d try, but she didn’t think it would work. Roy was stubborn and bull-headed.

Which she was correct in that assessment, because when she went to go see him he basically told her she was wasting her time. So, she asked him instead what he was doing. He then said, he was
realizing that the only way to make things right, to make a difference, is to go out there and make
the changes. So, she had attempted to teach him what her father had taught her, but he was too
distracted and eager to get out there to pay attention and listen. So, she made sure if he was going
out she went out with him.

He knew her secret, so she didn’t have to hide anything really. She could be dressed in her
jumpsuit, with her batons and help beat the bad guys. Or she could be dressed in normal clothes
and still using her batons. The weird thing is as close and loving as Roy and Thea were, he and
Alexa being out on the streets together seemed to have made them closer too.

But soon it wouldn’t be just she and Roy on the streets together. It would be she, Roy and her
father on the streets together.

That was another thing. Being in high school—yep, she started high school this year—she has
discovered the legacy her father left behind there and some are questioning how she could be
Oliver Queen’s daughter. While others accost her as she walks down the halls, making her the face
of the family and blaming her for the devastation that grandmother had caused to the City with
Malcolm Merlyn’s help.

To say high school would be difficult this year was an understatement. After the Undertaking had
happened she had lost the 3 friends she still had. Now, she was in a strange school, with people
who would probably kick her ass if she wasn’t so much younger than them and she had no friends
in said school.

Roy Harper was her only friend.

God, how pathetic did that sound?

Her aunt’s boyfriend was her only friend because no one wanted to be associated with a murderer’s
granddaughter. She was twelve years old and her only friend in the world was someone who was
about 9 ½ years old than her. She did sound pathetic.

Things had changed with her and Felicity too. Not in a bad way, actually really good. While her
father’s been gone on the island Felicity had stepped in as her guardian and the made that Alexa
made her and been there for her and with her as she readjusted to life. In fact, Felicity had
welcomed her openly to come with her, so for 3 months, going on 4 she’s been living with Felicity.
And she loved it. And Felicity seemed to like it too.

Which had pushed her thoughts into trying to see if she could push her father and Felicity together.
Even though Roy said to let it organically happen, she was wondering if there was a way for her to
do and do it subtlety.

Currently, Dig and Felicity were flying to get her father back and to come home to the City. To his
daughter. She knew he loved her. Sometimes he loved her more than he could express, but
sometimes it also felt like he didn’t. And she had a feeling that things would change again when he
got back.

Which is why she was currently sitting underneath this tree, reading a book about the Russian
Language. Starling City was a lot like New York. It had different parts of the city that only spoke
certain languages. So, she had decided the only way to be Starling City’s only Vigilante is to learn
the languages her father knew and use them to her advantage. And that’s exactly what she was
doing.

She had learned Chinese and Mandarin from her dad when she was on Lian Yu. And she learned
French, but that was for her own enjoyment. Her mother had always wanted to teach her, so she taught herself. And now she sat in the park teaching herself Russian with her third book in the series of ‘How to Speak Russian’ books that Felicity bought for her.

She had a feeling it may take her mom and Dig a lot longer than the day he had promised to convince her dad to come back to the City that he thinks he failed and where his best friend died. But she would wait.

“You’re reading another Russian book? Why?”

She looked up from her book and smiled when she seen Roy standing above her. She flopped the book across her chest and smiled up at him. “Because someone out of the two of us has to know what the heck the Bratva is saying if we ever encounter them, right?”

“Okay. You got me there,” he said taking a seat next to her. “So, you going out with me tonight?”

“Roy Harper, don’t I go out with you every night?”

“Well, yeah, just didn’t know what your plans were school wise.”

“Well, school wise, I’m keeping my head down and doing my work. Of course everyone there is ignoring me now because of what my grandmother was a part of. I’m guilty by relation apparently.”

He smiled and rubbed her back sympathetically. “Hey, it’s just because they don’t know what I know. If they knew that the night of the device explosion that you saved almost eighty people I think they would look at you differently.”

“Except I can’t tell them that. So, I just let them say what they think they need to say and then finish out school. Heck, yesterday, my last class, I had asked to use the restroom and left about a half an hour early.”

“I’m sorry it’s so hard, Sash. If I could change it. I would.”

“I know. Thank you.” She exhaled. She marked her place, then sat up. “So, did you find someone to go after?”

“I think so,” he answered.

“Let me see.”

He handed her the information he got on the guy and she read it over. She nodded. “Looks good. How do you think we should do it?”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, Roy, you weren’t patient enough to let me teach you what the Hood taught me, so I’m teaching you in your way. If you insist on not being properly trained to go out there then I will insist that you strategize your approach to it.”

“Strategize my approach? You sound like a military person.”

She laughed. “Well, Roy, the Hood did work for the government at one time. I learned all this from him. Which you gotta learn it too. You can’t keep going in there half cocked and expect a good outcome. It’s not going to happen.”
“But I don’t know how to strategize anything.”

“Then let me teach you.”

Meanwhile, on Lian Yu, Dig and Felicity are continuing their search, until Felicity steps on a landmine and activates it. “Dig!”

Dig looked down at her foot and realized what it was. “Don't move. It's a landmine. I'm going to try to disarm it.”

“You can't!”

They both looked up to see Oliver standing on a tree branch. “Diggle! Back away. Felicity, don't move.” He used an arrow with a rope attached. Connected it to a tree branch, then swung down, grabbed her and they landed in some grassy brush. He looked down at her. She looked at him. “God, you're-- you're really sweaty.”

“You’re a hard man to find.”

“You shouldn’t have come here.”

Oliver took them back to the plane crash wreckage. “Would have emailed, but this isn't exactly a WiFi hotspot.”

Felicity looked around. “Is this where you lived when you were here? I mean, the first time you were here.”

“For some of it.” He put a shirt on.

“Could you at least pretend like you're glad to see us? Dig and I spent weeks tracking you down. We've traveled halfway across the world. And this morning we flew in a plane so old, I'm pretty sure I was safer once I jumped out of it. You could...at least offer us a water. Or... A coconut.”

Oliver smiled as he stopped in front of a crate. He grabbed a water and handed it to her. “Fresh out of coconuts. I am happy to see you.” He smiled down at her. He looked at them both. “But I know why you're here. I'm not coming back to Starling City. I can't. My mission, my father's list, it was a fool's crusade. And I failed. Malcolm Merlyn destroyed the Glades. Tommy died. And the Hood couldn't stop it. So don't ask me to put it on again. Ever.”

“This isn't about you being the Vigilante. This is about you being Oliver Queen. Your mother's in prison, Oliver. Her trial's coming up. Thea's out on her own. Your family needs you,” Dig reminded him.

“So does the family business,” Felicity said. “All the bad press after the Undertaking left Queen Consolidated ripe for a hostile takeover by Stellmoor International. They've gutted every company they've taken over. Once they gobble up Queen Consolidated, 30,000 employees are going to be out of a job. Including one very blond I.T. expert.” She then said, “Not to mention our daughter—” she closed her eyes. “Please tell me I said your daughter?”

He smiled. “What about Lexy?”

“She needs you,” Dig told him. “She needs both her parents. That girl, as young as she is is trying
to figure out how to balance high school and being the only Vigilante the City’s got. And she’s
doing a damn fine job, but Oliver, she needs you. Not the Hood, but her dad.” He looked at Felicity
and then at Oliver. “Felicity is doing an amazing job, but she needs you. It’s not easy for her to
walk into that school and be the face for the Queen Family—the family that helped level the
Glades. She already feels different because she’s twelve years old and a Freshman in high school.
Don’t make her suffer through this alone too.” Dig looked him in the eyes. “It’s time to come
home, man.”

Alexa’s cell phone rang and she immediately answered when she didn’t recognize the number.
“Hello?”

“Hey, Sweetheart.”

She smiled. “Hi, daddy. Did you find another satellite phone?”

He laughed. “No. I’m coming home.”

She gasped and then squealed loudly. “For good? Daddy, please tell me it’s for good? I hate being
so far away from you.”

“Me too, but you know why I did, right?”

“I know and I completely understand. But it doesn’t mean I have to like it.”

He laughed. “Very true. So, we should be home in a few hours. Do you think you can have
yourself and a car waiting for us when we get to the airport?”

“Yep. Promise.”

“Thank you, Sweetheart. It’ll be really good to see you.”

“You too, daddy. Hurry home. I miss you.”

He smiled. “I love you.”

“Love you.”

A few hours later, actually the next day, Alexa waited for them. When Oliver stepped off the plane
and came across the tarmac, Alexa took off at a dead run for her father. She jumped into his arms
and he dropped his bags and wrapped his arms around her, holding her tightly. He turned his face
into her hair and took a deep breath. “Mmm. Baby, I missed you so much.”

She squeezed tightly. “I missed you too.” She looked down at him and said simply, “You’re not
allowed to do that anymore. And if you do I stay with you the entire time, agreed?”

He nodded. “Agreed.” He gave her one last hug and then put her on the ground.

She hugged Dig and then Felicity. “Hey, mom, how’d you do?”

“Okay. I puked on the shore once we landed.”
She laughed. “I told you that parachuting was the only way to do it unless you planned on going by boat.”

“I know, Sweetie, thank you.”

They got into the car, Alexa was sitting up front with Dig, while Felicity and Oliver sat in back. Dig drove them through the Glades at the request of Oliver. Everywhere you looked there were signs talking about a guy named Blood.

“Who’s Blood?”

“An alderman from the Glades trying to save the city. Fill your shoes.”

“Here’s everything on Stellmoor International,” Felicity handed him a folder and he opened it. “The vice president of acquisitions is a woman named Isabel Rochev. She looks angry in every photo.”

“And she’s loads of fun to talk to,” Alexa said. She looked over her shoulder. “She approached me once about wanting to buy the company and I informed her that I was only twelve years old and that it was inappropriate for her to talk to me about this stuff.”

“When did she do that?”

“Um….when I was visiting mom at work. We were going to go to lunch since I had a half-day.” She cleared her throat again. “She approached me again while you were gone just recently and insisted on speaking with someone in charge. I proceeded to inform her that if the Board of Directors didn’t see me as just Oliver Queen illegitimate daughter then I probably would have been up there. But since the Board of Directors keeps reminding me of that little fact, not to mention the media, I try to stay out of public—except at night.

Dig immediately changed the subject. “So where to? Office?”

“Home. I want to check in on Thea.”

“Uh, she’s not at your house, Oliver.”

“Where is she?”

Alexa smiled. “Well, funny you should ask that, because she has decided to run Verdant by herself. Of course, Roy is working there now. And I’m not allowed anywhere inside the place.” She looked over her shoulder at her father. “Apparently she doesn’t like the fact that her niece is half-owner.”

Oliver smirked. “Well, too bad for her. I’m not changing ownership to please her.” He looked at Dig. “Take me to the club.”

Meanwhile, at the club, Roy and Thea are arguing again about him being a hero in the Glades. “Yeah, well, someone has to do something. And stand up for what's right, like he did.”

“The Vigilante. Who hasn't been seen since the earthquake, which means he did get buried alive and isn't coming back.”

“I'm back.”

She turned and smiled, laughing. “Ollie! Ah, you remember my friend Roy.”

“Still here?”
“Always.” He looked at Alexa. “Hey, Sasha.”

“Hey, RJ. So, did the new cocktail napkins come in?”

“Come here and I will show you.” They walked off to the side of room as Thea tried to make Oliver feel guilty for not staying touch. Once they were alone Roy whispered, “Does he know?”

“Know what?” She laughed. “Roy, you make it sound like we’re having an affair or something.” She picked up a stack of the new napkins she ordered. She smiled. “Ooh. I like these! They look really good.”

He nodded. “They do look really good. What made you think of the design on them?”

She looked at the picture and brushed a finger over the embroidery. It was of an arrowhead, with the name Verdant laying over top of it and an image of her batons as the V. She shrugged. “Thought it’d look cool. Jeremy drew it for me and I liked it.” She looked up at him. “So, how’s your ribs?”

“Sore. That’s what Thea and I were fighting about when you and your dad showed up. By the way, your dad doesn’t like me.”

“Oh, he likes you just fine as my friend. As Thea’s boyfriend, not so much.”

He laughed and kissed her forehead. “I love you, you know that?”

She smiled up at him. She knew he didn’t mean it in the romantic sense, but in the big-brother/best friend sense. She nodded. “I know.” She tapped his ribs gently. “Call me later and I’ll meet you somewhere and take care of that bruising, okay?”

He nodded. She smiled and walked back toward her dad and aunt.

“I hear rumors that my club is under new management.”

“Ah, actually, it’s my club now—well, it would have been if Alexa signed over the entire thing to me, but like my brother she apparently inherited your stubborn streak.”

Oliver laughed. “Well, she had to inherit something from me. She is half mine.”

“You’re not getting it back.” She looked at Alexa. “You neither.”

Alexa rolled her eyes. “That’s okay. I still own it. So…..”

Thea glared at her and Alexa glared right back. “Why won’t you sign it over to me?”

“Because it’s mine and daddy’s and I told you if daddy wants me to give to you then I’ll do it, but not until then.” She smirked. “I guess you’ll have to live with your niece being your boss a little bit longer.” She perked up for a moment. “Oh! Speaking of which I want to see those papers you needed an owner to sign.”

“You can’t sign them. Someone over eighteen has to.”

“Why trying to scheme your way into being owner?”

“It’s not like you were doing anything with it.”

“I had plans to do something with it, Thea. Ask your boyfriend. He knew it all.”
She rolled her eyes and looked at her brother. “Again, you’re not getting it back.”

Oliver laughed. “You’re not old enough to drink.”

“But I am old enough to run a bar.”

“Have you made it to Iron Heights?”

“To visit the woman who dropped a city on 500 innocent people? No, thank you.”

“Oh, Good Lord,” Alexa muttered.

“Thea...That's not what mom did.”

Alexa rolled her eyes. “You are such a spoiled brat you know that!”

“Right.” She scoffed. “How can you be so nonchalant? She almost killed Roy.”

She laughed. “She didn’t almost kill Roy. You’re being overdramatic. He was perfectly safe. And besides you’d think you’d be proud of the fact that he and I saved eighty more people from the Glades before we got out ourselves.”

“I am—”

“No you’re not. If you were you’d stop harping on the guy about stuff you know nothing about.”

“I know nothing? Really?”

“Have you even been in the Glades since it happened?”

Thea didn’t say anything.

“Didn’t think so.” Alexa walked away.

Oliver’s jaw fell. “Wow. You two are definitely not getting along.”

“If she’d leave Roy alone—”

“Roy’s her friend, Thea. In fact, she met him before you did. You have no right not as her niece or his girlfriend to tell them they can’t be friends.”

“Whatever.” She threw her hands up. “I’m not going to go see that woman. She had a choice to not be a mass murderer. And I have a choice, too. So I choose not to be her daughter.” She touched Oliver’s arm affectionately. “But I am so happy you are home. Honestly, I need to deal with our liquor distributor who shorted me on yesterday’s delivery, and one of my bartenders called in sick, so... What?” she asked when she seen the smile.

“Nothing. It's-- it's nice to see you like this.”

“Like what?”

“Together.”

“The representative from Central City says construction on the Star Labs particle accelerator should be completed by Christmas. And in local news, billionaire Oliver Queen has returned once again to Starling City. With his mother's upcoming trial and his father's company in freefall,
analysts are asking what the Queen family scion has planned next.”

Alexa smiled and wrapped an arm around his waist, leaning her head into his torso. “You’re a scion now?”

He laughed. “And you’re the Billionaire heiress.”

“Oh, when you get settled and everything. There’s things I need you to sign. I’m selling Phoenix Global.”

“You are?”

She nodded. “And not to Stellmoor, which might be why Miss Rochev is angry with me.”

He laughed. “So, who you selling it to?”

“Um….a company called Palmer Technologies. He’s giving me a butt load of money for it too. Um….at last meeting it was 7.5 Billion dollars.” She smiled. “However, that also includes grandfather’s contacts and everything. So, if he wants it as bad as think he does he may raise that a little more.”

He laughed. It amazed him how smart she was and by the sound of it she was business savvy too. “Where did you learn your business savvy?”

She shrugged. “I’d like to think that half of it I inherited it from both sides and the other half I learned on my own.” She sighed. “Being your daughter hasn’t been easy for the last few months, daddy.”

He pulled her to him and kissed her head. “I know, baby. I’m sorry.” He kissed her head again. “I guess you’ll be one rich little girl, huh?”

She shook her head. “No. We will.” She looked up into his eyes. “I don’t want it all for me. We’re a family—all four of us—you, me, Dig and mom. This isn’t going to be my money. Which is why I did this.” She looked around and noticed that Thea wasn’t anywhere in sight and opened the door to the basement, just as her phone beeped. She pulled it out. “Ooh. Gotta go.” She smiled at her dad. “My other job calls.”

He smiled. “Be careful.”

Alexa showed up to the event fundraiser the mayor was throwing in full garb. She ran inside and stormed in to the place. She pulled her batons and started taking out each of the new vigilante inspirations. She ran up to the stage where the mayor laid. She checked a pulse and then put a baton up to block the man. He began firing and she used her batons as deflectors and deflected the bullets.

She tapped her suit and started talking. “Is that all you got?”

“Who the hell are you?”

“Most people call me the Sparrow. However, you can call me your worst nightmare.” She then knocked the gun out of his hands with her baton and then took him down.

As she heard the police approaching, she tasered the guy she was fighting, then stood. She gripped
her batons in her hands and put pressure on them. As they were designed to do they began screaming. As they continued to scream, she exited the building before the police got there to stop it.

Alexa went into the Hideout and quickly changed. She came back upstairs and walked through the club. “HEY!”

She turned and smiled when she seen Roy jogging up to her. “Hey to you too.”

“So, it’s all over the news that the Sparrow fought the Hoods tonight.”

“Did she?” she said turning, smirking. “Very cool of her.”

He laughed and kissed her forehead. “From what the press showed you did an amazing job, Sash. I’m proud of you.”

“Thank you.” She exhaled. “But the thing I don’t understand is these guys are usually going after people in the financial district.”

“Right.”

“So, why go after the mayor and district attorney so publicly?”

Roy looked at her questionably. “Good question.”

“And I have a feeling at some point they’ll be attacking my family too. We are the ones who did this.” She sighed. “Of course, no ones going after Merlyn. The mastermind behind it all.”

“Of course not. The Queens are an easier target.”

The next day, as she was about to walk into class, her phone beeped to tell her there was trouble. She pulled it out and looked at the location. She seen it was Queen Consolidated and ran out of the school. She hopped on her bike and peeled out of the parking lot.

She got there just in time as the guys were shooting up the room where Oliver was having his meeting. She tapped her chest again. She looked at Oliver, Felicity and the others. “Get down.”

She began fighting the guns and then took two out at once. She spun around quickly as one of the guys tried to hit her. She then moved to another one, this one pointed a gun at her. She smacked it with her baton, then head butted him. She kicked him in the torso and then swung her leg around, knocking him on his ass.

Meanwhile, that night, the Hoods came into the club and started shooting it up. Alexa donned her suit one more time and went to save her aunt and best friend. She touched her chest. “Hey!”

“Ahh….the Little Sparrow.” He laughed. “You really think this town is safe with someone like you?”
“Well, it sure as hell isn’t safe with you.” She looked at Roy, their eyes connected. She glared at them. “Get the hell out off my streets.”

“And if we don’t?”

“Then you’ll be sorry.” She hit the gun out of his hand and then kicked him in the chest. She then turned to the next guy and took him on. Then the next started shooting at her, she used her batons to deflect the bullets like she did at Queen Consolidated.

Roy jumped in, but as they were distracted by the other guys, one of the gunmen took Thea and dragged her off.

When Oliver found out what happened and that the Hoods took Thea, he decided it was time to come out of retirement. He went downstairs and looked at Dig and Felicity. “Where’s my daughter?”

“What?” Dig asked. “You didn’t see—”

“No. She’s been taking these guys on herself.” He looked at Felicity. “Find our girl, Felicity.”

She nodded. She sat one of her computers and typed away. “Her tracking device is still active.” She looked at the screen. “It says, she’s right outside.”

Oliver looked at Dig and then took off for the side entrance. He looked around and found her on the ground. He picked her up and took her inside. He laid her on the table. Felicity gasped. “Oh, God….Is she….?”

He shook his head. “She’s still breathing.” He searched her body for a wound and swore. “Sonofabitch! They shot her.”

“What!” Felicity exclaimed.

“They shot her.” He looked up at Dig. “Get me the kit, please.”

He nodded. Oliver watched as Alexa’s eyes drifted open. “Hey, Princess.”

“Daddy…..they took….?”

“I know, baby. We’ll get her back. I promise. But first I gotta put you under so that I can dig out this bullet, okay?”

She nodded. “Okay.”

He used the anesthesia that Felicity had stocked and knocked her out. He then performed surgery and extracted the bullet from her rib, right below her breast. He dropped the bullet into the dish and then began patching her up. He sighed when he finished. “Okay. She should be good. I’m gonna go hood up. Keep an eye on her vitals. If they drop too much we’ll have to think of a really good lie and take her to the hospital.”

Felicity nodded. “Okay.”

“Felicity, find out where these guys are.” He exhaled. “Thea's boyfriend said one of them was missing part of his hand. Maybe a veteran? Check hospital records, any males that have had
surgical amputations on their extremities."


“Would explain how he can handle himself. Did he lose his hand overseas?” Dig asked.

“No. In the earthquake. Says here he and his wife were trying to make it across the 52nd Street bridge when it collapsed. She didn't make it.”

“Phone records, please. I want to know he's in contact with.”

After a couple of minutes, Felicity said, “He's made a lot of calls to a church in the Glades. Something called Standing Strong. It's a support group for those who lost loved ones in the quake.”

“Great place to meet three other guys as angry as you, looking for a little payback,” Dig pointed out.

“Get me an address, please.”

Felicity showed him the custom made bow and he likes it a lot. She smiled. “I also re-did Lexy’s batons and she’s got a lot more stuff on her now that can easily get her out of tight spots when she needs to.”

“Good. I planned on doing that when she was in the field more.”

She smiled up at him. “I did it for you.”

“Thank you.”

After all the fighting was over and Thea was saved, Alexa came to, very groggy.

“Dad…..mom…..”

“We’re here, Sweetheart,” Oliver told her. He brushed back her hair from her face and kissed the top of her head. “Hey, Baby.”

“Hi,” she said groggily. “Mom.”

“Yeah,” Felicity said, teary-eyed.

“Aunt Thea?”

“She’s okay. Your daddy saved her.”

She nodded. “I tried…..” her voice trailed off.

“I know you did, Sweetheart. And you did really well.” He kissed her again. “You keep this up and you’ll have as many scars as me.”

She laughed. “I’m trying.”

Felicity laughed. “Why would you wanna?”

“Because scars are the mark of a good hero,” she whispered.
“Who told you that?”

She shrugged. “Me.” Her eyes started to close again.

He smiled, kissed her forehead and said, “You get some sleep. I’ll be here when you wake up.”

He sat down and sighed. Relieved that his daughter was going to be fine. “What does she call herself?”

“The Sparrow,” Felicity answered, smiling. “She heard one once when we went to Coast City and thought it was pretty, so…”

He nodded and smiled. “I like it.”

“We do too,” Dig agreed. “So, what are you going to call yourself now that we’re not going to be vigilantes?”

He walked over, picked up one of his arrows and looked at it. He didn’t say anything, just looked at them.
Identity

Chapter Summary

Alexa makes a friend at school....who just might be something more. And the Team has to stop a team of hijackers that are taking the medicine that is meant for the hospital that was destroyed by the Undertaking.

Chapter Notes

I apologize profusely, guys. I had one helluva week last week and was finally feeling in the right headspace for this story. So, I hope you've stuck with me. And lots more updates are to come.

I hope you like Dylan, because you'll be seeing more of him through the rest of the series.

Alexa stepped out of the driver-driven car and put her bag on her shoulder. She turned to Diggle and smiled up at him. She opened her mouth to say something but—

“Oh, look, it’s the Bastard Child.” The pretty brunette glared at Alexa. “Has your daddy claimed you yet?”

“Probably not.”
The entire group of girls giggled and sauntered off.

She sighed and bowed her head to look at the ground. Diggle tipped her chin back up. “Hey.”

She smiled. She took a deep breath and released it. “I’m okay. Just another day in paradise.”

He laughed. “Just remember, you’re amazing.”

She laughed. “Right.” She hugged Diggle and then walked inside. She headed for her locker and put her book bag inside. She grabbed her English 9 textbook and the notebook, only to turn and quite literally run into someone. “Oh!”

She jumped back and looked up. Her heart literally stopped beating when she seen him. He was really cute. Sandy blond hair, blue eyes, lanky build. “I-I-I-I’m sorry.”

“It’s okay,” the guy said, his voice sort of deep. “I wasn’t really paying attention.”

He smiled down at her and she thought her heart literally stopped beating. He looked further down at the floor and picked up her English book. He held it out to her. She smiled. “Thank you.”

“You’re welcome.” His smile widened. “I’m Dylan.”

“Alexa.”

He winked at her and then gently walked past her to walk to his class. She turned, smiling, she bit down on her bottom lip as she watched him walk away. She let out a little squeal as she turned back and started for her class.

At 4th period, Dylan met up with his neighbor, Matthew Brady at his locker. He transferred the books for the last 4 hours out of his bag and put in the other books for the next hours. “So….uh, do you know Alexa?”

“Alexa?”

Dylan nodded. “Yeah. Really pretty, petite, long, wavy blond hair, a great smile and blue eyes.”

Matt’s brow furrowed. “Uh….I don’t think I know her. But she sounds hot.”

He chuckled and then seen the subject of their conversation walking by. “Her.”

“Her who?” Matt asked turning. He seen the ‘her’ he was talking about and turned back to him. “Dude, I know you’re new here, but trust me when I say this, you don’t want to go after that.”

“Why not?”

“Because for one thing she’s twelve.”

“And I’m thirteen. I’ll be fourteen in November. What else you got?”

“She’s a Queen.”

“A Queen?” Dylan questioned.

“Yeah,” he nodded, adjusting his backpack. “As in Oliver Queen’s illegitimate daughter that he had at sixteen with some random girl he hooked up with.” He rubbed his head. “Trust me, bro, you don’t want to touch that with a ten foot pole. Not to mention, her grandmother helped murder five-
hundred people and level the Glades.”

Dylan closed his locker and put his bag on his shoulder. “And that has something to do with Alexa, how?”

“She’s a Queen. It doesn’t have to.” He cleared his throat. “Besides, the Queen Bee herself has made it her mission to terrorize her, and trust me you don’t want to get on the bad side of Brittany Garrett.”

He scoffed. “Whatever. I’m not afraid of a Mean Girl.”

They walked into the cafeteria and headed for the lunch line. As he waited for his turn at the food, he looked around the cafeteria and his heart hurt when he saw her sitting all alone at a single circular table that was in the cafeteria. His jaw fell. “She’s like a pariah.”

“A what?”

“An outcast,” Dylan clarified. He grabbed a tray and looked at the food. “Heck. The food looks better here than at my last school.”

The lunch lady smiled at him. “You can thank the Queens for that. They donated the money for the school to have a descent menu this year.” She smiled and looked over at Alexa. “I think it has something to do with his little girl being here that made him do it.”

He smiled. “It just might have.” He looked at the options. “May I ask what Alexa got?”

“Uh…..that,” she pointed.

He looked down to see the pot roast and mashed potatoes and gravy. He smiled. “Great. I’ll take it.”

She scooped him some and put some of the pot roast on the plate. She put the plate on his tray. He grabbed a soda, some carrots and then started for some of the tables. Matt tapped him. “Hey, D, we’re over here.”

Dylan started heading that way and then stopped, looking over his shoulder at Alexa. “Uh…..” he looked at Matt. “….I think I’ll sit with her.”

Matt rushed up to him and turned him to look at him. “Are you crazy?! You’re gonna kill any chance of you being anything at this school if you sit with her, D.”

He pulled his arm free and looked at Matt. “Ask me if I care, Matt. No one should be treated like a Pariah.” He started walking to her table, adjusting his bag on his shoulder. He smiled down at her. She sat at the table, eating slowly, reading a book and had headphones in. He knew that either way he was going to scare her.

He sat the tray on the table and her head immediately shot up. She pulled her earbuds from her ears. He smiled. “Hi.”


“May I sit with you?”

She couldn’t seem to answer with her words so she just nodded. He smiled. “Thank you.”

She swallowed the potatoes she had in her mouth. “Did you lose a bet?”
“Excuse me?” he asked, popping the top on his soda.

She smiled shyly. “No one usually wants to sit with me,” she admitted. “So, I assumed you lost a bet.”

He chuckled softly. “Nope. I’m new here and from what my neighbor tells me, so are you, so…..”

She nodded, folded a corner of the book she was reading and put it beside her. “I am. I skipped a couple of grades and ended up finding out I’d be a Freshman this year.”

He smiled. “I skipped too,” he told her.

“Cool. Well, welcome to Starling City High. Home of the Meanies.”

“The Meanies?”

She nodded for him to look and he turned to look over his shoulder to see a band of 5 girls sauntering into the cafeteria. “Since I got here in September they’ve made my year hell.”

He smiled. “I’m sorry.”

She shrugged. “I told my dad I wanted the high school experience, so……”

He opened his mouth to say something, but was halted by the clacking of heels hitting the floor. He looked up to see the leader of the Meanies coming to the table. Brittany Garrett glared down at Dylan and then turned her glare on Alexa. “So, tell me, Queen, did your father really think he could help this City after what your grandmother did?”

She looked up at her questionably. “What in the heck are you talking about now?” Alexa asked.

Brittany turned her phone display for her to see and then pressed play,

“Last year when Oliver Queen returned to Starling City, he was met with flowers and well-wishes. However, today down at Glades Memorial, he was met with a far less cordial homecoming. The question is no longer, where have you been, Oliver Queen? Now it’s, but what have you done for me lately? Mr. Queen was not available for comment.”

Dylan looked over at the petite blond and watched as she rolled her eyes. She then looked up at the pretty brunette. Alexa scoffed in mocked disbelief. “You know for a girl that repeatedly says she doesn’t care about me. You seriously have an obsession for my family.” She folded her arms on the table. “I already know this town hates my family, what are you not telling me, Brittany?”

Brittany scoffed and then tipped her soda over on purpose. Alexa used her quick reflexes and pushed back from the table before the soda could spill on her. Dylan stood and glared at the brunette bitch. “Oh, that was really mature. Why don’t you go stare into your compact? You’re looking a little crumbly.”

She gasped and rushed over to the table where the Meanies and the hottest guys in school sat. Alexa snickered as she watched the girl walk off. “That was good.”

He laughed. “Thanks.” He looked at her as he sat back down. “You okay?”

She shrugged. “It’s my lot in life to live through my family’s mistakes, so….” She looked at him. “They keep trying to be the ones to tell me something I don’t know about my family. I mean, I know my grandmother helped destroy the Glades, but that’s not me and that’s not my father.”
“You’re right. It’s not.” He smiled sympathetically at her. “I know how you feel, sort of.”

“How do you mean?”

“My father was the Bernie Madoff of Central City. My mom, my sisters, younger brother and I moved to Starling to try and start over.”

She smiled softly. “I’m sorry. I hope you get your do-over.”

He nodded. “Me too.” He picked up his soda and smirked over the rim. “It’s looking good so far.”

Alexa felt the warm burn as she blushed. Maybe this school year wouldn’t be so hard after all.

__________________________________________________________

After school that day, Alexa headed out of the front doors of the school and headed in the direction of downtown when she heard Dylan calling her name. She turned, walking backwards. “Hey, Dyl. What’s up?”

“Where’re you headed?”

“Queen Consolidated. My dad’s now the new CEO. He texted me in History to meet him there.”

Dylan seen the lip in the sidewalk, before she could turn to do anything about it. So, when she tripped over the lip, he immediately caught her and pulled her to him. In reflex, she gripped his t-shirt and they both looked into each other’s eyes.

Alexa felt her heart hammer hard in her chest. “Uh….thank you.”

He smiled down at her. “You’re welcome.”

She straightened her outfit and they walked side by side each other. As they walked into downtown, they talked about what seemed to be everything. Like with Roy, the more she was hanging out with Dylan the more she was beginning to like him. She cleared her throat. “I should probably tell you, uh….I’m only twelve.”

He nodded. “I know. I’m thirteen. I’ll be fourteen in November.”

Her heart almost burst out of her chest with hope. “Really?”

He nodded. “Yep. That’s okay, right?”

She nodded slowly. That feeling she had been getting every time she thought about him got stronger and stronger. And hearing him say he was over a year older than her had her hoping that maybe liking this guy wouldn’t be so bad. “Yeah. Definitely.”

“Good.” He bumped her shoulder. “I wasn’t going to give up that easily anyway.”

She laughed. “You that desperate for friends?” she teased.

He laughed. “Maybe.” He adjusted his bag on his shoulder. “Why did you point out your age?”

“That’s actually a long story. Truthfully, my first crush was on a guy that I consider to be one of my best friends. However, he’s almost ten years older than me.”
“Wow….”

She nodded. “Yeah. Well, he kept pointing out the fact of my age and I guess I got a complex or something.”

He nodded. “So, what happened with the crush?”

She shrugged. “Nothing really. He’s dating my aunt Thea now, so, we’re just friends despite what my aunt thinks of it.”

“You’re kidding! He’s dating your aunt?”

She nodded. “Yeah. And how he went about it wasn’t cool either. And how he told me hurt.”

“How’d he tell you?”

“Um….. ‘hey, I’m sorry to tell you this, but I’m dating your aunt’.” She exhaled. “The reason why it hurt so bad wasn’t really because of my crush on him—even though that was bad—but it was because I had opened up to him and vented about how my grandmother and my aunt treated me like a second class citizen before my dad was discovered to be alive.”

He could only imagine how that felt. She had to of felt betrayed besides being crushed about the crush. “That does suck.”

She shrugged. “It is what it is,” she answered. She looked up at him. “Like you said, things are starting to look up again.”

“Hey, you’ve lived here for awhile, right?”

“Uh….yeah. All my life, yeah. Just on the other side of town.” She looked up at him. “What’s up?”

“Do you know what’s up with the team of Vigilantes?”

“Uh…..” she pretended like she didn’t know. “You mean the ones that dress in all green and green and black?”

He nodded. “My sister has like a girl crush on the girl Vigilante.”

She laughed. “Um….no. I heard she goes by Sparrow, as opposed to Vigilante or whatever they want to call her.” She cleared her throat. “What do you think of her?”

He shrugged. “She’s pretty cool, I guess. I mean, it takes an extremely brave person to face some of the things she’s faced.”

She nodded. “It is.”

They turned left and continued walking on the sidewalk. In the distance stood the tall Queen Consolidated building. They started chatting about small ‘get-to-know-you’ things as they came up to the main entrance of Queen Consolidated. Dylan looked up. “Wow….that’s some building.”

She giggled and smiled up at him. “It is. It’s had some bad luck for the last year or so, but things are better.” She knew she had to walk into the building and meet up with her father, but a part of her didn’t want to walk away just in case this wasn’t going to last forever.

“So, is your dad at the top?”
“He has one of the offices up there, yeah. The other one is with the co-owner, Isabel.”

“Isabel?”

“Isabel Rochev. Or as I call her the Witch of Starling City.”

He laughed. “You don’t like her, huh?”

She shook her head. “Um….I should probably tell you this. I have money from both sides of my family. My mother was a Bradford.”

“Was?”

She nodded. “She died a little over five years ago in a plane crash.”

“Oh, man….I’m so sorry.”

“Thanks. And because of the fact that I’m the last living Bradford a lot of buyers have been approaching me to buy my grandfather’s company. Isabel was one of them and she tried to use her intimidating witch tactics to make me sign it over.”

“Didn’t work?”

She shook her head. “Nope. I let Ray Palmer, from Palmer Technologies buy it a month or so ago.”

“That’s cool.” He thumbed behind him. “So, uh….if I was to ask you to come see a movie with me this weekend would your dad like hire someone to break my legs?”

She felt the giddy joy at the thought of the ‘date’. She laughed. “No.” She looked up into his blue eyes. “Would it be considered a date?”

He nodded nonchalantly. “Maybe.”

Her heart dropped. “Maybe?”

He nodded. “Yeah.” He closed the gap between them as a man with a phone attached to his hand almost bumped into him. He watched the wind flick a piece of her blond hair across her cheek and he immediately pushed it gently behind her ear.

Joy overwhelmed her as her heart fluttered.

“If your dad won’t let you date yet, we could just say its two friends hanging out,” Dylan explained, his eyes never leaving hers.

Her heart hammered hard in her chest. “But would it be a date?”

He nodded. “It would. As much of a date as anything, considering we’re not quite old enough for a full-fledged dating experience yet.”

She nodded. “Okay. I accept.”

He smiled, giddy himself. His older sister was right. All he had to do was put himself out there. “Cool.”

She flipped her backpack to pull something out of her front pocket and clicked the pen. She then took his hand. She quickly wrote out 2 numbers on his hand. She smiled up at him. “I know it’s
pretty old school to do that instead of asking for your phone, but….”

“No, it’s cool. What are the two numbers?”

“One’s my number at home. The one that goes directly to my bedroom and the other one is my cell phone. Which is always on me.”

He smiled and gently took the pen from her hand. He then flipped over her left hand and did the same for her. Noticing that the ink was a little wet, he blew across her palm. Alexa’s eyes darted to his, connecting. Her heart skipped and the butterflies that had started since they bumped into each other earlier were now munchkins doing a jig. He looked into her eyes. “Call me?”

She nodded slowly. He smiled, keeping her hand in his. Finally, he started walking away, keeping a hold of her hand until he couldn’t anymore and then continued to his apartment. Again, like at school, Alexa watched him walk away and then rushed quickly into the building. She pulled her cell phone from her jacket pocket and sped-dialed Felicity.

Felicity answered, “Hey, Sweetie.”

“Hey, mom! The greatest thing happened! Are you upstairs?”

She nodded. “We’re waiting for you.”

“Oh! Sorry. I’m on my way. Standing at the elevators now.”

“Okay. See you in a few.” She hung up the phone and looked at Oliver. “I think Lexy had a really good day at school today.”

He smiled. “Good. I’m glad.”

Dig looked at his friend. “There’s something you may need to do though.”

“What?”

“Apparently these mean girls at her school—from what I saw anyway, um….they call her the Bastard Child.”

“What?” His heart stopped and broke for her.

He nodded. “Yeah. She just shrugs it off, Oliver, but I could tell it bothered her.”

He nodded. “Okay. I’ll take care of it,” he told him.

Alexa rushed in seconds later, smiling and looking really happy. “Hi!” she said happily.

“Hi,” Oliver said and hugged her. “Good day?”

“The best day ever!” she exclaimed, almost jumping out of her skin. She exhaled. “I can honestly say I’m over my crush on Roy.”

“Great!” Felicity and Oliver said in unison. Felicity smiled. “What made you get over him?”

“Dylan.”

Oliver’s heart literally stopped beating. “Dylan?”
She looked at her father. “Yeah. New kid at school. He just moved here from Central City. He’s thirteen. He’ll be fourteen in November and….“ Her voice trailed off as she looked at her dad. “Sorry, daddy.”

He smiled and walked to her. “No. It’s okay.” He kissed the top of her head. “Is that who’s number’s on your hand?”

She nodded. “Yeah. We sorta exchanged numbers outside.” She shrugged. “Anyway….so, what’s up?”

“We’re going to the Hideout,” Oliver told her. “Felicity found something on the FEMA truck hijackings.”

At the Hideout, Felicity told them what she found. “Never thought I’d say this, but I’m actually getting more done down in the basement of an abandoned steel factory than in the corner office of a high rise.”

“What do you have?” Oliver asked.

“FEMA is shipping 100,000 units of medical grade opiates to Glades Memorial.”

“When?” Alexa asked.

“Truck is scheduled to leave the FEMA depot in 20 minutes. Not if this motorcycle gang has anything to say about it.”

“Bad luck for them.” Oliver looked at his daughter. “We have something to say about it.” He smiled softly. “Go suit up.”

They got to the depot, but as on-time as they were, it didn’t seem to matter the drivers were still killed. China White killed the third guy and then looked at Oliver. “Emerald archer. I feared you had perished in the quake, denying me the opportunity to pay you back in full for your past interference in my business.”

“Your business is going under-- permanently!”

“I don’t think my friend agrees with you. Our new partnership was easily cemented. See, I was eager to see you dead, and he was eager to kill you.”

Oliver starts firing arrows at him.

“No kill shots? I was promised a fight. I hope you haven’t lost your nerve.”

“Find out.”

The two men start fighting as Alexa jumps on the back of the FEMA truck. She pulled herself up onto the roof of the trailer and walked to the front cab of the truck. She then dropped down into the cab, hit the woman in the face as she sliced at Alexa’s arm and she tasered the woman with one of her batons. She took a hold of the wheel, and stopped the truck. She tapped her chest. “Mom.”
“Yes, Sweetie?”

“Need help driving this thing.”

“This thing? What do you mean?”

“I blitz attacked China White.” She smiled triumphantly. “The joys of being so little.”

“Wait a minute,” Diggle said coming into her ear. “You blitz attacked a member of the Chinese Triad?”

She nodded as she said. “There was a reason why daddy put tasers on the end of my batons, John.”

He chuckled in amazed disbelief. “Congratulations, Small Fry.”

“Thanks, but I need help to drive this thing.”

“Okay. Where’s China White?”

“Passed out in the driver seat. I knocked her out with a couple thousands of volts.”

Felicity couldn’t help it she laughed. Dig put the headset on. “Okay, Small Fry, open the driver’s side door and push her out.”

Alexa did as instructed. “Okay.”

“Now, move the seat up until you can reach the pedals.”

She did as instructed again. Once she could reach the pedals she said, “Okay.”

“Now, as you could probably tell when you pushed China White out of the truck the vehicle rolled, right?”

“Right,” she conceded. “Do I ease my foot off the break?”

He nodded. “Yep. Exactly. Ease your foot of and accelerate just a little.”

She did as he said and the vehicle started moving. She smiled. She couldn’t believe it. She was driving! “Okay. Now what?”

“Now,” he turned his head to see Oliver limping in. He went back to what he was doing while Felicity filled Oliver in. “Okay, Small Fry, now, try to stay on your side of the road. To do that you move the wheel gently to stay within the line.”

She started doing what he instructed and she smiled excitedly. “Oh, this is so cool!”

He laughed. “It is, but you gotta concentrate. Now you pay attention to the road and be safe. I’m gonna stay on the line with you until you get to the hospital, okay?”

“Okay,” she said confidently.

She got back to the Hideout a while later and put her batons on the chargers. She looked at her father. “Bullet?”
He nodded. “SCPD,” he told her.

She sighed. “Sorry that I wasn’t there to help you, daddy.”

He stood, smiling and kissed her forehead. “Don’t be. I’m extremely proud of you.”

She smiled. “Thanks.”

He smiled at her. “So, this boy…..do you like him?”

She nodded. “A lot,” she answered. “He kinda asked me out for this weekend.”

“What?!” all 3 adults said, except in different tones. Felicity was excited. Dig was surprised and Oliver sounded like a dad.

She held up her hands. “To a movie. Well, unless daddy says I’m not allowed.”

Felicity turned to Oliver. She could tell that he wasn’t happy about the fact that his daughter had a date. “Oliver?”

He exhaled. He knew how difficult it was for her for the last 6 years and as difficult as it was for him to think of his little girl growing up, she was in high school now. And in high school, even at fourteen, you went out with friends and whatnot. He looked at Alexa. “Lex, it’s not that I’m not happy for you because I am, it’s just—”

“I’m your daughter and you want to keep me up in the tower until I’m forty.”

He laughed. “Yeah. In a way of speaking, yes.” He sighed. “Tell you what, the only way I’m going to agree with this date is to meet the kid first.” He watched as she got excited, but he held up a hand and she stopped, “But…you need to know this. I’m always going to disapprove.” He walked up to her and took her face in his hands. “You’re my Little Girl. No one’s ever gonna be good enough for you, Lex.” He smiled when she seemed surprised. “I’m sorry. It’s just the way it is.”

She nodded. “Okay, daddy. I’ll talk to Dylan. See what he says.”

He nodded. Felicity looked at the group. “I love that we live in a city where the police are more interested in catching you than the drug-stealing mobsters. Our tax dollars at work.”

“The authorities have always gone after the Vigilante.”

“This time was different.”

“Why, because this time it's Laurel leading the charge?”

Oliver rose. “Because they got in my way.” He walked to Diggle. “I can't make things better as Oliver Queen, and now I can't make things better as the Vigilante. So what if Laurel's involved?”

“Hey!”

“Dad!” Alexa said at the same time.

“Go easy on him.”

“It's all right, Felicity.”

“No, it's not. You don't get to jump down his throat just because you happen to be having a lousy
week. Ok, you're pissed he invoked the almighty Laurel. Well, you're not the only one whose love life is taking it on the chin!"

“Felicity...”

“Mom!”

“What are you talking about?”

“I'm talking about, you keep bringing up Carly but you're so involved with yourself that you don't even realize the look he gets every time you do.”

Oliver looked at Diggle. “What is she talking about?”

“Me and Carly pulling the pin. It happened when you were gone. Truth is, it's been happening for a while now.”

“Being the Vigilante's wingman was a strain.” Felicity turned to John. “He needs to hear this.”

“This wasn't just about what we were doing, Oliver.” He exhaled. “This isn't just about you, man. I couldn't separate what's going on with me and Carly, and... What went on with my brother.”

“Deadshot.”

“He's still out there. My brother's killer. Still breathing. And I, uh, guess I couldn't hate him and love her at the same time. See? You are not the only one having trouble reconciling two sides of himself.”

He and Felicity walked off. Alexa sighed. “Daddy.”

“Yes, baby?”

“I need to go home and get some sleep. Got school in the morning.”

He nodded. “Okay.” He picked up his jacket and they walked out together. “Let’s get you home, Princess.”

Alexa walked into her bedroom, while listening to her voicemails. She listened as Roy told her that Thea fired her because he wanted to be the vigilante. She hung up her phone and knocked on Thea’s door. “Hey. So, Roy just called me.”

“Oh, God….”

“You have no right to do that!”

“It’s my club!”

“No, it’s my club!” she yelled back. “And he’s my friend! I’m gonna tell you what daddy’s been telling me. You need to learn to separate personal from professional.”

“What the hell does that mean?”

“It means that personally you hate how he spends his nights getting the crap beat out of him every
night, but professionally, he does what he needs to do.” She narrowed her eyes. “If you can’t learn to separate the two, then I will pressure dad into doing—”

She scoffed and rolled her eyes. “He wouldn’t do that.”

“Watch me!” she warned. “You’re not the only female Queen that can get him to do what you want, you know?” She walked to the door. “Mix up the two again and see what happens, Thea.” She glared at her over her shoulder. “See how much I’m playing.” She walked out of the room, shutting the door behind her.

She walked to her room and put Dylan’s numbers into her phone. She then shot him a text for him to get in the morning.

That morning, the sun shown brightly through Dylan’s bedroom window. He stretched and sat up. He saw the LED indicator on his phone blinking. He swiped it up and read the message:

[To Dylan/2:50am]: Good morning. Hoping you slept well. Meet me by the flagpole. I got news on the date front.

He smiled and texted her back.

[To Alexa/7:15am]: Good morning. I slept very well. Thank you. Everything okay?

[To Dylan]: Depends on your definition. My dad said before he agrees to let us go to the movies, he wants to meet you first.

Even though his heart stopped beating, he was expecting it to be something like that. Even his mom and older sister had warned him of that. He texted back:

[To Alexa]: That’s okay. My mom and sister warned me that he’d do something like that. We’ll talk about it before school.

[To Dylan]: Okay. See you then.

At school, Alexa paced, wringing her hands as she waited for Dylan. Dylan walked up to her and pinched her sides playful, she squealed and turned. He smiled. “Morning.”

“Morning.” She sighed. “I know it sucks that my dad wants to meet you first.”

He smiled. “No, it’s okay. I expected it. My mom told me that if he was a good parent he’d want to know.”

She nodded. “So, uh….how about dinner at my house? My dad had asked me about it on the way home last night.”

He smiled. “That sounds good.”

She smiled hugely. “Good. Tomorrow night okay?”
He nodded. “Yeah. That’s fine. My mom and sister has to work late. And my brother and my other sister are with my aunt so it’s perfect.”

Alexa smiled. It just might be.

Oliver had organized a benefit to show the people of the Glades that he did care, only to have himself called down to Verdant. They get there to see Alexa all suited up. Felicity turned in her chair and looked at them. “I know this is the definition of sucky timing, but...which suit are you planning on wearing tonight?”

He smiled. Alexa looked at her father. “Let me go.”

“No.”

She sighed. “Dad, it’s better than having the Alderman crucify you again for not caring about the people of the Glades.”

He smirked. “Then I guess it’s a good thing that I’m father first, huh?”

“What do you mean?”

Dig smirked. “He means, he found the best excuse ever to not show up to everything.”

She couldn’t help it, she laughed. “You’re gonna use me?”

He nodded. “In a way, yes.”

She tilted her head in a way of saying, ‘okay, that might work’. “All right. Let’s do this.”

The 3 of them get down to stop China White and Bronze Tiger from taking the medicine. Dig fights the henchman that was tasked with taking the truck, while Alexa and Oliver fight China White and Bronze Tiger. Dig drives off and Alexa watches as China White jumps on the back of the truck.

“I’m clear,” Dig said into his earpiece.

“That makes one of us,” Oliver told him. “And I don’t have eyes on Lexy either.”

Alexa tapped her mic. “I’m here, but Dig, you’re not clear. China White’s on the truck.”

“Where are you?” Felicity asked.

“Sitting on the trailer, waiting for her to make her move,” she answered.

When China did, it was Alexa who helped Dig fight her off. And it was one of Arrow’s trick arrows that finally stopped her and Bronze Tiger. China White looked at Alexa. “You know, when I get free, you’ll be the first one I kill.”

Alexa’s eyes narrowed. “Bring it. At least I’ll still have my team. I highly doubt the triad will trust you again.” She smiled. “Oh, and say hi to all your friends in prison. I have a feeling you’ll have
Meanwhile, at the company, Oliver, Alexa and Dig, watch the reports about the medicine finally making it to the Glades. The second one that week. Oliver asked Dig to take Alexa home for him while he stays behind and takes care of CEO stuff. Alexa started walking out with him, but stopped. She turned back. “Daddy.”

“Yes, baby?”

“With Alderman Blood, make a statement about tonight.” She walked to him. “This family doesn’t need anymore bad press. And you don’t need another battle to try and win. You’ve already got two. The Wicked Witch and the criminals of this city.”

He chuckled. “Thank you, baby. I’ll take care of it.”

Alexa nodded. “Oh. I told Dylan to come to the house tomorrow night for dinner.” She smiled. “You still wanna meet him, right?”

“I do,” he answered. “I’ll tell Raisa.”

She nodded again and walked out with Diggle. She got into the car and he drove off.
The Team helps Lance recapture a murderer that was escaped when the Quake happened. Dylan comes for dinner and it would seem that Roy doesn't like him much, while Oliver gives his blessing with a warning. And the budding couple finally make a date and Oliver sort of asks out Felicity under the pretense of helping him get through his daughter's first date.

Chapter Notes

Sorry this one took so long. Wanted to give you guys something between Oliver and Felicity and that's where the ending conversation came in. So, enjoy!

Alexa came downstairs from the club and walked into the Hideout. “What in the heck is going on?”

“What do you mean?” Oliver asked turning to face her.

“I know Laurel’s on some weird blame game with you for Uncle Tommy, but seriously, the entire police force?” She pulled her fingers through her hair. “She’s lucky that they weren’t needed at a bigger crime.” She folded her arms in front of her. “I wonder if she’d feel—”

“Alexa stop—”

“No!” she exclaimed. “You’ve seriously got to get over your thing for Laurel, dad. I’m serious.” She shook her head. “She’s not as perfect as you make her out to be. She’s human and trust me, my
feelings for her are valid consider—”

“I said stop.”

“And I said no,” she told him. She glared at him. “What is with your thing with Laurel, huh? You’d think with the women you’ve gone through since her and sleeping with her sister that you’d be pretty much done with her.”

“I am—”

“No, you’re not. Because if you were, us invoking the name wouldn’t make you so angry all the time.” She held up her hands. “I’m done.” She looked at Dig. “I wanna go home, please.”

He nodded. Oliver sighed. “Lexy—”

“No, dad,” she said and moved out of his reach. “I’m done arguing with you about Laurel. I’d really like to know how one woman could have two guys all twisted up in knots over her.” She looked her father dead in the eyes. “How in the world did you date my mother for a sixteen months if Laurel is the ‘love of your life’?”

Without another word she walked out and headed back upstairs.

Alexa said goodbye to Diggle the next morning and put her bookbag on her shoulder.

“Am I ever going to be able to walk you home?”

She smiled, her stomach dipping in excitement. She looked over her shoulder. “Would you want to?”

“I’d like the option,” he answered. He caught up to her and slipped his hand into hers.

“Well, let me know and I’ll stay with my mom.”

“Your mom? What is there a backdoor to heaven I don’t know about?”

She laughed and bumped his arm. “Not that I’m aware of. I was talking about Felicity. She’s a friend of the family and she’s been my friend for about five and half years or so. She started reminding me of my mom when we’d hang out, so….”

He nodded. “Okay. So, we still on for dinner tonight?”

“I think so,” she answered honestly.

“You think so?”

She sighed. “My dad mentioned about having to reschedule if he couldn’t clear up a business deal.”

“Oh…..”

She looked up at him. She seen a look shift into his eyes and her heart thundered in her chest. “I….I still….”
“Still what?” he asked, keeping their hands joined.

“I’d still…..” she felt her self-doubt coming into play. Who was she kidding? “Never mind.”

She started walking away, but he kept a hold of her hand she stumbled back into him. “Whoa!”

He tilted her chin to look at him. “Didn’t I tell you yesterday I wasn’t going to give up that easily?”

She nodded, her chin hitting his chest. He smiled down at her, brushing his fingers across her cheek as he pushed her hair back. “Then what makes you think that whatever you gotta say isn’t going to be important for me to hear?”

She straightened and sighed. “Because I suck at this.”

“At what?”

She moved a finger between them. “This.” She exhaled.

“This….what?”

“We’ve only just met and I really, really—and I mean REALLY like you.”

He chuckled briefly and moved another strand out of her face. “Good to know, because I really, really, really like you too.” He had a feeling he knew what this was. He'd talked to his older sister, Stephanie last night and she told him some things. That with what she’s gone through with Roy, her aunt and her grandmother it may be difficult for her to trust him. He let go of her hand and took her face in his hands. “I’m not going anywhere, Aly.”

Her eyes darted to his. “Wha—what did you call me?”

He winced. “Aly?” He immediately dropped his hands. “Did you not like it?”

She giggled and wrapped her arms around his torso, hugging him. “No. I liked it.”

“You did?”

She nodded. “My mom, dad and dad’s best friend call me Lexy. Roy, the best friend—which would he really be a best friend if you hadn’t seen him in about seven weeks?” she questioned looking up at him.

He smiled. “I’d say no.”

“Roy calls me ‘Sasha’.” She shrugged. She smiled up at him, threading their fingers together. “I like knowing the important people in my life have their own versions of what they call me.”

He smiled down at her, then pulled her closer to kiss her forehead. “Good. Let’s get to class.” He took her hand, threading their fingers again.

She looked at him for a minute. “You wanna walk in like this?” she held up their hands.

“Yep,” he said. Holding on tighter they climbed the small staircase that led into the school. They walked down the hall and Alexa could feel all eyes on her and Dylan. She could also hear the whispers, not that she could tell what they were saying, but she knew they were whispering about them.

She couldn’t help but wonder if by the end of school today if he’d still want to come over for
dinner. They stopped in the doorway of their shared homeroom class and he kissed her cheek.

Alexa’s heart literally skipped a beat as she felt the heat that was left behind by his lips. She looked up at him. “See you at lunch?”

He smiled down at her, taking her face in his hand. “Yes. For the record you don’t have to ask that.” He kissed her nose. “It’s a standing date.”

Her smile widened as her eyes sparkled with joy. “Okay. See you at lunch.” She turned and walked into the classroom.

At the end of 4th period, Matt caught up to Dylan and followed him to his locker. He went around to face him. “Dyl, are you crazy?”

“Depends on the subject matter,” he said opening his locker.

“You’re going out with Alexa Queen?!”

He smirked. “Ahh….that.” He shoved his books into his locker and looked at his friend. “The answer is yes.”

“Again, are you nuts?!”

He shook his head. “Nope. I’ve never been clearer about anything.” He shoved his next hours’ books into his bag and looked at him. “How’d you find out?”

“Brittany Garrett saw the two of you out front all over each other.”

He scoffed and shut his locker. “We weren’t all over each other.” He put his backpack on and looked at his friend. “Now, if you’ll excuse me, I’ve got to go meet Alexa for lunch.”

Matt exhaled and jogged after him. He stopped him at the line. “Man, you realize you just committed social suicide, right?”

Dylan laughed. “Then I guess I’ve just killed myself, huh?”

Matt caught up to him again, put a hand to his chest. “Seriously, Dylan, I’m not kidding.”

Dylan pushed his hand down off of him and continued walking as he said, “I’m not going to stop being Alexa’s friend because no one in this damn school likes her.” He whirled on his neighbor. “I like her. For me that’s all that matters.”

“Fine,” Matt said raising his hands. “But don’t expect me to go down with you.”

Dylan turned, walking backwards. “Don’t worry I won’t.” He turned and walked into the cafeteria. He searched the numerous tables and chairs. He smiled when he found her at the table she was sitting at when they started talking. He walked over to her and wrapped his arms around her shoulders. “So, is this our table now?”

She smiled and tilted her head up at him. “Probably.”

“What’s for lunch today?”
“Nachos,” she answered. “I was going to get enough for us to share if you wanted.”

“Sounds good, but I’ll get it.”

“Are you sure?”

He nodded. He straightened and kissed the top of her head. “It’s all good. I got it.”

“Okay,” she said and squeezed his fingers.

About ten minutes later, he came back and sat the tray in front of them both. “I asked for extra cheese and lots of meat.” He smiled. “I like lots of meat.”

Her smile turned into a smirk. “I like lots of cheese.”

He sat across from her and took one of the chips that had lots of meat and cheese on it. “So, when we do go to the movies do you like popcorn?”

She nodded. “I do. Lots of butter. And a large Coke.”

He smiled, his blue eyes teasing and a little sparkling too. “Would you be willing to share?”

“What the popcorn or the soda?”

“Both.”

She leaned forward to catch the falling meat and cheese before she answered. She pushed her chip into her mouth, holding a hand to her mouth. She nodded. Once her mouth was cleared she answered, “Yes.”

He laughed softly as he watched her wipe her mouth with the napkin. She smiled and looked at him confused. “What?”

He shook his head. “Nothing. You’re just really cute.”

She blushed and ducked her head. “Thanks.”

“You’re welcome.” He took another chip. “I really hope that your dad lets go out.”

She smiled. “Why’s that?”

“Because I normally like to know where I stand with someone. With you and I….I don’t know if I should say you’re my girlfriend or just my friend.”

She nodded. “I know the feeling. Roy and I were texting and I was telling him about you and he asked if you were my boyfriend now and I didn’t know how to answer. I did tell him you asked me out, but other than that our status was pending.”

“If Roy’s dating your aunt why would he care what I am to you?”

“That’s what I asked him. He didn’t really have an answer.”

He watched her eat for a minute as a thought entered his mind. Instead of dwelling on it like he could, he decided to ask. “If your Aunt Thea and Roy broke up tomorrow, would you dump me to go after him?”
Her jaw fell in surprise. “Wha—wha—what?”

“If Roy and Thea broke up tomorrow would you dump me to go after him?”

She gasped, dropping her chip. “No!” She wiped her fingers off. “Why would you ask that, Dylan?”

He shrugged. “It sounds like to me that he likes you.”

She stood and walked around the table, taking the chair that sat next to him. She took his hands and looked at him. “I wasn’t lying when I told you how much I liked you, Dyl. No lie, I think I like you more than I liked Roy.” She sighed. “You’re easily becoming my best friend and my would-be boyfriend.” She smiled at him. “And according to my mom that’s the best relationship to have. Someone who could be your best friend and your significant other.” She shook her head. “Even if they did break up tomorrow I could never do that to you because I care about you and I don’t cheat.” She smiled up at him. “Of course you’re my only boyfriend so…..but I do know that much about myself.”

“So, when it comes to Roy I have nothing to worry about?”

She shook her head and smiled. “Absolutely nothing.” She pulled him into a hug. “I promise you have nothing to worry about, Dylan.”

He studied her face. He could tell she was telling the truth on that. There was just a look in her eyes that told him she was being honest. He wondered how long it took a crush to become more, because he highly doubted that this feeling was stronger than a standard crush.

The Team had two things to do….find out who the mysterious blond woman that helped Oliver was and help Detective Lance with a formerly prosecuted criminal who had broken out of Iron Heights because of the Quake. Unfortunately, there wasn’t much that Alexa could do this time around because her father feared that if Detective Lance saw her it’d be too easy to figure them out. So, her job until this mission was over was to play Oliver Queen’s daughter only.

They decided to take part of the night off from crime fighting for this dinner tonight. Tonight however, was the dinner he promised Alexa that he’d meet Dylan and tell her whether or not he’d let them go out together.

He didn’t like the fact that his daughter would be dating, but it was something that Felicity had told him earlier that got him being okay with it. They’re pretty much the same age, so there wouldn’t be any reason to be anxious about them moving too fast because he’s more advanced. With them being the same age, and with as much as Alexa seemed to like him, she thought they would go at her pace.

He just hoped he would, he really wouldn’t to put an arrow through a kid that young.

Alexa nervously smoothed out her simple black dress. Dylan was coming for dinner tonight and she wanted everything to be perfect for him. She hoped that her dad didn’t totally make it awful for him. She had him promise to not scare him away, but she didn’t exactly know how the whole protective father thing worked.
After what had happened with Laurel, Alexa wasn’t even sure that her father would want to do this, but he told her that he promised to meet her friend and he’d always keep his promises to her. So, here she was trying on her fourth dress for this dinner. She was beginning to think the whole thing was a really bad idea.

A soft knock on the door had her turning to the door and telling someone to enter. She smiled when it was Felicity. Alexa plopped down on the bed and sighed, running a hand through her blond hair. “I’m beginning to think this was a really bad idea.”

Felicity laughed softly. If she was this nervous and this worried it meant that she really liked the kid. Which was going to hurt Oliver, but he had to of known it would happen. “No, it’s not, Sweetie.” She looked at the dress she wore and then the dresses on her bed. She bit down on her bottom lip in thought. “But these dresses aren’t right.”

Alexa looked up at her. “What?”

“Those dresses aren’t right.” She walked to her closet and searched through it. She smiled when she pulled out a navy blue cocktail dress. “Perfect.”

“You are going to be nice, aren’t you?” Thea asked her brother.

He looked a little flummoxed by her question. “Of course, I am. She’s my little girl, Thea. No man is ever going to be good enough. Doesn’t matter how much I like him.”

Thea laughed. “Oh, my God. You sound like a father.”

He smiled. “Thanks.”

The doorbell sounded and he walked up to the door and answered. He smiled at Dylan. “Hello.”

Oliver observed the large bouquet of pink roses and let a small smile slide across his mouth.

“Hi, Mr. Queen.”

“Hello, Dylan. Alexa’s not ready yet, but she’ll be down soon. Come on in.”

“Thank you, sir.”

Dylan wiped his hand on his black dress pants and held it out to Oliver. Oliver took the boy’s hand and shook. “This is Alexa’s aunt Thea and her boyfriend, Roy.”

Dylan nodded. “Nice to meet you.” He looked at Roy and then back at Oliver. “She gave me the cast of characters in homeroom today. Um….she also said something about a Felicity and a Mr. Diggle?”

He nodded. “Felicity’s upstairs helping her get ready and Diggle should be here any minute.”

Roy sipped his soda and looked at the guy. “So, you wanna date Alexa, huh?”

Dylan wanted to quip right back at him, but he bit his tongue. “I do. Will that be a problem?”

Roy opened his mouth to say something, but Oliver shook his head. “Roy.”

Roy glared at Dylan. Oliver looked up to see his little girl walking down the stairs. She looked
amazing in a navy blue fit-flare lace bodice dress and a pair of silver heels and her hair was around her shoulders in lazy curls.

“Wow…..” Oliver whispered. He put a hand on Roy’s shoulder and squeezed by Dylan. He got to his daughter. “You look amazing, Sweetheart.”

She smiled and hugged him around the torso. “Thank you, daddy.”

He kissed her hair. He bent his head down further and whispered, “I think your friend Roy is a little jealous.”

She laughed softly and she looked up at him. “Not my problem.”

Oliver smiled. “You really are over him, huh?”

She nodded. He helped her down the stairs and then took Felicity’s hand. “You look beautiful,” he told her.

She smiled, blushing slightly. “Thank you.” She walked over to Dylan. “Hi.”

“Hi,” he said on a breathless whisper. “You look amazing.”

“Thank you.”

Remembering he had flowers he said, “These are for you,” and pushed them toward her.

Her heart literally fluttered in her chest. “Oh, pretty! Thank you.”

“You’re welcome.”

She took his hand and her heart thudded in her chest when he threaded their fingers.

Oliver smiled and kept his hand in Felicity’s as he walked through the room. Thankfully she didn’t say anything about it and knew how difficult this night was going to be for him. Just as they walked into the living room, the doorbell rang. He dropped her hand and walked to the door. He opened it to Diggle. “Hey.”

“Hi. Sorry, I’m late.”

“It’s fine.” He walked him inside and looked at Dylan and Alexa. They looked cute together. “Dylan.”

Dylan turned. “Yes, sir?”

“This is Mr. Diggle. He’s an old family friend. Diggle, this is Dylan Sinclair.”

Dylan smiled. “Hi, Mr. Diggle. Good to meet you.”

“You too, Dylan.” He smiled at Alexa. “You look beautiful, Lex.”

“Thanks, Dig.”

“Dinner will be ready in a half an hour,” Raisa said walking into the room.

“Oh, Raisa! Wait.”

“Yes, Lexy?”
“Do we have vases?”

She nodded. “Yes, come on.”

Alexa looked at Dylan. “This is Raisa. She’s been working for the family since Aunt Thea was little.” She smiled at the older woman. “Raisa, this is Dylan.”

“Hi, Mr. Dylan. Nice to meet you.”

“You too, ma’am.”

Alexa told Dylan she’d be back and left Dylan in the living room with her dad, Dig, Roy, Thea and Felicity. Oliver was the first to break the silence. “So, Lexy tells me that you skipped a grade too?”

He nodded. “Yeah. I skipped the fifth grade.”

Felicity smiled. “So, you’re from Central City originally?”

He nodded. “Yeah. My dad got into some trouble while there, financial trouble. He’s in Iron Heights right now serving a twenty year sentence. After the trial, mom sold the house and we moved here to have a fresh start.”

“What kind of financial trouble?” Roy spat out.

“That, Harper, is none of your business.”

He opened his mouth to speak, but she stopped him. “Don’t,” she told him. She looked at her dad. “Raisa would like to know what kind of wine would you like to have with dinner?” She smiled. “She is pushing the reds. She got a cab out and a merlot.”

Felicity gasped. “Ooh! Do the merlot. They’re sweet—oh, sorry. Not my place.”

He laughed. He leaned forward and whispered in her ear. “You’re fine.” He looked at Alexa. “Merlot’s fine, Lex.”

Dylan looked at Alexa. “What’s for dinner?”

“Salisbury Steak, gravy and mashed potatoes.”

“Ooh, that sounds good.”

Roy watched the smile exchange and felt the curl of jealousy roll into him. Alexa walked along the back of the couch and bent down to Roy’s ear to whisper, “You mess this up for me, Harper and I will never forgive you.”

“Sash—”

“I’m serious!” she exclaimed in a hushed whisper. “As of this moment we’ve all moved on. Leave it at that or you won’t like who I’ll become, Roy.”

He nodded. She straightened, gave her father a smile and Dylan a wink and then walked back into the kitchen. She smiled at Raisa. “Daddy says merlot. Do we have any sparkling juice for me and Dylan?”

She smiled. “We do. I picked up some at the market.”
She smiled and kissed the woman’s cheek. “You’re the best, Raisa!”

She walked back out and Thea pointed at her shoes. “Are those Louboutin’s?”

Alexa lifted her leg, very lady like, for her aunt to see the red sole.

“Oh, my God!” Thea exclaimed. “Those are eight-hundred dollar shoes!”

She nodded. “Yeah, when my mom bought them fourteen years ago.”

“So, are those diamonds?” she asked.

Alexa lifted her foot, putting a hand on Dylan’s shoulder and pulled her shoe off. She eased herself on her tiptoes and waited for her aunt to finish examining the shoe. Felicity looked at her daughter. “You kept your mom’s stuff?”

She nodded. “Yeah. Uh….her jewelry…well, except the jewelry that Dr. TV bought her.”

“Doctor TV?” Dylan and Felicity asked.

“Who’s Doctor TV?”

Oliver looked at his daughter. “Carter bought your mother jewelry?”

She nodded. “He also tried to buy her a car and me a motorized Hot Wheel.” She smirked at her father. “And you thought I was kidding when I said he was trying to buy me things to get in my mother’s good graces.”

“How do you know that?” Roy spat.

“Because I actually watch TV,” Dylan shot back. He cleared his throat. He looked at Oliver. “I apologize—”

“Don’t,” Felicity said. “Roy’s being a difficult guest in his girlfriend’s family’s home.”

“Dinner’s ready,” Raisa announced.

After dinner that night and time for Dylan to leave—his sister was out front—Oliver walked him out. They stopped just before the car and Oliver turned to him. “You really care about her, don’t you?”

He nodded. “Yes, sir.”

“And I can tell she cares about you, especially if she stuck up for you with Roy.” He cleared his
throat. “You have my blessing.”

Dylan’s eyes widened as he gave a satisfied sigh. Happiness all but burst out of him. “Thank you, sir.”

He smiled. “You’re welcome. Be good to her, Dylan. She’s my Little Girl, okay?”

He nodded. “I will, Sir.”

Oliver smiled and started walking back toward the house, but he stopped. “Call her to set up the date, okay? It’ll be her first date, sir. I want it to be special for her.”

He nodded. “Will do, Sir.” He slid into the front seat of his sister’s car and waited for Oliver to go inside before he whooped with excitement.

Stephanie laughed. “Do I want to know what that was all about?”

He was about jumping out of his skin he was so excited. “I won him over!”

She laughed, as she pulled away she said, “Was there any doubt?”

That night she went back to the Hideout with them and helped Felicity go over some evidence. She hated not being out there to help her father, but in a way she understood why he wanted to keep her away from Lance. Oliver Queen was the only person Lance knew who had a 12-year-old daughter.

However, she’d been thinking about something since she and Dylan started talking about dating. She turned around in her chair and stood, pacing, her high-heeled boots clicking across the floor. “Mom.”

“Yeah, Sweetie?”

“How do you think dad would deal with it if I told Dylan what I do?”

“Uh….” Felicity turned in her own chair and watched her daughter pace back and forth. “If you told him right now, not happy. But if you told him later, when you guys were an established couple he might not fly through the roof.”

She exhaled. “It’s just…..I can’t lie to him, you know?”

She nodded. “I know, Sweetie, but you don’t want to tell him too soon either. Figure out what you guys are to each other and when you do that and you still feel like you need to tell him then I’ll support you fully and be right by your side when you do tell him, okay?”

She nodded. “Okay.”

“What do we know about the product?” Oliver asked as he walked into the computer bay.

“Other than it sounds really expensive?”

Oliver laughed softly. “Yes, baby. Besides that.”

“It’s made from crushed mother of pearl and it’s super high-end. Only carried in a handful of boutiques and it's marketed for women with extremely delicate complexions.”
“He picks his victims for their skin. The cream is how he finds them.”

“You know in a way that part of his logic makes sense.” She darted her eyes between the 3 adults. “Oh, uh…..did I say that out loud?”

Oliver smirked. “You did. “What do you mean?”

“Daddy, I know you’re a boy and everything, but I also know that aunt Thea had a doll. Have you ever looked at it? The way that the dollmakers made the doll’s skin?”

“No…..”

She smiled. “It’s delicate and soft. Pale.” She pointed to Felicity’s screen. “If he’s getting them through the skin cream and it’s marketed for women with fair complexions then he’s looking for women who already have ‘porcelain doll’ skin.”

Oliver nodded and looked at Diggle. “Not bad.”

She laughed. “Thanks. I did do this by myself for three months before you came back, you know?”

Felicity high-fived her daughter. “Only four stores in the city carry it and three have surveillance systems. I’ve ran facial recognition through all of them looking for Mathis, but come up empty. He must be staking out the stores from the outside.”

“Fine. So we’ll do the same,” Diggle said.

“That could take days we don't have. He's probably out there right now looking for another girl.”

It was as if a bulb went off in her head. Felicity looked at the team. “So that's what we give him. I'll go to the stores that carry Mermaiden, and buy it in each one to cover our bases.”

“It's too dangerous,” Dig told her.

“More dangerous than going undercover in a mob casino or jumping out of a plane?” She walked to them. “It's my life. It's my choice.”

Alexa smiled. “Well, you can’t argue with that logic.” She looked at her mother. “You’re absolutely sure about this, mom?”

Felicity nodded. “Yeah. I want to do this.”

To say they didn’t get the Dollmaker was an understatement. However, Felicity did get a knot on her head and a major dizzy spell. When Oliver came back, Alexa looked over her shoulder. “Hey, daddy.”

“Hi, baby.”

Alexa placed the ice pack on the back of Felicity’s head. “Hold that there,” she instructed softly. She walked over to the first aid kit and opened it. She found the aspirin and thumped 3 into her hand. She closed it back up and walked back over to her. “Take these,” she said and handed her a water.

Alexa turned to her father. “Daddy, I think I’m gonna stay with mom tonight. Make sure she wakes
up in the morning.”

He smiled and nodded. “Okay, baby. Do you want to come to court with me tomorrow?”

“Um….do I have to?”

He shook his head. “No. You can go to school tomorrow if you want to.”

“Okay. Dylan’s been wanting to walk me to school anyway.”

He chuckled. “Okay. Then he can walk you to—”

Alexa’s cell phone rang and she looked at the caller ID. “Oh, it’s Dylan!”

He laughed. “Go ahead and take it, then Dig can take you both home.”

Alexa nodded. She answered, “Hey, Dyl.”

“Hey,” Dylan said, smiling. “So, I was thinking….do you have any plans on Friday?”

“No. Not that I’m aware of, why?”

“Will you go to the movies with me?”

“Yes.”

He smiled. “Good. We’ll set it up tomorrow at school.”

“Okay,” she smiled. “Do you still wanna walk me to school?”

“Yeah.”

“Okay,” she repeated Felicity’s address to him.

“And that is…..?”

“My mom’s address. I’m staying with her tonight and thought since you want to walk me to school, then…..”

“Oh! Cool! Say that again?”

She repeated the address and he wrote it down. “See you in the morning?”

“Yes.”

He looked at the address. “If my memory is right about the streets I’d say I’ll be there at seven-forty-five, okay?”

“That sounds good. See you then.”

“Aly.”

“Yeah?”

“Good night.”

She smiled. “Night.” She hung up the phone and looked at them. “Don’t say a word.”

Oliver shook his head. “Nope. Nothing.”
That morning, Alexa got up, showered and got dressed. She blow-dried her hair and then tried to decide if she should keep her curls in or straighten them. “MOM!”

“Yeah, baby?”

“Come here, please?”

Felicity walked into the bathroom and smiled at the outfit. A pink long sleeve t-shirt, jeans and black knee-high boots. “Cute outfit.”

“Thanks. My hair….what should I do?”

“Looks like you did something already,” Felicity said running her fingers through the downy curls. Alexa shook her head. “No. The curls are natural. I’ve just been straightening them the whole time.”

“That seems like a lot of work. Keep the curls, Sweetie.” She smiled, put her hands on her shoulders and said into the mirror. “Dylan may like them.” She winked at her. “Hurry up. Breakfast is almost finished.”

“Be out in a few minutes.”

After breakfast and as Alexa was making sure she had everything in her bag, there was a knock on the door. Felicity handed her some lunch money and then went to answer it. She looked through the peephole. She opened the door. “Good morning, Dylan.”

“Good morning, ma’am.”

Felicity smiled. “Call me ‘Felicity’.”

He nodded. “Okay.” He looked through the doorway and his heart thudded in his chest. “Wow…..you look great.”

“Thanks,” she said and grabbed her jacket and her bag. She hugged Felicity. “See you after school.”

“Yep. You both have a good day.” She smiled. “Love you, Lex.”

“Love you too.” She walked out with him and they headed to the elevators. She slapped the down button. She looked at him. “How’d you sleep last night?”

“Pretty good, except I had a dream,” he answered as the doors opened.

She started walking through them and looked up at him. “Good or bad?”

“You were in it,” he said as he hit the button for the lobby.

“What were we doing?”

“Kissing,” he answered.

She felt a flush of a blush rush to her cheeks. “Just kissing?”
“More like making out,” he told her. “You know like they do on some of the TV shows or movies. Or on MTV.”

She laughed. She bit her lip nervously and looked up at him. “I’ve thought about that.”

“Kissing me or making out with me?”

She laughed. “Both.”

“Well, maybe if you’re feeling it Friday I can kiss you goodnight?”

She nodded. “I’d like that.”

They stepped off the elevator and started walking out. This time it was her who took his hand and threaded their fingers. She cuffed her hand around the arm that’s hand was holding hers and she leaned her head on his arm. They walked to school, hand in hand and talking about everything.

Not even with Roy did she feel like this. That much she knew. Of course she wanted him to kiss her then but there was something different about the feeling she got about Dylan kissing her compared to Roy. Her whole body seemed to be giddy with anticipation for it to happen. She couldn’t help but wonder if it was supposed to feel like this. If she was supposed to feel like this. Maybe she’d ask Felicity about it later.

Later that morning, Felicity called Oliver and told him that Lance got arrested for obstruction. After she updated him on the aftermath of the events of the night before she said, “I didn’t know Lexy had curly hair?”

“Uh….yeah,” he answered. “Janine always had curly hair.” He smiled nostalgically. “I always used to love running through the swirls.” He cleared his throat. “Sorry.”

“No, it’s okay. Do you miss her?”

“Yeah. I do. Janine was one of my best friends. Besides with you, there was no one else I’d rather co-parent our daughter with.” He sighed. “You know that is one of the things I regret about the island and going on the yacht. Not being there for her when she needed me.”

Felicity smiled her heart fluttering. “You’re here now that’s all that matters.” She sighed. “Oliver, can I talk to you seriously about something without you flipping out on me?”

“Sure.”

“I think Dylan and Lexy are going to be together for a while. Like a long while. Maybe it’s me being naïve about romance but there’s something about the way they were with each other this morning and last night that makes me think that. I know she really likes him and dare I say it could be love at some point.”

His heart fell. He didn’t want to think of his little girl falling in love, but he had suspected the same thing too. He smiled. “You know you babble now too.”

She laughed. “Not actually. Just trying to get everything I think out before you blow.”

He smiled. “Hey, you doing anything Friday?”
“Uh….besides playing Girl Friday to the Vigilante, no.”

“Wanna go to dinner? Nothing fancy. Just two friends hanging out, plus you can keep me sane while Lexy’s out on her date with Dylan that night.”

Felicity laughed. “You’ll be okay. I promise, dad.”


He walked into court and let his mother know he was there. Then the judge started the proceedings.

Around lunch that day, Alexa heard her phone beep to tell her she had a notification. She pulled it out of her pocket and looked at it. It was a link. She pressed it and listened to the newscaster:

“*Officer Quentin Lance and his daughter Laurel were abducted earlier today. No ransom has been demanded. SCPD are urging anyone with information regarding their whereabouts...*”

She gasped, holding a hand to her mouth. That’s the way Dylan found her when he walked up to the table. “Aly, what’s wrong?”

She looked up at him and then showed him the newscast as the woman repeated the news. “I know her and Officer Lance. My dad’s known them for a long time. She was dating my Godfather until he died…..”

“Oh, Gosh…..” He pulled her into a hug. “I’m sure she’ll be okay, Aly. I’m sure the Hood will find her and Officer Lance.”

She held on, letting Dylan soothe her. She knew that they would be found. Just not by the Hood…..but by the Arrow.
This is the inspiration I used for Dylan. A Young Alex Pettyfer.
As First Dates Go

Chapter Summary

It's Dylan and Alexa's first date. Even before the date can get started, the Meanies appear and try to put a wrench into their night. However, Dylan makes up for it. And Oliver and Felicity seem to take a giant step forward in their relationship.

Chapter Notes

Author's Note: I hope you all enjoy the kisses as much as I enjoyed writing them. Please, remember, it's been quite awhile since the last time I experienced the pre-teen joys of the first kiss. I tried to convey the feelings that I remember having.

Alexa looked at the clock. Dylan would be there in ten minutes and she was anxiously excited about it. Maybe after tonight, she could finally call him her boyfriend. She tuned back into what her father was saying.

“Do you have at least one of your batons?”

“Yes,” she answered and pulled out of her purse. “Even though I don’t think I’m going to need it.”

“Lex, he’s still a boy and boys are—”

“Oh, my God!” She released a laughing scoff. “You can’t be serious!” She walked away.

“Okay, okay. Wrong angle to take.”

“You think?” Alexa said looking at her dad before turning to Felicity’s fridge to pull out a water. “Look, daddy, I know you’re worried, okay? Mom and I talked about it. But I promise you that Dylan’s not going to do anything to hurt me and if he does, there is a reason why I’m the Sparrow at night—although, lately I haven’t been.”

“I promised you the next time the Arrow goes out so will you.”

She nodded. “I know.” She exhaled and looked down at herself. “Do I look okay?”

Oliver smiled while Felicity observed the outfit. The black skirt that went just above her knees and the pretty red sweater. Laying cross-body was her purse. “You look beautiful,” Oliver chorused.

Alexa rolled her eyes. “You always say that.”

“Because it’s true.”

Ugh!” she groaned. “Mom!”
Felicity giggled, touching Oliver’s arm as she brushed past him. “Sweetie, your dad’s right. You look beautiful. And I promise Dylan will think so too.”

She smiled. “Thanks, mom.”

“You’re welcome, Sweetie.” Felicity looked up at Oliver. “We gotta give her a curfew as good parents, Oliver.”

He smiled down at her and then looked at his daughter. “Right.”

“Be fair,” Both Felicity and Alexa said in unison.

“Okay. Um…..ten?”

“Really?” Alexa asked.

He nodded. “Yeah. That was my curfew when I was about your age. Of course, like your aunt Thea I didn’t follow a curfew. However, remember, if you’re not at least at that door by ten, then you’ll be grounded and you and Dylan won’t be able to repeat the date for about two weeks.”

She nodded. There was a knock at the door and she nervously smoothed out her skirt. Then grabbed her coat. She hugged and kissed her parents and walked to the door. She opened it to find Dylan standing there with a rose in his hand. She smiled as he held it out to her. She took it and smiled. “Thank you.”

“You’re welcome.”

She smelled it and then handed it to Felicity. Oliver watched them leave and called out, “Curfew at ten, Lex.”

“I’ll remember, daddy.”

“Me too, sir,” he promised.

The door closed and Felicity turned to Oliver. “How ya holdin’ up, dad?”

He groaned. “How the heck did my parents deal with this?”

“By knowing that it was going to happen at some point.” She picked up her cell phone and looked at Oliver. “Meat lover’s okay?”

He nodded. “Extra cheese.” He picked up his beer. “What movie did you get?”

“Nothing too action packed.” She smiled. “Mr. and Mrs. Smith.”

He smiled. Felicity groaned. “Oh, God…..don’t tell me you made out with Laurel or something while watching it.”

He shook his head. “No. Nothing like that.” He exhaled. “Maybe you don’t want to hear it.”

“If it has nothing to do with Laurel I’ll listen.”

“It’s me and Janine.”

She nodded. She quickly ordered the pizza and then hung up. “What happened….?” Her mouth formed an ‘O’. “You still hooked up?”
He shrugged. “I was discovering then that I liked having sex while having an emotional connection to someone.” His smile widened. “And what’s more emotionally connecting then sharing a child with someone.”

She nodded. “I could see that. Were you in love with her?”

He nodded. “I think so. As in love with someone as you could be at that age.” He smiled at her. “You remind me a lot of her actually.”

She laughed in disbelief. “I doubt it. I’ve seen what she looks like. She was practically a supermodel.”

He laughed. He curled up on the couch. She joined him. “Trust me, she wasn’t. She liked chili cheese fries, cheeseburgers, chocolate milkshakes. She could eat an entire medium pizza to herself. I kid you not.”

Felicity laughed. “I do enjoy pizza, but I don’t think I could do that.”

He laughed. “Probably not.” He sighed. “She was just one of the guys when she wanted to be, but she was beautiful, inside and out.” He watched as Felicity laid her head on the oversized cushion of her couch. He laid his own head down. “A lot like you.” He watched as a blond strand fell in her face and without thinking, he reached over and pushed it out of her face.

Felicity gasped softly as her eyes met his. Every hormone in her body sizzled. Her nerves danced, her brain raced, and her stomach did a quick somersault. She had no idea where the courage came from to do what she was about to do, but she slid across the couch and leaned up.

Oliver’s pulse kicked, an instant response to the sensations that swamped his body as he bent his head down and their lips barely touched. He watched with heavy-lidded eyes as she watched him, gauging his reaction. But instead of letting her see it, he decided to show her. He tucked a hand at her neck and pulled her closer, claiming her mouth. His kisses started off slowly and built in intensity and Felicity moaned against his mouth.

Their tongues tangled almost immediately and she wrapped an arm around his neck while he fisted her hair, deepening the kiss. She moaned into his mouth as her entire body heated as his talented mouth did amazing things to her. Moments into the kiss, he gently pulled back, lingering.

“Wow…..” she whispered into his mouth.

“Yeah….that was amazing.”

“Oh-huh,” she muttered, still thrown by the intensity of the kiss.

The knock from the pizza guy pulled her out of her thoughts and she stood. Pulled out a $20 dollar bill. She started walking to the door, but stumbled. Her legs felt like jelly from the intensity.

Felicity looked over at Oliver before opening the door and sighed. Maybe this could be something.

Meanwhile, at the cineplex place, Dylan and Alexa were playfully arguing about what movie to see. Apparently they were having some kind of special thing where they were showing movies for years past. They were currently arguing over whether to watch How To Lose A Guy In 10 Days.
She smiled up at him. “Please….I love that movie!”

He looked down at her and then sighed heavily. “All right, but you owe me.”

She smiled, squealing a tiny bit. “A kiss may be in your near future yet, Sinclair.”

He laughed. “Why, because you’re getting your way?”

She smiled. “Maybe.” She wrapped her arms around his neck and looked up at him. “Tell you what…..if you still wanna share a large soda and popcorn we can.” Her lips slid into an easy smirk. “I kind of like the thought of my lips on yours before they’re actually on yours or our knuckles brushing as we reach in to get more popcorn at the same time.”

His stomach knotted at the thoughts that entered his mind as she teased him about kissing him. His blue eyes held hers as they stared at each other. He dropped his eyes to her lips and could have sworn even his heart was encouraging him to kiss her. He released a small growl as she dragged her teeth over her plump bottom lip.

Her heart thundered in her chest as he lowered his mouth toward hers. She rose up on her tiptoes and their lips were a millisecond from touching when…..

“Aww….isn’t this cute!”

Alexa stayed in his arms but they both looked to their left to see Brittany and her gang of Meanies watching them. Alexa put her forehead on Dylan’s chest and instead of shoving her away like she had heard other boys do, Dylan pressed his lips to her hair and whispered, “It’s okay.”

“So, Dylan, do you really not care enough about your reputation at SCHS that you’d risk it by being seen with her?”

He glared at her. “It’s been than hanging out with you five.” He looked at all five of them. “You may think you’re the hottest thing to ever walk those halls but I hate to break it to you because even the superficial dude in the world doesn’t like the fact that he’s kissing a Barbie Doll.”

“What the hell does that mean?”

“It means that if you keep wearing all that makeup you’ll actually look older than my grandmother,” Alexa shot back. “You may think it covers all your flaws and makes you beautiful but it’s like my mom always said as she was applying her own makeup—less is more.”

She scoffed. “How would she know that?”

“Because she landed Oliver Queen,” Alexa countered. “Can your mother say she landed the billionaire playboy?”

Brittany scoffed. “Right, like she kept him.”

“So actually Brit, it was proven on national television that Oliver Queen and Janine Bradford weren’t just a hook up—”

“Bradford?” Brittany questioned. She whirled on Alexa. “You’re a Bradford?”

She nodded. “I am.”

Brittany huffed and walked off. Alexa looked up at Dylan and shrugged. “I have no idea what that was about.”
He kissed her head. “To destroy our date.”

She threw her head up. “She didn’t, did she?”

He scoffed. “You kidding me? It wouldn’t even take a shootout with the Hood to make me end this date, Aly.” He lifted her hands to his lips. “I wasn’t lying either when I told you how much I like you.” He brushed her hair out of her face. He smiled down at her. “I want this to work. I want us to work. I want to…..” he caressed her cheek. “I want to be your boyfriend.”

She kept her eyes on his and smiled. Surprised the joy inside of her could actually be contained. Following what she felt was right, she rose up on her tiptoes and pressed her lips softly to his for what felt like forever. She put a hand on his heart and felt his heart jackhammering in his chest just like her own. She pulled back and eased back down from her toes.

He opened his eyes and smiled down at her. “I liked that.”

She smiled. “Me too.” She tucked her bottom lip between her teeth again. “You’re lips were softer than I thought they would be.”

He laughed softly. “Thank you.” He took her face in his hands and this time kissed her while pulling her bottom lip into his mouth, sucking slightly.

That made her jerk back and she sat back on her feet. “Wha—wha—what was that?”

“Um…..sorry!” He mentally brain-dusted himself. “It seemed like….dang it.”

Instead of letting him ramble on forever, she pulled on his sweater to get his attention. “Do it again.”

“Really?”

She nodded. “I want you to.”

He smiled, took her face in his hands again and gave her an opened mouth kiss as he suckled on her bottom lip. Her heart skipped a beat as heat curled inside of her. Without knowing what else to do she fistled his sweater and let him control it. What was she supposed to do? Was this even considered to be a kiss? It still felt a little strange, but in a weirdly good way. It stirred up feelings, sensations she didn’t even know she had and she didn’t even know what to call them, but she liked them… lot.

He pulled back, their lips making a wet smacking sound. He lingered for a few seconds more, pressing his lips to hers again. He smiled down at her as her eyes fluttered open. “I still liked it.”

“She too,” she breathed.

He smiled down at her. “Shall we go watch this movie?”

She nodded. “Yeah. Uh….did you want to get the popcorn and the tickets?”

His smile widened. “I did ask you out, Aly. The one who asked, pays.”

“Right.” She tapped his chest. She was still feeling extremely light-headed from that kiss. “I’ll go stand at the entrance.”

He nodded. “You okay?”
She nodded. “Yeah, my brain’s all fuzzy.”

He laughed softly. “Okay.” He watched her kind of stumble to the entrance of How to lose a guy in 10 days. Was that a good thing? He had figured out that kiss trick while watching a movie with Stephanie and it looked interesting. So, he thought he’d try it on Alexa. He never expected that reaction. He pulled out his phone and quickly texted his sister:

[To Stephanie]: Is it normal after that kiss trick we watched in that movie, if Alexa said her brain was fuzzy and she kind of stumbled away to wait for me?

[To Dylan]: LOL! Yes! That’s the reaction you want after a kiss like that! You tried it?

[To Stephanie]: Yeah.

[To Dylan]: Why?

[To Stephanie]: *shrugs* I don’t know. It popped into my head before she kissed me and I just did it. I didn’t expect that reaction.

[To Dylan]: Dyl, did you like it?

[To Stephanie]: Yes!

[To Dylan]: Did she?

[To Stephanie]: She said she did.

[To Dylan]: Then you have nothing to worry about, Little Brother. If she liked it though I’d keep doing it.

[To Stephanie]: Gotta go. She’s waiting and the movie’s about to start.

[To Dylan]: Okay. Have fun.

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At 9:50 that night, Dylan and Alexa walked hand in hand back to Felicity’s apartment. When they were about to her apartment building, he stopped, pressed her gently up against a light pole. Alexa looked up into his eyes. “Wha—what?”

“I wanna kiss you goodnight properly without your mom or dad getting ready to peep through the peephole to see if we’re back yet.”

She smiled up at him, giddy with excitement. She sucked her bottom lip between her teeth again before she spoke. “Will you kiss me the way you did in the theater?”

He laughed softly. “You really like that don’t you?”

She nodded. “I-I-I can’t explain it but I-I-I get this rush of-of-of sensations…feelings when you do it that I really, really like.”

He closed the gap between them and whispered, “On one condition…..”

“Which is….?” She whispered back.
“That when I do it I’ll be kissing my girlfriend?”

She smiled up at him. “Yes!” She almost screamed. “I would love nothing more than to be your girlfriend, Dylan.”

His smile widened as he lowered his lips to hers. He opened his mouth ever so slightly and kissed her first then, then turned his head the other way and kissed her again, then again in the other direction. And then he placed his lips over her bottom lip and gently sucked it into his mouth.

The sensations this time was more powerful. They were now clawing at her, like they wanted to climb out. It both excited and scared her. His mouth was so warm against her lip and she could feel his breath on her face as he kissed her that the whole experience was addictive.

She’d have to figure out how to respond to this type of kiss, figure out how to kiss him back so that he was blown away as much as she was right now. She fisted his sweater and kept him closer as he kept up the delightful assault on her mouth. He pulled back with a smack, kissing the now reddened lip.

“Sorry,” he whispered against her lips before kissing her again.

This time this kiss was a simple caring peck. She smiled up at him. “I’m not. That was a lot of fun.”

He laughed and took her hand. He pulled her close and kissed her hair. He glanced at his watch and smiled. “Cool. We’ll be about five minutes early.”

She smiled and leaned into his arm, cuffing it with her other hand. “Good, because it’ll make my next question really awkward.”

“What?”

“Wednesday, dad’s having some kind of party or reception or something for the company and he says if I wanted to I could invite you, so………” they walked into the building and got on the elevator. “…..would you be my date to a company function?”

He smiled. “I thought you’d never ask,” he said and stepped off the elevator. He took her hand and walked her to Felicity’s door. He stopped at the door and bent his head to kiss her one last time.

This time his lips came over hers like as if he was going to give her tongue, but he didn’t and it wasn’t long enough for that. He pulled back seconds later. He gave her lips one last peck. “Good night.”

“Good night,” she said breathlessly. “Call me when you get home, okay?”

He nodded. “I will, I promise.”

She smiled and waved at him one last time as the elevator doors closed. She opened the door and walked in. She dropped her keys onto the table and put her coat on the hook. “Mom. Dad, I’m home!”

There was no answer, just some weird intro music. She walked further into the room and seen the intro screen for Mr. and Mrs. Smith playing. She then looked around the room and then down on the large overstuffed couch. She smiled when she seen her parents laying on the couch together, tucked into each other’s arms. Her smile widened when she realized that it looked like her mother’s top was haphazardly put back into place.
Without waking either of them up, she walked to the hall closet and pulled out a blanket. She walked back to her parents and placed it over top of them. She turned the TV and DVD player off, placing the remote on top of the TV. She walked to the door locked it with both locks and then walked to the balcony door, locking it. She flipped the living room light to dim and then walked into her room.

She gently closed her door and walked over to her vanity. She sat down and looked at her reflection in the mirror. She gently pressed her fingertips to her swelled bottom lip. The sensations she had felt moments ago came back in a flood. She exhaled happily.

Oh, she was so definitely going to enjoy the perks of having a boyfriend.
Crucible, Part 1

Chapter Summary

The Team has tasked themselves with taking down the Mayor--a criminal in the Glades.

Dylan and Alexa say I love you, but could it be all for nothing when he finds out she's the Sparrow?

And the After Kiss doesn't go well for Felicity and Oliver.

Chapter Notes

AUTHOR'S NOTE: I tried to make this in to 1 chapter, but then Alexa and Dylan happened and it became 2 parts. Oh, in this 1st part it may seem ridiculous that Oliver mentioned the Bradfords but I did it to show that with Lexy being the last surviving Bradford she now has that influence and right now she doesn't even know it.

Warning: There's a lot of pre-teen/teen fluff and angst in this.

Dylan looked at his watch again for the umpteenth time in the last hour. He had been asked by Alexa to meet her at the mansion for the party. And as it would seem she apparently forgot her dress at Felicity’s house. He saw Felicity walking into the room and caught up to her. “Felicity,”
She smiled. “Hey! You made it!”

“I did, but it would seem my girlfriend’s gonna be late.”

“Yeah. She told me.” She shrugged. “Teenage girls. They’re still learning the concept of how long it takes them to get ready and then she forgot her dress at my place. She’ll be here soon.”

“Well, um….it would seem the Wicked Witch is looking even more angry than usual.”

Felicity snickered. “Shh….you’re gonna get me into trouble!”

He laughed. “Sorry.”

She smiled and walked up to Isabel Rochev. “Mr. Queen's going to be late. He's extremely sorry. It couldn't be helped.”

“Where is he?”

“Um...”

Seeing Felicity struggling to tell her, Dylan walked up to the 2 women. “He’s with his daughter right now,” he told her. “She’s the reason why they’re running late.”

Isabel rolled her eyes. “Of course, she is. She was his reason for not coming to that damn benefit he did with the Alderman too.”

Dylan nodded. “Well, he is a dedicated father, so.....”

She turned her cold eyes to Dylan. “Well, being a father isn’t going to help him with running the company.”

The Arrow and the Sparrow were in the City, fighting off gang members as they fired military grade guns at them. Sparrow did a front flip and landed on the ground. She snapped her batons apart and began batting the bullets out of her way and then she held them out and squeezed them in the right spot. Her famous sonic call emitted from them.

That gave her and the Arrow the upper hand in apprehending them for SCPD. She tied up one like she was hogtying cattle and then knocked him in the head with the end of it. She walked up to her father, but not before knocking another out cold as she came to him. “Dig. Took down two more gangbangers. They were armed with fully automatic M4A1 assault rifles.”

“M4A1s are military grade weapons. Stolen, most likely.”

“Stolen from where?”

“Well, we can look into that after your party.”

“What party?”

Alexa gasped. “Oh, crap! Dylan!”

“What about him?” Oliver asked.
“He’s at the party waiting for me! I asked him to be my date.”

“Okay, baby. Where’s your dress?”

“Back at the bunker.”

He nodded. “Let’s go.”

“Here he is,” Felicity announced as Oliver and Alexa walked into the room.

“Sorry I'm late.”

Alexa noted that Isabel had her bitch face on. “This party is to attract investors for your failing company. Being fashionably late might do well for the club circuit, but it does not inspire confidence in Wall Street.”

Dylan kept a firm hold on her hand and then whispered, “Easy, Tiger. She’s not worth it.”

“Is that blood on your face?”

“Hmm?”

“Don’t worry, it's not his blood. I mean, of course it's his blood. Why would he have somebody else's blood on his face?”

Alexa rolled her eyes. “Daddy, I think you nicked your neck when you were shaving.”

“Oh!” Oliver exclaimed. He smiled. “Thank you, Sweetheart.” He looked at Isabel. “I don’t think you’ve formally met my daughter.”

“Actually we have,” Isabel told her. “She didn’t—”

Alexa smirked as she thanked the waiter for bringing her and Dylan sodas. “Oh, come on, Miss Rochev. You’re not still angry because I didn’t take your two billion dollar bid for my grandfather’s company, are you?”

“It was a good offer.”

She smirked over the rim of her cup, sipped and then said. “However, I think eight billion is a better offer, don’t you?” Alexa turned her head to look at her boyfriend. “Dyl, you okay?”

“Eight billion?” he coughed.

She nodded. “I’ll explain it to you later.” She nodded her head. “Nice to see you anyway, Miss Rochev.” She took Dylan’s hand and pulled him away from the party. She looked up at him. “I told you I was a member of the Bradford family.”

He nodded. “I know and I knew you were loaded, I guess I just didn’t know how much.”

She smiled up at him, as she leaned into him. “You still like me, right?”

He smiled, looked around and then took her cup from her. He sat them on the table in the foyer. He took her face in his hands and kissed her just the way she liked. She moaned softly into his mouth.
After a few moments she ended the kiss and decided to give something she had learned. She started out slow with light, gentle kisses. Kisses that were either barely a peck or a soft kiss. She then tilted her head and positioned her lips over his—her top lip was on his and the same for their bottom lips. At this position she began slowly kissing him and started scraping his bottom lip with her teeth in a gentle teasing gesture.

He felt the almost immediate reaction of the fire in his groin and he moaned, tangling his fingers in her hair, pushing her closer. She put her hands on his shoulders and pulled him closer too. She caressed her tongue along his bottom lip and then began sucking.

The moan that came from him filled the empty room and he turned her to the table. He wrapped his arm around her lower back and tightened his hand on her hair as he let her continue the kiss.

Finally, she pulled back, panting. “Wow…..”

“Yeah….” He whispered, pressing his forehead to hers. “That was incredible.”

She smiled. “And to think that’s not even a French kiss.” She smirked up at him, her blue eyes dancing.

He groaned. “Damn,” he whispered. “Where—where did you learn that?”

“There was an article on the internet,” she told him, smiling.

He laughed softly and took her face in his hands and kissed her softly. “Well, any time you wanna do that let me know. I think I know understand why you love when I kiss you like I do.”

Felicity watched Oliver talk with Laurel. She couldn’t help the pang of jealousy she felt as she watched the two of them. What did Laurel have that she didn’t? She exhaled. Ever since that amazing make out session that they had last Friday, Felicity hadn’t stopped thinking about it and she couldn’t help but wonder if she and Oliver Queen could be more than what they were….whatever that was. Ever since that night, it seemed like Oliver wanted to pretend it never happened or something.

She exhaled and walked up to the duo. “Ahem. Excuse me, Oliver, may I talk to you for a second? It’s urgent.”

“Yeah.”

Felicity looked at Laurel and said kind of bitingly, “You can have him back in a minute.”

“Excuse us,” Oliver said as he walked off with Felicity.

“I just realized something. What if our masked friend that keeps showing up everywhere you go, you know her?”

“What about her?”

“What if we’ve been going about this the wrong way? We thought she was obsessed with you. I mean, she showed up in the D.A.’s office when you were there... And in the chemical plant where the Doll Maker was holed up. But who else was at both those places?”

Oliver thought about it for a moment. “What if our masked friend isn't following you?”
“She's following Laurel.”

Felicity nodded. Oliver looked down at her and tilted his head slightly. “You okay?”

She shrugged. “It’s nothing don’t worry about it.”

He grabbed her just as she turned to walk away. He turned her to face him again. “Don’t tell me it’s nothing. What’s going on, Felicity?”

She sighed. “The kiss.”

He dropped his hand from her arm. He didn’t say anything to her, just looked at her. She nodded.

“Yep. See we have a problem here. You wanna pretend it never happened and for me it’s all I can think about.”

“I never said I wanted to pretend it never happened.”

“But you won’t talk about it either.”

He exhaled. “Felicity, look….it’s complicated. I have Lexy to think about—”

“I love her as if I was the one who gave birth to her, Oliver. Don’t you dare throw that in my face!”

She turned to start walking away, but stopped, coming closer. “Why don’t you just admit it?”

“Admit what?”

“The kiss was fun, but let’s be real here. I’m not Laurel Lance or Helena Bertinelli. I’m just me and apparently I’m not who you’re looking for.”

“Felicity…..”

She didn’t turn or anything just tossed over her shoulder. “Tell Lexy where you’re going. See if she wants to come with.”

He sighed and walked toward the kitchen where he saw her go with Dylan. As he entered he said, “Hey, Lex.”

Lexy laughed as she handed Dylan a spoon. She smiled up at Oliver. “Hey, daddy.”

“Hey, um….I need to go. Would you like to come with me?”

“Is it for Verdant?”

Verdant was their code word for their nightly activities. He nodded. “It is, but I’d understand fully if you wanted to—”

“Well, I do own half the company and you promised to teach me about it.” She looked at Dylan. “Sorry, Dyl.”

He shook his head. “Don’t. It’s fine. I understand.”

She smiled and kissed his cheek. “You’re the best,” she whispered.

The 2 Queens started walking out together, but Oliver stopped. “Have Raisa set up a guest room for you. It’s getting kinda late. You probably shouldn’t—”
“You want me to spend the night?”

He nodded. “Yeah. I told you I liked you. Besides, you said that you’d be going home alone because your sisters and your mom were working late.” He gave him a firm look. “I don’t feel comfortable with you going home alone, Dylan.”

Alexa dressed in her suit looked at her father. “How do we catch her?”

He shook his head and then she gasped. “You might not like the idea.”

“Try me, Beautiful.”

“Your trick arrows. We place them to capture her. Then we could figure out who she is.”

He nodded. “That might work.” He smiled and looked down at her. “What’s wrong?”

“I need to ask you something but I’m not exactly sure how.”

He smiled down at her. “Well, I would hope you could tell me anything.”

“I usually can, but I’m not sure with Dylan being my boyfriend how much is okay.”

He chuckled softly. “It’s been difficult for me to know you’re growing up and that you have a boyfriend, but I’m doing alright.” He smiled. “Tell me.”

“Were you in love with my mom?”

“Uh…..yes, I was.”

“Did you ever tell her that you loved her?”

He thought back for a moment and then smiled. “Three times.”

“How-How-How did you know?”

He looked at her. “Are you in love with Dylan?”

She shrugged. “I don’t know. That’s why I’m asking.”

“Tell me how you feel.”

She exhaled and began telling him everything. She told him everything from how it felt to be near him, to holding his hand then kissing him. She then told him everything in between. By the time she had finished telling him his heart ached. From the sounds of it she was in love. Like really in love. And that hurt to know. Felicity was right Dylan was becoming more than just a friend and boyfriend.

He was someone his daughter was falling in love with.

“Well, from what you’re telling me, Sweetheart, I’d say you have all the signs. But I’d give it a little while longer, okay? I don’t want you to say the words and then have him find out what you do and react badly. I think would break your heart.”

“So, when do you think,” she put an arm around her dad’s shoulders as he used his grappling hook
arrow to get to the roof. “would be a good time to tell him?”

“You’re one-hundred percent sure you can trust him?”

She nodded. “I do. Daddy, he’s my best friend.”

“You said that about Roy too—”

“Yeah, but this is different. Roy’s kind of a jerk. He hasn’t spoken to me in a month and I have a feeling it’s because Aunt Thea doesn’t want him to.” She sighed. They walked along the roof and she said, “You know if you shoot one of those timed arrows that shoots out the ropes I think that would be best.” She looked at her dad. “I know I can tell Dylan anything—almost anything, it still makes me a little nervous to tell him about all this—but I can tell him anything he’d listen and do what he needed to accordingly.”

They watched as the masked woman in black ran from his arrow and from them and then triggered the remote detonating of the arrow and she was captured. She hit her whirring sonic scream.

“Can it get any louder? My partner’s sonic scream is louder than that.” He looked at the woman.

“Why are you following Laurel Lance?”

“I could ask the same thing of you. I guess some things never change. You and her, always and forever.”

Alexa’s heart hammered in her chest. Did this woman know him? And if so did she know about her?

“Who are you?”

“Once you know, your life will never be the same. You and her, always and forever.”

“I could take it.”

“Not this time. Ollie.”

Alexa knew that it was someone close to him. Especially if she was calling him ‘Ollie’. Only the people close to him called him that. Alexa watched her dad removed the girl’s wig and then in shock he pushed his hood down. “Sara…..”

Alexa gasped.

“I think your girlfriend’s surprised.”

“She’s not my girlfriend.”

“I’m not his girlfriend,” she said at the same time.

“Then who are you?”

Alexa looked at her father and he nodded. She then took her mask off and looked at her. “Hi, Sara.”

Sara gasped. “Oh, my God! Is that…?”

He nodded. “Yeah. It’s Lexy.” He couldn’t stop staring at her.
“I’ll give you time to let that sink in.”

With that her sonic screamer device exploded sending Oliver and Alexa backwards a little. Oliver looked up and then at Alexa. “Lexy, honey, you okay?”

“Yeah,” she answered. “I have a feeling you weren’t supposed to discover,” she pulled herself to standing, “who she was.”

“I think you’re right. Come on. Let’s get back to the Bunker.”

“Sara Lance?” Felicity muttered shock. Great another of Oliver’s women to contend with. Why do I even bother?

“Laurel’s sister? The detective’s other daughter, the one that you took on "The Gambit" with you even though you were dating Laurel at the time, which we never talked about—”

“Felicity, please,” Diggle said.

“I’m sorry, it’s just... Isn't she--isn't she dead? You told everyone that she died when "The Gambit" went down, that she drowned.”

“You lied,” Diggle said.

“He lied,” Alexa said at the same time.

Oliver lifted his head from the bowed position. “When "The Gambit” capsized, uh... Sara was pulled under. It was so dark and cold. And I thought she drowned. About a year later, I saw her.”

“You saw….where, on the island? She drifted to the island, too?”

“Not exactly.”

Diggle knew what that meant.

Felicity was still in shock. When she spoke this time it sounded like she was about to cry. “Why didn't you tell the Lances that she didn't die in that boat? Laurel and Mr. Lance, they blame you.”

“It was my fault.”

“Would you stop saying that?!?” Alexa exclaimed. “It wasn’t your fault, dad.”

“What happened was my fault, Lex.”

“No,” Alexa told him. “No, it wasn’t. Sara made her decision. That’s not on you, daddy. That’s on her. You didn’t put a gun to her head and tell her to do it. She did it because she wanted to and because she wanted to be with you.”

“Well, where has she been all these years, Oliver?” Dig asked.

“I don’t know! Diggle, I swear to God. I was sure she was dead.”

Felicity sighed. “Do you have any happy stories?”

“All right, so just to make sure I understand this correctly, after not drowning when "The Gambit" went down, Sara didn't exactly make it to the island with you, where you would see her die yet
again. Feel free to fill in the blanks,” Diggle said.

“Not right now.”

Alexa watched as the 3 most important adults in her life reeled from the information. But most of all she watched her father. He seemed to be generally perplexed and shocked by the fact of Sara being alive.

“You mean not ever, don't you, Oliver?”

“Don't you think her family had a right to know that she made it to the island, too?” Felicity asked, her voice shaky.

“These were five years!” he yelled.

Alexa jerked.

“Five years...where nothing good happened. And they were better off not knowing.”

“Do they deserve to know now?” Diggle asked.

The room fell silent. Alexa sighed. “I should get back home. Dylan’s there.”

“Dylan’s at the mansion?” Felicity asked.

Oliver nodded. “I told him since it was getting late that he could get a guest room.” He turned to Alexa. “Okay, Baby. I’ll take you in a minute.” He looked at the others. “I gotta take care of some things at the office. Where are we on the mayor?”

“I'm in contact with some of my military sources.”

Alexa watched as Felicity walked away, tears in her eyes.

“Trying to get a line on how he's getting his illegal army weaponry.” Dig watched her. “I'll keep you updated.”

Alexa walked to her and leaned on the table. “Mom, you gonna be okay?”

Felicity released a shaky sigh. “I don’t know.” She smiled up at Alexa. “But it’s nothing for you to worry about, Lex.”

Dig said to his retreating back. “You know, Oliver, somebody once told me that... secrets have weight. The more you keep, the harder it is to keep moving.”

“You see how hard I work out.”

Alexa rolled her eyes. She kissed Felicity’s cheek and told them both she’d see them after school.

“Lex, wait.” Felicity stood and looked from her daughter to Oliver. “Oliver, maybe she should stay home.”

“I can’t!” she exclaimed, sounding a little horrified.

“Why not?” Dig asked.

“Because if I do then Dylan will start asking questions and daddy basically told me to hold off on
telling him my little secret until I know we’re actually gonna stick.”

“But, honey, you haven’t slept at all.”

She looked from Dig and Felicity to her father. “Well, then I guess I start drinking coffee with you guys.” She sighed when she seen the ‘come on’ expressions on their faces. She sighed. “Seriously guys I think I’ll be okay. If not I can easily go home early. That he won’t question. The flu’s been going around at school, not to mention mono.”

Felicity sighed. “All right. Go.”

Alexa smiled. “Thanks, mom.”

When Alexa got home that morning, she quickly ran upstairs and got into her room. She set her alarm on her phone and had it go off a few minutes later to help with the ruse. She shut it off a couple of minutes later, then walked over to her iPod and turned it on to her usual morning mix and put it on the docking station. She cranked up the volume and began dancing around to the song.

She then walked over to her closet and searched through her clothes. She decided on a pair of black leggings, an olive colored oversized cowl-neck sweater, with a pair of dark brown high-heeled boots. Her hair she had decided to keep her natural curls in.

About ten minutes later, she got out of the shower, dried her hair and then quickly got dressed. She put some taming moose into her natural curls and then ran her fingers through it to active the mousse. Then she applied the little makeup she was allowed to wear. She looked at her reflection in the mirror and then walked out of the bathroom and headed for her boots. She slipped them on and then walked out of the room to knock on Dylan’s door.

Moments later he opened the door and she smiled. “Morning.” She observed his look. Jeans, t-shirt and his usual combat boots.

He smiled. “Morning. You look beautiful.” He closed the gap between them and then took her face in his hands and kissed her. “Good morning.”

She sighed. “Morning,” she whispered. She cleared her throat. “A girl could get used to that.”

“I’m kinda hoping you do.” He smiled. “How’d last night go?”

“Pretty good. It was a problem with someone that daddy used to know.” She shrugged. “They didn’t really need me. Came home at about midnight.”

“Why didn’t you come see me?”

“Because I didn’t know if you were sleeping or not and I didn’t want to disturb you.” She wrapped her arms around his neck. She placed her back on the door and smiled. “Come here,” she told him.

He came closer and she kissed him like she had done last night. Then pulled back. She sighed. “I’m really beginning to care about you a lot more than either like or any of the other words used to describe it.”

He laughed softly. “Is that your way of saying you love me without actually saying you love me?”

She nodded, blushing a little. “Yeah. It’s just that I’ve never felt like this toward anyone before.
Not even—and I know you don’t like it when I mention him—but I’ve never even felt that way with Roy.” She shrugged. “I’m not exactly sure what I’m feeling, but I know it’s deeper than ‘liking’ you and I know it’s deeper than just caring about you.”

He smiled and caressed her cheek. He kissed her softly. “Me too,” he said softly.

She smiled up at him and then hugged him around the torso. “Come on. We’ve got to hurry. Daddy said he’d take us to school today, but we’ve gotta hurry because he’s got meetings and stuff.”

He nodded. Grabbed his jacket and phone. “Lead the way, Beautiful.”

“Mr. Blood. I see you've met Miss Rochev. She's my—”

“—superior,” Miss Rochev countered.

“Partner.”

“On paper.”

“Is that why you asked me to come down here, Mr. Queen, to mediate your job title?”

“You and I have gotten off on the wrong foot repeatedly.”

He laughed. “Seems to be your super power.”

Keeping his game face in place, he laughed too. “I was inspired by what you said the other night about gun violence in the Glades. And I had an idea that might help.”

“Really? Another party at your stately manor?”

“No. I wanted to sponsor a cash for guns event. I give you the money and you get your constituents to lay down their arms. Everybody wins.”

“Especially you. Trying to repair your family's tainted name by ridding the Glades of guns.”

“You just get the money, Mr. Blood. I don't want my family's name involved.”

“Mr. Queen, may I have a word with you?” Isabel insisted.

“Let me think it over.”

Blood left and Oliver faced Isabel.

“We are not sponsoring that event.”

“Yes, I know. I am.”

“With what money?” She reminded him. “Your investment party cost QC 50 grand, and no one invested a dime. I will not continue to authorize corporate funds just so you can keep pretending that you are the CEO.”

“Fine. I'll pay for it myself.”

She released a laugh of disbelief. “Maybe you haven't noticed, but your personal trust isn't exactly
what it used to be, and this company isn't, either. As much as I would love to make this city safer, my first obligation is to Queen Consolidated. And yours is, too.”

“IT is, but you see Queen money, or even Queen Consolidated money isn’t the only money I have access to, Isabel.”

“Then who….?”

“Well, as my beautiful and sometimes blunt daughter had put it last night when she was speaking to you, she made eight billion dollars by just selling Phoenix Global to Palmer Tech. That’s not including the money that she has already in trust from being the last surviving member of the Bradford family.”

She scoffed. “You’re going to use your daughter’s money to fund this thing?”

He nodded. “Especially since it was her and her boyfriend’s idea.”

Her jaw dropped slightly. “She has a boyfriend? What is she nine?”

“No,” he said firmly. “She’s twelve. She’ll be thirteen in July.” He straightened his jacket and tie. He walked to the door. “By the way, if you don’t show my daughter some respect and stop treating her like she’s some dumb kid, there will be a problem.”

“Oliver, I don’t think—”

“That seems to be your MO, Miss Rochev. However, people may think you’re the ice queen, but piss off my daughter and she can quickly make running this company very difficult for you.”

“And how’s that?” Isabel asked, her bitchface firmly in place.

“Well, she is half-Bradford.”

“Is that name supposed to mean something?”

“Think about it. Lawrence Bradford is her great-grandfather. And from what I remember—even if my name is tainted—the Bradford name is still very well intact. And I have gotten several phone calls from former business associates of Larry’s over the past year, that if me or my daughter ever need anything they are just a phone call away.” Oliver had the immense pleasure of watching her tense almost immediately after he said Lawrence’s name.
PART 2: The Team finally takes down the Mayor with the help of an old/new friend. Alexa and Dylan have hit a snag with him finding out she's the Sparrow.

PS: QCAS means: Queen Consolidated Applied Sciences

Before school let out that day, Alexa had a thought. She hid in a little cubby where they hung posters for clubs no one cared about and called her mom. “Hey, Mom.”

“Hey, baby. Playing hooky?”

“No. I had a thought, about those guns.”

“Okay. Shoot.”

“Well, ask Uncle John, but I’m pretty sure I remember my great-grandfather always talking about tracking devices on military grade equipment. Do you think that a crate of guns would have them too?”

“Oh….my….God….! Lex, I could kiss you!”

She laughed. “Wait until after school. Dylan got a reminder at lunch that he had a physical to go to after school so….he said he’d call me later. So, I am all yours tonight.”

“Good. Your dad’s gonna need you if this comes out to be what you think.”

“I’ll be there.”
“I need some good news.”

“This mission will have your partner’s undivided attention.”

He smiled as he turned. “Hey, Baby!” He hugged her.

“Hi, daddy.

“The bad news first. Somehow the Mayor did get his hands on a crate of military-grade weapons from Camp Kirby.”

Not at all pleased by the bad news, Oliver turned. “The good news?”

Felicity turned in her seat and stood. “If he kept the crate, might be able to find where he’s hiding.” She pointed at the little black tracking box sitting on the table. “Now, Lexy’s been at this since after school, so….”

Alexa looked up at her father. “Well, I had a memory while sitting in Geometry and it was what great-grandpa used to say. I vaguely remember something being said in the house when I was living there that weapons were stolen from a camp in Afghanistan. And that thing going on with the Mayor got me thinking. The only way to get military grade weapons to Starling is to have them shipped in. But after some internet research while in the library today I found out that the military doesn’t ship to civilian ports. So then I asked myself how was he getting the guns into Starling without anyone knowing?

She watched as a big wide smile slid across his face. “What?”

“Nothing. I’m proud and in awe at how good you are at this.”

She flashed his identical smile. “Thanks. So, I called mom asked her to talk to Uncle John about it and I skipped last period to come here early to see what he found out. Which he told you.” She cleared her throat. “We made the tech, daddy.”

“We as in QC or ‘we’ as in PG?”

“QCAS made the tech.” She turned to the computer and hit a few keys. “This is an identical model of our tracking system that we sold to the army, to which it installed it on all of its weapons crates. Basically it’s like hitting the car alarm and hearing the chirp to find your car in a crowded parking lot. The Mayor’s clever. He deactivated his beacon. Send a signal, nothing comes back.”

“You need to work on what’s considered to be good news.”

Alexa smiled. “That’s because I’m not done yet, daddy.” She smiled knowingly. “However, this wonderful little baby has a design flaw. It would seem that it doesn’t matter if the douchebag deactivated it we can still activate it.”

“What do you mean?”

“It’s got a fail switch or whatever that’s called.”

Diggle smiled. “What my beautiful niece is trying to tell you is if the Mayor turned it off, Oliver. We can turn it back on.”

Oliver chuckled and then kissed the top of Alexa’s head. “Very long winded but it was wonderful
to hear you talk like that again. And Lexy, baby, you’re crazy smart.”

“Thanks daddy.” She walked off into a cubby that Oliver designated for her to change and then walked back out. She pulled her batons off the chargers and put them in their holsters behind her back. “Ready.”

Oliver walked over and picked up his bow. Then he quickly changed himself and put everything into place. “Let’s go, Sparrow.”

She smiled. “Right behind you.”

They got to the Mayor’s hideout and Oliver turned to her. “You go first.”

She blinked at him in surprise, whipping her head around. “Wha—what?”

“My batons.”

She nodded. She hopped down onto the second level and put them out in front of her. She then emitted the little pressure it took to activate them in the right spot. They did what they were supposed to do, rendered them stunned for a moment, but didn’t stop them from shooting up the place.

The gunmen and the Mayor ran while Alexa and Oliver hopped down to the ground floor. Alexa landed on her feet and started running after them. “Sparrow.”

She stopped and turned. He shook his head. “No. We’ll get them later.”

She nodded. Oliver tapped his comm and said, “Weapons secure.”

“And the Mayor?”

“Still in office,” Oliver told him.

After securing the weapons, Oliver took Alexa home to Felicity’s. He said goodnight to her and told her to get some sleep. As soon as he left, her cell phone rang. It was Dylan. She answered, “Hey! I missed you.”

“Missed you too. So…..Dr. Thompson says I’m healthy.”

She laughed. “Surprising considering as much milkshakes and chili-cheese fries as you’ve eaten since you’ve begun dating me.”

He laughed. “Right. I wouldn’t pass up any of those for anything, Lex.” He sighed. “You know while I was waiting for him I got to thinking about what you said to me this morning and I think you’re right.”

“Mr. Richards needs to get a toupee?”

He laughed. “No. What you said in your house when you kissed me good morning.”

“Oh! You mean about caring about you more than just liking you—”

“Yeah,” he said. “I love you, Alexandra Queen.”

Her heart thundered in her chest. “Really?”
“Yes,” he told her. “And I don’t care if people say we haven’t known each other long and that we’re too young to know what we feel. If adults can fall for each other after five weeks of knowing each other why can’t teenagers.”

“Because we’re running rampant on hormones.”

“All that more of an excuse if you ask me.”

She laughed softly to herself. “God, I love you.” And she did, but her stomach dropped at one thought. Her secret. She pulled the phone from her ear and quickly shot a text to her dad. Then put the phone back to her ear. “Uh…Dyl, I hate to do this because I love talking to you, but I’m really tired. I didn’t get much sleep last night and mom got me some tea to help wind me down. I think I’m gonna try it and hit the sack.”

“Okay. Are you at your mom or dad’s?”

“Uh…mom’s. If you want you can meet me here in the morning.”

“Okay, sounds good. See you in the morning. Love you.”

“I love you,” she said and hung up. Just as she ended the call her dad called her. “Hey, daddy.”

“Did you say it first or did he?”

“Well, I told him this morning that I cared about him ore thank like and any of the other descriptions, but he just said it when he called me to update me on his physical.” She sighed. “Daddy, I can’t lie to him and if we’re both saying it already then…..”

“Okay. Tell you what…..tell him. Maybe you’re right. Maybe it’s better to tell him now then several months or even a year down the road when more of your emotions are in it.”

She sighed. “But daddy, what if…..what if…..he…..?”

“Then I agree with you. It’s good to know now whether he can love both sides of you then to find out later and be crushed even worse.”

That morning, Dylan showed up early as requested and knocked on Felicity’s door. He smiled at Felicity when she opened the door. “Is she okay?” He asked his stomach dropping.

Felicity nodded. “Yeah. She’s fine. She’s really nervous about telling you something, but she knows you need to know, especially now.”

“Know what?”

“That I’m half of the Starling City Vigilante Team.” Alexa walked out of the hall to him.

“What?” he asked, shock washing over him like a barrel wave. “You’re….”

“I’m the Sparrow. I’ve been doing it for about a year with my dad.”

“With your dad!” he exclaimed. “Wha—what?”

A hand of fear clutched at her heart. She nodded. “It’s true. All of it.” She sighed, wringing her
fingers nervously. She looked up at him, her eyes filling with tears of fright. He was going to break up with her. She just knew it. She looked at her mom and she nodded her head in encouragement for her to continue. “I had to tell you now that there is more emotion involved between us. I couldn’t lie to you anymore.”

He had no idea what the heck to say. What did one say when they find out that the girl they just discovered they were in love with is a superhero without the powers? His heart hammered in his chest and his body stiffened in shock. He had no idea how to deal with this. “I—I—I—I—I gotta g-g-g-go.” He quickly turned on his heel and ran out.

As she watched him run out like the building was on her fire she felt her heart shatter then and there. She buried her face in her hands and openly sobbed, her anguish stabbed her like a knife. Overwhelmed by her sadness, she collapsed to the floor, hard wrenching sobs filled the room.

Felicity’s own eyes filled with unshed tears as she quickly texted Oliver and then went to her daughter. She tucked her legs under her and sat in front of her. She pulled her to her and Alexa laid her head on her lap as she cried.

“It’s no use,” she sobbed. “I’m….I’m….gonna be alone!”

“No, baby, shh…..” as she soothed her daughter, her own tears began to fall.

Oliver walked into the apartment, as instructed and walked to his daughter. “What happened?”

“Dylan knows,” Felicity said, her voice choked by unshed tears. “And he didn’t handle it….well.”

Oliver rubbed Alexa’s back gently. “Shh….” He soothed. He looked at Felicity. “What do you mean not well?”

“You didn’t see the body print before you came in?”

He couldn’t help it he smirked. He cleared his throat. He nodded. He lifted Alexa into his lap and rocked her back and forth. She fisted her father’s button-down. “It’ll be okay, baby.”

With those words, Alexa sobbed harder. “I’m gonna be alone forever!”

“Well, baby, you don’t have to be—”

She cried harder into his shoulder. “Don’t you dare take that away from me!” she wailed. “I love doing it!” She sighed and kept curled up against her father. “I think we’re broken up.” Curled into him even more. “I thought he’d handle it pretty okay. I knew he’d be shocked, but daddy you should hear how him and his older sister talk about me as the Sparrow.” She shrugged. “I thought once he knew that…. Her tears caught in her throat. “But I was wrong.”

Oliver went back to rocking her as she cried. He had no idea what to do about this one. With Roy it was just a crush, but he knew that Lexy had poured herself into her friendship and relationship with Dylan, so this was going to take longer than a couple of very sweaty workouts.

The Guns for Cash event was going off without a hitch. However, true to her word, Alexa Queen didn’t make an appearance. Although, the same couldn’t have been said for the Sparrow. She had a feeling that the Mayor would make an appearance to shut the down the event and take the guns. So, she had decided to wait him out.
And either he’s predictable or she really was good at this job like her father said, but the Mayor and his cronies did show up. “Listen up, people. This is your mayor speaking. Now I don’t recall this here event being sanctioned. What happens in the Glades only happens if I allow it.”

“You’re not the leader of this community! You don’t speak for these people!” Alderman Blood yelled.

“And neither do you. Not anymore.”

To Blood, Oliver and Roy’s surprise the Sparrow came out of nowhere and landed right in front of them. “Then I guess it’s a good thing that I’m still here, huh?”

“Ahh….well, well. Shouldn’t you be in school somewhere?”

“And shouldn’t you be taken up residence at Iron Heights?”

With that his cronies started shooting. Alexa turned and looked at Roy and Thea. “Go!” She seen the girl Roy was talking to with Thea and told her to hide too. She then ran straight for the truck. She got onto the hood and hit one of the shooters with the baton. She then knocked the gun out of the other’s hand. She looked at the Mayor. She looked him dead in the eyes. “If you want to take the Glades or this City then you’ll have to go through me.”

With that the Sparrow disappeared.

Oliver met up with Alexa in the bunker. He immediately went to her and hugged her. “You okay?”

She nodded. “Yeah. I’m good. I’m so sorry that I defied you—”

“It’s okay. I’ve taught you to always listen to your gut. And your gut was telling you that he’d reappear, right?”

She nodded. “Yeah. I was actually heading to school, but I couldn’t seem to shake this feeling so I followed it and waited him out.” She sighed. “I-I-I didn’t think that he’d start shooting people.”

Oliver pulled her into another hug. He kissed her hair. “I know, but Roy, Thea and Blood are okay.”

She exhaled. “However, Roy’s friend, Sin got hit. I saw that as I was leaving and he updated me with her condition. It’s touch and go right now. Apparently some of the bullet fragments are still in there.”

He sighed. “We’ll deal with that after we deal with the Mayor. Wanna meet an old friend?”

She nodded. “As long as she don’t treat me like a pariah.”

He smiled and kissed her hair. “Dylan still not taking your calls?”

She shook her head, her eyes immediately swimming with tears. “Nope. It’s been 17 hours and he won’t even talk to me. I think I lost my friend too.” She looked at mom. “It was a bad idea to date a friend.”

Felicity smiled. “I’m sorry, baby.”
She shook her head and turned to her father. “Let’s go. Maybe on the way we can talk about another possibility for a suit.”

He nodded. “Okay.”

They met Sara outside the hospital. Oliver looked at her as she had her back to him and said, “I want to see how you do in a real fight.”

“Good. I was looking for a fight.” She turned to Alexa. “But first, who’s your friend?”

“My daughter.”

Sara turned on Oliver. “Your daughter?”

He nodded. “My daughter. Sara Lance, I’d love for you to meet my daughter, Alexandra. Lex, this is Sara.”

“Hi, Sara. You can call me Alexa,” she told her, holding out her hand.

Sara shook it. She looked at Oliver. “You’re letting your daughter fight?”

“Trust me, you don’t know her like I do. She would have found a way to do it anyway. This way, I can keep her safe.”

Alexa shrugged. “He’s right. I would have.”

Sara looked into her eyes, they were Oliver’s eyes and they were sad. “What happened?”

“Wha—what do you mean?”

“You’re sad.”

“How do you know that?”

“Your eyes told me.” She smirked. “I have spent many a year studying those eyes. They’re your father’s eyes. Everything okay?”

Oliver smiled and nodded to his daughter to go ahead. Alexa sighed. “I’m going through my first break up…or is it my first limbo? I’m not sure.”

Sara laughed. “You’re cute.” She looked at Oliver and then Alexa. “Let’s do this.”

He shot another grappling arrow, Sara slid down and Alexa held onto her dad as he slid them both down. They got to where the Mayor was meeting his foster brother and collecting the guns. Sara looked at Alexa. “You ready?”

“What?”

“You’re with me. Your dad told me that you had a weapon like mine, let’s do this.”

She smiled. They jumped down quietly behind the men. Sara took on the two military guys and Alexa walked up to the mayor and she lifted her brow as she said, “I told you if you want this City you’ll have to go through me first.”
He smiled. “All right.” He cocked the gun and aimed it at her.

She held out one of her batons and squeezed, a much louder scream came out of them this time. He dropped to his knees and with the other one, she knocked him to the ground. She stopped the screeching and whirled around and knocked the other one that was sneaking up on her out cold. During the melee, Sara was taking out the soldiers and so was Oliver with his arrows. Alexa walked away to join Sara and Oliver, when the mayor stood up with the weapon and fired it. Both Oliver and Sara grabbed an arm on Alexa and threw her to the ground as the grenade explode thanks to one of Oliver’s arrows.

After they took down the Mayor, Alexa decided to head home. After changing her clothes back to civilian she started for Felicity’s apartment. She exhaled as she walked. She wondered if Dylan would ever speak to her again. Tomorrow was school, again and the one person who always made it better wasn’t speaking to her.

She knew after her admission that he’d need time, but she didn’t think he’d go 24 hours for that time. She’d been contemplating whether or not to call him again and tell him what she’s thinking. Deciding to do it as she walked into Felicity’s building, she pulled her phone out of her pocket and found his number. As it happened several times before she got Dylan’s voicemail. But unlike the other times she waited for the beep this time.

“Hey, it’s me. I know, I’m probably the last one you want to talk to right now, but I think we should. I know I’ve been lying to you and I know you probably can’t be with me because of what I told you, but please, please, you gotta know that I didn’t lie to you about the important things. The things about me.” She walked into the apartment, put her keys on the table by the door and locked up. She took her jacket off as she said, “Being the Sparrow is only part of who I am. I never lied to you about the other things, Dyl. All honesty on the table here…..I was scared to tell you.”

The sigh was audible, even on the recording, that she knew. “I was scared to tell you what I did at night because of how you’d react and I guess I was right to be afraid, because you reacted the way I feared you would.” She took a deep breath and released it as she walked to the window that over looked the City. “I’m so very sorry. I’m sorry that I lied to you all those times. It probably doesn’t mean much now, but in case it means even a little bit it hurt every time I did lie to you. Like the party I asked you to that I was late for. I was dealing with the guy in the Glades—the Mayor—with my dad. I didn’t forget my dress at Felicity’s. I was trying to make the City safer.”

She took a shaky breath. “There’s another reason why being the Sparrow is so important to me—a reason that not even my dad knows. But when I am the Sparrow I’m accepted. I know it sounds ridiculous to say, but it’s true. I finally feel accepted when I’m the Sparrow. I’m not Oliver Queen’s illegitimate daughter. I’m not the spoiled little rich girl. Being the Sparrow makes me feel…..free.” She sighed. “But being with you made me feel good, really good. I know I’m accepted as me with you—and I know you probably don’t feel like you know me, but you do. Like I said, being the Sparrow is only a part of me—an important part, but a part.”

“For so long I’ve accepted being invisible. I’ve accepted being the illegitimate daughter of Oliver Queen. I’ve accepted with never being accepted by my grandmother or my aunt. Hell, I’ve even accepted with not having friends at school because of what my grandmother did and for the fact that I’m the Bastard child.” She sighed. “But then I met you….and you did accept me for all of those. You even saw something in me I didn’t see….someone who could be loved. And not just by their parents, but by someone else.”

She sniffled again and quickly wiped her tears. “And for that I thought me telling you what I did with my nights would help you to continue to love me…..and I know this probably sounds
melodramatic and I probably sound like one of those stupid teen dramas….but I was wrong. That can never happen. It might be my secret or it could be my lies….or maybe it’s just me, but I do know that you may not be able to get past my revelation. But you should know this too. I’m not going to stop doing it. I’m making a difference, I know I am and for that I will never stop doing it. My dad and I are changing this City and maybe someday we’ll change the world, but right now I’m content with making this City a little safer every night that I’m out there.”

“So, if you can’t deal with your girlfriend, the girl who loves you, with being the Sparrow then maybe it was good that we found this out now.” She took a long shaky breath and released it, on a cry. “God, I thought it crushed me when Roy told me that he was going out with Thea, but….this is so much worse.” She wiped her tears. “I do love you, Dylan. And as you said people may think it’s just a teenage infatuation that is making us say that, but I don’t think it is……I-I-I think it’s how it truly is. I love you. Maybe my mom is right. Maybe we were only meant to love each other for a short time.” She exhaled, she knew her sob was audible. “To know how it feels when the real thing comes along. I just never thought I’d lose my best friend too. No one told me that if I dated my best friend and we broke up it could end our friendship. That’s going to be the hardest thing for me I think. The broken heart because I love you will probably heal, but the broken heart because I lost my best friend….I don’t know.”

She paused again to cry. “That may never heal. But again, as I said. I completely understand why you don’t want to ever speak to me again. I did lie to you, but know that I am dreadfully sorry and I hope someday you’ll be able to get past it and be my friend again.” She took a deep breath and released it. “Goodbye, Dylan.”

She tapped the end button and plopped on the couch, sobbing. It was good that she was finding this out now. At least she was just starting to love him….she could get over him that much, right? He’d probably never listen to the message anyway. If everything she had read about break ups before they broke up was true, everything he found cute about her was probably going to be annoying. Which meant that even though he found that it was cute that she talked too much or that she rambled when she was emotional adorable—both things would probably be annoying now.

She looked out the window. Getting all that off her chest was a good thing. She felt good about it, but she also felt like crap too. She was losing her best friend and there was nothing she could do about it. Nothing at all.

The ball was now in his court until he decided to pass it again.

I’m thinking of changing Alexa’s black and green jumpsuit to this. What do you guys think?
PS: I don't know who originally made this, but I like it as inspiration for the new change.
A New Beginning.....

Chapter Summary

All right, y'all. Here it is. The chapter you've been waiting for. Oliver and Felicity become more than teammates and partners...

Dylan realizes after listening to Alexa's messages...several times that he wants to be with her....all of her, even the Sparrow

-6 Hours Later in Central City......

“......I do love you, Dylan. And as you said people may think it’s just a teenage infatuation that is making us say that, but I don’t think it is......I-I-I think it’s how it truly is. I love you. Maybe my mom is right. Maybe we were only meant to love each other for a short time.” She exhaled, she knew her sob was audible. “To know how it feels when the real thing comes along. I just never thought I’d lose my best friend too. No one told me that if I dated my best friend and we broke up it could end our friendship. That’s going to be the hardest thing for me I think. The broken heart because I love you will probably heal, but the broken heart because I lost my best friend....I don’t know.”

She paused again to cry. “That may never heal. But again, as I said. I completely understand why you don’t want to ever speak to me again. I did lie to you, but know that I am dreadfully sorry and I hope someday you’ll be able to get past it and be my friend again.” She took a deep breath and released it. “Goodbye, Dylan.”
Dylan groaned and fell back on his bed. That was the 12th time in 6 hours that he had listened to her message. He didn’t want to hurt her like that. The day he had discovered that his girlfriend was a superhero, he, his brother and his 2 sisters went with their mom to see their father and apparently so that their mother could serve him divorce papers. Why he and his siblings needed to be there was beyond him. He couldn’t believe it. His parents were getting divorced and there was nothing he could do about it.

Plus, he had a little bit more important thing to do than deal with his parents’ drama. He should have seen it coming considering. His father was going to be in prison for twenty-five years and if he was honest with himself he’d realize that he knew this was coming. But taking the day to think about things between him and Alexa and her big secret. And what he had discovered was that nothing, not even his girlfriend being a superhero mattered, if Aly wasn’t in his life.

Because as she said, they do love each other, despite the fact that both of his sisters and his mother think that they’re too young to know how they feel. What the heck did his mother know anyway? She married his father after 3 weeks of knowing him. Even though she says it’s different with adults. He couldn’t see how. She didn’t know his father any more or less than he knew Alexa.

“Hey, Steph?”

“Yeah?”

“I got money, could you take me to the bus station?”

“Why?” she asked looking up from her magazine. Then the realization hit her. “Oh, come on, Dyl! You can’t be serious! There’s other girls out there. Why are you so hung up on her?”

He glared at her. “For the Olivere reasons you’re so hung up on Jason Whitney.”

Her eyes widened a little. “How did you find out about him?!”

He rolled his eyes. “Because he’s the high school gym teacher, Stupid. And you’re hanging around in there a lot. It didn’t take a rocket scientist to figure it out, especially since you don’t like anything real active, unless it’s lifting shopping bags.”

She glared at him. “Okay, for that remark you can stay here or walk. I’m not driving you.”

“Driving where?” Elaine Sinclair asked.

“He wants to go home to see Alexa.”

Elaine sighed. “Dylan—”

“No!” he almost screamed. “You won’t do this to me, mom. You won’t. Not again. I didn’t even want to move to Starling City to begin with, but now that I’ve met Alexa can’t imagine not being there.” He sighed. “Look, all I need is a ride to the bus station. I can do the rest. Besides, I got school in the morning. I can’t miss another day.”

Elaine sighed. “You’re right. Okay. I’ll take you. Do you think Mr. Queen will let you stay with them until we get back?”

He shrugged. “I don’t know. I hurt Alexa pretty bad but I can let you know.”
Meanwhile, in Starling City, Oliver was pacing the bunker as if he was an expectant father. He couldn’t get Felicity’s words out of his head. It hurt for her to think that the kiss didn’t mean anything to him either. When the kiss meant everything to him. He exhaled. He just didn’t think he was good enough for her yet.

Waking up with her that morning when they spent the night together was the best moment of his life. An idea began forming in his mind, and he smiled. It was time to talk to her. He couldn’t just sit around here and wonder ‘what if.’ He had to take action. Felicity wasn’t going to wait forever. He padded his pants pockets and found his keys and then he ran upstairs. As he came out of the Verdant main entrance he was met with Sara about to walk in.

“Ahh…..” he pulled back. “Sara.”

“Were you going somewhere?”

He nodded. “I was. I have to go talk to someone.”

Sara watched him smile and recognized that smile. “Ahh….you have feelings for her. Laurel?”

He shook his head. “Nope. Someone I don’t think even you would have thought I would end up with.” His smile widened. “But she’s amazing and she loves Lexy as if she was her own.”

Sara smiled. “Then that’s all that matters.” She nodded. “I won’t keep you.”

“Was there something you needed?” he asked.

She shook her head. “Not anymore.”

He knew what that meant. She was expecting an emotional release of the physical nature. He gave her an apologetic smile, but not because he regretted not being able to, but that he would have to tell her no. “I’m sorry. I can’t.”

Sara nodded. “No, no. Of course not.” Her smile widened in a teasing way. “Nice to see that you learned the hard way about having two girls at the same time.”

He chuckled. “Yeah. And I now have a rule….don’t date sisters….ever again.”

“Touché,” Sara admitted. “Well, if it matters, I did care about you.”

“Me too.”

“Good luck with her. I hope you, her and Alexa are happy together.”

He smiled. “Me too.” He hopped on his bike, put his helmet on and fired up the bike. He peeled out of the parking lot and roared down the street toward Felicity’s apartment.

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Call her crazy but the domesticity that every housewife found drove them crazy seemed to of calmed Felicity. Coming home everyday from work and the bunker and finding Alexa’s shoes at the couch or books and bag everywhere made her feel content. And picking up after her now the feeling hadn’t changed at all. Now, if only not every meal that they ate wasn’t takeout.

She gathered up Alexa’s books and was about to carry them to her room, when there was a firm, but quiet knock on the door. Felicity stopped and put the books down on the small dining table.
She walked to the door and peeked through the peephole. She gasped and pulled open the door. “Oliver?”

Without another word, he took her face in his hands and captured her mouth in a kiss that exploded on contact. He dropped his hands and put them around her waist, pulling her closer while she fisted his shirt and kept him close. Their mouths working each other just the way they wanted to work their bodies. Finally he pulled away and panted. “Lexy?”

“No, you’re not.” She palmed his head and pulled him back up. She recaptured his mouth. They ravished, bit, nipped and sucked at each other until they were both a panting mess. As his fingers dropped to the waistband of her skirt, he stopped, their eyes connecting in that moment. She slowly nodded her head.

He gently pulled the skirt down her legs and she stepped out of it, keeping her heels on. She raised her arms, her eyes never leaving his as he pulled her blouse over her head. She bunched his t-shirt in her hands and pulled it up over his head. She let it drop where they were at the door and then put her hands on his shoulders as he lifted her.

She wrapped her legs around his waist and kissed him, moaning into his mouth. He pulled back to pant out, “Which way?”

“Right,” she said and then went back to kissing him.

Never letting his lips leave hers, he opened the door and then kicked it shut. He walked to the bed, the kiss broke and he laid her on the bed. She slid up to the pillows and laid against them. He quickly stripped out of his jeans and crawled across the bed. When he lowered himself to the bed, their lips reconnected.

He left a trail of feathery kisses that began at her chin and at the tops of her breasts. He reached a hand around her back and unhooked her bra like an expert. She giggled against his shoulder. “Should have known you’d be really good at that.”

He chuckled. “A lot better at other things,” he teased. He nipped and licked the same spots, but in reverse. Never stopping his tantalizing pleasure, he swirled his tongue around the darkened area
around her nipple and she arched beneath him, moaning, wrapping her fingers into his hair and urging him to continue.

He kissed down her torso, stopping just before her center and brushed feathery kissing along her inner thighs. He lifted her leg and began placing kisses there as he ever so gently touched her, up and down her leg. She gasped at his touch and moaned at the feel of his lips against her heated skin.

She closed her eyes as she felt his lips everywhere on her body, the sweet sensations overtaking her. "Oliver.....please....."

He placed that leg down on the bed and moved to the next leg. He continued the sweet torture. After a few torturous minutes on that side, he began kissing inside of her leg, getting closer and closer to her hot sex.

With the first lick of his tongue where she wanted it, she arched off the bed violently, releasing cry that was more like a scream. “Fuck!”

He licked her again and she gasped and arched again. He placed a hand on her belly and held her down as he savored the taste of her. He moaned when he felt her fingers go back into his hair and squeezed, pulling. He kept his hand on her belly as she began to writhe around him.

“Oh, God….Oliver, please….” She grunted as he licked and sucked on a particular spot. “Oh, God, that’s it.....right.....there!” She practically pistoned off of the bed, but he firmly kept his hand at her belly. No one had ever loved her like this before.

With each stroke of his tongue he could feel her getting closer and closer to the edge. He flicked the little ball of nerves and she almost screamed. He smiled and continued, this time sucking on the little ball.

Her orgasm was instant, and earth shattering. Was it possible for someone to implode into a huge ball of fire in one orgasm? Because if not she had just become a medical study. Trying desperately to find a coherent thought to say something to him, she just panted. “Holy shit,” she muttered, she ran a hand through her hair to try and get her thoughts moving again. She looked down her body at him.

He was looking up her body with the most satisfied smile on his face. She laughed briefly. “Shut up.”

He laughed against her heated flesh at her abdomen. “You look so hot when you come.”

Her heart flip-flopped in her chest. She reached for his arms and pulled him to her. She looked into his eyes and felt her heart leap. Her heart flip-flopped in her chest. She could swear her heart was going to burst out of her chest. She took his face in her hands and kissed him long and deep. “I love you, Oliver. I love you in every way that there is to love someone. And I mean that.”

He smiled and dipped his head for a kiss. He’d do his speech later. There was no time for it right now. Not when she was looking at him like that. He positioned himself, but stopped. “Condom or no condom?”

She shook her head. “No need for one. I’m on birth control. We’re good.”

He smiled, kissed her again and then slid into her slowly. He groaned. God, it felt amazing! He’d never had sex without some kind of protection. His entire body seemed to be very sensitive to every feeling and sensation now.
Fire bolts of desire raging through her as white light shot through the back of her eyes. She couldn't remember ever feeling something so right as the feel of him filling her, stretching her. She groaned with satisfaction.

He waited only for a few minutes before he started moving, first slowly and then faster. "Damn," he whispered into her hair. He pushed deeper into her and laid forward. His hips pistoned deeper and deeper into her until he was for sure soul to soul. Hearing her small gasps, groans and little whimpers kept pushing him into that erotic rhythm that they've always been able to find.

She wrapped her arms tightly around him as she felt his movements, urging her higher and higher. With each thrust of his body, she responded with both a thrust of her own and tremor. "Harder, Oliver...."

Hearing her plea, he deepened his thrust and went harder. In that moment, all that was heard was grunts, pants, the thumping of the bed hitting the wall and the erotic sound of their bodies coming together repeatedly.

Feeling his orgasm clawing at him like a cat, he whispered into her ear, "Come with me, Sweetheart. Come with me."

Feeling the whisper against her ear, sent her sensitive skin into overdrive and she felt her entire body tighten as a full body orgasm took her. She screamed his name as she felt him stiffen, grunt and felt the glorious feeling of him releasing inside of her. She felt the aftershock shivers raging through her like a hurricane and she held tightly.

Oliver collapsed against her as he tried to even his breathing. Never had he felt completely surrendered to a woman before. No one but her. After a few moments, he rolled off of her, pulling her into him as they both drifted off to sleep, he whispered, "I love you, Felicity."

She smiled into the dusk, kissing his forearm as she said, "I love you, Oliver."

Dylan smiled when he seen Alexa running on the track in the park. It was exactly where he had thought she’d be. She did say she ran a lot before she told him her secret. His mom had dropped him off in town and then went back to Central City with his sisters and younger brother. He walked across the grass to the track and smiled as she rounded the corner.

Alexa couldn’t believe it! He was here! 18 hours after she told him and he was standing in front of her, holding a pink Lily of the Valley. She pulled her earbuds from her ears and gasped, "Dylan."

"Hi, Aly."

"Hi," she said cautiously. She couldn't believe was there. He was actually standing there in the flesh. "Wha-wha-what are you doing here?"

"I got your message and after listening to it about six times I realized that what I have to say can’t be said over the phone."

She exhaled. She had been preparing herself for this. "Okay. So, say what you need to."

"Forgive me?" he asked.
“For what?” she asked.

“For running out on you after you told me that and for not telling you that my mother suddenly got the itch to go to Iron Heights to serve my father with divorce papers and apparently we had to go with her.”

She put her iPod and her earbuds in her pockets. She had thought that she was too easy to forgive her grandmother and aunt Thea and they turned around and basically did it again. They were family, she wasn’t going to do that with Dylan. “Why should I?” She walked closer to him, putting her hands on her hips in a gesture of defiance. “This is me, Dylan. During the day, I’m Alexa—the 12-year old high school Freshman and at night, I’m the Sparrow.” She looked up into his blue eyes. “Take it or leave it.”

“I’ll take it. I want you.” He sighed. “I don’t care what you do with your nights as long as you come back to me, I just want you.” He exhaled. “I told you I love you and I meant every word of it. I would like to very much learn to love the Sparrow too.” He smiled down at her. “Can I tell you my secret?”

She tilted her head, her eyes drifted to his. “What?”

“The reason why I talked about her all the time was because I kinda had a crush on her and I kinda felt guilty because I thought I was cheating on you.”

She couldn’t help it, she laughed. “So, what if you could make me like her then you wouldn’t feel so guilty?”

He shrugged. “I was hoping.” He held out the flower as he said, “Come to find out I didn’t need to.” He sighed. “I’m sorry, Aly. Will you ever forgive me?”

She sighed. She couldn’t do it. Call her a softie, but she couldn’t do it. “I didn’t mind that you needed time to think about whether or not you could accept what I do it was that you went all incommunicado on me.” She exhaled deeply. “I don’t like that I can’t talk to you.”

“I’m so sorry.” He looked down at her, his body vibrating with an emotion or something that she had never felt off of him before. “Does that mean you forgive me?”

She exhaled, smiled and said, “Yes, I forgive you.” She took the flower from him and then took a hold of his coat, pulling him down to meet her lips.

He captured her mouth gently, pouring more emotional need into it than was probably appropriate for a 13 year old, but he didn’t really care. Just the mere thought on the way back to Starling that he could have lost her brought everything into clear view. And what he told her about her being the Sparrow and coming back to him was absolutely true. The gentleness of the kiss had her heart thundering in her chest so hard that she was for sure it would burst out of her chest.

There was nothing sexual or anything associated with it about the kiss. There wasn’t even tongue involved as they kissed. When they both pulled back, there were tears in Alexa’s eyes. He opened his own and seen the tears. “Aly, baby—um…I mean…” He cleared his throat. “What’s wrong?”

She shook her head. “Nothing. I just realized that I was freaking out for nothing.”

He laughed. “Not for nothing, but yeah.”

She reached up on her tiptoes and wrapped her arms around his neck. “Mmm…I missed you!”
“I missed you too, Aly.” He smiled. “By the way, did you see the news? It would seem the Sparrow and the Hood have taken down that douchebag in the Glades.”

She smiled. “Yeah, I heard that. I also heard that he really doesn’t like the ‘Hood’.”

“What’s he want to be called?”

“The Arrow,” she shrugged. “At least that’s what mom and I call him.” She gasped. “Oh! What time is it?” She turned his wrist and seen the top. “Oh! I gotta call mom. Told her I’d be home before it got dark.” She looked up at the sky. “And that’s not gonna happen.”

He laughed as she pulled out her phone and dialed the house phone.

Oliver slowly awoke when he heard the digital ring and Felicity move laying next to him. He glanced at the clock. “I got it, Baby,” he kissed her temple and reached over her. He picked it up. “Hello?”

“Daddy?”

“Hey, Lexy! You okay?”

“Yeah, I’m fine. I just promised mom that I’d be home before it got dark, but uh….then Dylan found me and we….?”

“You made up and time got away from you?”

“Yeah,” she said. “What about you?”

“Uh….to be determined,” he said as he watched Felicity sit up, wrapping the sheet around her. “You have ten more minutes then I want you and Dylan at least at this door, okay?”

“Okay, daddy. Love you.”

“Love you too, Sweetheart.” He hung up the phone and sighed. “Well, this happened totally out of sequential order.”

She laughed. “You had an order to this?”

He nodded slowly. She kept the top sheet in place, but put her pillow in front of her. “So, tell me what order you were going to do this in.”

“Well, first I was going to tell you that I’m an idiot.”

She nodded in agreement. “Agreed. But what are you referring to?”

He sighed. “Felicity, that kiss meant something to me. You mean something to me.” He sighed. “It’s just that I don’t think I’m good enough for you.” He rubbed his forehead, his heart swelling. “You’re everything that I’ve ever wanted, but didn’t know I wanted.” He stopped, giving her a confused look. “Did that even sound right?”

She laughed softly. “It was perfect.” She leaned forward and kissed him. “And as for whether or not you’re good for me I think I can make that determination myself.” She kissed his lips while smiling. “Oliver, you’re the most amazing man I know. You’re an incredible father and you’re
strong.” She touched the pillow, which was supposed to touch her chest. “I know for me I couldn’t ask for more than that.” She exhaled. “And that is most definitely the man I fell in love with.”

His smile widened, and his eyes danced. “I love you.” He touched her cheek gently. “And for you comparing yourself to Laurel, or Helena, could you please stop?” He smiled. “They have never had my heart the way you do.” He kissed her, reconfirming his feelings. “And they never will.” If it took the rest of his life to prove that then so be it. He reached for pillow and the sheet and yanked, making her screech. He gently pushed her to laying down and then he came over her. He captured her mouth with his in a long, drugging kiss. “I want you,” he whispered against her lips.

“Yes,” she whispered back.

If this was his happily ever after, he couldn’t wait for more.

Alexa and Dylan walked into the apartment and Dylan looked around. There was clothes scattered everywhere. “Babe, maybe we should, uh….”

“What?” Oliver asked coming out of the hall were the bathroom and the bedrooms were.

Dylan straightened. “Mr. Queen.”

He laughed. “Dyl, I thought we talked about this. Call me Oliver.”

He nodded. “Right. I wasn’t sure if with everything…..”

“You mean for the fact that for about a day you broke my daughter’s heart.” He nodded his assurance. “I probably should break your legs for that, but I won’t, because I put myself in your shoes. If my girlfriend—the one I’m just figuring out I have stronger feelings for than just liking her or a crush—told me that she was one of the City’s Vigilantes I probably would have ran for the hills.” He pointed at him. “You do it again and I will be sure to break your legs.” He smiled. “Are we clear?”

“Yes—”

“Don’t listen to him, Dylan,” Felicity said coming out wearing a pair of yoga pants and a tank top. “He’s all bark.” She kissed his shoulder.

Alexa’s jaw dropped slightly in surprise. “Wha—what?” She looked over on the floor and then back at her parents. “You guys like a….thing now?”

Felicity looked over at him, hopeful. Oliver didn’t seem to notice, but he looked a this daughter and said, “Yes. We’re a couple now.” He looked at Alexa. “Don’t start with the planning stuff. There’s no rush.” He pointed at the two of them. “However, you two don’t need to rush anything either. Remember, you’re twelve and thirteen years old. Enjoy each other, just above the waist.” He gave both of them a firm look. “Are we clear?”

“Crystal,” they said in unison.

Oliver nodded, liking that they both were agreeing. He looked at Dylan a little more softly now. “Hey, if you ever need a dad view on something, I’m here for you, okay? Anything.” He smiled at Alexa. “Even if it’s got something to do with Lexy or if you’re feeling ready for the next step with all this.” He lifted his eyes to Felicity and then looked at Dylan. “Lex will already talk to Felicity
about things, so, I’m extending the offer.”

“Thanks, Oliver. I appreciate it.”

“You’re welcome,” Oliver told him. He smiled and looked at all 3 of them. “How about some ice cream now?”

“Please!” the teenagers exclaimed, smiling joyfully.

Felicity walked over to the freezer and took a deep breath. It couldn’t get better than this, could it?
The League Of Assassins

Chapter Summary

Oliver and Alexa help Sara with her Assassin problem. Lance discovers that Sara didn't die. And Dylan finally gets to see the Hideout.

Chapter Notes

AUTHOR'S NOTE: PLEASE REMEMBER, THE CONVERSATIONS BETWEEN ALEXA AND DYLAN ARE FROM STORIES TOLD TO ME BY EITHER A FAMILY MEMBERS OR FRIENDS OR FROM MY OWN EXPERIENCES.

ACCORDING TO GOOGLE TRANSLATE: Tí yíxiē pìgu IS MANADRIN FOR 'KICK SOME ASS'.
fingers itching to touch, her nails itching to scratch. She watched him as he slept. She let her eyes drift over his glorious body. God, he was so magnificent.

An evil plan forming in her mind, but then she began to talk herself out of it, trying to deny the fact that what she wanted was for him to be inside of her. Just do it, Felicity. She stripped out of her bra and panties and walked to the bed. She pulled the top sheet back and she smiled at it all. "Perfect," she whispered. She ever so gently pulled him free of his underwear.

She took him into her hand and she began a kind of circular pumping action as she bent her head down and flicked her tongue over his tip. She smiled when she felt the muscles in his cock twitch a little. She took the tip of her tongue from his tip, swirling it around to the base of his cock and then back again. She smiled again when she felt the familiar twitch of the muscles against her lips. She heard his light moan as she continued to wet the entire length of him. She took him in her mouth, taking him deeper and deeper with each stroke of her mouth.

Oliver awoke to the most incredible sensation that any man could wake up to. He turned his eyes down his body to see Felicity, her head bobbing. “Baby....”

She hummed and he arched. “Oh, Good God!” he exclaimed quietly.

She sucked him off and then replaced her lips with her hand as she looked at him. “Good morning.”

He laughed softly. “You like morning sex.”

She kissed the spot right above his hair. “It’s the best way to get your day started.” She looked down at him and dipped her head. “Especially with you.” She placed an open mouth kiss just below his belly button. “Take your underwear off, please?”

He watched as she raised up and moved out of his way. He lifted his hips, tugging them off and throwing them to the floor. She then began kissing up his torso and then came back down to take him into her mouth again. She worked him until all there was was the sound of his panting and her own moans as it would seem the more she worked him the hotter she got also.

She sucked him off again and gently dragged herself up his body where she placed a kiss on each peck. He smiled and rolled her on to her back. He looked down at her. How could one woman be even more beautiful? He kissed her deeply, sucking her bottom lip in before ending the kiss.

He left a trail of feathery kisses that began at her chin and at the tops of her breasts. He nipped and licked the same spots, but in reverse. Never stopping his tantalizing pleasure, he swirled his tongue around the darkened area around her nipple and she arched beneath him, moaning. “That’s my girl,” he whispered. “Tell me what you want.”

She looked up at him and pulled him down on top of her. “That’s easy. You....”

Dylan quickly sat up and adjusted his long-sleeved pajama shirt. He’d been spending the night at the Queen mansion or Felicity’s apartment almost all the time until mom and his siblings got home. However, the only time that he and Alexa actually shared a bed is whenever they decide to either have a binge marathon or watch a movie. Like last night. They spent all night watching Charmed. “You do realize that if your dad finds out that I keep spending the night in here I’m dead, right?”
She snickered and pulled her robe on. She flipped her blond curls out of the collar and walked over to him. “You make it sound like we had sex in here or something.”

“Well, it could very well happen you know.”

She laughed. “Relax, Dyl. Daddy knows we were in here watching Charmed.”

Both teens looked at each other and snickered when they heard Felicity call out Oliver’s name. He snickered. “I wonder if your dad is aware that the rooms aren’t soundproof.”

She smiled. “Probably. I just don’t think he cares.”

Dylan walked to her and wrapped his arms around her waist and kissed her shoulder and then her mouth. “I know I wouldn’t…..when we get there.”

She wrapped her arms around him. The fact that he was so patient with her about how far they go made her love him even more. “What do you want for your birthday?”

“An all-access pass to the Bunker.”

She laughed and walked away from him. “I told you I don’t think dad will let you.”

“Have you asked?”

She smiled at him. “I will. I didn’t do it last night because after eight last night mom and dad were here, remember?”

He nodded. “I remember. It was after that argument you had with your aunt Thea.”

She nodded. “She’s ticked that he’s friends with Sin. A girl from the Glades.”

“I know. Which I think is stupid. Have you and Roy talked?”

She shrugged. “We’ve talked, but nothing major.” She picked up her brush and began running it through her hair. “We’re definitely not where we used to be.”

“Do you miss him?”

She sighed and looked into Dylan’s blue eyes. She walked over to him and sat down on the bed, turning to him. “I miss him, but not like I missed you.” She touched his face lovingly. “Dyl, my crush on Roy is no longer there. What I miss is our friendship. He was the first friend I made. That’s what I miss. And if he likes me then he can keep liking me.” She slid closer to him and laid a leg over him, cupping the back of his neck. “You’re the one I want. You’re the one that I love. You know that right?”

He nodded and put a hand on her thigh, pulling her even closer. “Do you think at all we could ever have the conversation about maybe learning the other way to kiss each other?”

She couldn’t help it, she laughed again. “You mean French kissing?”

He nodded. She smiled at him. “I’ve been thinking about that too.”

“And what are your thoughts on it?”

“Well, this may sound ridiculous but I had a timetable of options.”
He looked at her suspiciously. “Which are?”

“Um….Christmas, New Year’s—which trust me would be a definite improvement to last year’s end of the year festivities.”

“You mean when your grandfather went missing?”

She nodded. “Then I was thinking Valentine’s day and if those days didn’t happen, then my birthday.”

He groaned and put his forehead to hers. “Please, tell me I can pick one of those?”

She laughed. “Yeah, of course.” She whipped her leg around and straddled him, pushing him down on the bed. She put her hands on each side of his shoulders. She dipped her head and their lips barely touched. “If you’re a good birthday boy, tell you what?”

“What?”

“I’ll let you do something that will be our little secret…..” she dipped her head down again. “…..and it’s still keeping within daddy’s rules.”

He gasped, he felt his groin heating almost immediately and moaned softly. “What’s that?”

“Touch me.”

He groaned, feeling the let down of her tease. “I touch you all the time.”

Her lips slid into a mischievous smile. “Not my boobs you don’t.”

His eyes immediately went to hers. “Seriously?”

She nodded. She watched as his eyes drifted down to her A-cup sized breasts. She smiled. “I told you I wanted you to be the one that I experience that with. I want to experience it all with you.”

He smiled. Hearing her say that told him that she didn’t plan on them going anywhere like breaking up any time soon. “Well, I guess there is one thing about going at your pace with this.”

She dipped her head, kissed his lips, then his neck and then his t-shirted chest. “What’s that?” She asked as she got off him.

He sat up and pulled her closer. “Your curiosity.” He smiled up at her, his chin resting on her upper abs. “I know you, just like me want to know it all.”

“I do, but I’m not ready for the seeing each other naked or having sex part yet. It might be another couple of years before that.” She held up a hand and backed out of his arm reach. She walked over to her large antique desk. “But I did find some information on the internet.”

“Like what?” he asked walking with her.

She pulled the folder out and flipped it open. “Well, we know about make out sessions. I mean, we couldn’t have gone to homecoming without seeing it.”

“Right. Are there make-out tips in that stash of yours?”

She nodded. “Yeah, but only for my end.” She smiled. “Actually have you ever heard of Outercourse?”
“Um…no. What is it?”

“Doing everything but actual penetration.” She showed him the folder. “I thought we could try each of these tips before we actually have sex.” She shrugged when she seen the weird expression on his face as he looked down at the pages. She sighed and closed the folder. “Never mind. It was just an idea.” She tossed the file back on her desk.

“Oh! I was reading that!” He said and picked up the folder again. He opened it and continued reading.

“Seriously?”

He nodded and then smiled. “Aly, you took the time to actually print this information out. It must be something you want to at least talk about, right?”

“Well, yeah, but I don’t even know if I’ll be any good at making out with you, with like full tongue and everything, so it kinda makes me nervous to do anything. And it even makes me nervous to let you touch…..”

“Aly, honey.” He turned her to face him. “Look at me.”

She shifted her blue eyes to his and he smiled at her. “I love you.”

“I love you too.”

“I’m not going to pressure you or force you into anything.” He caressed her cheek with his thumb. “When we do get to that point I want it to be because we’re both ready. So, when my birthday comes on Friday and you’re not feeling up to letting me touch you then we won’t.” He caressed her cheek again. “I’ve said several times since and I’ll say it again. I just want you, Aly. And not because you’re gonna let me feel you up or make out with you or because we might dry hump our way into sex someday. But because you’re my best friend and I want to be with you.”

She wrapped her arms around his torso and held on. “How did I get so lucky to get a guy who was so patient?”

He wrapped his arms around her and kissed her hair. “Because he loves you,” he whispered into her hair.

She smiled up at him. “I do know one thing. I wanna know what a French kiss feels like.”

He smiled. “And we will,” he caressed her cheek. “When we’re ready.” He kissed her forehead. “Let’s go downstairs. I’m hungry.”

“She walked into her closet, flipped the light on and then closed the door. While inside the closet she went through her outfits and decided on a black and white knitted sweater and jeans. She quickly changed and then came out. She slipped into a pair of black Uggs and walked out. “Now, I’m ready.”

Oliver came home from the meeting between his mother and the district attorney. He seen Sara looking at the old photos on the round table in the foyer. She asked how it went and he told her honestly that it didn’t go well. “Where’s Alexa and Dylan?”
“Living room,” she said. “Felicity said that they had a teacher’s in-service today, so….”

“Yeah. They’re trying to hash out some details of their contracts.” He leaned to the side. “Lex. Dyl, I’m home.”

“Hi, daddy!”

“Hey, Oliver.”

Oliver heard Dylan laugh and then say, “Ow…that actually hurt!”

Alexa laughed softly and then cuddled up to him. “Sorry.”

He kissed her hair. “Ease up a little. I don’t mind messing around, but you gotta know that my day job doesn’t—”

The sound of glass shattering the foyer, had Alexa and Dylan off the couch and rushing out of the living room. Alexa gasped. “Oh, crap!” she said about the man shrouded and attacking her dad and Sara. She rushed over and picked up a fireplace poker. She looked at Dylan. “Stay back, please!”

Alexa watched the masked man with her father and Sara and then she rushed up to him, taking him from behind. She jumped onto his shoulders and used all of her weight and twisted him to the ground. She then rolled out of it and did a swinging kick to him. The masked man then took his sword and plunged it at her. She felt it scrape across her skin, but she kept fighting.

Oliver got the upper hand on him and was able to unmask him. However, the man didn’t answer any questions and even made the very expensive chandelier almost crash down on Sara. Alexa could feel herself getting weak. She stumbled to the couch. “Daddy…..”

Dylan looked up and saw blood covering Alexa’s knitted sweater. “Oliver, she’s bleeding!” He ran to her before she collapsed to the floor. “We gotta call an ambulance.”

“Let me see first,” he looked at the wound and smiled. It wasn’t bad as it looked. Thank God. “Let’s get her back to the bunker.”

“What?” Dylan asked confused. “She needs a hospital not some dark damp basement.”

He chuckled. “Aww….Dylan, what you gotta learn if you’re gonna hang around us.” He gently lifted Alexa in his arms. “Go get a towel and meet us at the car.” He gently sat her inside and then looked at Dylan as he came to the car. “I want you to get back there with her and put pressure on her wound. We’ll be there soon.”

On the way to the bunker Oliver called Dig and Felicity and let them know about Alexa’s injury. Then once he hung up with them he explained to Dylan why they didn’t use hospitals often. He pulled into the parking lot of Verdant and they all got out. He gently picked Alexa up and carried her inside. “Let’s move! She’s lost a lot of blood. Dig, get her blood type.”

Dylan didn’t take the time to admire the inner sanctum of his obsession. He was too busy worrying about whether or not his girlfriend was going to die. “I still think that Aly needs a doctor.”

Oliver cut open the sweater and looked at the wound more closely. Sara walked up to the makeshift table. “How is she?”
“She’ll be just fine once we can stop the bleeding and get her all patched up.” He kissed her forehead. “Baby, I’m gonna put you under and then wake you back up when I’m finished, okay?”

She nodded slowly. She grabbed for Dylan’s hand. “Don’t….leave…..”

He smiled softly and kissed her hair. “I won’t, I promise.”

Alexa came to on a jerk and she winced. “Crap…..” She looked over to see her parents kissing. “Could you not do that? I’m too weak to gag.”

“You’re awake!” Dylan exclaimed. “Oliver, she’s awake.”

Felicity smiled down at her. “There’s my Pretty Girl. You okay?”

She smiled. “Oh, yeah.” She looked over at her dad. “Am I any closer?” she joked.

He laughed. “So, not the time, Sweetheart.”

“Closer for what?” Dylan and Sara asked in unison.

Dig smiled. “Oliver and Lexy have a playful competition joke going on. She says by the time she finishes playing the Vigilante sidekick she’ll have as many scars as Oliver does.”

Sara laughed. “I’ll say it again. She is definitely your child.”

He nodded. “And I’ve never been prouder.” He kissed her forehead. “I love you. Even if you fighting beside me scares the crap out of me everyday.” Oliver passed Felicity a little baggy of dirt.

“Aww….babe, you really shouldn’t have! But I didn’t get you a bag of dirt in return.”

He laughed and whispered in her ear. “You’re too damn sassy for your own good, Smoak.”

She smiled up at him. “Then do something about it.”

“Later.” He kissed her shoulder. “I love you,” he whispered.

“I love you.” She sat down at her computer.

Dylan sighed and walked to Alexa. “You scared me.”

She took his hand and kissed his knuckles. “Sorry. Was never my intention.” She smiled as she looked at the ceiling of the bunker. “What do you think?”

He chuckled. “It’s pretty awesome. Saw your suit.”

She nodded. “Yep. Next to dad’s bow is my batons and my charging ports.”

“Saw those. I didn’t know you had tasers on the end of those.”

She nodded. “Yep. And mom’s gonna modify them again to do something. What exactly I’m not really sure.”

“Your dad can’t be the only one out there with his own bag of tricks, Sweetie,” Felicity called over her shoulder.
Oliver looked at Sara and then at his daughter. “Don’t worry. We'll find this guy.”

After a long pause, Sara said, “I don't want you to.”


“I don’t want you going after him,” Sara told her.

She looked at her father. “She can’t be serious! This guy puts a sword through me and I’m supposed to let it go?”

“Yes!” Sara exclaimed.

“Don’t you scream at me!” Alexa yelled. “I’ve dealt with your sister’s attitude for six damn years, I’m not putting up with yours too.”

Oliver smiled. “Lexy, it’s okay.” He looked at Sara. “What do you mean?”

“He wasn't after you, Ollie. He's after me.”

“Who is he?”

“He's called Al-Owal, "The First." And he's a member of the League of Assassins.”

“Wait. Wait. The League of Assassins? I thought they were a myth.”

“What's the League of Assassins? And please, don't say it's a league made up of assassins.”

Dylan snickered. “I'm kinda curious too.”

“No, it's an urban legend,” Dig explained. “I heard about them in Afghanistan from a tribal leader. He claimed there was an ancient sect of assassins, deadly warriors that killed and vanished like ghosts. Thought he was smoking what he was selling.”

“I tried to tell you, Ollie, but you wouldn't listen.”

Alexa sat up slowly. “I love how you Lance Girls say that like it’s supposed to be all the explanation in the world.”

Dylan went to her side. “Baby, you shouldn’t be sitting up yet.”

She smiled and kissed his cheek. “I love you. Remind me when we finally do have sex to show you the scar I have right under my breasts.”

Oliver looked at Sara a little surprised. “That's where you've been the past four years. That's where you learned to fight. You're one of them.”

“After the freighter, a member of the league rescued me; Took me in and brought me to Nanda Parbat. They remade me into what I am. And I swore them my allegiance.”

“Why are they so eager to find you now?” Dylan asked.

“Because I left. And there's only way that you leave the league.”

“Is that why you didn't want to see your family?”

“A year ago, I was in Guyana. I was sent there for a man named Suarez. He was a local diplomat.
And I slit his throat. In his bed. And his kids... They found his body in the morning. I'm a murderer, Ollie. You think that my family will be happy to see me?"

Alexa pointed at Oliver. “I still absolutely adore him and he’s killed people.” She looked at Sara. “Your family’s not going to care what you’ve done before now. They’re just gonna be happy to see you now.”

“Lexy’s right.” Oliver looked at his friend. “But I can’t just leave it, Sara.”

“Ollie—”

“No!” Oliver yelled. “He almost killed my daughter! That does not give him consideration to live. That gives him an arrow through his chest.” He raised a hand to stop her from arguing. “No. I’ve decided, but that’s my daughter and he put a sword through her today. I am not just going to sit here and wait.” His jacket pocket buzzed and he looked at the text message. “I gotta go.” He turned to Felicity. “Please, find out where he is.”

“I will,” she promised.

He walked over to her and kissed her softly. “Thank you. Love you.”

“I love you too.”

“Felicity, will you say something, please?”

“No,” Felicity told her. “Because I agree with him.” She looked at Alexa for a moment and then back at Sara. “She’s my daughter too and I agree with him wholeheartedly. But I would have said if he gave her a paper cut.”

“Wow….”

“What?” she asked as she plugged away for the analysis.

“He said you loved her like your own, but I didn’t think you claimed her as your own.”

She nodded. “Done it for a year now, felt it for much, much longer.” She looked over at her. “You doing okay, Lex?”

“Yeah. I’m good.”

A little while later, Oliver came back and asked, “Have you found somebody for me to hit yet?”

“Could be,” Felicity answered. “Spectro analysis of the dirt from your house had trace amounts of aldicarb in them.”

“What?”

“It’s a pesticide,” Dylan explained. “It’s extremely popular internationally. It’s an active substance in the pesticide Temik. It kills thrips, aphids, spider mites, lygus, fleahoppers, and leafminers. If someone ingests it’ll shut down they’re entire respiratory system.” He looked at the surprise expressions. “What?”

Alexa smiled and kissed his lips. “That was hot.”

“Thanks, Babe.”
Felicity took over. “Starling City used to have its own plant, but per the EPA, it was shut down three years ago.”

“What's it being used for now?”

“Nothing. It's abandoned. But my guess is, it's the homebase to one League of Assassins assassin.”

Sara turned to Oliver. “He will kill you.”

Oliver reassured her, “Like you, I am not that easy to get rid of.”

“This is my fight,” she argued.

“He made it my fight when he came into my house. And when he almost killed my daughter.” He smiled at Felicity. “Our daughter. Sorry, baby.”

“You’re fine, but thank you.”

“Daddy.”

“Yes, baby?”

“Tī yíxiē pigu.”

He smiled, his pride shining in his eyes. Dylan looked at her in surprise. “What language was that?”

“Mandarin Chinese,” she answered.

“How many languages can you speak?”

“Um…daddy taught me Mandarin and as of eight months ago I’ve been learning Russian.”

“Wow….I’m impressed.”

“Thanks,” she smiled.

When Oliver and Sara came back from their confrontation with the League of Assassins guy, Oliver patched her up and then looked at everyone. “We need to protect the Lances. I'll take Laurel.”

Sara turned. “What can I do?”

“Nothing. You're hurt, and you need to stay here.”

“What about my father?”

“I'll go talk to Detective Lance,” Felicity volunteered. “Tell him he needs to get out of town for a couple of days.”

“Please don't tell him about me. I can keep a secret. Just ask him,” Felicity said.

Sara turned to Dig and smiled. “You three are quite the team.”
Alexa scoffed. Dig smiled. “The four of us have our moments.”

Alexa hopped off the table and came to the computer. Dylan sat down in Felicity’s spot. He looked at Alexa. She smiled. “This screen is the tracking devices we all have.” She pointed at one dot. “This is daddy.” She pointed at another. “Here’s mom.” And then she pointed at 2 other dots in the same spot. “Here’s me and Dig.”

“Will I get one too?”

“Probably, if daddy likes the fact that you’re in here.”

He sighed and looked around. “So, does your aunt know that there’s a bunker in her basement?”

She shook her head. “Nope. She thinks it’s weird that I spend all my free time with either you or here at the club, though.”

He scoffed. “She lives with her boyfriend and yet she thinks it’s weird that you hang out with yours.”

She shrugged. “I never said Thea thought logically.”

A little while later, Dylan had learned everything that went on in the bunker and even got to play ‘swords’ with Alexa’s batons.

“Hey, Sparrow.”

She walked over to the computer and clicked a button on the keyboard. “Yes, daddy?”

“Feeling up for a fight?”

“Where?”

“Old Clock tower.”

“Be there in 5,” she told him. She then waved Dylan over and sat him down in the extra chair. She then took a Bluetooth headset and put it over his ear. “You are now directly linked to me and dad. Which also means you’ll hear everything that happens.”

She quickly changed and then grabbed her batons. “Love you both!”

“Bye, Sweetie,” Felicity called.

About 5 minutes later, she ran up to her father and he grabbed her around the waist, and retracted the arrow. They crashed through the clock face of the tower. Oliver spun her out and she landed in a kneeling position. She pulled her batons and spun on her knees and hit one guy in the kneecap. She backflipped and got ready for her defensive tactic.

Oliver took one and Sara took the one that Alexa had. Lance killed his. Sara killed hers and then there was one left to which Sara placed a warning with, “Tell Ra’s Al Ghul that my family is off limits. His quarrel is with me.”
“I'm sorry you saw that. I can't imagine what you must think of me.”

Alexa groaned. Oliver glared at her. “Sparrow.”

She relaxed.

Quentin walked up to his daughter and said, “I think you're a survivor. I think you're one of the bravest people I've ever known. You're my daughter. It's time for you to come back home.”

Sara ended up leaving, despite her father’s protests. Alexa exhaled and looked at her father. “Well, I gotta get back.” She flashed her father’s smile. “I have a cute boy waiting.” She started for the stairs but stopped. “Remember, daddy, you have plans with mom.”

“I remember, thank you, Lex.”

“You're welcome.” She hurried outside, hopped on her bike, put her helmet on and then tapped her chest. “Dyl?”

“Yeah, Baby?”

“I’m on my way back. Wanna go home with me?”

“Sure.”

“Mom?”

“Yes, Sweetie?”

“Your apartment or the mansion?”

“Uh….my apartment.”

“Okay. See ya at home.”

Felicity sighed. All was right in life right now. If only she had the courage to bring up them moving in together.
Chapter Summary

Roy reports from his job for the Arrow....and possibly making amends with Lexy. Dylan discovers what his mother's new job entails and tells Lexy. Team Arrow goes to Russia to save Dig's ex wife Lyla after she had been captured. While in Russia, Oliver and Felicity have a moment and Dylan and Lexy officially say goodbye....through e-mail.

Chapter Notes

THIS IS THE CHAPTER REWRITE. I HAVE DECIDED TO CHANGE THINGS UP.

Idti means Go (According to Google Translate)

Felicity stepped off of the elevator at Queen Consolidated and hurriedly walked into Oliver’s office, where he was getting yelled at by Isabel.

“"You were supposed to sign this report at last night's board meeting. You know why you didn't?"” She demanded to know.

“"Probably because I didn't attend last night's board meeting.””

“"Where were you?"”
“I have other interests outside of this company. I have a responsibility that I take more seriously than this company. A 12-year-old daughter,” he reminded her. “Who likes it when I’m home at night.” He gave her a measured glance. “She will always be my number one priority. Either learn to live with or stop complaining when I have to miss a meeting because my daughter needs me.”

She’d seen this before. With his father even. “Well, I don’t. I’m sorry you can’t learn to balance your priorities,” she shot back.

“Mr. Queen,” Felicity attempted to interrupt.

He held up a hand to hold on.

Isabel glared at Felicity and then shot the glare to Oliver. “And if she continues to be a problem maybe you should get her a nanny.”

He glared at her. “No,” he said firmly. “She’s my daughter. I will be taking care of her, no one else. I don’t care if you or anyone else doesn’t like it, she will be taken care of by me.”

“I thought you were serious when you said we were partners.”

“Isabel, I missed one meeting.”

“This week. Last week, it was two meetings,” she told him.

“I’m sorry, but my daughter was sick one of those nights and the other night, was her mother’s birthday.”

“Not my problem that your ex can’t come home from—”

“She’s dead.”

“What?”

“My ex. My daughter’s mother. She’s dead. She’s been dead for almost seven years.”

“Mr. Queen.”

He sighed, shooting a look to Felicity then looked back at Isabel. “Companywide revenue is at double digits since you and I took over.”

“Oliver!”

“Yes?”

“I’m sorry to interrupt your... Grr! Um, I need to talk to you about your plans for this evening. With Mr. Harper?”

Oliver stood and buttoned his jacket. “You'll have to excuse me.”

“We have work to do. It's important.”

“So are my evening plans.”

He and Felicity walked out together. “I'm sorry.”

“We are going to have to work on your excuses.”
“You're right.”

Dylan unlocked the door to the apartment that he shared with his mother and walked inside. “Mom? I’m home!”

Elaine Sinclair smiled as she came down the hall. “Hi, Sweetheart.”

“Hi, mom. So, what’s with this new job that you asked for a family meeting?”

She sighed. “We need to talk, Sweetheart.” She her blue-green eyes to his. “We have to move.”

His heart literally stopped beating. “Wha—what?”

“We have to move,” she explained. “We have to move as apart of my job with my new boss.”

“Wh—wh—where?”

“Gotham.”

“Gotham?!” he exclaimed. “But, mom—”

“I know, Dylan. You’ve got Alexa and all is right again in your world. But, this is my job. Even your sisters and younger brother are coming.”

“Who do you work for then? Bruce Wayne’s company?”

She nodded. “I do. I’m actually his assistant.”

His jaw fell slightly. Bruce Wayne was considered to be one of the richest men in the world. He looked up into his mother’s face. The look on her face told him that there would be no reason to argue. That it was a done deal and everything. “Fine. Let me tell Aly though, okay?”

She nodded. “Of course.”

“When do we leave?”

“I start my job next Monday, so I’d like to be in Gotham by Friday or Saturday.”

He nodded slowly. “Okay,” he said sadly. He pulled his phone out of his pocket and dialed. He waited. “Hey, Als.”

“Hey, Dyl, what’s up?”

“Um…..” he exhaled. “We need to talk. Do you have a few minutes?”

“Um…..yeah. I was about to go out with dad. Everything okay?”

“Um…..depends,” he muttered. “I just need to talk to you.”

“Well, meet me at the Bunker then,” she told him.

“Okay. Bye.”

“Bye.”
Dylan got to the Bunker and Alexa was talking to John about something. He put his hands into his jacket pockets and said, “Hey.”

She smiled, but it soon faded when she seen the expression on his face. “Wha….what’s wrong?”

He sighed. “My mom’s new job.”

“Oh-huh,” she said, cautiously.

He looked at her and knew he’d have to just blurt it out to be able to get out. “We’re moving. I have to go with her. We’re moving to Gotham. My mom’s new job is as Bruce Wayne’s assistant.”

Her heart began to pound really hard in her chest. She was at a loss for words as her eyes filled with tears. “God….no…..”

John walked to her and put a hand on her shoulder to let her know that he was there. Dylan nodded. “Yes. We’re leaving Friday.”

“Friday?” she choked out as a tear slipped down her cheek. “But…..”

He came to her and she turned into John. “Aly, I have to go. She’s my mom and it’s for her job. This is the first real job she’s gotten since dad went to Iron Heights. Bruce is the first corporate guy to take a chance on her knowing who she is.”

John smiled, hearing the door upstairs close, he looked at Dylan. “Just go. I’ll make sure she calls you later. Just go.”

Dylan nodded and took the stairs 2 at a time, pushing past Felicity and Oliver. Felicity continued down the stairs and she thumbed toward the door. “What’s up—” she gasped. “Lex, what’s wrong, Sweetie?”

“He’s moving!” she wailed.

Oliver didn’t know what to say. He wasn’t even sure there was much to say, but he walked to her and picked her up into his arms and held her tightly. She sobbed into his shoulder and he immediately comforted her. “I’m so sorry, Baby.”

She exhaled slowly. “Why can’t I keep my friends, daddy?”

“Shh…..” he whispered. “It’s okay.” He sat her on the floor and hugged her tightly. “Everything will be just fine, Sweetheart. I promise.”

She exhaled and cleared her throat, wiping the tears. “Give me a distraction,” she said, her voice still teary.

Oliver smiled. “Sorry, baby, but I gotta do this.” He looked up at Felicity and kissed her. He smiled. “Been wanting to do that all day.” He kissed Felicity again. “Lex, get dressed, baby. Your new suit is in the chest.”

“New suit?” she asked a little surprised. “What new suit?”

“It’s in the chest. Go look.”
She walked over to the chest and opened it. She smiled when she seen the black and green suit inside. She pulled it out and walked over to the spot that Oliver designated as her changing area. She quickly put the suit on and then walked out, with the suit, the cropped hooded jacket, gloves and mask in place. She smiled. “This is so cool!” Her smile widened. “And the sparrow on the front is awesome!”

“Thanks.”

Felicity smiled. “I’m glad you like it. This is made out of a Kevlar polymer leather.” She held out a pair of boots that looked a lot like her old ones. “These have shock-absorbers in them and can withstand everything that happens out there.” She turned to Oliver. “Ollie?”

He smiled and kissed her hair. He picked up something that was wrapped in cloth. He walked it to his daughter. He smiled. “Lex, this is a belt that Dig helped me supply and also your new harness for your batons. She unwrapped it and looked at it, smiling.

He started from her left, “Swing lines. You can now go from building to building with me.” He pointed at another set of gadgets. “Tranquilizer darts, Bolas,” he pointed to a pouch on her left that would sit on the left side of her abs. “Gas Pellets,” he moved to the right, abs. “Mini-binoculars,” he pointed at another pouch, “Flash bombs, smoke grenades, pepper spray and bullets.” He pulled one out. “These aren’t gun bullets. They are tear-gas pellets, smoke pellets.” He pointed another pocket. “Tracking devices,” he slid a smile to Felicity. “Your mom’s idea.” He then pointed to a pocket that was about the size of a cell phone. “Decrypter and mini-computer. Again, your mom’s creation.”

She took and clicked the belt into place. Oliver smiled. “How’s it feel?”

“Really good.”

He smiled. “Then lets go do this.”

They get down to the docks and she saw Roy out in the open. She rolled her eyes and tapped the right side of her chest. “Daddy, I promise I tried to teach…..”

“I know, Baby. You're fine.” He walked up behind Roy and tapped his disguiser. “You should be more careful. You're completely exposed.”

Alexa watched Roy stiffen and then close his eyes. “I knew you were there.” His eyes never left the men on the docks. “What, you wanted me to tell you when the funny money guys were ready to make a sale? Here we go.”

“Not "we." Go home. I already have help.”

Roy looked at Alexa. “Hey, Sash.”

“Roy.”

They disappeared out of sight before Roy could turn completely. Oliver signaled for Alexa to go to her right and he started left. He tapped his chest com. “Sparrow, you take out the two men with the briefcase, okay?”

She smiled. “Got it.” She took off in a dead run and slid across the floor taking out one of the guys—the guy holding the briefcase—with her batons. She then swung her foot out and swept him to the ground. The one guy grabbed her by her hair and she cried out. She smirked.
“What are you smiling at?”

“You should really be more careful.”

“Why?”

She raised her knee and slammed into his groin, hard. He went down holding himself, crying out in pain. “Because you never know when a nut shot is coming.” She exhaled.

She looked up and around and saw one heading for her dad. She took off at another dead run and hopped on the man’s shoulders. She tightened her thighs and threw herself forward and flipped the guy onto his back. She punched him in the chest and then tasered him until he passed out.

She smiled when Oliver turned to get the guy. He smiled in return. He tapped his chest com. “Sparrow got him.”

John laughed. “Yeah. I saw that. That was really good, Lex.”

She tapped her chest. “Thanks, Dig. Sorry that I ruined your flow with dad. I just….reacted.”

“Don’t ever apologize for keeping yourself and dad alive, Small Fry. You did exactly what you were supposed to do.”

On the way back to the bunker, Alexa’s phone rang and she looked at the number. She rolled her eyes and answered, “Roy, I thought we finished with saying—”

“I’ve been arrested.”

Her heart literally jumped. “Okay. And why are you telling me?”

“Because your aunt’s coming and she’ll probably flip the hell out.” He sighed. “Sash, please. I’m begging you. Come help me, please.”

She sighed. “I’ll be right there.” She tapped her chest com. “Daddy.”

“Yeah, Baby?”

“I’ll see you in a few. Roy’s been arrested helping us and Aunt Thea’s coming and he’s afraid to be chewed out by the woman.”

“Well, if he’s really that afraid then maybe they should talk about it.”

“I know,” she sighed. “I’ll see you soon.” She quickly changed and headed for the precinct.

Alexa walked into hear Detective Lance talking to Roy, she smiled as she listened, “It's been a while since I arrested you. I'd forgotten how good it feels.”

Keeping his voice down, he muttered, “I was working for...him.”

“Him who?”
“The guy who cost you your shield.”

Lance looked at him.

“I'm on his team. You are, too.”

She heard someone sigh behind her and turned to look. “Anybody else having serious deja vu?”

She seen Alexa and glared. “What are you doing here? Does my brother know you're out past eight?”

“Well, considering that my curfew isn’t until ten I don’t think it’ll matter.”

Roy looked at Thea. “I called her.”

“Wha—what? Why?”

“She’s my friend, Thea. Plus, I needed someone’s help in case you went all psycho on me.”

Lance cut in. “That's all right, we're letting him go. Our mistake. He was just in the wrong place at the wrong time.”

“Ok, uh, let's just get out of here before anyone changes their mind,” Thea’s stunned. She takes Roy by the arm and starts walking out.

Roy stopped and glanced back at Lance. Then walked out with Alexa. He smiled. “Thanks for coming.”

She nodded solemnly and then sighed. “You’re welcome.”

He seen the look in her face and immediately knew something was wrong. He looked at Thea. “I’ll catch up. Go get the car.” He took her arm and turned her to face him. “You okay?”

She looked up into his face and then sighed. She could use a friend and at one time before Thea got in the middle of it all he was a good friend. “Not really.”

“Wanna talk about it?”

She shrugged. “What’s there to talk about?” she said bitterly. “Dylan’s moving and it’s official: I’ve lost all my friends.”

He came to her and out his hands on her forearms. “You haven’t lost me, Sash.”

She looked up into his eyes. She sighed. “Roy, you’re the one that messed up here. You’re the one who dropped contact with me. You hurt me when you called me and told me about you and Thea.”

She thumped her temples, in a way that told him that she was basically asking, ‘what were you thinking?’ “You didn’t even have the common decency to tell me that face to face, Roy! And I’m supposed to be your best friend!”

“You are my best friend!”

“Best friends don’t date your relatives. Best friends don’t become cowards when they have to tell their other best friend that they’re dating their aunt and call you on the phone. Best friends don’t drop you when said best friend moves in with the girlfriend.” She shoved her hands into her pockets and looked at Roy head on. “I want my best friend back,” she almost whispered. “Especially now.”
Not worrying about Thea’s reaction and not really caring either, he pulled Alexa into a hug and held her. “I’m so sorry. I thought with you and Dylan being friends and all that you’d be okay.”

“How could you say that?” she asked looking up at him. “You were the first friend I made here….ever. Despite my crush on you, you meant everything to me. Your friendship meant everything to me and then you got with my aunt and you guys moved in together and it was like I never existed.” She looked up at him again. “I miss you.”

He smiled and kissed her forehead. “I miss you too, Sash.”

She exhaled. “Even if I was old enough….with us both working with the Arrow I don’t think it would have been appropriate—” she smiled. “But I’ll be your teammate any day.”

He laughed and kissed her forehead. “I’ll call you later to check on you, okay?”

She nodded. “I gotta go get debriefed.” She walked off in the opposite direction.

She got back to the Bunker and Felicity noticed she seemed to be in a pretty good mood. “You okay?”

She nodded. “I think I will be,” she gave her a soft smile. She exhaled heavily and looked at her dad. “I’ll be hard. Dylan’s my friend and he’s the first boy I had strong feelings for.” She smiled up at Oliver. “Plus side.”

“Let’s hear it, Beautiful,” Dig said smiling. He loved it when she was smiling.

“I think me and Roy will be okay, too.”

“Really?” Oliver asked. “Why?”

“We talked. We cleared the air on things and I think we’re getting our friendship back on track again.”

Felicity smiled. “That’s great, Sweetie.”

She nodded. “It is. Even though Dylan was an amazing friend, I miss Roy. He could easily take my mind off things. And there were times he didn’t mind acting like an idiot with. Games, dancing, watching stupid movies.”

Oliver hugged her. “I’m glad you were able to talk about things.”

She nodded. “Me too.” She looked at everyone and felt the somber mood. “What’s up?”

“How would you feel about the four of us going to Russia?” Oliver asked.

She looked at all 3 adults. “Depends. What’s going on?”

“Your Uncle John’s friend is in trouble there.”

“Who?” she asked looking at him.

“Lyla,” he answered. “She was following a lead in Moscow on Lawton for me and she’s gone dark.”
She had studied enough spy lingo to know that ‘gone dark’ meant she was missing. Without hesitation she said, “Then let’s go.”

-Moscow, Russia.....

As they boarded the jet to get to Russia, Isabel had shown up and basically invited herself on Oliver’s ‘business’ trip. The flight to Moscow was long. Alexa had slept for half of it. The other half she had either read a book or played on her tablet. When she did play on her tablet she had sent an e-mail to Dylan just in case she hadn’t come back in time.

She told him that she wasn’t angry. She was hurt, but like finding out that Roy didn’t really care about her the way she had about him, she’d get over it. And she hoped he would too, because she wanted him to be happy. She had asked him to not to pine away for her and to move on when he was ready and have a good life. She had asked him to ‘please enjoy himself’ while in Gotham. To find friends, hang out in a coffeeshop and just enjoy being 14.

She promised him she’d be okay. She had dad, mom, Uncle John and promised everything would be okay. That she’d be just fine. She had her life as the Sparrow and for her that’s all she needed right now. She signed it with lots of love and then ‘Aly’.

When they landed in Russia, they immediately went to Customs. The Customs Officer with the very thick Russian accent stamped Alexa’s passport. “There you go, Miss Queen.”

She smiled and glanced at his nametag. “Thank you, Mikhail.”

She waited off to the side for her parents out of the way of everyone. She heard Isabel’s snooty voice calling to her. She turned and put on her public smile. “Yes, Ms. Rochev?”

She looked at her. “So, I see you conned your father into taking you on this trip.”

Alexa raised one eyebrow sardonically. “I do believe you’re misunderstanding the influence I have on my father.”

She gave her an evil smirk. “I don’t think so. You make him at all late for these meetings and I will make sure—”

Alexa scoffed. “Whatever.” She turned on her heel and walked away.

Isabel grabbed Alexa’s arm and turned her. Alexa wrenched her arm free and stalked to her. “Touch me again and I will make one of your hostile takeovers look like a game of Battleship!”

Alexa stormed off, waiting for her parents at the map of the airport.

Oliver walked up to Isabel. “What did you say to her?”

“That. I think your daughter needs to learn some respect.”

“My daughter has respect, for those who respected her from the start.” He narrowed his eyes at her. “What did you say to my daughter?”

She sighed. “I just told her to not make you late for these meetings.”

“Did you threaten her?” Oliver asked.
“No,” she tried to say, but stopped. “Sort of. She threatened me.”

Oliver rolled his eyes. “God, Isabel. Grow up, huh? She’s my daughter.”

Isabel rolled her own eyes and said, “Try not to be late for the meeting, okay?”

“You know, I’m not this person that you seem to think I am.”

“That depends,” she said simply, icily.

“On what?”

“On if I think you use the corporate jet for a weekend of fun with your assistant.”

“Excuse me?”

“A blonde I.T. girl all of a sudden gets promoted to be assistant to the C.E.O.? There are only two ways that happens. One is nepotism, and she doesn't look like your cousin.”

He scoffed. “How I decide to spend my nights away from the office is none of your business.”

Isabel glared at him. “If they leak into company affairs—”

“It’s none of your business, Isabel.”

“What was that about?” Felicity asked approaching Oliver.

“Nothing. Everything with Knyazev is set.”

“You have friends in the Russian mafia?” Felicity asked.

Oliver just looked down at her.

“Color me not at all surprised.”

Oliver looked down at her. “You're going straight to the hotel in a cab.”

“No, you're leaving me with her?!”

“No I’m leaving you with our daughter.” He smiled when she did. “What?”

Her smile widened. “Nothing. I just really like the way you say that.”

Oliver laughed and kissed her lips. “Dig and I need to get a drink.” He kissed her lips again. “I love you.”

“And I love you.” She stopped him and looked up into his eyes. “Promise me something.”

“Anything.”

“That you’ll make time for us while we’re here.” She tuck her lip. “I wanna make love to you in a foreign country.”

He chuckled and kissed her lips. “Absolutely.” He kissed her forehead. “I love you.”

“Mom! Come check this out!”
Felicity’s smile brightened and it lit up her eyes. “I love it when she says that.” She kissed him again and then rushed off to find Alexa.

Oliver and John have their meeting with his Bratva contact. He sets it up to get John to get into Koshmar AKA Gulag. Anatoly made a call and then smiled at Oliver. “So, I remember you had told me of your little girl, Alexandra.”

He nodded. “Yes. Lexy is wonderful. She’s twelve years old and the center of my world.”

Anatoly laughed. “May I see a photo?”

He nodded and looked on his phone. He turned it so his old friend could see it. He smiled proudly. “That’s her with my girlfriend, Felicity.”

He smiled. “They are both very beautiful.”

Oliver nodded. “They are.”

His old friend smiled. “So, if Alexandra is your world, does that mean Felicity is…..”

“Felicity’s everything, but mostly she’s my rock. She loves Lexy as if she was her own and they get along really well. And that’s all I can really ask for.”

Oliver got back to the room he was sharing with Felicity and the kids. He quietly came in and put his room key down on the table by the door. He quietly went to check on Alexa. Satisfied that she was sleeping soundly, he closed the door.

He then quietly opened his bedroom door and walked in, closing the door behind him. He seen Felicity sleeping peacefully.

He stripped out of his clothes and leaned down, kissed her awake. Her eyes fluttered open when he pulled away. “Hey,” she said smiling. A little surprised by the instant punch of lust at the sight of him naked. “You okay?”

He didn’t say anything, he just pulled the covers back, and slid in beside her. He then rolled her on to her back and rolled on top of her. “Let me love you,” he whispered, before pressing his lips to hers. “Let me show you….”

She rolled him on to his back and put her feet on each side of him while she took her panties off and then straddled him. She moved up and down and smiled when she heard him moan with need. But instead of putting where he wanted to be she slid down his body and took him in her mouth. She took the tip of her tongue from his tip, swirling it around to the base of his cock and then back again.

She smiled again when she felt the familiar twitch of the muscles against her lips. She heard his light moan as she continued to wet the entire length of him. She took him in her mouth, taking him deeper and deeper with each stroke of her mouth.

She hummed and he arched. “Oh, Good God!” he exclaimed quietly.
She sucked him off and then replaced her lips with her hand as she looked at him. She deep throated him and then sucked him off like a ice cream cone as he let out a very loud, long groan.

When she finished and right before he was about to come, he pulled her up to sitting on him. She knew what he wanted, it was exactly what she wanted. She held his cock in her hand and then eased herself down on him, drawing out a long-satisfied sigh.

Oliver groaned, tilted his head back, arching his back and put his hands on her hips. He looked up at her, his eyes foggy with lust. “Ride me,” he said gruffly.

And she did. She rode him like he was the last ride to civilization.

Moments later, they both came with a loud groan and for both an orgasm that rivaled their first time together a few weeks ago. After riding out the orgasm, she collapsed on his chest and he wrapped his arm around her.

She kissed his sweaty chest. “That was incredible, Baby.”

He smiled and ran a hand through her hair. He didn’t care who knew. He was in love and he was in love with the most amazing woman in the world.

Alexa groaned when she heard her cell phone alerting her to an e-mail. She padded around for her phone and brought it to life. She opened her e-mail app and seen that it was from Dylan. She sat up, and began to read:

Alexa,

I was surprised to see your e-mail, but I understand why. Enjoy Russia. And be careful. I promise you that I will try to make friends and enjoy my new life. There’s things I want you to do too. Please, be careful and don’t get dead, okay? I’ll be keeping track of your adventures with your dad. Just be careful and enjoy yourself too. It’s not everyday that you get to see and do the things you do.

Please, make friends too. Maybe even make up with Roy. I know you miss him and maybe now you won’t feel guilty about missing your friendship. Like you said, I want you happy and I can see that when you’re with your dad, mom, Uncle John and even with Roy you’re happy. And even when you’re the Sparrow you’re happy. And that’s because you’re saving people’s lives. Not saying you weren’t happy with me, you were I know you were.

Aly, fall in love and have fun. Whatever happens in your life, have fun, okay?

Lots of love,

Dylan

She sighed when she finished the e-mail. Although, she thought she’d be extremely upset and everything, it didn’t seem like she was. It kinda felt like a weight was lifted off of her and that sounded really horrible even in her head, but it was how she felt.

Later that morning, Alexa was dressed and ready for the day and they were preparing John for his
undercover mission. They go over the plan and like Alexa, Felicity’s beginning to think that there has to be another way to do this. “I know she’s your friend, but…..”

“Felicity, Lyla isn't my friend. She was my wife.”


“Lyla and I met in the army back in Afghanistan. But we didn't stay married long once we got stateside.” He inhaled and then exhaled. “Couldn't figure out a way to stay married without a war to fight. So she joined A.R.G.U.S., and I circled back for my third tour. I can't leave here without her, Felicity. Just can't.”

Oliver’s phone vibrates. He looked at the message. “Two minute warning.”

Felicity put a scarf around John’s neck. “Good luck, John.”

Alexa stepped forward and wrapped her arms around his neck. “I love you, Uncle John.”

He smiled. “I love you too, Small Fry. I’ll come back. I promise.”

She nodded. “I know.” She kissed his cheek. She looked at her father. “So, what are we going to do about The Wicked Witch?”


“Isabel,” Oliver said.

Felicity smiled, enjoying that nickname so much. “Baby Girl, I love you.”

She bounced on her feet. “I know.” She looked at her dad. “You’re usual powers of persuasion won’t work, you know, with you being with mom and all.”

He chuckled. “I’m aware, Lexy. Thank you, Sweetheart.”

**They wait inside of the truck outside of the prison. Felicity is rubbing her hands together to keep warm. “Lex, baby, you okay?”**

“I….I’m good, mama.” She looked at her father. “How the hell am I supposed to fight my way out if I can’t control my weapons, daddy?”

“You’ll know when.”

Oliver poses as a guard to help John and Lyla out. Alexa looked through the window of the truck. “Oh, my God…..It’s Deathshot.” She glared, and almost growled, “If only I had a gun, I’d shoot him myself.”

Felicity laughed softly. Alexa was protective of whom she let into her bubble. And once she did let them in, she defended and protected them with everything she had. “I know, Sweetie.”

Alexa leaned forward and pushed open the backdoor. “Come on. Hurry! Hurry!”

They hopped in and Alexa pulled something out her coat pocket. She pulled something off it and then threw it out. “Anatoly, Idti, Idti!”
Anatoly smiled. “She speak Russian very good!”

Felicity snickered. “She does.”

-Starling City…..

-Sunday…..

Alexa sighed as soon as her feet were on Starling Airport Tarmac. “Well, that was an adventure.”

John and Lyla snickered. Lyla smiled. “It was very nice to meet you, Alexa.”

She smiled. “Call me Lexy.”

Lyla nodded. “Okay. Very nice to meet you, Lexy.”

“You too, Lyla.” She walked up to her and hugged her.

John smiled. “You’ve just been welcomed into her circle. Feel privileged Lyla.”

She smiled. “I do.”

Oliver and Felicity, hand in hand. Isabel scoffed. “Well, that explains why you turned me down last night.”

“What?” Felicity asked looking up at Oliver.

“Isabel tried to get me into bed last night. And I told her I was seeing someone and she just discovered who.”

Felicity smiled. “Ahh…” she walked over to Lexy as Isabel got into her car. “How you doin’, Baby?”

She nodded. “Okay. Dylan and I exchanged an e-mail from last night to this morning.” She nodded. “And surprisingly, I’m okay.”

Oliver smiled. “Good.”

Alexa looked at all of them. “However, there’s something I want to say.”

All 4 adults looked at her. She smiled. “No more Alexa.” Her smile widened. “I’m going back to Lexy.” She looked at her dad. “I’m finding I don’t like it as much as I thought I would.”

Oliver laughed. “Come on, Princess. Let’s go home.”

He sighed. He was just happy to know that his little girl would be okay.
The State vs Queen (Or A Day At Starling City High)

Chapter Summary

(This chapter is a rewrite of the episode--told from Lexy's point of view)

It's Moira Queen's judgment....although it won't be a verdict that anyone's expecting.

And Lexy meets the new kid at school, Nick Jordan. However, their budding friendship hits a roadblock....in the form of a Meanie.

(THIS ONE HAS SOME TEENAGE ANGST IN IT)

Lexy slipped earbuds into her ears, pressed play on her iPod and started her run. To keep her endurance and everything up for her nightly activities, Lexy had gotten into the habit of running every day after school and then she’d go to the bunker and begin her workout there.

It’d been about 2 weeks since Dylan moved and she was doing okay. Not great. Honestly, she missed him. She felt kinda lonely now that he was gone. And after a conversation with Thea didn’t make her feel any better. However there was a plus to all this. She, Oliver and Felicity were in a good routine now. A routine that made them a family unit more and more every day. She actually enjoyed the routine they were at right now. And despite not seeing Dylan every day, things were good at school, not great, but good. She was basically there as much as she had to be and then she went home or to the bunker.

While at school she focused on her schoolwork, even doing extra credit when there was some. She was determined to possibly graduate early if she could. And she and Roy were in a good place now. Like school, it wasn’t great, but it was getting better every day.
Nick Jordan snatched the ball from his brother and dribbled it down the asphalt court. He seen the white shoes with the pink soles and followed it up. His heart thudded hard in his chest at the sight of her. He slowed when he saw her. She looked absolutely amazing. He was too busy staring that he lost his concentration and the ball bounced toward her.

She stopped short, looked down at the ball and picked it up. She looked at the 2 men on the court and smiled. Nick’s heart slammed and his stomach knotted. She walked toward them. “Is this yours?”

He smiled, nodded and held out his hands. Her smile widened and instead of handing him the ball, she took the position like she was going to shoot the ball. Nick stepped aside and motioned for her to go for it. She pushed off the asphalt and threw the ball. It sailed through the air and then went into the hoop with a swoosh. Nick turned back, nodding, impressed. “Not bad.”

She smiled, her heart hammering from both the run and the fact that this guy was really cute. He was about 4 inches taller than her, he was muscular, not like her dad or Dig, but she could tell that he took care of himself. He had dark hair and very blue eyes. She felt something in her stomach tighten at the sight of his smile. Oh, God, Lex. Don’t do this to yourself. You’ve been through this once. She kept her cool and shrugged one shoulder. “See ya around.” She put her earbuds back into her ears and she started jogging away.

“What’s your name?!” he called to her.

She stopped, turned, jogging in place. “Lexy,” she answered.

He smiled. “Nick.”

She flashed him another smile and then started her run again.

“Yo, Casanova! Are we going to play anymore?”

Nick didn’t keep his eyes off the beautiful sun-kissed blond until she was out of sight and then he turned back to his brother. “Let’s do this!”

“Finally!” Chris exclaimed. “You getting a crush, Little Brother?”

He rolled his eyes. “Hey, you’re the one that wants to get on the SCU Basketball Team, so, let’s practice,” he said evading the question.

Lexy jogged down the stairs of the Bunker and smiled when her mom held out a bottled water. “Thanks,” she panted.

“You’re welcome. How far did you run today?”

She took a really long swig of the water. “Um…eleven-point-five miles.”

Felicity’s jaw fell slightly in surprise. “You’re joking?” She turned to where Oliver and Dig were. “Did….did you just hear what our daughter just said?”

Oliver smiled. “I did. Good job, Sweetheart.”
“Thanks. I glanced at my watch before I was stopped by a bouncing ball and that was in twenty minutes.”

Oliver smiled. “Good job! That’s really good, baby.” He looked at her. “Where’d the ball come from?”

“Um….two boys who were playing basketball and the ball got away from them.”

Oliver noticed when she talked about the 2 boys. He looked at Felicity and then back at his daughter. “Do you like one of them?”

She shrugged and then sighed. “Probably. I don’t know.” She flipped a strand of hair behind her ear. “I don’t want another relationship right now. I’m just starting to feel normal with Dylan.”

Felicity smiled. “Did you get this boy’s name?”

She nodded. “Nick.”

She smiled. “I always liked that name.”

Lexy laughed. “Remember when we were reading about how certain names fit people—their looks and all that?”

Felicity nodded. “Yeah, what about it?”

“His name definitely fit his looks.” She smirked.

Both Felicity and Lexy laughed when Oliver walked away with a groan. “All right. Let’s do this,”

Lexy ducked the punch from Dig and then spun around and took her father’s feet from under her. She shifted to her knees and smiled down at him. “Better?”

He groaned. “Definitely. You’re definitely getting stronger.” He tapped his cheek.

She leaned forward and kissed his cheek and then stood. She held out her hand and pulled her dad to his feet. “Hey, Dad, can I ask you something?”

“Yes, baby, you can ask me anything.” Even though he wondered if he’d regret this later.

“Two questions actually. I’ve been thinking of adding in my gymnastics training into my fighting style, but…..”

He smiled. He remembered that Janine was a huge gymnastics enthusiast and he knew that was probably why she was asking. She loved Felicity, but it still had to be hard for her to be without her mom. “Yeah.” He nodded. “Lexy, Baby, I am ecstatic that you learned how to fight the way I do, but I think you need your own style.” His smile widened as his eyes sparkled with love and pride. “The Sparrow needs her own fighting style. A style that everyone will know it’s her when she jumps into the fray.”

She smiled. “Cool!” She walked over to her water bottle and took a swig. She pushed the spout and sat it on the floor.

He smiled at her. “Now, show me what you were thinking with adding in gymnastics.”
She nodded. They got back to sparring, this time with her using her gymnastics training too.

Lexy walked back to her closet and flipped through her clothing choices for court tomorrow. She had promised her dad she’d be there to show her support for her grandmother, even though the woman had never asked to her in prison. She was still trying to figure out what in the heck she had done to the woman for her to be so wishy-washy when it came to her, but she hated it.

Her cell phone rang and she smiled when it was Roy’s ringtone. She walked over to her nightstand and clicked the green button. “Hey, RJ.”

“Hey. Got a question for you. I’d ask your aunt, but she’s in a weird mood right now.”

“Okay. Go.”

“What in the heck do I wear to court tomorrow?”

She laughed. “It depends, do you want to match Aunt Thea or compliment?”

“Um….what do you think?”

“I think you’d be better off complimenting her. It won’t look like you were ‘tailored’ that way.”

“Okay.” She continued to talk to him about what he could do with what Thea was going to wear when she heard her father calling for her. She walked out of her room and knocked on her parents’ door, then opened it. “Yeah?”

He waved her over. “What do you think mom should wear to court tomorrow?”

She looked down at the outfits. “Just a sec, RJ. Flipping you to speaker.” She clicked the speakerphone and then put the phone on the bed. “You still there?”

“Until you hang up on me,” he teased.

She giggled, then studied her mother’s choices. “Ooh!” She said and got to work on the outfit. She pulled the black skirt from the blue top and laid it over the others, then took the red top from another outfit. Then walked over to their closet and pulled out a black blazer that would match perfectly. She laid it out and then walked back to the closet to pick the shoes. She picked up the black stilettos with the red soles. She laid it out. “There you go.”

Felicity smiled and kissed her hair. “You’re amazing.”

She smiled. “Thank you.” She picked up her phone and tapped Roy off speaker. “So, do you get it now or….?”

“Got it. Thank you.”

“You’re welcome.”

“How are you holding up?”

She laughed. “A little bit better since you asked me yesterday at Big Belly Burger.”

“Sorry. I just want to cover everything I’m supposed to as your friend.”
She smiled, her heart swelling a little. That was a little bit of a change there. He was more attentive now as her friend then before. “And I appreciate that, but I’m okay. I workout every night with the Arrow and get my emotions out that way. I promise, Roy, I’m doing okay.”

“Good. See you tomorrow. Bye.”

“Bye.” She hung up and tossed her phone on her bed.

The scream of his alarm jerked Nick Jordan out of his sleep. He slapped the alarm off and stared up at the ceiling. Today was his first day at Starling City High School and he had no idea what was going to happen. He sighed and sat up. He couldn’t help but wonder if he was going to meet up with that pretty blond he briefly met in the park. And as he thought about her a smile slid to his lips.

He put his feet on the floor and walked to one of the boxes that still had his clothes. He grabbed a pair of jeans, a tank top and a button-down shirt, with some underwear and then walked into the bathroom to get ready for his first day.

About 15 minutes later, Nick came out of the bathroom, hair styled, dressed and ready, heading into the kitchen. He greeted his mother, father and older brother. He put his backpack down on the floor next to him at the table. He picked up his favorite cereal and poured some into the bowl. Playing on the television was the news reports about socialite Moira Queen’s trial.

Nick’s brother, Chris scoffed as he watched the news reporter talk about all of her charges. “Watch, she’ll get off.”

Nick almost groaned out loud when his brother started in on his usual rant about the rich. He finished his cereal and put his bowl in the sink. He glanced at the digital clock display on the microwave and kissed his mother’s cheek. “See you after school.”

“Okay, Sweetie. Have a good day,” his mother Jennifer told him.

He smiled apprehensively. “I’ll try.” He looked at his dad. “Have a good day, Dad.”

Nathan Jordan smiled. “Thanks, Nicky. You too.” Just like Nick, Nathan was starting his first day too. At the Starling City Police Department. He was the new detective on the force.

Chris looked at the screen and that’s when he seen a picture of the girl from the park flash up on the screen. She was standing with the reformed Playboy, Oliver Queen. “Nick!”

“What?” he asked, turning.

“It’s that girl from the park.”

Nick came back to the table and looked at the screen. He couldn’t believe it, it was. She was a Queen? He then thought of her name. Alexandra Queen. Oliver Queen’s illegitimate 12-year-old daughter.

Chris looked at his little brother. “Looks like that chance you wanted, Little Brother, just went out the window.”

Chris was right. A Queen would never date the son of a Police Detective.
That morning, Thea, Oliver, Felicity and Lexy pulled up to the main entrance of the courthouse and Oliver stepped out first, then helped Thea, then Felicity. Felicity looped her arm through Oliver’s and he took Thea’s hand. Lexy stepped out of the car and took Felicity’s hand. He looked at her sternly. “Whatever you do, don’t let go, Lex.”

“Okay.”

They pushed through the hoard of paparazzi and headed up the stairs. Laurel watched with her boss, Adam. “It’s not fair. They're not the ones on trial.”

“That won't stop Jean Loring from using them as props to drum up sympathy.”

“You don't seem overly concerned.”

“She confessed to being an accomplice on live television.”

“She also said that Malcolm Merlyn coerced her.” There was something about Adam’s confidence that got her suspicious. “You have something, don't you? I thought I was your co-counsel, Adam. If you're holding a trump card, don't you think maybe you should share it with me?”

Adam looked at Lexy as she climbed the stairs with Felicity. “Who’s the little girl?”

“Oliver’s daughter,” She looked over her shoulder at him. “And don’t even think about it. She doesn’t scare easily.”

Adam smirked. “We’ll see about that. It's going to be a good trial. Come on, let's get inside.”

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After the first break in the trial, Felicity dropped Lexy off at school on her way to the office. Lexy jogged inside and realized she was just in time for lunch. She walked into the cafeteria and picked up a tray on her way to the lunch line. She stood behind a dark haired guy, waiting for her turn.

Nick looked behind him and realized Lexy was standing behind him. He turned. “You’re in high school?”

She nodded. “So are you.”

“I’m supposed to be—”

“Me too. I skipped a couple of grades last year, which landed me here.” She smiled. “Hey, Millie. How’s Paul?”

The lunch lady named Millie smiled. “He’s doing amazingly well. Tell your dad thank you for me.”

She nodded. “I will.”

“Hey, Queen!”

She groaned when she heard Brittany’s voice. “Brittany, don’t you have someone else to torture this year?”
She gave her an evil smile. “You’re a lot more fun. I saw your grandmother’s trial this morning.”

“How could I be so right?” she gave her a stiff smile. “I’m proud of you for watching something besides YouTube videos on how to make the perfect smoky eye.”

Nick snickered and thanked Millie and took the entrée. Lexy took the meatloaf and started walking off, until Brittany grabbed her arm and pulled her to turn her around. The force of the movement made Lexy drop her tray and the gravy from the meatloaf dropped onto her and her potatoes fell on Nick’s pants. She sighed. “Seriously?!” she exclaimed.

“Your won’t speak to me that—”

“I can speak to you any way I want to, Brittany,” she glared at her. “You’re not the boss of me. You don’t scare me. You never have. And the fact that you can ‘bomb’ my social life at this school doesn’t bother me either.” She squared her shoulders at the brunette, fire flashing in her blue eyes. “But touch me again and you’ll be sorry.”

She picked up her tray and put it down on the empty table in front of her, then walked out of the cafeteria. Nick started walking to a table where Matt and his buddies sat. He placed the tray on the table, but as he was about to sit in the chair, he stopped.

Brittany stopped him as he started to walk off. “What are you doing?”

“None of your business.”

Matt jumped up and stood in front of him. “Don’t do what Dylan did, man.”

“Dylan? Who’s Dylan?”

“The former new kid. He just recently moved away, but he bombed his social life here too to be her friend.”

He looked at the pretty brunette and then looked at Matt. “Maybe there’s a reason for that. My father always taught me and my brother to not hang out with people that would treat others like second class citizens. Or in this case, bullying them.” He tilted his head. “If you wanna follow the trend, Matt, go for it. But I have never followed those kinds of trends.” He walked up to the counter again and smiled at Millie. “Do you think you could do me a favor?”

Lexy sat on the stone wall just outside the school. She was still close to the entrance to hear the bell, but she couldn’t be there. She knew that this trial was going to be difficult, but why couldn’t she go one day, without Brittany Garrett terrorizing her?

She shot a text to her mom and waited, sitting Indian-style on the stone wall. She opened her email as she waited and skimmed through the messages. Then….under her nose came a Styrofoam takeout container opened with meatloaf in it. She looked up and her heart literally skipped a beat. Nick stood next to her with one container open with her meatloaf and another in his hand. 2 things of plastic utensils sat on top of the unopened one. “What’s this for?”

“Well, since Brittany made you decorate the floor with yours I thought you’d want another,” Nick said as he sat on the wall with her.

Her heart fluttered at his thoughtful gesture. “Thank you,” she said taking the container.
He passed her a package of utensils and ripped his open as he said, “You’re welcome.” He pulled 2 sodas out of his pocket and smiled. “You drink soda, right?”

“I do,” she said, smiling. “Thank you.” She took a bite and then sighed. “God! This is really good!”

He chuckled. “Good.” He opened his own. “Cuz, I got the same thing.”

She laughed. “Why?”

He shrugged. “I wanted to see if this school made it as bad as my other one.”

She fought a smile. “Well, you may be bitterly disappointed.”

He cut himself a piece and tasted it. As soon as it touched his tongue he groaned. “Dear God….” he moaned. “Is this smuggled in or something?”

“What do you mean?” she asked looking up at him.

“I didn’t think school food was supposed to taste this good.”

She threw her head back and laughed. She sighed and smiled. “Thank you, Nick.”

“For what?”

“Making me laugh. You have no idea how much I needed it.”

“I can guess,” he said softly.

They ate in a companionable silence for a few minutes and then Lexy asked. “Where are you from?”

“Um….Metropolis,” he answered after clearing his mouth of food. “My dad was a police detective there.”

“Was?” she asked.

He nodded. “Um…..” he took a drink of his soda and then said, “If I tell you what happened with my dad, you have to tell me what happened with your grandmother.”

She blinked at him in surprise. “You mean you don’t know? It’s been all over the news.”

“I know what they say,” he said firmly. “I wanna know what really happened.”

She smiled. “Okay.”

“Metropolis Police Department was dirty,” Nick told her. “My father was their scapegoat and went on trial. He would have went to Iron Heights if a forensic Tech hadn’t interrupted the trial with the evidence that got him off.”

She put a hand to her chest. “Oh, Nick….I’m sorry.”

He looked into her face. He was a little surprised by the honest sincerity there. She was the first one who was honestly sorry for what they had to go through. “Thank you.”

She took a drink of her soda. “I’m sure you’ve heard of Malcolm Merlyn, right?”

He nodded. She swallowed. “Malcolm was my grandfather’s best friend. Um….Malcolm’s son,
Tommy was my Godfather.” She waved it off. “Anyway, um….Malcolm had come up with a plan to destroy the Glades and apparently he had coerced my grandfather first and then when he killed my Grandfather—”

“He killed your grandfather?” Nick interjected.

She nodded. “Yep. And almost killed my father in the process.”

“Your dad was there?”

She nodded. “Yeah. The yacht. It was sabotaged and Malcolm did it. Well, with my grandfather dead and my grandmother knowing that Malcolm had done it, she felt forced to keep with the plan. However, with Malcolm dead the state needs someone to blame, so…..”

He looked into her eyes. She was honestly hurt by what was going on. “I’m sorry, Lexy.”

She smiled. “Thank you, Nick. I appreciate it.”

They watched each other for a few seconds before the ring of the class bell jerked them both out of their thoughts. Maybe he wouldn’t be so bad as a friend.

After school, Lexy felt her pocket buzz just as she shoved her stuff into her locker. Tonight she had no homework. She pulled her phone out of her pocket and looked at the message:

[From Mom]: Uncle John’s sick. Come to the bunker. We’ll explain when you get here.

“Hey.”

Lexy looked up and smiled when was standing behind her. “Hey.”

He seen something shift in her eyes. “You okay?”

“An old family friend of my dad’s is sick. My mom just told—”

“Mom?”

She smiled. At lunch she had told him that her mother had died in a plane crash, so his reaction was understandable. “Um….she’s my dad’s girlfriend, but before they started dating, I met her first when I first moved to Starling. We bonded and she’s been like a mother to me ever since.”

“Ahh….got it.” He shoved his hands into his hoodie. “So, whatcha doing after school?”

“Um….checking in on my dad’s friend.”

He nodded. “Cool.” He rocked back and forth on his feet. “Can I ask you something?”

“Sure,” she said, smiling.

“Can I have your number?”

She smiled. “If only I can have yours too.”

He nodded. They recited their numbers to each other and then he looked down at her. “Can I call
you later?”
She nodded. “Sure.” She glanced at her phone’s display. “I should go. Um….talk later.”

At the bunker, Lexy rushed inside and walked to John. “Uncle John!”

He smiled. “I’ll be okay, Sweetheart. Promise.”

The news was talking about the trial when suddenly the Count’s face was on the screen. “Daddy.”

Oliver turned to see the Count on the screen.

“Hello, Starling City.”

“Felicity!”

“Miss me? Many of you have noticed that you're not feeling quite like yourselves.”

Felicity tried to get it off, but…. “He's taken over all the local station feeds.

“Track his signal.”

“Like our good assistant district attorney here. You might recognize him from his work in the ongoing Moira Queen trial.”

The Count is terrorizing him on camera. Lexy turned to her father. “Daddy, I don’t like the guy, but seriously, no one deserves to go through that.”

Oliver kissed her hair. “I know, Sweetheart. You did really good today. Even though it was a surprise that he brought you up there.”

“Thank you. I was hoping I didn’t come off as a brat. I was trying to figure out where he was going with all his information seeking. Like I said, all of what he was having me confirm is public knowledge.”

He smiled. “I know. I think he was expecting your name to be something different.”

She nodded. “Yeah.” Vertigo’s face went off the screen and she looked at her mom. “Mom?”

“Nothing?”

Felicity looked up at Oliver. “What do we do now?”

“We find him... And we shut him down.”

Lexy smiled. “And first we start with finding out where he broadcasted from.” She walked up to one of the keyboards and started doing her hacking thing.

Felicity smiled. “I’ve missed having you here.”

She smiled. “Sorry, mom. I guess I was a little more distracted than I thought.”

Felicity smirked up at Oliver. “Boys will do that to you.”
Lexy laughed. “Yeah.”

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A little while later, Oliver approached Lexy. “Lex, where did he broadcast from?”

She looked at her screen. “He….He pinged the signal off of the satellite that S.T.A.R. Labs owns.”

She exhaled. “Which means he could have been anywhere when he sent the message, daddy. Markovia. Anywhere.”

Oliver walked up behind them. “He would want to stay local. Scrub the footage, frame by frame if you have to. There’s something on here that gives us a clue to where he is.”

Lexy turned in her seat. “Daddy, there’s something else we have to consider.”

“What?”

“If he dosed the whole city, why are only some people showing symptoms?” John asked.

“Maybe exposure was selective,” Oliver suggested. “The Count contaminated something that only certain people, like you and Donner, consumed.”

As the newscast continued, Lexy looked up at her dad. “But, daddy….” She paused. “What?”

His smile widened. “Sorry, it’s been awhile since I heard you call me daddy that many times.”

She smiled and shrugged. “But, why would it only be selective. I mean, if I wanted to cause the entire town to be under my control I’d make sure everyone got some.” She exhaled. “So, what’s endgame if it’s not to take over the City, to get everyone addicted?”

Dig smiled. “The Princess has a point, Oliver.”

A couple minutes later, they heard Felicity say, “I found something.”

They look at the screen. “I don't see anything.”

“Because you have to see what Donner does.”

Lexy gasped.

“His eye caught a reflection. Can you enhance?” Oliver asked.

“It hurts me that you feel a need to ask.”

“What are those, wings?”

Lexy squealed. “It’s the City seal! The Municipal building. The city stopped using it when everything went digital.”

Felicity smiled. She looked up at Oliver. “Our Princess is correct.” She glanced at the screen. “Dollars to donuts, that's where is operating out of.”

“Not for long,” he grabbed his bow. “Lex, get dressed, Baby.”
At the old Municipal building, Oliver and Lexy went over the plan one last time and then jumped into action. Oliver cut Adam free and then Lexy jumped down. “Oh! You brought your little sidekick.”

She tapped her right chest and it was another com—this one a disguiser. She smirked and made her batons scream until Vertigo was on his knees. “I heard you liked the effects of vertigo, Count.”

The Arrow and Sparrow walked Adam Donner out of the building, with the entire interior going up in flames.

The next morning, Oliver, Felicity and Lexy were up for the day. Each going to different locations. Oliver to the courthouse, Felicity to the office and Lexy to school. Lexy sat down at the small dining table that Felicity had and sipped her orange juice. She took the bowl of oatmeal her dad handed her. “You know that guy Nick?”

Oliver nodded. “What about him?”

“He’s in my grade.” She took a bite of the oatmeal. “Um….yesterday we talked more. He’s really cool. His dad is a new police detective here. He used to work in Metropolis until some dirty cops thought it’d be cool to use him as a scapegoat.”

Oliver looked at his daughter. “You like him.”

She sighed. “Yeah, I do.” She looked up at him. “He’s really cool, daddy.” She smiled at Felicity. “He actually did something kinda cool.”

“What?” Felicity asked.

“Well, Brittany was terrorizing me and during the torture, she made me drop my tray of food. I picked up the tray and put it on the table, but then walked out. About five minutes later, Nick came out with my lunch and his in takeout containers.”

Felicity smiled, her heart thudding for her girl. “That was really sweet of him.”

“It was,” she agreed. She finished her breakfast and then kissed them both goodbye.

Oliver sighed. Felicity laughed softly. “Oh, Baby.”

“Another boy, Fe.”

She laughed and slid onto his lap. She kissed him deeply. “I love you.”

“I love you,” he said and kissed her again. “I don’t know if I can do this again, honey.”

She smiled. “Yes, you can, because if Lexy likes him and he makes her happy. You’ll do anything to help her make it work.”

That was true. He would too.

Lexy started walking toward the entrance of the school, two hot chocolates in hand, but she
stopped short when she seen him talking to a really pretty redhead. And it wasn’t like when they were talking yesterday. This was a flirty kinda conversation. Her heart twisted. She looked the redhead up and down and then looked at herself, then back at her.

The redhead had a body—curves, breasts—while she was as flat as ever. Of course, he’d go for her. Lexy wasn’t anything to look at. Definitely not for the boys at this school. She was flat-chested, thin as a rail and straight as a board. And only 12 years old.

Remembering that she had gotten him a hot chocolate to thank him for yesterday, she quickly tossed it in the trash out front before he seen it then headed inside, keeping her head down. She through the halls and glanced at the girls she walked past.

God, she was so out of place here it was ridiculous. She seriously looked like a little kid compared to these girls at school. No wonder Brittany terrorized her. She was an easy target. She acted confident and like it didn’t bother her, but in truth it did. It bothered her for the same reason it bothers others too: she wants to fit in.

She got to her locker and sighed. She opened it and grabbed her bag, which had her first few classes in it. She closed her locker and headed to homeroom.

That night, they discover that after Felicity had gone to check out one of the mobile medical trucks she was taken by the Count. They get to Queen Consolidated and both of them are showing their identities. They round the corner to Oliver’s office and both seem him playing with Felicity’s hair. Count leaned sideways. “Pretty swanky offices. You can see all the destruction that your mom caused from up here.”

“What do you want?”

“World peace and personal satisfaction. Though not necessarily in that order. You poisoned me and put me in a hole. You have no idea how much I hated you for that. Turns out, someone else hates you, too.”

“Who?” Lexy and Oliver demanded in unison.

“Who? Oh, you're going to be surprised when you find out. He's a man of means. Set me up with my new operation so I could draw you out.”

“To do what?”

“This.” He starts shooting them.

Lexy jumped out of the way and behind another piece of furniture away from her father while he hid behind the couch.

“You're going to have to try harder,” he told him.

“Done!” The Count started shooting again.

“LEXY!” Felicity screamed.

Lexy crawled around to the couch. To her dad. “You know, this would be a really good time to have boomerang darts or something.”
“We’ll talk about it later.”

“Daddy, I know you got that rule now about killing, but you might have to save mom.” She looked him in the eyes. “I won’t lose another one. Not if I can stop it.”

He nodded. They disappeared as Count came over with Felicity. He found Oliver and Lexy waiting for him. He puts a 2 needle vial up to Felicity’s neck. “NO!” Lexy screamed. “Please, I’m begging you. Don’t.”

“Lexy, honey, it’s okay.”

“Your problem is with me. It's not with her.”

“Well, then, consider this your penalty for making me go to plan B in the first place.”

Oliver fired 3 arrows and they went into the man’s chest and he tumbled out the window. Oliver slid across the floor to Felicity. “Hey. Hey. Hey, shh, shh. It's all right. You're safe.”

Felicity sees the bullet wound through his suit. “Oh, you were shot.”

“Hey.” He said and she looked up at him. “It's nothing.”

He leaned forward and pressed his lips to hers in a very slow kiss. They lingered. “I love you.”

“I love you.” Felicity looked over. “Lexy!”

“I’m right here, mama.” She held out her leg. “He tore up my new suit.”

Her parents laughed and Felicity pulled her into a hug. “God, Baby, I was so worried.”

“I know, mom.” She hugged her tight. “I was worried too.”

That morning both Felicity and Oliver dropped Lexy off at school. She got out of the car and waved to them. As she headed inside she heard someone call to her. She turned and her heart sank when she saw Nick. She hadn’t stopped thinking about him and what he could possible see in Hillary McGinley. She was one of the Meanies after all.

She kept her game face in place and smiled at him. “Hey, Nick.”

“Everything okay?”

She nodded. “Just a little distracted. My grandma’s verdict is coming today.” It wasn’t a complete lie. She was, but not by her grandmother’s problem. It was a confused distraction. She confused by him and other boys. Why couldn’t any of them see her as one of the girls at this school?

Who are you kidding, Lex. You’re just a kid to them. In fact, Nick is probably only hanging around with you because he thought you needed to be saved yesterday.

But did she tell him that she didn’t need to be saved?

“Do you want to talk?”

She shrugged. The warning bell sounded, telling everyone they had 5 minutes to get to class. She
looked up into his eyes. “Not really. Um….I better go. Uh…Mr. Hudson wants to talk to me about some extra credit I did.”

“Okay,” he said and watched her leave. He sighed. What the hell was that?

“Hey, Nick.”

He turned his head to see Hillary hanging on him. “Hey, Hill. How was yesterday?”

“Good.” She smiled up at him, but unlike Lexy, he didn’t get the same reaction. “I’m glad I could help.”

“I’m actually feeling really good about my grade now,” she said, smiling.

She stopped him as they walked into school and down the Freshman hallway. Nick seen Lexy at her locker, only feet away. He looked at Hillary. “Like I said, glad I could help.”

“How about I repay the favor?” she said suggestively.

At Lexy’s locker, she knew what Hillary was suggesting. And she knew the exact reason why no boy at this school would ever see her as anything more than the geeky little girl that is now in their school.

Because she was nothing like that. And normally that would be a good thing….unless you watched everyone around you falling in love….and you wanted to know what it felt like. Which she knew she was too young, but how could that be when she was actually mentally 14 years old?

Her phone buzzed to tell her of a new broadcast on the news. She pulled her phone out of her pocket and listened to the reporter:

A stunning result, as Moira Queen is acquitted of all charges. In a day that's provided a week's worth of shocks and legal twists, many had pronounced this case a done deal…..

She covered her mouth, her eyes immediately swimming with tears. She couldn’t believe it. Her grandmother wasn’t going to prison. She looked up to see Nick walking off with Hillary. She quickly looked at the Captain of the football team, Hayden holding Brittany’s hand as they walked the halls. Then there was another couple.

At least her grandmother was having a good day.
I Want To Be The One

Chapter Summary

Nick figures out why Lexy's been avoiding him. He also invites her to go to the movies with him and his 2 cousins. Things heat up, but she immediately slows things down telling him that this time she doesn't want to rush into things like she did Dylan.

(This is a filler chapter--just something for you to get to know Nick and maybe Lexy a little bit better)

Felicity had noticed a shift in her daughter since Dylan had left and she wasn’t liking it. She put a plate of food in front of her. “Sweetheart, are you okay?”

She shrugged. “I don’t know.”

Felicity sat down at the table and said, “Talk to me.”

“I feel out of place,” she admitted. “At school. All these girls are growing in ways I haven’t yet and I probably won’t. And honestly, I feel lonely. Really lonely.”

“Why?”

“Because besides Dylan no one’s even tried to be my friend—”

“What about Nick?”
“He’s with the Meanies now.”

She stopped and looked at her little girl. “Wha—what?”

She nodded. “Apparently he helped Hillary McGinley with something and she offered to repay the favor,” she picked up her juice, “and we’re not talking in the way I was going to repay him with hot chocolate before school.”

She remembered that. She’d been there recently with Oliver and the women he ended up with last year. But she remembered being there too when she was in high school. The girls were built way differently and they seemed to advance in ways that Felicity hadn’t yet and she wondered if she ever would. “Trust me, I’ve been where you are—developmentally—and I can promise you as much as it seems hopeless now you’ll catch up and then your dad and I will have a whole new set of problems to deal with.”

Lexy laughed. “Right. Where’s daddy?”

“He went to the mansion to check on grandma.” She glanced at the clock. “And I gotta get going, but I promised dad I’d take you to school today.”

She smiled politely. “Thank you, but I was thinking of walking today. It’ll give me time to run through Mr. Markovich’s Chemistry test he’s giving us today.”

“Okay, Sweetie.” She stood, kissed the top of Lexy’s head and hugged her shoulders. “I promise it will get better. It may not seem like it now, but it will.”

Lexy smiled and said goodbye to her mom. She was probably right, but right now, she wasn’t feeling like it was going to get better.

Nick walked out of his room and headed for the dining table. He sat down across from his father and next to Chris. Jennifer turned to her son and smiled. “Morning, Sweetie.”

“Morning, mom,” he muttered.

“Did you not sleep well?” Nathan asked.

He shrugged. “You know that girl, Lexy I came home and told you about last week?”

His parents both nodded. He sighed. “Well, now she won’t talk to me and I don’t know what I did wrong.”

Chris sipped his coffee. “You might not have done anything. She is a Queen. According to some people they’re temperamental that way.”

Jennifer sat down and looked at her youngest. “Um….thinking like a girl, could this girl of started to have a crush on you?”

He shrugged. “I don’t know how. We didn’t really do anything.”

She laughed. “You don’t have to really do anything for a girl to like you, Nicky.”

“Well, do you think it might have anything to do with that girl Hillary you brought home to help with her geometry homework?” Nathan sipped his coffee. “According to a guy at work whose son
goes to your school Hillary’s a member of the Meanies.”

“The Meanies?” his mother asked. “What’s that?”

“Well, according to Scott it’s a group of girls that LOVES to terrorize kids at school and according to his son, Matt the Meanies have been terrible to this girl—Lexy Queen. She’s Oliver Queen’s daughter.”

Nick’s stomach flipped. He hadn’t thought of that. His dad was probably right. She probably seen him with Hillary that day and more than likely heard the suggestive way she had offered to return the favor. Now he felt like shit.

“Don’t you mean illegitimate daughter, dad?” Chris asked.

Nick glared at his brother. “So, what if she’s illegitimate, Chris? She’s still his daughter whether he and her mother were married or not.”

“I’m just saying. Everyone makes a point of it anyway—”

“That’s because people in this dang town are stupid,” Nick bit back. “It’s not Lexy’s fault of who her family is. It’s not her fault that her grandmother did something stupid because she didn’t feel like there was a way out and had to go on trial for it now. But guess what? That’s not Lexy. Just like mom tried to tell us when we were in Metropolis. We’ve got nothing to do with what had happened to dad, because we’re our own person. Well, Lexy’s her own person. She isn’t just her family.” He took a bite of his pancakes. After taking a few more bites of it, and 1/3 of the pancake was gone, Nick finished his milk and then stood. “I’m not really all that hungry. Um…..I’m gonna head to school.”

“Don’t you want a ride?” Nathan asked.

He shook his head. “No. Thank you though.” He walked out the door and headed outside. He started walking in the direction that would take him to school. He had thought about trying to talk to her, but maybe he’d try texting her. He pulled out his phone and texted:

[To Lexy]: I’m just gonna ask: Are you still talking to me? Why are you avoiding me?

He was surprised to get a response so quickly, he opened the message and read:

[To Nick]: I’m not avoiding you really. I just don’t want the drama. And all the Meanies are drama. So, I’m steering clear. I have enough drama in my life. But if you want it go for it. I just thought with everything that happened with you you’d want to steer clear too.

Nick sighed when he read the message. Now he seemed like a hypocrite. He replied and said:

[To Lexy]: Meet me, please?

[To Nick]: Meet me at Jitters, that’s by the school. You know where that is, right?

[To Lexy]: Yeah. My brother works there.

[To Nick]: Oh. Who’s your brother?

[To Lexy]: Chris. Freakishly tall (takes after my grandpa on that), dark hair, blue eyes. REALLY good-looking (not my description)
[To Nick]: LOL!! I figured. But I wouldn’t sell yourself too short on that, Nick. I’ve seen your brother there and if you want my opinion you’re the better looking brother.

[To Lexy]: Thank you. Wait for me before you order?

[To Nick]: Of course.

Lexy smiled and put her phone into her pocket. She stepped inside and shivered from the cold breeze. She smiled when she seen Roy turning to leave. “Hey, RJ.”

Roy laughed and hugged her. “Hey, Sash. How is everything?”

She nodded. “Good. Got a chemistry test today and I’m meeting someone here.”

“To study?” he suggested.

She shook her head. “To get something and then head to school.” She turned when she saw someone walk past the window. She smiled and waved at him.

Roy turned to see a muscular dark haired kid walk into the place. “Who’s that?”


“Oh…..”

She smiled. “He’s a friend. He’s dating my aunt Thea, my dad’s kid sister.”

“Ahh…..” Nick said, acting very cool. However, he got a very protective vibe off of the guy. A vibe that kind of set him on edge. “Cool. Nice to meet you.”

“You too,” Roy said. He looked at Lexy. “Kinda quick, huh?”

She rolled her eyes. “Oh, good Lord…..” she looked up at Nick. “Would you wait for me at the counter, please?”

“Sure. I’ll go talk to Chris.” Nick said and touched her side as he squeezed past.

“Thank you.” She looked up at Roy and put her hands on her hips. “What the heck is this, huh? You love Thea, right?”

“Yes.”

“Then what the heck are you doing? Why do you care if it’s too quick or not?” She sighed. “Look, Roy, I know you care about me and I care about you, but seriously, this whole protective, jealousy thing has got to stop. I’m almost thirteen years old. If I want to date someone else after my first boyfriend moved away, then I think that’s my business. Not yours.”

“I’m just saying that I think it’s a little soon.”

“We’re not dating. In fact if my intuition is correct he’s dating or will be dating one of the school’s mean girls, so…..”
“Then what are you doing hanging out with him?” he questioned.

“Because he asked to meet.” She smiled up at him. “You better get that to my aunt Thea before it gets cold and she has a spoiled girl meltdown.” She turned on her heel and walked away. She looked up at Nick. “Sorry about that.”

“Don’t apologize. It’s cool. He seems very protective you though…..not that I blame him.”

Her eyes immediately shot to his. Her heart literally skipped a beat. Oh, she was so not going to go down this road. With him teetering between her the Pariah and the cool kids was liable to get her heartbroken. She just hoped she could keep it casual. “So, whatcha gonna order?”

“Um….the hot white chocolate,” he said and slid his eyes to hers. “What about you?”

“Um….hot triple chocolate.”

“You like the extreme, huh?”

She shrugged. “Some would say so, I guess.”

“So, I take it your first boyfriend wasn’t well liked?”

She laughed wryly. “Not by him.” She exhaled. “It’s….complicated, I guess is the right way to say it.” She pointed to the counter where Chris stood. “Let’s order.”

Chris smiled down at Lexy. “Hey, Princess.”

Lexy rolled her eyes. “Hi, Chris.”

He looked at Nick. “Hey, Little Brother.”

“Christopher.”

“Ooh. He’s upset with me.”

“Did you just start work?” he asked.

“Yeah. Just got here about five minutes before you guys walked in. So….what can I get you.”

“I’ll have a large triple chocolate hot chocolate with whipped—”

“Nick!”

Lexy’s heart sank when she heard Hillary. She cleared her throat. “With whipped cream, please?”

Chris seen the look on her face for a few seconds and then smiled at his brother. “What about you, Nicky?”

“Uh….I’ll take a white chocolate hot chocolate, with chocolate sprinkles on top.”

Hillary pushed between Nick and Lexy and looked her hands through his arm. “I tried calling you yesterday, but I couldn’t find your number on the school directory.”

“Probably because I didn’t give it to them.”

“Why not?”
Lexy rolled her eyes. “Probably for the same reason that I didn’t put my number on the list. Because I don’t want to be endlessly harassed.”

Hillary turned and glared at her. “Shut up. No one’s—”

“Hey!” Nick said fighting for his arm. “Don’t speak to her like that,” he told her.

“Why not? Brittany does.”

“And you do everything that Brittany tells you?” She gasped. “Of course!”

He smiled, but there was something differently about this smile. “Of course you do.” He exhaled. “Look, Hillary, I was happy to help you with your Chemistry homework, but there’s nothing that’s ever gonna come of this.”

“Why not?”

“Because I usually like to be with someone who has the free will to do what she wants not to be led by someone. Especially someone like Brittany Garrett.”

Her jaw fell. “But, Nick! Brittany’s father is the President of the University—”

“No he isn’t,” Chris said handing Lexy and Nick their drinks. He took the $10 bill from her and looked at Hillary. “The President of Starling City University is Dr. Thomas Davenport.” He shook his head. “I have never heard of a Garrett being any part of the university.”

Lexy handed his drink to him and she raised an eyebrow to the redhead. “Looks like someone’s been lied to.” She looked up at Nick. “I’ll see ya—”

“Wait for me.”

Hillary grabbed his arm. “You can’t be serious? You’re breaking things off to be with her?!”

“To break anything off we would have to be dating, Hillary. We weren’t. I helped you with a chemistry assignment. That was it.” He sighed. “Look. I just moved here like a week and half ago. I don’t know anyone well enough to start dating anyone. But, I like Lexy and I like hanging out with her, the little bit that I have hung out with her. And if anything more comes of it than that, so be it. But you and I will never be together.”

“Why not?”

“Because I don’t like you and the people you associate yourself with.”

She huffed and walked off. He turned and seen Lexy waiting at the door, flicking through something on her phone. He walked up to her. “Whatcha looking at?”

“Something my mom sent me,” she answered and put her phone in her pocket. “Everything okay?”

“You tell me,” he said as they walked out of the building. He moved in front of her and started walking backwards as he said, “I’m sorry.”

She laughed. “You make it sound like you did something wrong.”

He laughed with her. “I hope not. You look like the type of person who doesn’t forgive easily.”
She nodded. “Now you’d be correct usually, but I’m feeling generous. So, if you believe you’ve done something wrong—which I don’t know what it could be—then I forgive you.”

“Cool,” he said smiling. “We’re cool?”

She laughed and wiped her lip. “We’re fine.” She exhaled.

“So, I don’t know if this is appropriate, but congratulations on your grandmother being acquitted.”

Her smile widened. “Thank you. It was definitely a shock to everyone. She is now at home and enjoying her freedom.”

They continued talking about anything and everything and then as they rounded the corner to the school, he walked ahead of her, walking backwards, and said, “So, this weekend my cousins are coming into town and we were going to take them to the movies. However this Saturday, my brother has to work. So….would you like to join us?”

She looked up at him. “It’s a group thing, not a date thing?”

He shook his head. “No. Trust me. If it was a date thing these two cousins and my brother wouldn’t have been mentioned.” He shrugged. “Thought maybe you’d enjoy it since it was a movie you had mentioned the other day you wanted to see.”

“Sounds good,” she said with a smiling.

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-Saturday.....

Nick and his cousins, Alex and Katie waited outside the Star City Cineplex, Nick was glancing at his watch ever so often. Alex, who was a couple years older than Nick and the older brother of Katie walked up to him. “So, is your girlfriend coming or what, man?”

He rolled his eyes. “She’s not my girlfriend, Alex. She’s a friend.”

“Who you’d like to kiss, right?”

He groaned. Did his brother have to tell everything. “Even if I did it won’t be happening anytime soon.”

“Why not?” 13-year old, Katie asked.

“Because she’s still getting over her first boyfriend and she made some kind of promise to herself that she was going to wait until she was thirteen. What that has to do with it I don’t know.”

Alex shrugged. “Who understands girls, man? Maybe it’s some kind of religious thing or something.”

He laughed. “I highly doubt she’s religious.”

“Why’s that?”

“Because her father’s Oliver Queen.”
“What does my father have to do with whether or not I believe in God?”

He jerked and spun around. “Hey, you made it!”

She laughed and hugged him. “I made it.” She smiled at Alex and Katie. You could tell they were related to Nick. They had the same dark hair and blue eyes. “I’m Lexy.”

“Katie,” Alex introduced, pointing at his ster. “I’m Alex, and it’s so good to meet you, Miss Queen.”

She shook her head. “Dude, if we’re gonna hang out you gotta drop the Queen thing.” She looked at Nick and snatched the flier he held. “So, what are we watching?”

“You said you wanted to watch the new Thor movie and that comes on in another theater in about…..” he scanned the page. “….ten minutes.”

She smiled. “Cool. Then I can take you somewhere I think you’ll enjoy.”

Alex and Katie walked in behind Nick and Lexy and headed for the counter. They got 4 tickets and then went to the concessions. Nick looked at Lexy. “Wanna share a tub of popcorn?”

She nodded. “Sure.”

“So, Nick said you were getting over a guy,” Katie began. “how long were you together?”

She smirked. “Who told you I was trying to get over a guy?” she asked Nick.

“Well, Matt and Hillary said you and Dylan were dating up until the weekend he left for Gotham.”

She nodded. “We were,” she conceded. She sighed. “It’s a long story.”

“Wanna talk about it?” Katie asked.

“Well, Dylan and I began to date almost from the day we met, his first day at SCHS.” She shrugged. “I don’t know. I didn’t know much about him and I really didn’t ask. We talked a lot and I trusted him completely and we kissed a couple of times. I don’t know….I thought I was in love with the guy.”

“But now?” Alex asked. He wasn’t interested in her at all but he could see why his cousin was. She was intriguing from the moment she opened her mouth. He guessed it was because it was the way she talked to you. She actually looked at you, engaged you.

“But now, after two and half weeks of self-reflection I think it was more of an infatuation. I was intrigued by the thought of having a boyfriend more than actually what went into it. I cared about him, but I don’t….I don’t think it was love. Not in the real sense.”

“So, why not give my cousin a shot?” Alex said slapping him on the shoulder.

Lexy laughed softly and bumped Nick when she seen him flinch. “Well, I don’t think that’s any of your business, Alex, but if you must know, I don’t even know if your cousin likes me that way and if he does I’m doing things differently now.”

Katie smiled. “Getting to know him and then you’ll get into the dating thing if it happens.”

Lexy nodded. “Exactly. And the waiting until I’m thirteen thing isn’t a religious thing. It’s a personal thing.” She sighed. If they really wanted to hear this she’d give all to them. “If and when
your cousin decides that he likes me that way then I want to have a do-over. And my mom always used to say that your birthday was the best time for a do-over, so that’s what I’m doing.”

They got their food and then went into the theater and found four seats that were side by side in the row toward the front. Nick sat down between Katie and Lexy. Katie was on his left and Lexy on his right. Alex sat on the other side of Lexy. He leaned in and whispered, “By the way, I do.”

“You do what?” she asked, turning her phone to vibrate.

“Like you that way.”

She whipped her sun-kissed blond head to look up at him. “Wha—what?”

He nodded. “I’ve been liking you since we met in the park that day.”

“Really?”

He nodded. He shrugged. “I just thought you were way out of my league—Billionaire’s Only Daughter and Police Detective’s Son. Not exactly what everyone would expect.”

She waved him off. “I’ve never been one to conform to what others thought and besides, for the longest time my father dated Laurel Lance, Officer Lance’s eldest daughter and he also had an affair on Laurel with her younger sister, Sara.” She smiled. “So, your father’s profession would never make me rethink being with you and neither would it my father.” She took a drink from her soda. “But I was serious about the getting to know you thing.” She exhaled. “I jumped in too quickly with Dylan and I don’t want to do that again.”

“I can understand that,” he conceded.

They heard the sound roaring to life as the movie trailers started. Alex looked at Lexy. “You doing anything tomorrow?”

“Um….not that I know of. Why?”

“Nick and I are going to work out and he said you work out, so….?”

She nodded. “That sounds fun,” she said.

Katie whipped her head around. “It sounds fun to workout? What is wrong with you?”

She laughed. She shrugged. “My dad works out. His best friend works out. In fact most days we work out together.”

“Cool. Do you kickbox?” Alex asked.

“Um….I used to until last year, then I started working out with my dad and couldn’t find the time.”

“Tonight at eight is a class,” Alex told her. “If you’re interested.”

She nodded. “Sure.”

“Actually I was kinda hoping that Lex could show us that thing she mentioned outside.”

Alex scoffed and looked at his cousin. “You’re no fun. I was hoping to see if the Playboy Princess could defend herself.”
She rolled her eyes. Nick looked at Lexy. “Playboy Princess?”

“The press has dubbed me the Playboy Princess. Don’t know why. However they say it’s because I seem to be the only thing that mellowed my father’s womanizing.”

The movie started and everyone quieted down. For about 45 minutes into the movie neither of the foursome said anything until Nick leaned into her and whispered, “So, did you and Dylan do this?”

She shrugged. “Our first date was to the movies and then we’d have binge marathons. It was weird though.”

“What?”

“We never watched the typical ‘guy’ movie. It was always something with a little romance thrown in.”

“You don’t like that?”

“Well, yeah. I’m a girl, but I expected an argument or something about wanting to watch Jason Bourne over watching a romantic action-adventure, you know?”

“Yeah, I know what you mean. So, what are your favorite types of movies?”

“Well, I’d be lying if I said I didn’t like the romantic movie every once and awhile. I mean, my mom and I watching romantic Christmas movies every year, so. And then there’s Valentine’s Day. One of my favorite holidays.” She smiled and turned her eyes up to his. She felt her heart thud in her chest. “Um….I like action movies—give me anything with a good fight scene and I’m there—action-adventures are good. Rom-coms it depends on the actor personally. And I like fantasy movies. You know like Harry Potter.”

He nodded. It was actually kinda scary how much they liked the same movies. “Cool. I like action movies too. Not the real bloody ones, but I’m with you on the good action scene. Give me one and I’m there.”

He leaned further down and Lexy felt his breath across her earlobe and neck, and her pulse hitched. “And I like holiday movies….the romantic ones on the Hallmark channel.”

She smiled up at him, their mouths inches from each other. As she spoke she could feel with the barest of touches the feel of his lips, “Your secret is safe with me.” She moved her mouth away and looked up at him.

They were so intensely staring into each other’s eyes that they jerked when the big fight scene with Loki, Thor and the villain started. They gaped at the screen and then looked back at each other. Lexy sighed. Well it was safe to say they did like each other romantically. She cleared her throat. “Can I ask you something?”

He nodded. “Yeah.”

“How old are you?”

“Does age matter?”

She nodded. “Yeah. My first crush was ten years older than me and then went behind my back and dated my aunt—”
“You crushed on that Roy guy?”

She nodded. “I did.” She exhaled. “And then Dylan was almost two years older than me, I think.” She looked into his eyes. “I need to know.”

He smiled. “I was born May 4, 2000.”

She gaped at him in surprise. “So, you’re….thirteen and a Freshmen?”

He nodded. “Yeah. According to my mom, I was able to start kindergarten at four years old instead of five, so…..”

She exhaled. For some reason it made her feel a little bit better with them closer in age than she and Dylan were. Not that she was going to go back on what she wanted to happen. This time she was going to get to know Nick before jumping into anything.

“Is my age okay?”

“More than,” she said happily.

“Well, you know my birthday, so what’s yours?”

“Um….Independence Day, 2001.” She laughed softly when she seen his incredulous look. “I kid you not.”

He laughed softly. “That’s cool. Not many can say that they can have fireworks every year on their birthday.”

She snickered softly. “Very true.”

This wasn’t as hard as she thought it was. Sure there were going to be setbacks with wanting to be with him, but she knew that this was the right way to go with it.

________________________________________________________________________

Sunday morning, Lexy woke up about 7AM and quickly got dressed into her workout clothes and then went out to greet her mom and dad. She had a question for her dad and she hoped he was still home. She smiled when she seen dad sitting at the table doing the very parental thing and listening to mom talk about things and reading the day’s events in the newspaper. She walked up to her dad and kissed cheek. “Morning, daddy.”

Oliver caressed her arm, then kissed it. “Morning, Baby. How was the movies?”

“Really good. So, this will ease your mind, dad.”

“What?”

“Nick’s about five months younger than Dylan was.”

He thought about it for a second. “So, that’s fourteen months older than you?”

She nodded. “His birthday is May fourth.”

“Cool.”
She kissed Felicity’s cheek. “So, I have a question.”

“Shoot,” Oliver said looking up from the story he was reading.

“I’m going to workout with Nick, and his cousin Alex. How do I pretend that I can’t bench press a three-hundred pound man?”

He laughed. “I wouldn’t say three-hundred, but I understand your question.” He closed the paper and sipped his coffee. “Well, you know how I make people believe that I’m still Robert Queen’s son and all that?”

She nodded. “They know I workout with you and uncle John, but I don’t want to let on that I can easily breeze them both out of the water.”

Felicity smiled. “Then in your own way act like the girls at school.” She seen the incredulous look from both Oliver and Lexy. “What I mean is when you switch machines you can ask Nick questions—”

Oliver shook his head. “No. Don’t do that. If you like him don’t totally deceive him. I think if you guys get together it’ll hurt your chances for him to trust you completely if you totally deceive him. However, I think you can stretch the truth a little bit. You told them that you workout with me so Nick will expect you to be a little stronger than other girls. So, just workout like you would usually, but scale it back a little.”

Felicity smiled. “He’s got a point there.”

She nodded. “Okay. I’ll try. Hopefully I’m not as readable to people who don’t know me as well as you two.”

After she ate breakfast, she finished getting ready and then went to the gym to meet Nick and Alex. She greeted them when she walked in. Alex started walking toward one of the machines and Lexy stopped him. “I’d stretch if I was you.”

He shook his head, waved her off and went to the machine. Lexy shook her head. “He’s gonna regret that later.”

Nick laughed. “He usually does.”

They started doing warm-up stretches and then he walked with her to the lat pull-down machine. He looked at her. “How much weight you want?”

“Um….sixty,” she said casually.

“Sixty?” he asked. “Are you sure?”

She nodded. “Yeah. I told you that dad and I workout together. I’ll be okay.”

He nodded. “Okay. I’ll be over there at the ab bench if you need me.”

She smiled. “Thank you.”

He put sixty pounds on it and then cautiously started walking away. He stopped to watch her as she prepped her hands on the pull-down bar. He watched her as she pulled down and surprisingly
seemed to have lifted it with ease.

About 20 minutes later, she had finished with the machine and stood to wipe herself down and take the weights off for the next one. She smiled at one of the teens from their school. She smiled. “Your brother’s really hot.”

Lexy laughed. “He’s not my brother, but thanks. I’m sure he’d appreciate the compliment.”

“You’re not his sister?”

She shook her head. “Nope. Only child.”

“Huh. Boyfriend then?”

“Nope.”

Both girls turned abruptly at the sound of Nick’s voice behind them. Lexy put a hand to her heart and then slapped his abs. “You scared the crap out of me!”

He laughed softly. “Sorry, Lex.” He looked into her eyes. “Do you wanna go? As predicted Alex pulled something.”

She laughed. “Yeah. Let’s go.” She walked over and grabbed her bag. “We could get some hot chocolate?”

“Sounds good.”

The 3 of them headed to Jitters as they walked, Nick thought now was better time than anything to tell her. “Lex.”

“Yes?” she said softly.

“I’ll wait for you.”

“Wait for me to what?” she asked absently.

“Until you’re ready.”

She stopped, pulling on his arm to turn him to face her. “Seriously? You’re going to wait until I’m ready to date again?”

He nodded. “I am. I like you and I hope when you’re ready to date again that you’ll—”

She nodded. “Yes.” She lifted a brow at him suspiciously. “But you’re sure you want to wait for eight months?”

He nodded. “And like you said, those months will give us time to get to know each other.” He smiled down at her. “Because this time I want you to be sure that you know what you want. That I’m not just going to be an infatuation.” He smirked mischievously. “Of course, being a little bit of an infatuation is okay.”

She laughed. “Of course.” She rose up on her tiptoes, kissed his cheek. “Thank you.”

“You’re welcome.”

He was going to do this if it killed him, because he wanted to be with her. And he wanted her to be
sure this time. That what they’ll have will be totally different than what she and Dylan had.
When there's a break in at QC's Applied Sciences Building, the Team meets Central City's Forensic Scientist, Barry Allen.

Nick meets Oliver, Felicity and Diggle....and Moira.

The days following Lexy and Nick’s conversations over the weekend were spent with them basically being inseparable unless she had Sparrow-Arrow business to take care of. At school they ate lunch together every day, but the one thing that she enjoy immensely that they never stopped talking. They seemed to tell each other everything—within reason. She was going to wait to tell him about how she spent her nights until they really knew each other.

At about 6th period Lexy felt her phone buzz in her pocket and she pulled it out as Nick was telling her about what had happened last period in Chemistry. She read the message quickly. It was from her mom telling her to meet them at the bunker after school. She put it back into her pocket as she looked up at Nick. He was getting to the exciting part, he was talking faster.

“And it just blew up. I thought her hair was going to catch on fire.”

Lexy laughed. Nick smiled. “So, what did your mom want?”

“Um…..to let me know that our meet up after school location had changed.” She hated lying to him, but she had to agree with her dad, she told Dylan a little too soon. “Didn’t you say you had to go to Central City with your family for your brother’s basketball game tonight?”

He nodded. “I did. You gonna be busy?”

She shook her head. “Not really.” She smiled when she realized what he was asking. “You can text
He smiled, his heart skipping a little beat. The more he was getting to know Lexy the more he was really starting to like her. And he knew it was wrong, but he hoped she was ready for a boyfriend sooner than 8 months. Not that he was going to push the issue. According to Chris it was like they were already dating anyway. He just hoped other guys saw it too, because he so didn’t need the competition when she was ready.

After school, Nick walked her to the Queen Consolidated building. He looked up at the building. “So, is your dad’s office way at the top?”

She laughed. “No. That’s a conference room. His office is on the next floor down.”

“So, um, do you think I could meet him?”

She looked up at him. “Now?”

He nodded. “Yeah. Unless he’s too busy. I wouldn’t even begin to think I knew what it took to run this place.”

She laughed. “Right. Hi, Mr. Holden.”

He smiled. “Hi. Lexy. How are you?”

“I’m good.” She pulled her phone out of her pocket. “Let me call his office and see if he’s busy.”

She dialed the office number and smiled when her mom picked up. “Hey, mom.”

“Mom?” he whispered.

She smiled. “Are you and dad real busy?” She pulled the phone way from her mouth. “Mom works for dad.”

“Oh, that has to be interesting.”


She looked at Nick. “Come on. They’re not busy and this way we’re also not springing it on them.” She looked at him and smiled. “He really hates it when I do that.”

They walked into the building and went to the elevator. She pressed the up call button and they waited. She backed up when others got off and gasped when she saw her grandmother.

“Grandma?”

She smiled. “Lexy! Hey, Sweetheart!”

She was little taken aback by her grandmother calling her the nickname and the endearment. She never did that. “Hi. Is everything okay?”

“Everything’s fine. Just came to see the offices and see what everyone’s doing.”

“Ahh….so you met the Wicked Witch, huh?” She covered her mouth. “I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have
said that.”

She laughed softly. “It’s alright. I did meet Isabel. She seems very…..capable.”

Lexy laughed. “Right. Grandma, this is my friend, Nick Jordan. Nick, my grandmother, Moira Queen.”

He smiled. “Nice to meet you, Ma’am. I can only imagine how good it feels to be out of that prison.”

She nodded. “You’d be right.” She hugged Lexy. “I gotta get going, but it’s so good to see you. You should come for dinner sometime.”

She smiled. “I’d like that. Set it up with daddy and I’ll be there.”

She smiled. “Good.”

Nick and Lexy stepped onto the elevator and she pressed the button that said, ‘Mr. Queen’ and they waited. Moments later, they stepped off together, just as Diggle and Felicity walked into Oliver’s office. Lexy looked back at Nick. “Wait here. I’ll be right back.” She walked into the office and smiled. “Hey.”

Oliver looked over Felicity’s head and smiled. “Hey, Baby.” He looked at the kid with the dark hair and teenage movie star looks. “Is that Nick?”

“Yeah. What’s going on?”

He waved her over and whispered to her, “Someone broke into the applied sciences building. Killed a guard by joking him to death with one hand and then walking out of the place with some kind of centrifuge. Whatever that is exactly.”

She laughed softly. “Daddy think of it as an old-fashioned miner digging for gold and using the sifting pan to separate the gold from the dirt. That’s basically what it does. Separates solids from liquids and so on.”

He smiled. “You’re beautiful when you’re being smart. Go bring your friend in. I wanna meet him.”

She nodded. “Be nice. I really like him.”

“To which you said that about Dylan too.”

She nodded. “I know. But this is different. I can’t say why exactly, but it is.” She turned and brought Nick in. “Nick, these are my parents, Oliver Queen and Felicity Smoak and my pseudo-uncle John Diggle. Everyone, this is Nick Jordan.”

Felicity smiled. He was really cute for a teenage boy. She could definitely see why Lexy liked him. “Nice to meet you, Nick.”

“You too, ma’am. Lex talks about you guys a lot I feel like I know you already.”

John laughed. “Doubt it, but it’s good to meet you.”

“You too, Sir.” He eyed Oliver. He didn’t know if he was going to shake his hand or shoot him.

Oliver smiled. “Nice to meet you, Nick.” He held out his hand.
Nick smiled. “You too, Sir.” They shook hands.

“Jordan?” Oliver asked. “Is your father Nathan Jordan?”

He nodded. “Yep.”

“I met him this morning.”

“Really?” Nick asked curiously. “How?”

“Our applied sciences building was broken into and your dad’s the detective on the case.”

“Oh, cool! Was anyone hurt?”

He nodded. “Yeah. A man was killed and another injured.”

“Oh, man. That sucks. I hope you don’t think I was saying that it was cool that they—”

“No. I understood. He seems like a really good guy.”

He nodded. “He is a really good guy.”

Oliver looked past them. “Can we help you with something, Detective?”

“Oh, CSIs aren't actually detectives. We don't even carry guns. Just some plastic baggies.”

“Uh, where should I set up my equipment?”

Felicity smiled. “I’ll show you.”

“What's going on?” Oliver muttered.

“Oh, I should go,” Nick said immediately. He looked at Lexy. “Can I call you later?”

Lexy nodded. “Yeah. That’s fine.”

Nick quickly left and Barry answered, “Your assistant said that you preferred to keep the investigation in house, so I cleared it with my captain to give you a hand.”

Oliver pulled Felicity off to the side. “What are you doing?”

“We need to find this intruder. And he seems to know more about it than any of us. Forensic science isn't exactly my forte, so... I'd say we need him….wouldn't you?”

He kept his smile in place as he answered, “Mm-hmm. I'll show you around.”

Oliver watched them leave, then turned back to the window. Both Lexy and Diggle stood behind him. “Why am I getting the feeling you know more about this than Felicity's new friend?”

“Pray I'm wrong,” Oliver said.

“Why?” Lexy asked. “Daddy is this something that happened on the island?”

He turned to his little girl and nodded. “It is.”

“Like what?”
He smiled and looked at her. “Let’s see what mom and Barry find first, okay?”

She nodded. “Okay.”

“Lexy, Sweetheart?”

She turned and smiled. “Yeah, mom?”

“Would you like to come with Barry and me at the crime scene?”

“Sure,” she said with a smile. “This should be fun!” She looked back at Oliver, walking backwards. “And if something happens at least we know one of the town’s vigilantes will be there to keep mom and Barry safe.”

Oliver laughed. “Right. Be careful.”

She smiled. “Always.” She walked over to Felicity’s desk and pulled out a set of batons and put them behind her coat. She waved to Oliver and John and got on the elevator with Felicity and Barry. She smiled at Barry. “We haven’t been formally introduced. “I’m Alexandra Queen. Oliver’s my father. Most everyone calls me ‘Lexy’. You can too if you like.”

He smiled. She was a sweetheart. He could just tell. “Barry Allen.”

They got to the Applied Sciences building and Lexy used her own individual code to get into the building. Barry looked at her questionably. Felicity smiled. Barry started setting everything up. Lexy watched. “Barry, would you like some help? I don’t mind at all.” She smiled brightly. “It actually looks really cool.”

“Sure,” he said smiling. “Come on over.”

After they got everything set up, Barry put on some gloves and got down to what needed to be done.

“What exactly are you looking for?” Felicity asked.

“Your thief’s shoes touched the ground, which means he tracked in dozens of clues as to where he’s been the past few days.” He found what he was looking for. “Got ya.” He stood and looked at Felicity. “Shouldn’t take long.”

The computer beeps and he looked at felicity. “So you’ve seen him, right? The Vigilante? Well, vigilantes.”

Felicity just glanced up at him.

“I read that he saved you. What was he like?”

“Green,” she replied simply.

“Green,” he said, sounding a little surprised. “That's interesting, right? I mean, why green? Black would be better for stealth, and urban camouflage. Me, personally, I think that he trained in some sort of like forest or jungle environment, and the green is a nod to that.”

Felicity looked at him again and said, solemnly. “I don't give the vigilante much thought.”
“Police reports show that he uses carbon arrows, but if he switched to an aluminum carbon composite, he would have far better penetration.”

“Maybe he thinks he penetrates just fine,” Felicity said.

Both Barry and Felicity turned when Lexy began choking with laughter. “Sorry. Nick sent me something.” She held up her phone to cover her lie.

Barry looked back at her. “Do you want to know something else? I think that he has partners.”

Lexy stiffened at that statement. Was it that obvious?

Felicity tried to school her features.

“Definitely someone with a background in computer sciences.”

“Yeah.” She leaned over to the computer and pressed a couple of buttons. She looked up at him. “Why are you so interested in the Vigilante?”

He exhaled. “When I was 11, my mom was murdered.”

Lexy gasped and Felicity said, “I’m so sorry.”

“They never caught the guy who did it. Maybe he would have.”

The Computer beeped and Lexy walked to Barry. “I’m sure he would.”

Barry looked at the screen, which had his results. “The soil...there's a crystalline structure in it. That's weird.”

“What?” Lexy asked.

“What’s weird?” Felicity asked at the same time.

“It's sugar.”

“Sugar?” Lexy questioned. “Simple sugars or ‘hey, can you pass me the sugar?’ type sugar?”

Barry smirked. It wasn’t every day he met a girl her age that was really smart. “What’s the difference?”

Lexy smiled. She knew a challenge when she heard one. “Well, simple sugars are like dextrose and fructose. And granulated sugar is what is called ‘Table sugar’ or sucrose.” She smirked. “Next time give me something harder.”

He laughed. “Okay.”

Lexy leaned over one of the other computers and started typing something in. Barry looked at her curiously. “What are you doing?”

“Looking to see if there are any sugar refineries in the area.”

Barry looked up at Felicity curiously. Felicity smiled proudly and kissed her hair. “That’s my girl.”

She smiled. “Thanks, mom.”

“Mom?” Barry asked surprised. “You and Oliver?”
She shook her head. “Not until recently.” She looked at Lexy.

Lexy smiled. “My mom died when I was five in a plane crash. I came to live with my grandmother and my aunt unaware at the time that father was ‘dead’. So, for five years I live with them. Six months after I came to live with grandma Felicity and I met and….it just so happened that she fell in love with me.”

Felicity laughed. “Who couldn’t? I’d like to think mine and Lexy’s closeness is what made Oliver see me differently. Then the IT girl that worked at QC.”

“Found it!” Lexy exclaimed. She typed into something else and smiled. “And that explains it….right there.”

“You found something?” Oliver asked walking in with Diggle.

“We found something,” Felicity confirmed.

“There were trace amounts of sucrose and a spec of dirt the killer dragged in here on his boot.”

Felicity smiled up at him. “Which got our girl thinking. Lex.”

“Well, I remember when I was like in second grade we took a trip to the refinery to see how sugar was made. It took me a minute to remember the name, but it’s about two miles from here.” She bounced on her toes. Trying to stay professional and being excited she did it a lot. “So, then I….” she looked at Barry and then back at her dad. “So, I did what a lot of those police dramas we watch did and I found out that a delivery truck was stolen a few days ago.”

“Their truck matches the make and model of the truck the thief used to steal the centrifuge.”

“Can you track the vehicle?” he asked.

“We’ve been trying,” Felicity told him.

The computer beeped. “What was that?” Oliver asked.

“You’re not going to believe this. The truck, it was just used to rob a blood bank.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yeah. Our guy just made off with 30,000 ccs of O-negative.”

“Are you serious?”

“What, he has super strength, likes blood? Please don't tell me we suddenly believe in vampires.”

“We should give this information to the local police.”

“I'll...take care of that. Did you say that you were working a similar case in Central City?”

“Oh, yeah, um... Yeah, you know, it's similar. Has similar elements. A lot of similarities.”

Oliver pulled Diggle off to the side. “I want you to look into this Allen kid. There's more to him than he's letting on.”
“His intentions seem pretty clear to me.”

“Just do it, please.”

“Oliver, when are you going to tell me what exactly we're up against?”

“Daddy, I'll come with you.”

“No,” Oliver said almost snappishly. He sighed. “Please, stay here with Felicity.”

Lexy watched him walk away for a moment and then caught up to him. She stopped him. “What are you doing? I thought….I thought we were partners?”

He smiled as he looked down at her. He crouched down to her level. “We are. Most definitely we are. But, Baby, first and foremost you’re my baby. And if my hunch is correct you could be seriously injured.”

“Dad, I’ve gone up against some heavy hitters before, what makes this guy so much different?”

“’cause this man may be enhanced.”

“Enhanced how?”

“To make himself stronger.”

“Like a serum or something?”

He nodded. “Exactly.”

“All the more reason I should—”

Oliver stood as he said, “Alexandra, I said no and I meant it.”

Oliver looked up to see Felicity watching them. He then walked around her. She sighed. “Excuse me a minute, Barry.”

“Of course.”

Felicity walked up to Lexy and she launched herself into her mother. Felicity soothed her as the little girl cried. She rested her cheek on her daughter’s head and let her cry, as she herself began to tear up.

Oliver came back to the bunker in absolute pain. He seen John and Felicity at the computers but no Lexy. He continued to look around and saw her with her earbuds in punching the heck out of the dummy. “How long has she been doing that?”

“Um….awhile. Between bouts of crying.”

“Crying?” he asked turning to Felicity.

She gaped at him and then punched his arm. He winced. “Of course, crying, Oliver. What did you expect to happen? You yelled at her. Used her full name. You never do that. That’s how she knows she’s in trouble.” She exhaled softly. “She may absolutely adore me but she forever will be
daddy’s little girl.” She looked up at him. “Do you know why she wanted to do this?”

He looked at her, a confused blank expression. Felicity smiled. “Because you’re her hero. She wanted to be closer to you and she thought the easiest way to do that was to fight beside you. She wants to make you proud, Ollie.”

He sighed and winced. “Fighting beside me doesn’t make me proud of her,” he told her. “She does that every day.”

“Then maybe you should tell her that,” John stated. “Now, what happened?”

“I got hurt,” he said and took off the shirt of his suit.

“Oh, my God….! Daddy!”

Oliver looked over his shoulder. “Hey, Baby.”

“What happened?”

“One of those guys I told you about.”

She watched Felicity pull out some wraps. “No, mama. Not that.” She walked over to the medical station and pulled out a roll of black tape. “This.”

“For that?” she asked.

She nodded. “It’ll stabilize it in case he has broken ribs.” She smiled at her mother’s dubious look. “I researched medical procedures after Uncle John had to do surgery on daddy.”

“She’s right, Baby. It will stabilize it if they’re broken.”

“Oh, daddy, remind me to, uh, talk to you about my bank account.”

He nodded. “Everything okay?”

She nodded. “Yeah. But I have billions of dollars that could be allocated somewhere else. And I have an idea I wanted to run past you.”

He nodded. “Okay.” There was a pause and then he said, “I’m sorry, Lexy.”

She shrugged. He sighed. “Don’t do that, Baby. Come here, please.”

She walked to him and he tilted her chin so that their eyes met as Felicity began to patch him up. “You are the most precious thing to me, you know that, right?”

She nodded slowly. He smiled and pushed her hair out of her face. “If anything ever happened to you beyond what has happened to you I don’t know what I’d do with myself. I love you more than I’ve ever thought I’d love anyone. And mom doesn’t count in this.” He swallowed. “You’re my universe, Lex. I can’t lose you. Okay?”

She nodded and wrapped her arms around his neck. “I love you, daddy.”

He smiled and kissed her cheek. “I love you too, Baby. Ow!”

“Sorry.”
He sighed and leaned up and kissed Felicity. “Thank you.” He exhaled. “You were right to ask if I knew more than I was letting on. I’ve seen men with abilities like that before.”

“You have?” Felicity asked. She faced him. “Where?”

“The island. My second year marooned there, we-- I came across the remains of a Japanese World War II military project. It was a serum designed to create human weapons.”

“Human weapons. My God, what’s next, aliens?”

“This is real, Diggle. Those five years that I was away, I came across things that just... defy explanation.” He glanced There’s a doctor, his name is Ivo, and he came to the island to test the serum on people. The ones that survived, their endurance, reflexes and strength were all enhanced.”

“And you think this Ivo's in Starling City?” Diggle asked.

“He's dead. And so is everyone that he injected with the serum. The last of which...I burned.”

“You think someone found the recipe.”

“The centrifuge and a large supply of blood. I think someone wants to make more of it. A lot more.”

Felicity’s were welled with tears. “Why couldn't you have been marooned on Aruba?”

“There's a third component-- a strong sedative.”

“I think I preferred it when you left these in people.”

“I need you to analyze the blood on the arrowhead. If we can figure out which sedative they're using—”

“We can figure out where the next robbery will be.”

“Barry and I will get right on it.”

Diggle smirked. “I think our Ms. Smoak is. smitten.”

Lexy saw something shift in her father’s blue eyes. “It’s not like that, Uncle John.”

“What do you mean?”

“It’s that whole like minds thing,” Lexy admitted. “Which is what Dylan and I were. He was intelligent and everything that I am and I think that’s what drew us together.”

“And you and Nick?” he asked.

She shrugged. “I don’t know what’s bringing us together,” she admitted. “He’s amazingly smart, but in certain ways he reminds me of daddy too.”

“Oh, Lord,” Oliver said. “I don’t think I want you to hang around him anymore, Lex.”

She laughed and slapped his arm. “Shut up.”
The next morning, Felicity and Barry talked about the particle accelerator as Lexy sent her homework in by email. “That data is misleading.”

“Actually mom’s right. The spike in earthquake activity has majorly spiked. And if this machine is sending the right vibration it can activate an earthquake.”

Barry smiled. “Who can argue with that face?”

“Speaking of misleading…..?

Lexy looked to see Oliver walking in. “What are you talking about?”

“He's not from CSI, he's an assistant. Whose bosses don't know you're in Starling. And there is no similar case in Central City. So tell me, Barry... What are you really doing here?”

Barry sighed when he seen Felicity and Lexy look at him. “I told you my mom was murdered.”

“By your father.”

“He didn't do it.” Barry said coming charging toward Oliver.

“You said that the police didn't find the man who killed her.”

“The police think they did. My dad has been serving a life sentence. They didn't believe me.”

“About what?”

“I was 11. One night... something just came into our house, like a tornado. A blur. Somewhere inside The Blur, I saw a person. My dad went to fight it. I tried to get 'em when suddenly…” He sighed. “I was 20 blocks away from our house. Nobody believed me.” He chuckled wryly. “They thought I was trying to cover for my father. But what I saw that night was real. As real as the man that ripped down that metal door with his bare hands. That's why I look into cases like this. The ones nobody believes are possible. Maybe if I can just make sense of one, I might be able to find out who really killed my mother. And free my dad. I am sorry I lied to you,” he said to Oliver.

Felicity and Lexy stare at him, totally shocked by his gall.

“He did lie about who he really was.”

Felicity scoffed. “And what do we do every day?” She walked off.

Lexy waited for the door to close and then she looked at her dad. “What is wrong with you, huh? Why are you doing this? Acting like this?”

He sighed and looked down at the floor. She groaned and looked up at the ceiling. “Oh, my God… even hot guys have insecurities.”

“What?”

She smiled and took her dad’s hands. “Daddy, mama loves you.”

He looked into her eyes and decided to not lie to her. “I can’t compete….”

“He can’t compete with you, daddy. You’ve got mom’s heart. No one else, especially not Barry. Not that there is anything wrong with Barry.” She touched his cheek with the palm of her hand. “She loves you. How can someone who sees everything not see how much the woman of his
dreams loves him right back?”

She dropped her hand and walked away and out the door. She pulled her phone out of her pocket and dialed Nick’s number. “Hey, Jordan. Doing anything at eight tonight?”

“Was gonna watch the game with dad.”

“Would you like to go to a party with me instead?”

“Sure. What’s the party for?”

“It’s a welcome home party for my grandma.”

“Yeah, I’ll go.”

She smiled. “Cool. I’ll have Uncle John pick you up. Please be ready by seven-thirty.”

That night at the party, Nick waited nervously as he looked around. He looked at Roy. “Thought this was a party?”

“Mrs. Queen’s not as popular as she used to be.” Roy turned when he seen the Queens walk in.

Nick turned and his breath caught in his throat. Lexy looked amazing. She wore a beautiful burgundy lace and satin floor-length gown. Her long blond hair was curled and all pulled to one side. “Wow….”

She walked up to him. “Thanks for coming.”

“No, thank you for inviting me.”

She laughed. She looked toward the bar and saw her father toast with the Wicked Witch. She smiled, kissed his cheek and said, “Excuse me for a minute.” She walked toward her father. She tapped him. She smiled at her grandmother. “Excuse us, please?”

She nodded. “Go ahead.”

Lexy took his hand and pulled him off to the side. “What is wrong with you?!” she asked keeping her voice.

“What?”

“You’re making toasts with her now?”

He exhaled. “Lex, we’re business partners.”

“Doesn’t change the fact that I can’t trust her as far as I could throw her and I’m sure I could throw her pretty far considering she’s skinnier than I am.”

Oliver smirked. She held up a finger to him. “Don’t you dare try to be cute. Dang it, dad!”

He looked at her. “What is going on with you?”

“You know how you were feeling inadequate to Barry, well, mom feels inadequate to her.” She folded her arms in front of her. “Not to mention, the woman hates me. And would much rather
have me shipped off to a Swiss Boarding school so she doesn’t have to look at me.” She pulled her hand from his. “So, thanks, dad. You just ruined my night.”

“Lex.”

She kept walking. She took Nick’s hand and pulled him out of the room. She exhaled as she stood outside the reception room. Nick looked at her. “You okay?”

She shrugged, sighed. “I feel like everything’s falling apart. My mom and dad are fighting. Dad and I are fighting.” She looked up into his eyes and her heart skipped. “You might wanna go home. I might start a fight with you.”

He laughed softly and kissed her hand. “I’m not going anywhere, Lex.” He smiled, pushing a fallen strand of hair out of her face. Her eyes went to his. “Start a fight with me if you want, but I’m not going anywhere until the party’s over.”

She smiled up at him. “Would you want a tour?”

“Sure.”

About an hour into the tour, Lexy’s phone began to ring. She pulled it out of her purse and looked at it. “It’s my mom. Excuse me.”

He nodded. She walked down the hall of the upstairs and answered, “Hey, mom. What’s up?”

“Your dad needs you….I think.”

“You think?”

“Yeah. He’s taking on one of those serum freaks.”

“I’ll be right there.” She rushed to Nick. “Um…..will you wait here for me, please?”

He nodded. “Sure. Um…..where are you going?”

“My mom needs something from my dad’s room here at the house. I’ll be right back.”

“Okay.” He looked at her suspiciously as she ran down the hall to what he figured was his room.

Lexy quickly changed into the spare she kept at the mansion and climbed out the window. She then hopped down and got onto her bike. She revved it up and peeled out of the driveway, tires squealing. She tapped her chest com. “Where is he?”

“The Argus medical supply building. I’m sending you the address.”

Lexy tapped the screen on her bike and seen the address. “Okay.” She sighed. “Hang on, daddy. I’m coming.”

About ten minutes later, she got off her bike and ran toward the building. She came upon both Oliver and some weird mask dude and used her batons screaming feature and kept it going, until she went to her father. She got him to his feet and then helped him out. She turned off her baton and tapped her chest com again. “Mom. I got dad, but he….” She took a deep breath. “He….he’s been poisoned.”
“We’ll be right there, baby.”

They get there and Felicity and Diggle argue about whether or not to call 9-1-1. She rolled her eyes and sighed. She pulled her phone out and dialed someone. “Hey, It’s Lexy. Um…..I need your help.” She smiled. “It’s my dad….”

John looked at her. “Who did you call?”

She smiled. “Thank you.” She hung up. “Barry.”

“Oh, man, your father’s going to kill you.”

She looked up at him. “Ask me if I care!” she almost screamed. This time instead of holding back the tears, she let them fall. “He’s my father.” She shook her head. “I-I-I-I can’t lose another parent, Dig. I won’t!”

He knelt down in front of her. “All right, Small Fry. I’ll take care of it. You go back to the bunker with your mom. I’ll get both of them back, okay?”

She nodded.

Barry came to a little disoriented and his vision was blurry. He cleared enough to look around the room. He saw the arrows, the batons that were sitting on a tilted stand, and then his eyes fell on a man in a green suit. The man he’d known. Lexy and Felicity came into view and Lexy said. “Please, save my dad.”

This is an introduction to Barry. If you'd like to know how he figures out being the Flash.....and a dad to 8-year-old twins....head over to this link: https://archiveofourown.org/works/15690246/chapters/36458376
Chapter Summary

After fighting Cyrus Gold and almost dying, Oliver starts hallucinating ghosts from his pasts. Can he get past them to take down Cyrus?

Nick and Lexy are taking one small step into having a romantic relationship. And Nick discovers a hidden talent of Lexy's.

While chasing down a lead in the search for Max Stanton, Roy is held hostage and forced to be injected with the Mirakuru. Knowing the affects that this can have on the body will Oliver and Lexy get there in time to save him?

Chapter Notes

AUTHOR'S NOTE: I know some may think it's out of character for Oliver to cry. But I think it's amazing when a man--a father--has so much love for his child that it hurts him just as much to see his child in pain. So, that's why I wrote the scene coming up the way I did.

Lexy looked at her friend. “Please, Barry, help him.” She sighed shakily. “I need him. Please.”

The piercing scream of the flatling monitor had her turning around and helping Dig hold him down. “Hold him!”

He stopped seizing, but the monitor was still screaming. John put a couple of fingers to his pulse point on his neck. “He's not going to make it.”

Lexy let out a gasping whimper.
“He will,” Felicity said more to Lexy than to Dig. “We just have to find out what's in his system.”

“I--I--I usually only work on dead people,” Barry stuttered.

Lexy whimpered again. “Barry, please. You have to try.”

He looked up at the young girl who looked more grown up in this moment than he had seen her yesterday. “All right, I can think of four possible diagnosis for what's causing his body to react this way.” He checks his pupils. “Make that three possible diagnosis.” He checks something else. “Two. Start chest compressions,” he told Dig. He took some of his blood and looked at it. “Got it. He's suffering from intravenous coagulation.”

“What?” Felicity asked.

“In English, Barry!” Lexy exclaimed.

“His blood is unnaturally clotting. It's like maple syrup.”

“You can save him, right?”

He seen the rat poison. “Lucky you guys have a rat problem.”

He made it up the concoction.

“Are you kidding?” Diggle asked. “That'll kill him!”

“He dies if I don't.”

“Felicity...”

She looked at their daughter. She knew that Lexy would be crushed beyond even what she could help with if Oliver died, she said to Barry. “Do it!”

“Just the right amount of this stuff will thin his blood enough to get it circulating again.”

Moments later, the monitor started beeping regularly again. Then seconds later, there was a chocking, gagging sound filled the air. Dig and Felicity came over with Lexy coming to the table. “Oliver, let him go. Oliver!”

He stood. “What the... What the hell is going on?”

“You were injected with a strong-acting blood coagulant,” Felicity explained.

Lexy walked to Barry. Looking at him. “You okay?”

He nodded, then coughed. “You would have stroked out, ahem, but fortunately you had a very effective blood thinner handy. Warfarin. Better known as rat poison.”

“Kid saved your life, Oliver.”

“This is the point in a lifesaving emergency where you thank the person that did the lifesaving,” Felicity reminded him wryly.

“You told him who I am,” Oliver accused, turning to Felicity.

“I did.”
He turned to his daughter. He could tell she was upset and had been crying. “Baby, that wasn’t your secret—”

“It may not have been my secret to tell but you’re my father!” she screamed. “For me that will always come first. Which means if telling your secret to the world will save your life then I’ll do it.”

“Lex—”

“I don’t care if you do this ever again….” She cried. “As long as you….you’re….you’re here with me, daddy.”

He rushed to her and held her. He looked at the others. “What if he tells the police?”

“He wouldn’t do that,” Felicity vowed.

“I wouldn’t do that,” he promised.

“I trust him.”

“I don’t!”

The couple start to argue. But Barry interjected. “I'm not going to tell anyone. And you don't have to thank me, but you should thank her and your daughter instead of being kind of a jerk.”

Oliver started for him, but Lexy stopped him. “No, daddy. Sit down.”

He looked down at her and she glared at him. “I said sit down.”

He almost smiled when he seen the look that Janine gave him when he was pushing her buttons. He sat. She looked at every adult in the room. “You know what the sad part of this whole thing is…..the fact that I’m acting more mature than all of you and I’m only thirteen!”

“Twelve,” Felicity coughed.

She rolled her eyes. “Yes, thank you mom. You just proved my point.” She looked at her dad. “Now, listen to me, I told him because I can’t lose you too. Daddy, I just got you back last year. I don’t…..” she shifted her tear-filled eyes to his. “Don’t be mad.”

He pulled her on to his lap. He hadn’t realized how much she actually needed him until now. She was usually acting so mature and everything, but this was his little girl. “I’m not mad, Baby.”

His phone buzzed and he looked at the message. He looked at Lexy. “Come on. Let’s go to the mansion.” He took her hand and started walking out. He stopped at Felicity and kissed her lips softly. “I love you.”

She smiled and leaned into his hand which was resting on her cheek. “I love you.” She kissed his palm. “Go. See what your mom wanted.”

“Oh, crap!”

“What?”

“I told Nick to wait for me. With this whole thing I completely forgot.”

He smiled. “Look sick.”
“What?”

“We’ll tell them that you and I were in the ER last night. You have food poisoning.”

She nodded. She hoped she could do that.

They got into the mansion and Oliver and Lexy walked in. “Mom?”

“Oliver, thank you for coming home, sweetheart.”

“Is everything all right?”

“Well, I don't know. Your sister has locked herself in her room and she won't talk to me.”

“Don't worry, I'll talk to her.”

“Ok.”

He then realized what holiday was coming up. “It's Christmas.”

“Yes.”

“But given the last gala that we threw, I think we're going to skip this year's Christmas party.”

He laughed wryly. He still felt bad about that. “Thea, it's Ollie. Open the door.”

“Not--not now, Ollie.”

Speedy, open the door!”

“Is mom with you?”

“No! Lexy is. Open the door.”

The door opened a few minutes later. “What's going on?”

“I didn't want mom to see.”

“See what?”

She stepped aside, to reveal Roy with an arrow in his leg. “Oh, My God…..” She rushed to him.

“What happened to him?” They came into the room.

“Vigilante decided to use him as target practice. You're right-- the guy's a psycho.”

“Why didn't you go to the hospital?” He asked them.

“In this city, an arrow's the same as a bullet if you want the cops involved.”

“And mom actually likes Roy, but something tells me she'd revoke his tree trimming invitation if she found out he was messing around with the Hood.”

“Aunt Thea’s got a point, daddy.” She looked at him. “What do you wanna do?”
“Get on the bed. Help Thea hold him down.”

He walked up to Roy, took the towel. “Roy, this is going to hurt.” He took the alcohol that Sin held in her hand and he poured it on the wound. Roy cried out.

“Shh…..” Lexy soothed.

He pulled it out and Roy screamed in pain. Oliver looked at Lexy. “Sweetheart, come here.”

She slid over and took the towel from him, putting pressure on it as she laid the towel over the wound. He smiled. “Thank you.” He walked off.

She looked up at Roy. “You’ll be okay, Roy. Promise.”

Oliver helped her off the bed and they walked out. As they headed down the hall, Oliver turned and went the other way. “Daddy?”

Thea looked at Lexy and then Oliver. “Ollie?”

He turned and she looked at him curiously. “Who were you talking to?”

“It’s nothing,” Oliver told her.

“I knew the Vigilante had partners.”

“He likes to be called the Arrow now.”

“You three have messed with some really nasty people. The Doll Maker, Count Vertigo, Dodger, The Huntress.”

“We weren’t keeping score.”

“I was.”

Felicity looked over her shoulder at Barry. “And by the way, it’s four. Lexy took down the Count the first time.”

“How does a twelve-year-old do that by the way?”

“Because I can make my batons sing,” Lexy stated as she rushed into the room.

“Barry. The rat poison that you gave me...are there any side effects?” Oliver asked standing in front of him.

“Um, yeah, I think hallucinations, maybe. And excessive sweating. Are you sweating excessively?”

Felicity knew and stood in front of him. “You’re hallucinating? What are you seeing?”

“A girl named Shado that was with me on the island.”

“Shado. Sara. How many women were you marooned with? Are you sure this wasn’t fantasy island?”
Lexy sighed and looked at her dad. She opened her mouth to say something, Barry started excitedly talking.

“You did train in a jungle or forest environment, hence the green.”

Oliver glanced at him and Barry knew to shut up. “Hey, let me draw some blood, see what's up.”

Oliver held out his arm and Barry prepared it for the blood. “Hey, can I ask you something? Why no mask? Not to tell you how to do your vigilante...ing, but the grease paint thing? It's a poor identity concealer.”

“So find me a mask that conforms perfectly to my face and doesn't affect my ability to aim while I'm on the run. You should look into a compressible micro fabric. It could be great.”

Lexy’s phone rang and she looked at Oliver. “It’s Nick. Dad?”

He held out his hand and she handed it to him. He looked at everyone else and held up a finger in a ‘be quiet’ gesture. He answered, “Lexy’s phone. This is her father.”

“Hey, Mr. Queen, um….is Lexy okay?”

He smiled. He could actually hear the genuine concern in his voice. “She’s fine. She got a really weird stomach bug last night and her mom and I had to take her to the hospital.”

“Oh, God…..is-is-is she okay?”

He smiled again. “She’s fine. It’s a twenty-four bug.”

“Is it contagious or can I come over and see her?”

“Sure. She’ll be at the apartment. Come about six. That’s when Felicity and I get home.”

“Yes, sir.”

There was a pause.

“Tell her I hope she feels better, Sir.”

“I will. Thank you for calling, Nick. She’s sorry that she bailed on the party, by the way.”

“You’re welcome. Tell her not to worry about it as long as she gets better.”

“I will. Bye.”

“Bye, Sir.”

Oliver ended the call and looked at Lexy. “I like that kid.” He smiled. “Maybe a little more than Dylan.”

Lexy took her phone back, slipped it into her back pocket and laughed. “Thanks, daddy.”

“I found Cyrus Gold,” Felicity announced.

“Who?”

“Who’s Cyrus Gold?” Oliver asked at the same time.
“The human weapon that left you nearly dead the other night. The kid did manage to pull his print off your neck.”

Oliver looked over his shoulder at him.

“I've had facial recognition software scanning closed circuit cameras all over town. He's at the corner of Delgado and 25th right now, but we're just about to lose him.”

“What else is at that intersection?” Oliver asked.

“A parking lot, a market, a motel. Could be where he's holed up.”

“I got this.”

“Oliver... Why don't you let me handle this one? It's just recon.”

“Fine. But I'm going as your back-up.”

The 2 men walked out. Barry looked at Felicity. “Don't worry. I'll figure out what's wrong with Oliver.”

“You'd be the first,” she muttered.

Lexy giggled. “I better get to the apartment. Nick’s gonna be coming over.” She kissed Felicity on the cheek. “Bye, Barry.”

“Bye, Lex. You’re gonna let her walk by herself?”

She smiled. “The girl can take care of herself, Barry.”

Lexy got to the apartment at about 5:30 that afternoon and she headed into her room. She threw her pajamas on and picked up her throw. She messed up her hair to make it look like she’d been home all day. She brought her phone to life and called her mom. “Hi, mama.”

“Hey, Baby, you okay?”

“I’m fine. Nick’s due over any minute and I think I may be overthinking this a little bit.”

“What?”

“Should I pale myself out a little bit or what?”

She laughed. “I love you.”

“I love you too, but I’m serious. Should I?”

“No. You’re overthinking it. Your dad said it was a twenty-four bug so if you say you’re getting your color back or something then he shouldn’t be suspicious.”

Lexy opened her mouth to say something but stopped when the knock happened. “Gotta go. He’s here. Tell dad we gotta figure out an easier way to lie to Nick so that I don’t feel so guilty hanging out with him. By the way, you and daddy coming home?”

“Can’t. Just stay in the living room and daddy and I will be home soon.”
“Okay, Love you.”

“Love you too.”

Lexy hung up and threw it on the couch. “Coming!” she yelled. She quickly flipped the TV on and then walked to the door. She opened and smiled when she seen medium sized woven basket in his hands. Her heart thudded in her chest. “Aww….Nick!”

He smiled. “It’s nothing major. My mom mostly helped me with it.” He pointed at an item in the plastic wrapping and said, “That’s for your stomach.” He wrinkled his nose. “Personally I don’t like ginger tea, but try it and see what you think.”

She wrinkled. “No,” she said and let him come in. “Uh….I like mint usually if I’m not feeling well, but thank you.” She kissed his cheek. “It was very sweet of you.”

“You’re welcome. Feeling better?”

“Lots,” she said smiling. She opened the basket and looked at the items inside. There was a lavender bubble bath, chicken soup, the tea, some mints and then she looked up at him curiously. “Gossip magazines.”

He shrugged. “Chris’ girlfriend put them in there. Saying because you’re a girl you’d want to know the gossip.”

“No,” she scoffed. “I love the sources for these things.” She closed the magazine and plopped the entire pile on the table. “Future reference if you want to get me magazines, gossips aren’t it, neither is fashion magazines. My aunt’s usually up on fashion trends. However, I read. Nothing in particular. Just whatever interests me on B&N or Amazon or even at SC Books. But right now I seem to be into romantic comedies.”

“So, what do you do for fun?” He asked sitting back against the arm of the couch.

She sat down on the other side and put her back against the arm. “Um…..” She couldn’t even believe she was admitting this. Not even Dylan knew about her ability to draw, neither did her parents. But she had read if she wanted to have a good relationship, communication was one of the keys to it and that included things she never told anyone else. “I draw.”

He gaped at her for a moment. “Really?”

“Yeah. My parents don’t even know.”

“Why not?”

She shrugged. “I just never told them. Or even do it with them around. Usually I’m drawing things in my room or something.”

“Can I see something?” he asked gently.

“Um….sure.” She stood and walked into her room. She grabbed her large sketchbook. She opened to finished drawing and then walked into the living room where Nick sat.

He seen the picture as she handed it to him. It was amazing. It was in forest like landscape with a mountain range. It looked so real. “Wow….Lex, this is amazing!”
She gave him a one-shoulder shrug. Nick watched her and realized she was embarrassed. He moved closer to her. He opened his mouth to say something and caught himself before he said it. Then again, she was showing him a side of herself that not even her parents have seen, so why not show her the nickname he uses when it’s just him. He touched her cheek and she looked up into his face. “They’re beautiful, Angel. I’m not just saying that because I want to be with you. I’m saying it because it’s true.” He shook the notebook for a moment. “This is really cool.”

She smiled. “Thanks.” She bit her lip and then lowered her eyes to the sketchbook. She flipped to a few pages in with her fingers and looked up at Nick. “This one’s not done yet, but since you basically said you like me like that, I think I should show you this. Maybe you’ll….you know.”

He let her flip it to the page she had found and he looked down at the amazing pencil sketch that she had drawn. It was of that first day after the park meet when they sat outside eating lunch. It was colored in with all the colors that were seen that day.

He pulled his eyes to hers and her heart hammered in her chest as the butterflies in her stomach swarmed. “You drew me?”

She nodded slowly. “In all honesty, I was hoping that if I drew you it’d go away.”

“What would?”

She bit her lip and exhaled. “The crush. I haven’t been able to get you out of my head and getting to know you these past few weeks has made it worse,” she joked. “But the drawing made it worse too.” She released a breath. “But I can honestly say that I’m not ready yet to get into another relationship not even with you, no offense.”

He laughed softly. “None taken.”

“I’ve discovered one thing about myself.”

“What’s that?” he asked.

“I’m the type that jumps into something with both feet and the rest of me, so if we do start dating I’d be all in and—” her words were stopped by his hand over her mouth.

He smiled. “You’re adorable when you’re rambling. Listen to me okay?”

She nodded, but he kept his hand in place.

“I’m not here because I just want to date you. I’m here because I want to do both. I want to date you and be your friend. Lex, from the moment we met I felt something with you that I have never felt with anyone else—and trust me I’ve had a lot of crushes before you.” He dropped his hand from her mouth and pressed it to his heart. “But this feeling is stronger, a lot stronger.” He smiled at her. “Now, I don’t know why you feel like you’ve got to tell me all this but you don’t. Maybe that’s because of the pressure or whatever and if I did it I apologize from the bottom of my heart. The last thing I would want is for you to feel pressured to do anything you’re not ready for.” He took both her hands in his. “Can I tell you a secret?”

She nodded.

“I’m not ready to explore the feelings that I have for you yet either. In fact, what I feel for you kinda scares me. But I am very much liking where we are going now. I want to be with you, but only when we both are ready. And I’m not going to try to push you or speed you up.” He touched her cheek lovingly and lowered his voice as he said, “We’re doing this at your pace. If you want to
wait until your birthday or until next Christmas before we start dating then I’m still going to be here. I’m not going anywhere—”

“But why?”

“What do you mean?”

“Why are you so willing to wait? From what I’ve seen with the guys at school and….” Her voice trailed off for a moment. “….with Dylan, even though they say they’re willing to wait, I’ve always sensed that there was this underlying pressure to go with the crowd or whatever.” She sighed. “Which is why I tried to speed things up with Dylan so quickly because even though he kept telling me he was willing to go at my pace….I’m not totally sure he would have, because I knew deep down I wasn’t ready to do any of that stuff. In fact, speeding things up with him kinda scared me because I want to be absolutely one-hundred percent sure that whatever moment I’m in is because I want to be there, because I’m ready to be there.”

She squeezed his hands. “I can tell with you that you actually mean what you’re saying and I’m just curious as to why you’re so willing to wait when there’s fifty other girls that you could be making out with or letting you go a little bit further. Why wait for me to be ready?”

She seriously had no idea how much he cared about her. Maybe it was about time to start doing both. Showing her how much he liked her, but being her friend too. He smiled at her, caressed her cheek with his fingertips. “I’m willing to wait because….I will be willing to wait because…. He tilted her chin to look at him when she looked down at the floor. “Because you’re worth the wait, Lex.” He saw the shadow of doubt in her eyes and his smile widened, his eyes sparkling with an affection he didn’t know yet. “And if Dylan pressured you into thinking otherwise then it’s his loss and my gain. Because I think you’re the most amazing person I know. You’re smart, funny, sassy and absolutely beautiful.”

She looked into his eyes and from her training as the Sparrow she knew he was being genuine with his words which made him even more amazing to her. How did she get so lucky? She let go of his hands and wrapped her arms around his neck and held on, turning her face into his neck. She felt him wrap his arms around her waist and hold on, turning his face into her hair.

“I’m not going anywhere, Lex. I promise you. And I’m going to show you that I mean it.”

She held him and hoped he was right. Because she could see herself getting some major feelings for this guy by the time she was actually ready.

About an hour later, Nick left and Lexy quickly picked everything up and put it away, then she ran into her room to change just as she heard the door open.

“Lexy, honey, it’s mom.”

“Okay, mom. Be right out.” She quickly pulled on a pair of black leggings and gray sweatshirt. She pulled her hair out of the collar and walked out of her room, a pair of flats in hand. She smiled when she seen Barry too.

“Is Nick here?”

She shook her head. “Nope. He left about fifteen minutes ago. He had a major English paper coming up. He had to go home and type it.” She smiled at her mom. “Remind me later to tell you what he said to me before we watched a couple episodes of Friends.”
Felicity smiled. “Okay. Good or bad?”

“Good. I think very good.” She looked at Barry. “Hi, Barry.”

“Hi, Lex. So, did he buy you being sick?”

She nodded. “I think so.”

Felicity smiled. “I knew you could do it. Wanna go back to the Bunker with us?”

She nodded. “Yeah, lets go.”

They got back to the bunker to see Oliver sweeping up glass. Lexy came into the room, her jaw hitting the floor. “Daddy…..wha—wha—what happened?”

“What happened in here?” Felicity asked coming to him. “Did someone break in?”

“No,” Oliver told her and squeezed her fingers.

The computer beeped. Barry walked over to the computer and looked. “Your blood analysis is done. Good news.”

“So you know what's in my system?”

“That's the thing-- your blood's clean. There's nothing wrong with you.”

“Then why am I hallucinating?!”

“Daddy.”

“I'm sorry, Baby.”

Barry looked at Lexy and then said, “I don't know. But whatever your problem is, it's not pharmacological.”

“It's psychological,” they finished at the same time.

“It's in your head.”

“It's in my head.”

“Oh, my God. Oliver,” Felicity said staring at the computer screen.

The Arrow went to go talk to Detective Lance and he apologize for his partner and putting him in that position. Lance gave him a key and he gave to Felicity when he got back to the Bunker. He flipped his hood off and looked at Lexy. “Did it go okay with Nick?”

She nodded. “It went amazingly well. Thank you.”

John smiled. “She's happy.”
She nodded. “I am. I think I kinda…..got a boyfriend.”

“Kinda?” Felicity asked. “You don’t know?”

She explained the conversation to John, Oliver, Felicity and Barry. She ended with, “And I swear it felt like he was telling the truth. Like I can feel it in my bones. I think he meant every word he said.”

Felicity smiled. “Which lifts a weight off your shoulders right?”

She nodded. “It does. With knowing he isn’t going anywhere I don’t need to be ‘on-stage’ all the time.”

Felicity laughed when she seen the weird guy looks. “She means with the makeup and the outfits. She can meet him at the gym in a pair of sweat pants and an old ratty t-shirt and he isn’t going to care.”

Oliver was floored. He hadn’t realized she felt that way about Dylan. He knew she was starting to get feelings for Nick. It was obvious, but to him it sounded like Dylan wasn’t really as cool as he thought. Lexy was really good with reading people and if she felt like he was pressuring her then that’s all he needed to hear. He smiled and kissed her forehead. “Sounds like to me he really likes you and not just as a friend.”

She nodded, smiling from ear to ear. “Isn’t that cool?!”

Oliver smiled. “That’s amazing, Baby. I’m proud of you for taking this one slow.”

Dig and Oliver talk about ‘war’ emotional wounds.

“Guys, we got something here.” Felicity turned her chair to face them. “I scanned the key Lance gave you, and traced its serial code back to the manufacturer.”

“This particular key fits a locked gate somewhere on Crescent Circle in the Glades,” Barry interjected.

“Where are you going?” Felicity asked when he grabbed his bow. “You can't go out there in your condition. I have to stop this. Oliver, Gold left you half dead, which is 50 percent better than how he left Detective Hilton.”

“Felicity... I don't have a choice. I'll come back.”

“Promise me.”

He smiled, tucked a hand behind her neck and kissed her. “I love you.”

She sighed. “I love you too.”

Oliver started heading out, but Lexy calling to him had him turning around.

“Let me come with you,” she insisted.

“Lex, we talked—”

“My batons can hurt him in sing mode.”

He stopped and turned to her. “What?”
“When you were fighting Gold, mom called me. Which is why I left Nick at grandma’s. I walked in there. Never with the intention to fight him because if you can’t fight him I’m not going to be able to. So, I used the singing and distracted him.” She looked at Oliver, to John, to Felicity. “The sound at almost its highest level disorientated him. And he went to his knees.” She looked at her father. “Please.”

“Go get dressed.”

Felicity quickly stood and walked to him. “You’re gonna let her do this?”

He nodded. “I believe in her, Felicity. She took him down, Fe. That’s saying something about that sound.”

Oliver and Lexy got to the place that Felicity had told them and they both hopped down. She fought enough to stand near Roy. She glared at him. “Get away from him,” she said firmly.

“Ahh….the Sparrow.”

“Touch me and I promise you broken shins will be the least of your worries, you mask wearing freak.” She glanced at her father and watched him fight Gold. When Gold slammed him into a wall and he watched Roy die, he passed out. Lexy sighed.

The masked guy looked at Lexy. “Looks like it’s just you and me, Sparrow.”

She flicked her wrist and then touched the voltage end to Cyrus who cried out in pain and then she turned it on the masked man. “Arrow! Arrow, get up.” She swung one of her batons into the masked man’s knees and he moaned. “ARROW! Wake up!”

Pulling herself together, she started fighting the exact way that Oliver had trained her. If she was going to go down like her father she was going to go down fighting. Oliver jumped up and began fighting alongside her. He pulled an arrow and shot out the lights and the disgusting green goo. Roy fell over during the commotion. The roof of the building fell in on Gold and someone else. Lexy looked around and then moved to Roy.

She moaned. “Ouch.” She pulled her glove off and touched his pulse point. “Daddy, I don’t feel a pulse.”

“Cut him free. We’ll do CPR.”

She took out the knife that was in it’s holster at her boot and cut him free. She pulled him clear of the chair and then sat him down, holding her side. “Seriously, his fists were like danged cement blocks.”

“I’ll look when we get back to the bunker, okay?”

“Yeah. Let’s just save him.”

He began doing chest compressions. “Hey. I am not leaving anyone else to die!” He shook him a little and then continued the compressions. “You're strong, kid. Come on! Come on! Come on, Roy!”

“Roy, don’t you die on me!” Lexy yelled to her friend. “Come on. Please…..”
He continued and then he shook him one last time. “Fight. Come on, fight!”

And then Roy gasped and Lexy started bawling. “Oh, thank God!” She touched her father’s arm in relief.

He kissed her hair. “Come on, Baby. Let’s get him to the mansion and then I’ll take a look at that side for you.”

They got back to the bunker and Lexy eased herself into a chair and hissed as she sat. “Man….”

Oliver walked to her. “Baby, take your top off, please.”

She pulled off her jacket, then unzipped her suit, stopping at her waist. She slowly pulled her arms out of the sleeves and whimpered in pain. There was a softball sized bruise at that started at her side boob and went down to her ribs. It was yellow, pinkish-red and purple.

Felicity gasped. “Oh, my God!” She cuffed Oliver. “I thought you said she wasn’t going to fight with you.”

“Mom, stop, please,” she begged. She looked at Oliver. “Daddy, make it go away.” She looked at her mother as her father inspected her side. “I did this, mom. Not dad.” She pointed at her side. “This is not his fault. I fought Gold on my own. And I got a few licks into that Creepy Masked Man too.”

Oliver walked over and grabbed the medical tape and walked back to her. He knelt in front of her. “Turn sideways, Sweetheart.”

She did as he requested, but slowly. “Is it as bad as mom makes it seem?”

He chuckled softly. “She’s mom. It’s always going to be worse than it is, but this is pretty bad. You’ve got a cracked rib.”

“Great,” she muttered.

He looked into her eyes as he said, “This is going to hurt, Baby. And mom might cry and me too.”

She laughed and then gasped. “Just hurry.”

He ripped off enough of the black tape and started pressing it to the wound.

She hissed and cried out. “Owwwww!”

“I know, Baby, I’m sorry,” his own voice choked with tears. “Just hang on. I’m almost done, okay?”

She nodded. He tried to gently as he could press the tape to her side. Again she cried out in pain, but this time she actually started crying too. By the time Oliver had finished, he and Felicity were in tears and even John teared up.

Felicity sighed. “Baby, why are you doing this?”

“What?”
“You’re hurt. Why are you doing this?”

“Because I’m making a difference. I’m saving people’s lives. That’s the best job in the world to me.” She looked at Oliver. “And I want to make you proud to call me your daughter.”

His heart shattered in that moment. “Oh, Lexy, you are my proudest moment. I’m always going to be proud of you, but not because you fight alongside me, but because you’re a part of me. You’re half of me, Lex. From the moment that I held you in my arms I knew you were going to do great things. I vowed in that moment, while looking down at your downy little cap of hair and the most beautiful face I’d ever seen, that no matter what I did in my life you were always going to know you were loved, cared for and that as long as you did something with your heart and put your all in it then I was going to be proud of you.” He smiled and gently pushed her hair back. “And today, in this moment, I’ve never been prouder to call you my daughter, but not because you’re the Sparrow, but because you’re growing up into the most beautiful and intelligent young woman I’ve ever had the privilege to meet.”

Lexy shot forward, ignoring the pain in her side and hugged her father. “And despite what anyone calls you daddy there will never be a moment where I regret being a Queen. I am proud to be your daughter and I love being a Queen—even if the last few years have been rough for me.”

He squeezed softly. “I love you, Sweetheart.”

“I love you too, Daddy.”

Oliver stood and looked at everyone as Lexy grabbed a sweatshirt and slipped it on as Oliver said, “We have a problem. Roy was injected with the serum.”

“Oh, my God. Is he okay?”

“He’s alive. Thanks to Lexy. But we are going to have to keep an eye on him.”

“And Cyrus Gold?” John asked.

“Died on Saturday, buried on Sunday. But he was working with someone. I saw him.”

“I did too. I actually fought him.” She looked at them. “He was wearing this really creepy mask that looked like a prop effect skull or something.”

“You fought him?” John asked.

“Yeah. He wasn’t much to fight.”

Felicity sighed. “Was this before or after Gold cracked your rib?”

“During,” she said. She smiled at John. “The Masked Man wasn’t much of a fighter.” She smirked. “Kinda like what you would picture Oliver Queen to be before the island,” she teased.

Oliver laughed. “Yes, Sweetheart, thank you for that.” He looked at the others. “He’s trying to mass produce the serum to build an army.”

“For what?” Dig asked.

“You're a soldier. What's the primary purpose of an army?”

“War.”
Lexy seen the box and the name on it. “Daddy.”

“Yes, Baby?”

“You’ve got a present.”

Oliver walked over and took the box from her. He opened it. It was a mask like Barry was describing.

John smirked. “Even the Arrow deserves a present.”

Oliver smiled and handed the box to Dig. Felicity stood in front of him and took the mask from him. She slipped it into place. “How do I look?”

She smiled. “Like a Hero.” She moved out of the way.

Lexy smiled. “Oh, daddy! You look great!”

He put his hood on and smiled at her. Lexy smiled. “Still great.”
Oliver walked up behind her and wrapped one arm around, pushing her hair to one side with the other. He kissed her neck. “It’s not over yet.”

They had just spent the evening going to dinner and reconnecting as a couple. Something they both noticed they needed. Now, it was time for the best way to cap the night off. She felt the fire in her thighs go to her center and she moaned into him. Then turned in his arms and kissed him hot and hard. Oliver stumbled back and gripped her hips to help steady himself. Once he was steadied, he wrapped his hand into her blond hair and deepened the kiss.

Moments later he pulled back and gasped. “Fe….what….?”

She wrapped her fingers at the buttons and pulled him to the bed. She took the small spaghetti straps and slid them down her arms, then pushed it past her hips, where it pooled at her feet. She laid out on the bed and spread her legs.

He’d seen her horny before, but he’s never her like this before. This was beyond her normal horny. But he wasn’t going to argue with her. He got onto the bed, looped his thumbs into her panties and
tugged them down her legs. He dropped them to the floor and he got into position, settling between her thighs. He seen the liquid beginning to drip down her already. “Fuck, baby....” He looked at her. “You’re already drenched.”

She smiled down her body at him. “Can’t help it.”

As soon as his tongue touched her folds she threw her head back and moaned. He sipped the juices coming out of her and then drew his tongue up her entire slit. “Damn!” she exclaimed, throwing her head back.

He picked up his pace with his tongue and she arched into him. “Fuck….Oliver….that feels so good....”

For a few moments, as he licked her like an ice cream cone, all you could hear was the sounds of his tongue and her moans. He pulled his tongue out and used his fingers this time, quickly rubbing at the tiny nub. She began to scream. “Oh, Oliver, don’t stop! Don’t stop!”

He watched her go through her orgasm and as he watched her flesh flush and her face become the most beautiful thing he’d ever seen, he knew his oral foreplay would have to wait until next time. After he helped her ride out her orgasm, he rose up on his knees and pulled his jeans down. He pulled out his dick and positioned at her opening. “You can play with me later.”

She laughed and then groaned as he entered her. “Oh, God….yes....”

“God, baby, you feel amazing,” he murmured.

“You too, Oliver.” She looked into his eyes and smiled softly. “It’s been way too long.”

After that, there were no words, just the sounds of their bodies coming together in a mating ritual as old as time. They both seem to crest to their orgasm together and together they screamed as their climax hit. Exhausted, Oliver collapsed on top of Felicity and tried to catch his breath.

After a few moments, he rolled off of her and pulled her close. He kissed her shoulder. “I didn’t mean to seem so jealous. It’s just that....he’s a lot like you.”

She rolled onto her other side to face him. “He is, but Oliver, I love you. I think of Barry as a friend and so does Lexy.” She took his face in her hands. “I like our life.” She kissed him deeply. “I love being with you and raising our daughter with you.” She kissed him again. “You’re the best thing to ever happen to me. Sometimes I lay awake at night wondering what you see in me considering all the other girls you’ve been with.”

“The others don’t matter,” he told her without hesitation. “You’re the only one I want and will ever want.” He sighed and rolled onto his back. She tucked herself into his side and he began running his fingers through her hair. “From the moment Lexy was conceived I’ve had to put on a façade that I was still the playboy that everyone knew me as. So, it didn’t matter that the women in my life didn’t accept her because they weren’t going to meet her anyway.” He tilted her chin to look into her eyes. “You’re the first woman that’s been in my life that I’ve never had to hide the fact that I’m a father because you love her just as much as I do.” He kissed her. “And I couldn’t have asked for a better woman to help me raise my daughter after her mother died.”

Felicity smiled and looked up at him. “It’s been a pleasure. Seriously, I never knew what people meant when they said that raising a child was the best experience in the world until I met Lexy and realized then that she didn’t have parents. Her mother died and her father was presumed dead so I wanted to be that parental figure that she could rely on. God knows your mother and sister weren’t
exactly making life easy for her.”

He kissed her. “I’ll never be able to repay you for that.”

She shook her head. “You don’t need to. I’ve loved doing it.”

He softly exhaled, content. “I’ve been thinking about this and I wanted to run it by you.” He rolled onto his side gently. “I love you. I want a life with you and I mean a real life. I want to spend my life with you. What do you think of moving in together?”

Felicity looked up into his eyes and knew he was serious. “Where?”

“Um….not the mansion. This apartment is closer to Lexy’s school, the office and the Bunker. So…..?”

“You want to move in with me?”

He looked into her eyes. Was that doubt he saw there? “We don’t need to make the decision now, but will you think about it?”

She nodded and flipped him onto his back, straddling him. “Now, Mr. Queen, I do believe there’s something else we need to discuss.”

“What’s that?”

She rotated her hips and he moaned. He sat up, smiling. “Best discussion we’ll ever have.”

She laughed against his lips as he eased himself in.

Thank God for the weekend.

That was all that Lexy could think when she slowly rose out of bed Monday for school. She walked to her full-length mirror and lifted up her t-shirt to look at the bruise on her side. It still looked horrible, but she could tell it was healing. She pulled the medical tape off very slowly and grabbed her outfit for the day. She got into the shower and did her thing. She got out and carefully patted herself dry. She put the medical tape on and tried not to cry out in pain, but it didn’t work.

“Lexy, Baby, you okay?”

“Yeah, mama, I’ll be okay. I was just putting more tape on my ribs. I’ll be out in a few minutes.”

“Oh, and Nick’s coming for breakfast and to walk you to school.”

She put her nightshirt to her chest and pulled open the door. “What?!” she asked a little freaked out. She had come up with an excuse for why she had the bruise, but she wasn’t sure he’d believe her. She wasn’t very good with lying, even Roy knew that. “Why did daddy invite him for lunch?”

“Because he likes him.” She eyed her suspiciously. “You okay?”

She released a breath slowly, wincing slightly. She nodded. “Yeah. I guess. I just haven’t decided if ‘I got this in kickboxing’ will be sufficient enough of an excuse. He’ll wonder why I can’t be my active self, mom.”
Felicity smiled. She could tell that Lexy’s feelings for Nick were stronger than ‘just friends’. And she knew that because of that the girl was gonna worry about the lies and if they were going to affect them later. “I’ll ask daddy. You finish getting dressed.”

“Ask daddy what?” Oliver asked as Lexy shut the door.

Felicity smiled. “Our girl definitely has feelings for Nick.”

“I knew it.”

She laughed at the look of dread on his face. “Come on, daddy. You like him and you know it.”

He nodded. “I do, but it doesn’t mean I gotta like the fact that my daughter likes him romantically.”

She smiled. “I know. However, how are we going to explain that busted rib? Lexy was thinking of saying she got in kickboxing. Do you think that would work?”

He nodded. “I think so. They do sparring like in karate so it could work. It’s how the students make it to the next belt.”

Felicity nodded just as there was a knock on the door. “I’ll get it.” She gave him a stern finger shake. “You be nice. I think this one could be way different than Dylan ever would have been.”

“Why?”

She put her hand on the doorknob and looked at the man she loved. “Because he’s willing to wait until they’re both ready, Oliver. That says something. Not only with him as a guy, but about how he feels about our daughter.” She smiled. “It’s not just about getting the girlfriend, being able to make out or having sex for him. He likes being with her. That tells me that he cares about her, not having the girlfriend.”

“We’ll see,” he murmured. Honestly, he wasn’t sure about either of the boys. True he liked Nick better than Dylan but he was wrong about Dylan, so could he be wrong about Nick too?

Nick smiled at Oliver. “Good morning, Sir.”

“Morning, Nick.” He smiled. “I think we need to talk about this ‘sir’ thing.”

Nick froze. “Uh….”

Oliver picked up his coffee from the table and sipped. “Do you plan on sticking around, Nick?”

He nodded. “I was hoping to have this conversation with you a little later, but um….my dad told me the best way to do this is to ask for permission—which is what he did with my mom—so, Sir—”

Oliver shook his head. “If you’re going to ask for my permission to date my daughter when you both get there then I think you should use my name, don’t you?”

“Sir?”

He laughed softly. “Nick, that’s why I was asking if you’re planning to stick around for a while. Dylan thought he was—”

“No offense, Sir, but Dylan’s father is in prison for being stupid. He stole money from people he had no right doing and his mother was all over the place to begin with. Honestly, from what Lexy
tells me of the family, there was no way Dylan was staying.”

“Why not?”

“Because Mrs. Sinclair would have had to move to find her fresh start and she needed to find a place that didn’t mind that she was married to a man who took a lot of money from innocent people.”

Oliver nodded. He couldn’t help it. He liked the kid even more. “What makes you so different?”

“Because my family is established here. My dad’s a detective. My mom’s a kindergarten teacher at the elementary school. My brother’s going to the local university. And after everything my dad inadvertently put me, my brother and my mom through, he has no plans to ask for a transfer any time soon.”

His smile widened. “Then if you’re staying, I think it’s time to call me by my first name, don’t you?”

He stared at him, mouth open. “Really?”

He nodded. “Yes. I’ve never liked the ‘Mr. Queen’ thing anyway. And I’ve discovered very quickly that I don’t like ‘sir’.”

Nick laughed nervously. “Sorry.”

He shook his head. “Don’t be.” He sipped his coffee. “Never apologize for having good manners. I appreciate it, especially with my daughter.”

He put a hand on his heart. “I promise, sir, that I will never do anything with your daughter that she isn’t ready for.”

“Good to know. Thank you for that. And I guess I should thank you for waiting for when she’s ready.”

He smiled. “You’re welcome, but I wasn’t lying to her when I said I wasn’t all that ready to explore what I feel for her. I care about your daughter a lot, Oliver. And I will never intentionally hurt her. I think that would hurt me to do so. With that said, I do want to be with your daughter. Be it as a friend or if it happens something more.” He looked the older man in the eyes. “I don’t plan on going anywhere unless your daughter wants me to go.” He looked at Felicity and then Oliver. “I like you both and I would hope that you like me, but if you don’t that’s okay, because I don’t want to date either of you. I want to be with Lexy. And when we’re both ready we will be.”

He looked at Felicity and swore under his breath. She laughed. Nick looked at both of them. “What?”

Felicity shook her head, still giggling. “I think you made him like you even more, Nick.”

“You did,” he muttered. “However, there’s something you should know. She had a kickboxing competition over the weekend—”

“She did?”

He nodded. “Don’t worry about not being there. She’s self-conscious about kickboxing because she’s afraid you won’t find it ‘girly’ enough for whatever she is to you.”
He scoffed. “Whatever. I think it’s cool that if she has to she can take care of herself.” He smirked. “Not that I’ll ever give her a reason to kick my butt.”

He laughed. “Yeah. I wouldn’t either. The thing is, she got first place—there isn’t a trophy yet because I’m having them engrave her name on it—but, she did get injured.”

Oliver watched as the kid’s face paled a little. “Really?” Nick asked.

He nodded. “Yeah. She has one helluva bruise at her ribcage. She cracked a rib too.”

His heart dropped. “Really? Is she okay?”

“She’s fine—” Felicity said when Lexy called for her. “ Excuse me.” She walked down the hall. “Coming, baby.”

Felicity walked into the bathroom and Lexy sighed, tears coming down slowly. “I think I need different pants for the duration of this injury.”

“What’s wrong?”

“I could barely pull them up, because those are the jeans that were designed to conform to a girl’s butt. Which means if I can’t pull them up, I can’t button them and I’m sorry, but there’s only so far that I will let Nick go and seeing me half naked isn’t one of them.”

Felicity laughed. “Good point. Okay. How about leggings?”

Lexy thought about it for a minute. “There’s a pair hanging in my closet. Could you get them?”

“Yep. Be right back. Do you want a different shirt?”

She looked at the cable-knit sweater she wore and shook her head. “Nope. This is good. Besides, I don’t think I could get it off without hurting myself more.”

She laughed softly. “Maybe we should do different shirts too until you’re healed.”

She nodded. “Will you help me out of this sweater?”

“Yeah.”

Outside, Nick and Oliver talked and both jumped slightly when they heard Lexy cry out in pain. Oliver closed his eyes and rubbed his forehead. “Is she okay?” Nick asked.

“Yes. I’ve had a broken rib before and she probably figured out she can’t wear jeans or anything she has to pull over her head.” He seen the worry in the kid’s eyes and smiled. “She’ll be okay.”

They seen Felicity race down the hall saying, “Different outfit,” and then went into Lexy’s room. She came back through and went into the bathroom. She helped her into the outfit and then brushed her hair. “By the way, daddy broke it to Nick about the broken rib. He used the kickboxing thing, but he also said you feel self-conscious about kickboxing because you don’t want to seem ungirly.”

Lexy nodded. It was a good excuse. And one she could easily act with. “Good to know. Did he believe it?”

She nodded as she braided her hair down her back. “He did. You have nothing to worry about.” She smiled, resting her chin on her shoulder. “As long as you tell daddy then he’ll help cover for
She nodded. “I just don’t know how much longer I’ll be able to come up with convincing lies, especially since the Mirakuru is in action. And I’m going in with daddy more.”

She nodded. She hated to think of Lexy getting hurt again, but she knew it was important to her so she was keeping her mouth shut on the subject. “I know. We’ll cross that bridge when we get to it, okay?”

She nodded. Felicity smiled, kissed her cheek. “I’ll give you a few more minutes.” She walked to the door. “By the way, Nick stated his intentions to your dad.”

“Oh, God…really?”

She nodded. “And I think your dad’s in love with him just as much as you’re starting to like him.”

Lexy couldn’t help it, she laughed. It actually felt nice to know that her dad approved. “Good. It’ll definitely not make things awkward when we do start dating.”

“So, you are going to date?”

She nodded vigorously. “I really like him, mama,” she said as Felicity came further into the room. “The more I get to know him, the more I like him. And now he’s on a mission to actually show me he wants me as his girlfriend and his friend.”

Felicity laughed softly. “That’s sweet.” She put her hands on her daughter’s forearms. “Sweetie, there’s nothing wrong with that.” Her mouth slid into a smile. “He just wants you to not forget that he’s waiting and I think he really does like you. Enjoy it. He seems like the type that would really take care of you. Enjoy that. You won’t find that from many guys. Guys like your daddy and Nick are a rare breed.”

“Why?”

“Because they allow you to be you and all they want in return is for you to let them do things for you. Take your daddy for instance. He’s the strongest man I know. And I love him more than my own life, but he knows how important it is for me to be my own person. And in return I let him take care of me.” She smiled. “And I have to admit that’s a lot of fun.”

She sighed. “The last time I tried to let a guy take care of me was Dylan and I felt pressured mom.”

She smiled. “I don’t think Nick would do that. I can honestly say that. He cares about you a lot, Lex. Especially if he’s gonna stick up for how he feels about you to your dad. You know how intimidating he can be.”

She nodded.

“Nick wasn’t intimidated. He seems like a very confident young guy,” she cupped her hand on her cheek, “and that’s what you need. Especially in this. The things we see and especially with us having to keep an eye on Roy, I think he’d be okay with you being friends with another guy.”

She nodded. She was referring to Dylan not being okay with it. “Right. I almost forgot about Roy. I gotta call him and see how he’s feeling.”

She smiled. “And that right there is the reason why he’s gonna know he has nothing to worry about.” She smiled. “You look beautiful. Ready?”
She nodded. “Yeah.”

Both of them walked out the door together and Lexy smiled when she seen Nick. “Hey.”

“Hey. How you feeling?”

“Fine until I tried getting dressed,” she smiled. “Got my necessities on without incident really. It was the sweater and jeans that were the real pain—both figuratively and literally.”

Nick winced. “I’m sorry.”

She shook her head. “No reason to be sorry.” She smiled up at her dad. “What’s for breakfast?”

“Um….omelets. Yours and Nick’s are in the microwave. Your mom and I ate ours earlier.”

Between rounds, he added to himself.

Lexy walked into the kitchen and opened the microwave and smiled. “Hey, Nicky?”

“Yeah?”

“Do you like southwest omelets?”

“Love them,” he smiled. “Do you have salsa?”

“Yeah. I’ll bring it out.” She paused when she seen that there was avocado on it. “Hey, are you allergic to avocado?”

“Nope. The only thing I’m allergic to is kiwis and mangos.”

“Really?” Felicity asked pulling on her blazer.

“Yeah. My mom tried making this fruit salad one summer,” he moved back and let Lexy put it on the table. “Thank you,” he said to her.

“You’re welcome.”

“So, she tried this fruit salad because no one was really hungry and about ten minutes later the ambulance was rushing me to the ER because I couldn’t breathe because of anaphylactic shock.”

“So, it’s a severe allergy,” Felicity said. She tapped Oliver’s shoulder. “We’ll have to remember that.”

He nodded. “We will.”

Nick smiled. It was nice to be included into their thoughts. He looked at Lexy. “What about you? What are you allergic to?”

“Uh….bees, penicillin, and latex.”

Both Nick and Lexy turned to Oliver who seemed to be choking on his coffee. Lexy lifted a brow.

“Daddy, you okay?”

He nodded. “That last one I didn’t know about. How’d you find out about it?”

“Um….kindergarten. The school nurse put on latex gloves and then patched up a skinned up knee. I went home to mommy and she was noticing the hives and everything that comes with it. So, we
went to the doctor and he told us it was a latex reaction. So, she had to let the school know.”

Oliver eyed Nick to see his reaction to any of that and was impressed that he didn’t seem to react in any way at all. He just asked, “How bad is your bee allergy?”

She smiled. “Um….not as bad as mommy’s used to be, but uh….I get light-headed and everything. Mommy could die from a bee sting. I won’t. The doctor said it was a very mild reaction that I more than likely inherited from her.”

“Did you know?” Felicity asked.

“About the bees and penicillin, but the latex is a new one, but very good to know.” He smirked at Felicity. “Good thing we didn’t go with latex for her costume last year for Halloween.”

Felicity laughed. “Right.” She knew he wasn’t referencing a Halloween costume, but her suit for being the Sparrow.

Lexy laughed. “I would have told you before you bought it, daddy. But honestly, I thought you knew. Remember, I don’t know how much contact you and mommy had before you disappeared.”

“I know, Baby.” He cleared his throat. “So, I want to tell you both something before you go off to school.”

They looked at him and he smiled at both of them. “If and when you two start dating…..” He looked up at Felicity and she nodded, then he looked at the kids. “…..then you have our blessing. But, please, and I’m asking both of you, take your time. Lexy and Dylan rushed things to the point that I didn’t even like and now I know she didn’t like it either, so I’m asking you to take your time. There is no rush to be like ‘everyone else’ that you see in your school. Let them rush and be horny idiots. Build something, build something that will be really strong, that could survive whatever is thrown at it. And trust me things will be thrown at it that will shake that foundation, but as long as you take your time and build it you should be okay.”

They both nodded and both agreed wholeheartedly. About ten minutes later, the kids were out the door and Nick thumbed behind him. “Did your dad just say it was cool to start dating?”

She laughed. “Yeah. That’s what just happened.” She smiled. “It would seem that you made quite the impression on him.”

“I was hoping so, but I wasn’t really trying to that time. I thought for sure when I told him that it’s okay that he doesn’t like me because I don’t want to date him that he would have thrown me out on my butt.”

She laughed softly. “He probably would have if you didn’t basically go old-school on him and ask for his permission to date his daughter.”

He laughed. “My dad gave me that tip the other night. That’s how he got my mom.” He smiled. “Mom said that it definitely helped her to fall in love with him.” He walked backwards in front of her. “Did it help with you?”

She laughed. “Yes it helped.” She pulled gently on his jacket and moved him next to her. She looked her arm through his. “Thank you for doing that.” She leaned on his arm, resting her head on his shoulder. On a whim, she moved her hand down and threaded their fingers together.

Nick let her push his fingers apart as she threaded their fingers and her palm rested in his. His heart began to beat more rapidly in his chest. It felt really nice to be doing this part and he knew with her
convictions about going slow and him wanting to too, that this was a big deal for her. He held her hand firmly, but gently in his and then kissed her hair as she leaned her head back on his arm. “This feels nice.”

She nodded against his arm. “It does.” She exhaled.

“So, uh….my dad wanted me to ask you if you’d like to come to dinner with us Friday night?”

She looked up at him, surprised. “Your parents want to meet me?”

He nodded. He seen the shocked look and looked at her a little confused. “What’s the matter?”

“I-I-I-I’ve never met another person’s parents before, especially not my future boyfriend’s parents.”

They rounded the corner and quickly walked inside the school, still hand in hand before he said anything. “Dylan never introduced you to his mom or siblings?”

She shook her head. “No. He was usually with me and mine. I did find it strange that Mrs. Sinclair didn’t want to meet me at all. You’d think you as the parent would want to meet the girl who’s monopolizing your son’s time, right?”

He nodded. “Which is why my mom wants to meet you.” He smiled as they stopped at her locker. “She said something along the lines of ‘if this girl is important to you then, Nicky, we need to meet her.’” He smiled down at her and I couldn’t be more pleased that they want to. Especially now.”

She laughed as she tried to get her book from the top shelf. She seethed. Nick immediately jumped into action. “What do you need?”

“My rib to miraculously heal.”

He laughed. “Well, in lieu of that miracle, what do you need from me?”

“My history book, please and could you get my geometry book too?”

He grabbed both books and held on to them. “Anything else?”

“No. Everything else is in my bag.”

He nodded. “Do you want me to carry your bag?”

She thought about telling him no, but stopped and nodded. “Please.”

He smiled down at her. “I can do that.”

They started walking a few lockers down to his and she asked, “How come you are so pleased by the fact that your mother wants to meet me?”

“Because Dylan didn’t do it, which means that——”

“You are aware that there is no competition between you and Dylan, right? I mean, it’s like apples and oranges.” She pulled on his arm as he went to grab his next two classes’ books. “Nicky, I’m serious. I’ve never felt more comfortable with anyone else. There is no competition whatsoever.”

He smiled and kissed her forehead. “Thank you for that, but that’s not what I meant. What I meant was that I get to be your first at something.”
She laughed. “Babe, I think you’ll be my first at all of things.”

“What did you say?”

“That you’d be my first at a lot of things,” she repeated.

“No, before that sentence. What did you call me?”

“Oh….oh!” She started to blush. “I think I called you Babe. Sorry.”

He shook his head. “Don’t be. It was actually nice.”

She smiled and kissed his cheek. She shrugged. “It felt natural to say in that moment too.”

He smiled. Maybe waiting wouldn’t be so bad after all.
Meet The Jordans

Chapter Summary

Lexy meets Detective and Mrs. Jordan.
And Nick and Lexy share their first .......... ;-)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

-Friday Night….

When Lexy tossed away her 6th outfit that she had tried on for this dinner with Nick’s parents she was seriously thinking that this whole thing was going to be a very bad idea. She sighed. A knock sounded on the door and Lexy sighed. “Come in.”

Felicity walked in. “Baby? You okay?”

“No. Will you call Nick and tell him I can’t come?” she said plopping down on her bed.

Felicity saw her wince and did so herself. “Careful, Sweetie.” She leaned a hip against the dresser by the door. “I can’t call them and reschedule. You made those cupcakes for them.”

She threw herself back on the bed and moaned. “Ouch.”

“Lex, you gotta be careful.” She watched her sigh and walked over to the bed, pushing her hair out of her face. “What’s wrong?”

“I have nothing to wear to meet Nick’s parents.”

Felicity pushed herself off of the dresser and walked to Lexy’s closet. She turned on the light and
started flicking through the clothes. About 10 minutes later she laid one out. “Whatcha think?”

Lexy looked at the outfit her mom laid out on the bed beside her. “Okay, that might work. You’ll have to get me in it though.”

Felicity smiled. “That is why I’m here.”

Lexy hugged her. “All right. Let’s get me ready for this thing. I’ve been nervous about it all week.”

“NICKY!”

“What?” he called from upstairs.

“Can you come here, please?” Jennifer called from the foot of the stairs.

“Just a sec,” he called back. A few moments later, he walked downstairs in a pair of khakis and a black sweater. “What’s up?”

“You said she liked meat, right?”

He nodded. “Yeah, except for liver,” he grinned.

She laughed and playfully slapped his hand. “You look very handsome.” She smiled nostalgically. “A lot like your dad on our first date.”

He came down the stairs and caught up to his mom. “What is the etiquette on this kinda thing? I mean, I want to date her and everything, but….”

She smiled and took his face in her hands, kissed his forehead. “A lot like your dad.”

He sighed. “Mom. I’m serious.”

“There isn’t an etiquette for this type of thing, Nicky.” He sighed. She smiled at him. “Honey, just be yourself. That’s why she likes you, because you’re you.”

“Yeah, but Chris is kinda a jerk to her.”

She smiled. She looked at her son. She could tell that the kid really liked this young lady. “Don’t worry about your brother. Your dad and I will take care of him.”

“Take care of who?” Nathan asked coming into the house.

“Christopher,” she said simply. “Apparently he tends to be rude to Lexy—” she turned to Nick. “It’s okay that I call her that, right?”

He nodded. “Yeah. She prefers it actually.”

Jennifer smiled and then turned back to Nathan. “Apparently Christopher is very rude to Lexy when he’s around.”

Nathan smiled. “Don’t worry about your brother. If anything I’ll take care of him.” He smiled. “By the way, I saw Oliver after you four had breakfast on Monday.”
He nodded, cautious.

Nathan smiled down at his wife. “It would seem that our youngest boy made quite the impression on him and he complimented me on raising such a great kid.”

Jennifer smiled. “Aww, that’s sweet.”

“Oh, yeah, real sweet,” Chris muttered. “A Queen actually complimented someone.”

Nick sighed. “Seriously, dude, what is your problem?”

Before Chris could answer, the doorbell rang. Nick stepped forward, but his father stopped him and went to the door. He opened the door and was very impressed by how well put together the girl was. He smiled. She looked really beautiful in a dark brown pair of leggings, a burgundy sweater, ruby earrings hung off her ears and brown boots topped the outfit. Her blond hair was pulled to the side in a loose braid and she had very little makeup on to bring out her natural beauty—and boy did his boy know a good looker when he saw one. In her arms were cupcake tins. “You must be Lexy?”

She felt her stomach dip, then do butterflies as she looked at the very handsome police detective. She could definitely tell where Nick got his looks. “Yes. Hi, Detective.”

He smiled. And she was polite too. “Come on in. Nick’s in the foyer arguing with his brother.”

“Dad.”

Nathan chuckled and stepped aside to let Lexy inside. “Please excuse me as I go put on something more appropriate.” He tapped his eldest. “Be nice. If you’re not you’re in trouble, you hear me?”

Chris nodded. “Yes, sir.”

Jennifer stepped forward just Nick did and smiled at the little girl. “Hi, Lexy. I’m Jennifer, Nick’s mom.”

“Hi.” She held out the tray. “I made these as a thank you for inviting me to dinner.”

Jennifer’s heart swelled. She looked at Chris. “See, this is the very reason why I wanted you to be a girl, Christopher,” she teased.

“Ha-ha, mom. You’re funny.”

She looked back at Lexy. “Thank you, Lexy. That was very thoughtful of you.”

She smiled. “It was something my biological mother used to do when I’d have playdates and stuff. She was always baking anyway, but she always did something as a thank you whenever I was invited over to someone else’s house. So….”

She smiled. She knew from Nick that Felicity wasn’t her mother, but that a woman named Janine was her mother and that she had died in a plane crash several years ago. “Thank you. That was definitely something I had missed tonight. So, I appreciate the gesture.”

“You’re welcome, Mrs. Jordan.” She let her eyes drift to Nick. He looked really good in his dress pants and sweater. She then let her eyes drift to Chris and…he looked like he did every day. She smiled at Chris. “Hi.”

“Hi, Lex. How’s everything?”
“Pretty good. Thank you.” She then walked over to Nick and whispered, “Can we hug or would that be highly inappropriate?”

He laughed and nodded. “You okay?”

“Really nervous,” she answered.

Chris watched as he pulled her into him and wrapped his arms around her shoulders. “Bro, did your feelings shift or something?”

Nick’s blue eyes sprang to his brother. “What?”

“Well, you’re doing a shoulder hug with her instead of the friend-boyfriend hug.”

Jennifer stopped and listened. Nick then answered, “No. I can’t hug her like I normally do because she has a broken rib, Jackass.”

His mom turned. “You have a broken rib?”

She nodded. “Yeah. Last week I had a kickboxing competition and my opponent was a little too aggressive and I got a cracked rib out of it.”

“Oh,” Jennifer said concerned. “Nicky, you should have said something. We could have rescheduled.”

“Yeah and get my butt kicked for treating her with kid gloves? Are you kidding?” he joked.

Lexy laughed softly. “He’s not completely wrong, Mrs. Jordan. However, kicking your butt is high exaggerated.”

“But accurate.”

She laughed. “Nick, you’ve got at least fifty pounds on me.”

Jennifer nodded for Nick to entertain her. Nick took her hand and led her into the living room. They sat down on the couch and he smiled. “You look really pretty.”

“Thank you. You look handsome yourself.” She looked around and smiled. “Nice house.”

“Yeah, it’s not the Queen Mansion, but it’s home,” Chris cut back.

She rolled her eyes. “My home isn’t the Queen mansion. It’s where I lived, it wasn’t my home, Chris.” She shrugged. “And I don’t live there very often anymore. During the week I live at my adoptive mom’s apartment.”

He opened his mouth to say something, but then the room filled with Frank Sinatra’s version of The Way You Look Tonight. Then Lexy jumped a little and smiled up at the detective. He was dressed in a pair of khakis and a light blue button-down. He smiled. “May I dance with you, Miss Queen?”

Her smile widened. “As long as you never call me Miss Queen ever again.”

He laughed. “Deal.”

She stood with him and he spun her around onto the makeshift dance floor of the living room carpet. He held her like they were going to ballroom dance. He spun her one more time and then
said, “You’re really good.”

She laughed. “Thanks. I taught myself.”

He looked down. “Really?”

She nodded. “Yeah. My biological mom died when I was little so I went to go live with my aunt and grandmother and they had parties a lot so I taught myself because my grandmother hated the embarrassment. It was bad enough I was the illegitimate grandchild that she never knew about.”

His heart went out to her. It had to be hard. He smiled, immediately changing the subject. “So, what are you intentions with my son?”

She smirked, laughing a little. “Well, I’d be lying if I said I didn’t like him because I do, a lot. But that’s not why I’m here, Detective.”

He smiled. “Please call me Nathan.”

“Wha—what?” she asked, stumbling a little cause of the shock.

He kept her steady and said, “As opposed to Detective. Call me Nathan.” He smiled. “Why are you here?”

“Because Mrs. Jordan asked me and plus, it seemed important to Nick and he’s important to me, so….”

He looked into her face. “You really like him, but you’re scared.”

She gaped up at him. He laughed. “I read people for a living, Sweetheart. And someone with eyes like yours isn’t hard to read.”

She smiled. He had no idea. “Thank you. Um….I really do like him and yes, I’m scared, but not in the way you think.” She sighed. Nick poured his heart out to her dad it was her turn. “Last year, I met this kid and he seemed to really like me and we started dating. And I mean we jumped in with both feet kind of thing. He was my boyfriend and I ‘loved’ him.”

“You didn’t?”

She shook her head. “Not even close. I was infatuated, excited about the idea of having a boyfriend.” She exhaled and winced. “I’m the type that jumps in with my entire self into something. And I really like your son and I’d be honored to be his girlfriend, but I have to take this one slow. Not because my dad told me, but because of me. Honestly, Sir, when your son and I do get together I don’t want to be like the other relationships that I’ve seen every week breaking up and getting back together. When Nick and I do this I want it to be for a while—however long that is.” She turned her blue eyes up to his. “I really do care about your son and I promise not to hurt him. He’s my best friend.”

They finish the dance and Nathan smiled down at her. “Well, you have my blessing.”

She smiled. “Thank you, Nathan.”

“Thank you for the dance.” He looked at the boys. “I’m gonna go check on your mother.”

Nick stood and walked to her. “What made you stumble?”

“Your dad said I could call him by his first name.”
“Ahh…” He said and walked with her. “So, what did you talk about?”

“My intentions with you.”

He laughed. He pushed her ahead of him a little and put his arms around her waist. “Want something to drink?”

“Please.”

They walked into the kitchen. She smiled as she greeted his parents. “Mrs. Jordan, would you like some help?”

“Well, usually I don’t let dinner guests help me, but since my husband and my Little Boy seem to be smitten with you I’ll let you.”

“Cool,” she said smiling. She thanked Nick for the drink and then asked him, flirty, “Are you smitten with me?”

“Probably not since I have no idea what it means.”

She laughed softly and walked to the island. “It means to have strong feelings for someone.”

“Then yes,” he said without hesitation. “Absolutely.” He slid onto the bar chair. He watched Lexy slide onto the chair next to him. “Did you bring your pain pills?”

She nodded. She knew not to argue with him about not needing them he was going to convince her otherwise. “Just one, Nick.”

Nick left the room and came back a few minutes later with one of her pain pills. “There you go.”

“Thank you.” She gave them an appreciative smile. “Really. You didn’t have to do that, but I appreciate it.”

She went back to chopping the peppers. Jennifer smiled. “Who taught you to do that?”

“My dad. He cooks.”

“Oliver Queen cooks?”

She nodded. “He does a lot of things that you wouldn’t think a Queen does, Chris. Don’t believe me? Ask Nick. He had the honor of dad’s cooking on Monday.”

“Your dad made that omelet?”

She nodded. He looked at his parents. “Huh. I just assumed Felicity did.”

She laughed that time. “Please, I love my mom more than anything, but she sits in front of a computer all day.”

“Your dad partied all day.”

“But had an excellent teacher. The Queens’ housekeeper, Raisa.” She cutting the peppers. “There you go, Mrs. Jordan.”

She smiled. Alex was right. She definitely had a way of pulling you in, engaging you and ultimately making you fall in love with her. “Please call me Jennifer.”
She smiled. “Thank you.”

Jennifer smiled. “No thank you. Now, dinner will be done fifteen minutes earlier.”

“Curious, whatcha making?”

“Chicken and Beef fajitas.”

She smiled. “I love fajitas.”

His mom seemed relieved. “Oh, good.”

Nathan looked at the back counter. “You made cupcakes, Babe?”

“Nope, Lexy did. As a thank for inviting her.”

“Really?” He looked through the lid of the holders and smiled. “Are those chocolate?”

She nodded. “Yeah. I topped the chocolate half with nuts and the others without. The ones on the bottom are Red Velvet.”

“Red velvet?”

She nodded. “Yes, ma’am. It’s my great-grandmother’s recipe.” She smiled. “If I remember correctly my mother told me that great-grandma was an amazing baker. Learned it from her father who owned a bakery.” She looked at Chris. “What happened to Ashley?”

Chris swallowed his soda. “Dating the captain of the archery team.”

She crinkled her nose. “I’ve seen what he looks like. Trust me there’s other reasons why girls date him.” She smiled and sincerely said, “Sorry.”

He smiled. “Thanks, but it’s cool.” He looked at his brother who looked surprise he wasn’t shooting a snide remark her way. “So, um…Nicky told me you have a best friend who’s now dating your aunt?”

She nodded. “He’s not really my best friend anymore, but yeah.”

“He said you had a crush on him, so—”

“Chris, don’t do this, man.”

Lexy smiled and tapped Nick’s hand. “It’s cool. I think you’re brother’s trying to back me into a corner, Nicky.” She lifted a brow to the guy. “Go ahead, Chris, bring it.”

Chris looked at his father and the older Jordan nodded to son. “You opened the door, she’s letting you in state what you need to, Christopher.”

“So, are you over the crush or you still pining for him?”

“Well, actually, Chris, you can answer your own question on that.”

“How’s that?”

“How many crushes did you have before your first real girlfriend?”

“Um…five.”
“Do you still have feelings for any of them?”

He shook his head. “No. Haven’t seen them since sixth grade actually.”

Lexy smiled, gave him a teasing wink. “There’s your answer.”

“But you see your crush every day.”

“Actually, I don’t. My aunt and I aren’t really close. Never have been. It wasn’t because of Roy it was because she treated me like Cinderella in the mansion. Which is why I said that the mansion would never be home to me.” She cleared her throat. “I see Roy maybe three times a week, and that’s on a good week. Last week we only talked on the phone because he needed to speak to my dad and dad wasn’t calling him back. So, if you’re trying make the point that I don’t have genuine feelings for your brother then you’d be wrong.” She looked over her shoulder. “You can’t get rid of me that easily, Chris.”

“Wasn’t trying to.”

“Liar,” both Nick and Nathan coughed around their hand.

Lexy smiled apologetically to Nick’s parents. “I’m sorry.”

Nathan sipped his wine. “Don’t be. You handled it well. I agree with you. He was trying to spook you.”

“I wasn’t, honest, but he is my Little Brother. I had to test it.”

“Does that explain the attitude too?” Nick asked, standing. “Because, man, until YOU meet Oliver and Felicity you have no right to bash her last name.”

Lexy scoffed. “Please, Nicky, I bash my last name. I even bash my mother’s last name.” She looked at Chris. “You know when I turned nine I wanted to learn basic life skills, you know doing laundry and all that.”

“Right,” he said and pulled up the other barstool.

“And I kid you not when I looked at the housekeeper and asked, ‘Raisa, will you teach me to do laundry’, I thought my grandmother was gonna have a heart attack. She huffed and proceeded to tell me that as long as I was a Queen I wouldn’t need to know either of that. She then pointed out that Thea didn’t and I mouthed off and said, ‘And you wonder why she’s basically useless when you ask her for help.’”

“No way?”

She nodded. “Yeah. Got grounded for a month for that.” She shrugged. “So, I knew then that I had to learn things behind their backs. So, that Christopher is why I’m not like your usual Queen. Neither is my father. The five years on that island has changed my father immensely.”

“How is your dad with all that by the way?” Nathan asked. “Lance was telling me all that.”

“He’s doing really well. The nightmares ended about a year and half ago, so I think that’s a definite step in the right direction.”

“It has to be nice for you to be raised by at least one of your parents, right? Did your dad know about you?”
She nodded. “He did.” She pulled her phone from her sweater pocket and brought it to life. I downloaded an old photo to my phone.” She brought up her photos and then showed it to her. “That’s from the day I was born. That’s my dad holding me.”

Jennifer leaned forward after turning the burner off on the stove. She smiled. She remembered that look. That was the look of a father in complete awe that he created something so perfect. She looked at Lexy. “He loves you. You are most definitely precious to him. You can tell by the way he’s looking at you in the photo.”

She nodded. “Yeah. I know.”

“May I see?”

She handed it to Nick. He laughed. “Your dad’s hair was so long. And you looked beautiful even then.” He handed it back to her. “Do you look like your mom or dad?”

“Mom. I have dad’s eyes and lips. And his sense of humor and attitude.” She laughed. She brought up a picture of her mom. “That’s mom.”

Nick stared. Lexy was almost a carbon copy of her mother. But she was right she got her eyes and mouth from Oliver. “Oh, my God…. He turned it to face his mother. “And you thought I looked identical to dad.”

Chris smirked when he glanced at the photo. “She’s really pretty. Kinda reminds ya of the old Hollywood actresses.”


He laughed. “It was meant to be,” he told her. He looked at his brother. “Just think Little Brother, you’ll be kissing Oliver Queen’s lips when you get to that stage.”

Jennifer laughed softly at her son’s teasing. “Dinner’s ready.” She looked at Chris. “Set the table, Christopher.”

Lexy laughed softly. She hoped she was making the right impression on them and she wasn’t coming off too sassy.

At 8 o’clock that night, Nick helped Lexy into her jacket and she buckled it. She put her messenger bag purse on her shoulder as Nick put his own coat on. Jennifer smiled and hugged. “It was so good to meet you, Lex. I really enjoyed your company.” She pulled her into a hug.

Lexy smiled happily. “Oh, I’m so glad! You have no idea how nervous I was for tonight. I swear I asked Nick about fifty times over the week if he really thought you’d like me.”

Nathan smiled. “Well, no worries of that, Lexy. You made an amazing impression and we like you. And I think you’d definitely be an amazing addition to the family when you two do start dating.”

Lexy hugged the man. “Thank you, Nathan. It was nice meeting you both.”

“Hey, Lex, don’t forget your cupcakes,” Chris called walking to them.

“No. Those were for you guys. I made some for our house,” she smiled. “Besides my mom doesn’t like too much sweets in the house because she says that they wake her in the middle of the night
calling to her.”

Jennifer laughed. “Yeah, I know that feeling. I still don’t know how I’m gonna sleep tonight with those amazing things in the kitchen.”

Lexy looked at Chris. “That doesn’t mean eat all of them.”

“I know,” he said around the chocolate cupcake. He smiled and gave her a relaxed hug. “I do like you, you know. I just gotta give you shit sometimes.”

She laughed. “I know. And I’m gonna tell you the same thing I said at Jitters: Bring it, Jordan, but don’t get mad if I dish it right back.”

Chris laughed. He connected eyes with his brother and mouthed: ‘Keep her’ before saying, “Bye, Lexy. See you Monday?”

“As always,” she said and said goodbye to Mr. and Mrs. Jordan too.

Nick looked at his parents. “Be back in a while.”

“Take your time. You know your curfew, Nicky.”

He ushered her out the door and then sighed. She laughed. “Were you nervous too?”

He smiled. “Maybe a little, but not because of you.” He kissed her hair. “I knew you’d do great. It was Chris.”

She smiled. “Yeah. I think he was trying to get me to run.”

“He was. He was trying to get you to confess something with Roy, but you gave it back to him.”

“Of course I did.” She smiled up at him, her blue eyes sparkling. “Did you expect anything less?”

He smiled and turned to her, he caressed her cheek. God, he’d give anything to kiss her, especially after how amazing she was tonight. “From you, not at all.” He kissed her forehead.

To say she was disappointed would be an understatement. With how attentive and everything he’d been all night and everything she’d been hoping that tonight would be the night he’d kiss her. She hadn’t realized how much she wanted him to kiss her until he pressed his lips to her forehead. She threaded their fingers and then cuffed his arm with her other as they walked. “You know what I realized today?”

“What?”

“Three months ago to the date we went on our first date.”

“Did we have a first date, yet?”

She playfully shoved him as she laughed. Okay, he may be right. It wasn’t really a first date. “The movies with your cousins.”

He smiled. “You consider that a first date?”

She shrugged. “Kinda. Me telling you that was actually my way of saying the anniversary of you having had lunch with me the first time.”
“Ahhh…..” he smiled. “Best decision I’ve ever made. Got a best friend and a girlfriend out of the equation.” He froze when he realized what he had said.

She stopped and he faced her. “Did you just say girlfriend?”

He nodded with his eyes closed. He’d been calling her his girlfriend for awhile but not out loud. He exhaled and looked down at her. “I’m sorry, Lex. I know you said you weren’t ready and I wasn’t going to say anything yet, but….it just slipped.”

She placed a hand over his mouth and smiled. “Listen okay?” He nodded. She smiled. “I’m going to tell you what I told your dad, okay?”

He nodded again. She dropped her hand. “I’d be honored to be your girlfriend, Nick. I really would, but I don’t want to be like Jessica and Ben, or Matt and Sarah or even Brittany and Hayden—Breaking up every week because of some stupid act. When we do—and we will—I want us together for a while. A long while. I don’t want to break up over something stupid—like you couldn’t get the keys to dad’s car for the weekend or something.”

She looked up at him and saw the immense joy at what she was saying shining through all the way to his eyes. Her stomach did flip-flops. She loved that smile. She smiled. “I want us to fight over other stuff. You paying for things even though I asked you to the movies. Or argue because you ordered at a restaurant for me without letting me decide.”

He kissed her forehead. “Thank you.”

“For what?”

“For telling me that. I needed to hear it. I was running out of things to do to show you that I wanted our friendship and a relationship with you.”

She laughed. She put a hand to his chest. “Nicky, just be you. I don’t want either of us to feel pressured by any of this. Feeling pressured is what made me rush to begin with.” She looked up at him. “I don’t want to rush anything with you. I want to enjoy every moment with you. And I mean every moment. And if you’re lucky you may get two or three presents from me on your birthday.”

He smiled. “Oh, yeah? Like what?”

“Well, if I told you that then what fun would it be for it to be a surprise?”

He smiled. He looked down at their joined hands. “This is becoming habit for us.”

She laughed softly. “It is. One I enjoy.” She leaned into him. “Walk me home?”

“Nothing would make me happier.”

They started walking, and after they both fell silent a few moments, he broke the ice and started telling her that she made a really good impression on his parents. From that point on, they talked incessantly. And about everything. They even talked all the way into her building and up the stairs. Their volumes changed when they got to the hallway, but they didn’t stop.

She smiled. “Thank you for walking me home kind sir.”

His smile widened, “It was my pleasure, milady.” He sighed. “Sometimes the walk is too short.”

“Agreed.” Her heart hammered in her chest as he stepped to her. She so wanted him to kiss her, in
fact, her brain was begging for it to happen.

“Good night, Lexy,” he whispered and kissed the top of her head, then her forehead, lingering there. “Sleep well, Angel.”

“You too,” she said softly her voice dripping with disappointment. Her heart sank. She knew it was stupid to feel this way because he was doing as she asked, but she did. She couldn’t help it. The inner voice in her head told her to go for it. To make the move. After a few seconds and just before he got to the stairs, she started walking toward him. “Nick.”

He turned and she came to him, stopping in front of him. She put her hands on his chest, rose up on her tiptoes and placed her lips to his. The moment that their lips met, it was like fireworks bursting all around them. She felt her heart thundering in her chest this time as they kept their lips just barely over each other’s. His lips were very soft and felt really good pressed to hers.

She slowly pulled back, their lips making a soft smacking sound. She slowly opened her eyes and looked up at him.

He opened his eyes and sighed. “Wow….” He whispered.

She let out a soft giggle. “Yeah.”

He smiled and caressed her cheek. “I’ve been wanting do that for a while.”

She sighed, smiling. “Me too and I thought you would have tonight, but….you never did.”

He used the pad of his thumbs and caressed her cheekbones. “I was doing as you asked.”

She smiled up at him. “Thank you.”

He smiled as his heart thudded in his chest like a kick drum. “I’m gonna kiss you again,” he said softly.

She nodded. He took her face gently in his hands and looked into her eyes, before tilting his head to the left, she went right and they both closed their eyes as he pressed lips to hers for a soft second and then pulled back. He looked into her face as her eyes fluttered open, then his lips pressed to hers again.

They both felt the fireworks this time, as their lips stayed in that position. Neither urging the kiss to go any further than the innocence of this moment. Her lips felt like clouds of cotton candy against his and oh, so good. He pulled back gently, their lips making another smacking sound that released a small echo in the hallway.

He looked down at her and smiled as he watched her eyes flutter open. His smile widened when it looked like she sighed. He kissed her forehead, then her nose and then dropped his hands. “Good night, Angel.”

She watched as turned and walked back to the stairs. Once was through the doors, she released a sigh and then jumped around excitedly. Then afterwards, her fingers went to her lips. She could still feel his lips, feel the kiss. She smiled as she turned to go inside.
AUTHOR'S NOTE: I feel I should say this: Nick and Lexy's kiss just in case I didn't describe it well in the scene, their lips are overlapping, yes, BUT they never left the position they started in and there was no tongues involved.
Chapter Notes

Sorry this update has taken me so long. But it's been hella-busy. And for the sad scene in here, I couldn't seem to get the feel I wanted. But I hope you guys like it.

The rain spattered throughout Starling City, while a sedan’s tires squealed on the loading docks of the city. The Arrow, on his motorcycle stopped and got off his bike. The man in the sedan revved his motor and sped toward him, shooting at him. The Arrow hit the car with an arrow and trying to avoid it the man flipped the car. When Arrow walked up to the car it was gone. He slapped his chest com.

“Sparrow. He’s coming your way.”

“Got him,” she said and ran across the beams that were up all over the place. She found him at a clearing area, trying to reload his gun. She hopped down and took him out by knocking him down to the ground. She kept a knee in his back. “Man down.”

The man tried to fight her off, but she took one of her batons and tasered him to stay still. She looped one of her grappling ropes around his feet and then looped it around a metal beam, pulling him upward. The Arrow walked over to him. “The man in the skull mask, who is he?!”

“I--I don't know!”

“You're the biggest street dealer in Crescent Circle. You know everything that goes on over there. Who is he?!”

“I ain't seen the guy before! A skull mask, are you freaking kidding me?! Come on, man, I'm still on parole!”

“Not anymore.”

They leave him there for the cops and take off on their bikes. They get to the bunker and go downstairs. Oliver looked at Lexy. “I thought mom said her train was coming in today?”

“It was supposed to, but she wants to spend a few more days with Barry.”

Lexy looked up at her dad. Felicity had been spending a few days in Central City on and off since Barry had been struck by lightning and was now in a coma. She called Oliver, but from what Lexy could get from the one-sided conversations they weren’t the same. Heck, if Lexy really wanted to be honest with herself, they weren’t the same since Barry tumbled into their lives. She could tell by her dad’s reaction to the news that mom was going to stay in Central City that he wasn’t pleased, but she could also tell that he was kind of hurt by it too.

Overhearing a conversation, the other night between dad and Uncle John Lexy found out that he felt like he and mom were drifting apart. That sometimes he felt like even though he loved her and wanted a life with her, that maybe she’d want to be with someone who was as smart as she was.

Over the last few weeks, she and Nick were getting even closer. They were acting more and more
like boyfriend and girlfriend even though neither had said anything about it. She had noticed a change between them the Monday after they had kissed. She still smiled when she thought about it. How his lips felt pressed to hers and the reaction she had to it.

She was actually counting down to one of their birthdays now so that she could surprise him with telling him she wanted to be his girlfriend, if she lasted that long anyway. But it wasn’t like people weren’t getting it confused already. Yesterday Chris had said ‘girlfriend’ and unlike the other times, this time Nick didn’t correct him. It actually made Lexy feel really good that he didn’t.

That was also something that had changed between the 2 of them. Nick was getting into the habit of showing her what a good boyfriend he could be when they got there. Or showing her, he cared altogether. Now that she was healed completely, he was being cuddlier with her and she really liked it. A lot. It wasn’t like anything she had done with Dylan. This was leaning into each other while watching a movie. Or like last night, they had watched the sunset and he wrapped his arms around her waist and they seriously just sat there and watched.

She could honestly say even though everything had changed with them since they kissed, nothing had changed too. They were still friends. They could still be in the same room without being all over each other. And even though they missed each other, they could be without one another. Like this week, Nick was currently in Metropolis visiting family, they were having a family reunion. They did it every year at the beginning of the year and then again in summer where they played games and whatnot.

“Lexy?”

She came out of her thoughts and smiled up at her dad. “Sorry. Spaced out. What?”

“Would you like to be my date to my announcing my support for Sebastian?”

She groaned and rolled her eyes. She really hated that guy. She couldn’t say why, but she did. She smiled at her father. “Sure, daddy. I’ll be your date.”

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Lexy stood in front of the stage and listened to her father speech about a man she despised. Of course, if she hadn’t heard his crap all summer she might be able to forgive the guy for the things he said about her family and especially her father, but she couldn’t. Maybe it was because there was a vibe that came of him that told her not to trust the guy. She had no idea what it was, but she was always taught to listen to her instincts.

“So, please, join me in our efforts to send Starling's favorite son there. To Sebastian Blood. Sebastian for Starling.”

Lexy clapped the best she could around her glass of soda. “Thank you, Oliver. And not just for your support, but also for your friendship. And thank all of you for coming. You know, when Oliver calls me a son of Starling City, it feels like the literal truth……”

Lexy worked her way through the crowd and walked with her father to where Thea was. Oliver smiled down at her. “I’m proud of you, Lex.”

“Why?”

“For at least pretending you want to be here even though you can’t stand the guy.”
She laughed softly. “I’ll do anything for you dad, you know that. Even if it means, raising a glass and flashing a smile to a man that I can’t trust.”

“Nice speech, Ollie. Who knew you cared so much about politics?” Thea said, sliding up to him.

“Well, I care about the city, and... Sebastian has become something of a friend.”

She glanced in Laurel’s direction as she hugged him. “He's got a way of doing that, apparently.”

“That's very cute. Speaking of which, how's Roy?”

“Handsome, brooding, usual. Why is my boyfriend such a topic of interest?”

“Well, Thea, his idol put an arrow in him, and I just...wanted to make sure there weren't any lingering issues.”

“Oh, my God. Now that I think about it, you know, he did something completely out of character this morning.”

“What?” Oliver asked a little too concerned.

“He showed up for work on time.”

“Thea! Oh, it's-- it's just wonderful,” Moira gushed as they hugged.

“Proud to my civic duty.”

“No, I'm the one who's proud. You've taken Oliver's...hobby, and turned it into a successful business.”

“Hobby?”

“Ouch, Grandma,” Lexy muttered.

“Oh, sweetheart.”

Laurel and Sebastian walked up as Moira and Thea walked away. Lexy opened her mouth to greet Laurel, but stopped when her phone rang. She looked at the caller ID. “Ooh! Be right back, dad.”

“Okay, Baby. Stay where I can see you.”

“Promise,” she called over her shoulder.

Laurel smiled. “You’re definitely taking this parenting thing really well.”

He laughed. “Everyone acts like I had no idea she existed.” He smiled. “Not only that, but she makes it easy. She’s like a mini-adult. There really isn’t any parenting that I need to do with her.”

Meanwhile, on the upper floor, still within eyeshot of her father, Lexy answered the phone, “Hey, Nicky.”

“Hi, Angel. How’s it going?”

Her heart fluttered in her chest. “Pretty good. Wish you were here. I’m currently at a Sebastian Blood for Mayor rally and I’m bored.”

He laughed. “I’m sorry. Wish I was there too. I miss you.”
Her heart literally skipped a beat and she smiled. “I miss you too. When are you coming home?”

“I’m not sure. Dad’s been mumbling about tomorrow, but I think that’s only because he got into a fight with one of his brothers.”

She laughed. “Maybe.” She leaned on the railing and smiled. “So, what’s your family reunions like?”

“Loud, annoying and my dad and three brothers always fight about something.”

She laughed again. She looked down over the railing and saw her dad waving her down. “Hey, Babe, I gotta go, okay?”

“Yeah. That’s fine. Everything all right?”

“Yeah. Apparently, Blood wants to talk to me.”

“About what?”

“I don’t know, but I will let you know when I find out.” She smiled. “Hurry home. I’ve been holding back on seeing that movie because you’ve been wanting to see it too, but if you’re gone any longer then I’ll have to watch it without you.”

He laughed. “I’ll inform the parentals of the dire need for my return.”

She laughed and hung up. She hurriedly walked down the stairs and rushed with her father out the door. They got back to the Bunker and Dig was filling them in. “Can you patch me into the police and fire?” Oliver asked.

Dig sat down in Felicity’s chair and began trying to hack, but it took longer. Lexy smiled. “Uncle John, I love you to pieces, but could I?”

He smiled. “Please.”

She slid around him and began typing. Within seconds she was in. Oliver left soon after and helped get people to safety.

The next morning, thank God for a Teacher’s In-Service. When there was one of those she could spend her days with her dad in his office. She rode up in the elevator with him and smiled at Diggle as he waited for them. “You okay? Long night?”

Lexy nodded. “Thank God for no school today.”

He laughed softly. “Did you sleep okay?”

She shrugged. “I guess so.”

“News report said the bomber didn’t steal any money.”

“That’s definitely the wrong way to do it. What happened to a good old-fashioned bank robbery?”

John laughed. “I think this guy just wants to make a statement. That went online an hour ago. His manifesto. 300 pages of anti-government hate. You think this psycho’s any way connected to our
psycho in the skull mask?"

“This guy has a completely separate agenda. He's a lone wolf, but we need to find him before he finds his next target.”

“I'd start with the bomb. Everyone's unique.”

“Is it true that every bomber has a signature? Something that makes them unique to others?”

The 2 most important men in her life turned to her curiously. “What?”

“Studying?” was all that Oliver said, smiling.

She shrugged. “I have to. You two have almost twenty some odd years ahead of me on this knowledge thing.”

The guys laughed. Oliver kissed her hair. “It's not a competition, Sweetheart. Don't rush it.”

“I'm not. I was watching Criminal Minds with Nick the other night and it came up. I was just curious if it was true.”

“Maybe we can get some kind of signature on the guy. But the bomb residue is with the SCPD.”

“Fortunately we have an in with one of the officers at the department.”

Lexy gasped. “MOM!” She rushed to her and hugged her. “I missed you!”

Felicity hugged her back. “I missed you too, Sweetie.”

Oliver was a little surprised. “I thought you were staying in Central City for a few more days.”

“I got a news alert about the bombing. Caught the first train out this morning.”

“Good. We need you here.”

She smiled. Lexy could still feel the very intense vibe coming off of her parents. She looked from Oliver to Felicity and then back again.

“How's Barry?”

“Ah, he's still sleeping. I prefer sleeping to coma, 'cause coma sounds, you know, not fun. I'll reach out to detective Lance,” she said softly.

Oliver looked at Lexy as her phone rang. She pulled it out of her pocket and looked at the caller ID. “Hmm,” she hummed curiously.

“What?”

“It's Roy.”

Oliver nodded. She smiled and started heading out as she answered, “Hey, RJ. How's it going?”

He chuckled before responding. “Um....are you at school?”

“No,” she answered. “Teacher In-Service. You okay?”

“Yeah. Do you think you could stop into the club? I wanna talk to you about something.”
“Sure,” she said. “Do I get a hint?”

He smiled on his end. “It’s something to do with your nighttime partner.”

“Okay. I can meet you for lunch if that’s okay?”

“Perfect. Thanks, Lex.”

She smiled, her heart fluttered. “You’re welcome, Roy. You’re still my friend.”

“When do you think I’ll get ‘best friend’ status back?”

“Um….you’d have to share that title with Nick.”

He sighed. “Okay.”

She laughed. “Roy, you’ll always be my best friend.”

“Thanks. See you at lunch.”

Lexy turned the corner into the supply room when she heard a bunch glass shatter. She rushed inside and gasped. “You guys okay?”

“Yeah,” Thea said a little thrown.

Lexy seen the piece of glass sticking out of Roy’s arm. “Oh, my God…..” she rushed to him at the same time as Thea. “Are you okay?”

“Yeah.”

“Um, that looks really deep. It might need stitches. Um, I’m going to go downstairs and get the first aid kit, ok?” Thea said.

“Ok.” He held the piece of glass in his fingers.

“Let me see,” she said as Thea rushed out. Roy pulled back the towel and she looked at it, examined it. “It looks deep. And you may need stitches. If it wasn’t for my aunt being here I’d patch you up myself. I helped sew up the Arrow once.”

“Really?”

She nodded. “Yeah.” She exhaled. “So, what did you want to talk to me about?”

“This.”

“This? This what? Roy, it was—”

“It doesn’t hurt,” he told her. “And if you look it’s already healing.”

She looked at it again. He was right it was healing. “But…..”

“I don’t know,” he said a little surprised himself. “Ever since I was injected with….whatever that was this has been happening.”
“Really?”

He nodded. “I thought maybe you could tell our mutual friend and see if he’s heard anything.”

She nodded. “I’ll tell him,” she said.

“Okay. Got the first aid kit.” She rushed to him. Basically pushed Lexy out of the way and started patching him up.

Lexy sighed. “Well, I’m no longer wanted.” She walked toward the door. “See ya later, Roy,” she called over her shoulder.

Roy looked at Thea. “Would you knock it off?”

“What?”

“The petty jealous bullshit, Thea. She’s a friend.”

“I still find it strange that you’re friends with my thirteen year old niece.”

“Why?” he asked, settling back on his feet.

“Because she’s thirteen.”

He sighed. He’d told her this story about a thousand times. I saved her life, Thea. Quite literally. Whenever she would come to the Glades after that she sought me out.”

“Why was she there to begin with?”

“Because she has an obsession for Belly Burger’s Chili Cheese fries that’s why.”

Later that night, there was an alarm that resounded softly and Lexy walked over to the computer. “There’s been an explosion downtown.” She looked at John. “Tell daddy where I went.”

He nodded. Felicity turned, “Lex, wait—”

“Can’t mom,” she said and quickly got dressed. She flipped her hood up and walked out. She hopped on her bike.

“Starling City municipal building.”

“Give me a location.”

“I’ll give you one better-- I'm checking the surrounding cell towers. There was a GSM spike of 3,800 megahertz two seconds before the blast. That frequency’s way outside the approved frequency for U.S. carriers. Signal's moving. I think he's mobile.”

“Give me an intersection.”

“Lexy’s out there too.”
“Where?”

“I’m at the detonation site,” she said.

“You okay?” Oliver asked, his stomach dipping.

“I’m fine, daddy. I just got here. The thing is I saw his vehicle.”

“You saw his vehicle?”

She nodded. “Yeah. It’s a van.”

“Like what kind of van?” John asked.

“Like a utility van.”

When Oliver got back to the Bunker, Lexy was waiting for him, in her suit. While Felicity was looking defeated. “What happened?” He asked walking to her.

“He's using cellular technology to detonate his bombs. Clearly, his expertise extends to obscuring that signal.”

“Felicity, your expertise was supposed to trump his.”

“Excuse me?”

“Oh, boy,” Lexy muttered.

“If you have something to say to me, Oliver, say it.” She stood.

He turned. “People are dying. So I would like you to pull your head out of Central City and get back in the game.”

“Sure, right after you get yours out of your ass.”

“Excuse me?”

Lexy watched, biting her lip. “Uncle John do something, please.”

“All right. Maybe we should just take a breath here.”

“No, wait, I want to know, what exactly was that crack about Central City meant to imply?”

Lexy sighed and walked out of the bunker.

“When the first bomb went off, you weren’t here. And when the second bomb went off, you sent me the wrong way.”

“After you didn't catch him in the first place!”

“Don't blame me because you didn't have it tonight.”

“I need some air.” Felicity stormed off.
“At the risk of me getting my head knocked off... Playing the blame game's not going to help us catch this son of a bitch.”

“Neither is doing things halfway.”

“Is that what you think’s going on here, Oliver? You think she was distracted? She wasn't giving it her all?”

“She almost ran me into a bus, Diggle. What do you think?”

“I think you didn't have a problem with Felicity's performance until she met Barry Allen.”

Meanwhile, with her parents arguing, she leaned against the outer club wall and slouched down, beginning to cry. Why was it when one thing was falling apart it felt like everything was crashing around you?

“Lexy?”

She looked up, stood and wiped her eyes. “Hey, mom.”

“You okay?”

She shook her head as her chin quivered and tears glistened in her eyes. “I never actually knew…..” She took a deep breath trying to steady her voice from the tears. “…..how it would feel to hear your parents argue.”

“Oh, honey, we’ll be okay,” she said softly, comforting her.

She laughed wryly. “Will we really?” she asked wiping her tears away.

“Of course we will, Lexy.”

She shook her head. “I don’t think so.”

“Why not?”

“Because you’re still there!” she almost screamed as it started to rain.

“Wha—what?”

“You’re still there,” she said more firmly. She exhaled. “You’re still in Central City. You’re not here.”

“Lex—”

“No!” she almost screamed. “Don’t pacify me!” She groaned. “God! I hate when you guys do that!” She wiped her tears again. “I was on the other end of those conversations you’d have with daddy, mom. I may be a newbie to figuring out emotions or whatever, but I’m also a kid—a very intuitive kid—a kid who knows there’s something going between you and Barry—”

“Lexy, no!”

“Yes!” she screamed. “I get the friendship thing. I get the like-minded thing, but mom, if you were
still committed to daddy….to me….you—your head wouldn’t still be in Central City.”

“That’s not fair,” she said softly. “Barry’s in a coma.”

“I know,” she said. “I know he’s still in a coma, mom. I’ve been keeping in constant contact with Cisco and he’s been giving me daily updates on him.” She sighed. “He’s my friend too and I care about him.” She quickly wiped her tears away. “But do you really think it was fair to me not to have you here?”

“Lex—” she sighed. “I never asked for this.”

“What?” Lexy asked, her heart shattering then and there. “Asked for what, mom? To have a child love you as if you were her mother? To have a child to care about, to care for?”

Felicity sighed. “Lex—”

Lexy interjected, “Well, I’m sorry I’m such a burden for you, Felicity.”

She felt that arrow right to her heart and not in a cupid way. If the little girl was purposely breaking her heart then she had achieved it. “No, Lexy, that’s—”

Without a word, Lexy got on her bike and sped out of the parking lot of the club. She could hear her mother—no, not mother, her mother was dead and this one didn’t want her. She kept driving until she found herself at the cemetery. On a whim she walked up the hill toward a very tall tombstone. She walked up to the etched limestone and sat on her knees in front of it:

Janine Elisabeth Bradford

Born: October 30, 1985   Died: March 9, 2008

She wiped her tears as she cleared the weeds from the grave. “Hi, mommy. I’m sorry that I haven’t come to you lately.” She exhaled, wiping her tears. “A lot has happened since the last time we spoke. Um….let’s see, Roy and I aren’t where we were when I talked to you last. We’re trying, but it’s just not like it used to be. Grandmother and Aunt Thea are still pretty much like they’ve always been. Which makes my friendship with Roy a little more difficult ‘cause it would seem that she’s jealous of me or something. Um…..I did make friends. Both are boys, but you always said that gender never mattered as long as they were true friends. And I can honestly say they are or were as the case may be for one of them.”

The air around her filled with her own crying for a moment before she continued, “Dylan moved away almost six months ago and we haven’t talked since. And um…..then there’s Nick.” She sighed. “Oh, mommy, he’s amazing. I think you would have really liked him. I know daddy does and that’s saying a lot because you always said he’d be an overprotective father and he is—except when I tell him to back off—” She laughed wiping her tears. “You were right about that too, mommy. I have daddy wrapped around my finger.”

She exhaled. “God….mommy, I miss you. I thought with Felicity around and everything that it would have made you not being here a little bit easier, but it’s not, not now. Not after….” She wept out loud, rocking back and forth. “Mommy, everything’s falling apart and I don’t know how….” This time she yielded to the compulsive sobs that shook her.

After a few minutes, she wiped the tears away and continued, “….I don’t know how to fix it or make it better. Daddy’s in love with Felicity and wants to make themselves official, but I know for
a fact that if she doesn’t truly want me he’d walk away from her.” A tear slipped down her cheek again and she wiped it away. “And I’m not sure with Barry around now if she actually wants us anymore.”

Meanwhile, back at the bunker, after Lexy pulled out of the parking lot, Felicity rushed down the stairs. “Oliver!”

Oliver looked at her as she rushed to him. “What? What is it?”

“Lexy—”

“What about her?”

“She’s upset and left on her bike.”

He sighed. He tapped his chest com. “Lexy, Sweetheart.”

No answer. He tried again.

“Baby, answer me, please?”

Seconds later they heard, “I’m okay, daddy,” fill the speakers.

“Where are you?”

“Talking to mommy,” she answered.

Oliver’s heart shattered, not only because she was talking to Janine, but because she sounded devastated. “Do you want—”

“No,” she answered. “I’m okay, daddy. I promise.” She cleared her throat. “I’ll be at the mansion later. Could you bring me my bag? It’s in the chair next to mo—where she sits,” she said softly.

He looked down at Felicity and he saw the hurt there. He wanted to reach out to her and comfort her, but if Lexy was this upset then she heard their argument and needed the comfort more. “I will, Baby.”

“Thank you.”

“I love you.”

Oliver’s eyes filled with tears when he heard her voice be choked by tears as she said, “I love you, daddy.” He hung up and exhaled, using the palm of his hand to wipe his tears before they fell.

Felicity walked over to the chair she usually sat in and picked up Lexy’s bag. As she went to take it by the strap, the strap became unlatched on side and the bag flopped open, a printout sliding across the floor. She walked over and picked up the stapled printout. She looked at it and she gasped, her heart twisting in anguish. “Oh, my God……”

“What?”

She held the piece of paper out to him. He took it as she said, “She wants me to adopt her.”
The next night, Lexy was quiet as they listened to the news about Sebastian Blood’s unity rally. As Oliver just finished telling John to go to the Unity Rally so that all their bases were covered, Lexy’s phone rang. She looked at the caller ID. She answered, “Hey, Nicky.”

“Hey, Angel. You’ll never guess where I’m at.”

She smirked. “The Daily Planet?” That was Metropolis’ newspaper and where Metropolis’ most popular reporters, Clark Kent and Lois Lane worked.

He laughed. “No. Alderman Blood’s Unity Rally.”

Her heart plummeted. “Wha….wha—what did you say?”

“I’m at the rally. You okay?”

“Uh….yeah, I’m fine. I’ll meet you there.” She hung up the phone and looked at her dad. “Nick’s home. He’s at the rally.”

He nodded. “Okay. You go with Uncle John.”

She nodded. Oliver looked at John. “Take care of her. While she’s there she’s not the Sparrow. Don’t need Nick or my mother asking questions.” He looked at Lexy. “Be careful, okay?”

She nodded. “Yes, daddy.”

Lexy and John got down to the Rally and she quickly shot a text to Nick. She exhaled. John smiled. “You really like him, huh?”

She shrugged. “I don’t know anymore,” she muttered.

“What’s that about?”

She sighed. “I mean, I do like him…..a lot, but what if…..it turns out like me and Dylan and nothing….”

He smiled. “The fact that you’re seeing the flaws you and Dylan had is a good thing, Small Fry. But that boy has been waiting for five months for you to be ready to go out with him. I think he’d wait a little while longer, Sweetheart.”

“He’s right.”

She turned and her heart leapt from her chest. She walked to him, wrapping her arms around his neck. Becoming off balance, he kept them steady by putting his hands on her waist. “You missed me that much, huh?”

She laughed. “You have no idea.” She took his hand and said, “Come on. I’ll introduce you to my Aunt Thea. Maybe she’ll get off my case about being jealous of me and Roy trying to be friends.”

“Trying?” he asked.

She nodded. “We were best friends, then I formed a crush and then he called me and told me was
dating my Aunt.” She smiled up at him. “There my first attempt into romance summed up into few words.”

He laughed. “Well, considering I know about you and Dylan, I’m gonna say thank you.”

“You’re welcome.” She tapped Thea and Moira on the shoulders.

Moira turned and smiled. “Alexandra!” she exclaimed and appeared to be happy to see her.

“Hey, Lex,” Thea said.

Roy smiled and was the first to step forward. “Hey, Sash.”

“Sash?” Moira asked.

“Uh…” Roy said and shrugged at Lexy.

She laughed. “Roy and I met before Thea. He saved my life once when I went into the Glades for Big Belly Burger’s Chili Cheese Fries. He became my protector from then and there and then a friendship blossomed. He started calling me Sasha because apparently Lexy doesn’t fit.” She smiled, then turned the smile to Nick. “You remember, Nick, right, grandmother?”

“Yes, how are you?”

“I’m very well, ma’am. Thank you for asking,” he replied.

Lexy turned to Thea. “Aunt Thea, my really good friend, Nick. Nick, my aunt Thea.”

Thea smiled and greeted him and then looked at Lexy. “Friend?”

“More like a boyfriend,” Lexy corrected.

The audience began applauding as Alderman Blood took the stage. “Please, please. You’re the ones who deserve an ovation. 8 months ago this city survived a devastating attack... But we rose up. You rose up and banded together, just like we are tonight.”

Lexy saw her Felicity and watched her as she walked to the east.

“And prove to the world that we cannot be broken.”

The audience cheered. Nick leaned into Lexy and whispered, his lips inches from her ear, “This guy is really full of himself.”

She smirked, but her eyes were laughing.

“That the people of this city are too strong. And that no bomb and no earthquake is strong enough to tear us apart.”

Lexy looked in the direction where Felicity and John were and watched—it seemed like in total slow motion—him getting shot. “Oh, God….”

“What?” Nick asked as Felicity’s voice rang out.

“Dig!”

Lexy ran toward them, Nick following close behind. “Uncle John!”
“I’m okay, Small Fry.”

There was chaos all around them and then an explosion on the stage. Both she and Nick looked over to the stage and then behind everyone and saw the Arrow on his motorcycle. Nick smiled. “He’s got to be the coolest guy in the world!”

She smiled. “You have no idea,” she muttered.

“I’m calling an ambulance,” Nick said, taking charge. He dialed 9-1-1.

Later that night, Lexy looked at everyone. “There’s something I’ve been meaning to tell you, all three of you—something Roy told me.”

“What?” Oliver asked.

“It’s about the Mirakuru they injected in him.”

“What?”

“He can’t feel pain,” she stated firmly. “When I went to meet him for lunch, a crate of glasses had fallen on him and shard of glass was sticking out of his arm. He told me that it didn’t even hurt, because he can’t feel pain. And he heals rapidly,” she told them.

“Any temper surges?” Oliver asked.

She shook her head. “Not that he’s told me. To be honest I haven’t seen him angry in a while, but I’m no longer living with your sister, so…”

He laughed. “Funny. Dig, do you mind taking her home?”

“Wait,” Felicity said as she looked at Lexy. “The other day you kinda freaked out on me. What was that about?”

She shrugged. “You and daddy have been acting weird. I can pick up on when things don’t feel right. And your conversations aren’t the same anymore.”

Felicity knew what this was. It was the same with her parents—from what she could remember anyway. “Baby, just because daddy and I are fighting doesn’t mean that we love you any less or that I don’t want you.”

“But you said—”

“You never let me finish,” she said, smiling softly. “When I said I never wanted this—I didn’t mean you.” She walked to the girl and knelt in front of her. “Lexy, baby, there’s never going to be a moment that I don’t want you. You’re my baby just as much as you’re daddy’s baby.” She smiled up at her. “I love you and that’s never going to change.”

She smiled and lunged forward, wrapping her arms around Felicity’s neck. “I love you, mom.”

Felicity’s heart swelled with so much joy in that moment that she thought she would have burst with it. “I love you, Baby.” She kissed her cheek. “Will you be at the apartment waiting?”

“If daddy is,” she said, smiling.
Felicity smiled. “Your daddy will be there. I promise.”

A few minutes later, Lexy and John left, leaving Oliver and Felicity alone in the bunker together. Oliver turned in his sit, where his half-filled quiver sat and said, “I’m sorry.”

“Are you apologizing to me or were you talking to your quiver?”

“I didn't snap at my quiver.” He walked toward her.

“You kind of more than snapped.”

“I know. And I'm sorry.”

“I understand that this Mirakuru thing has you freaked out and I have been in Central City a lot.”

Felicity, it's not that. When you are there, well, it just made me realize how much I need you here. Not just for the team, but for…..me, for Lexy.” In the beg...beginning, I was just gonna-- I was gonna do all of this by myself. And now with you and Diggle... I rely on you.”

“Does that mean I have a shot at employee of the month?”

“No. Because you're not my employee. You're my partner.” He took her face in his hands. “I’m hoping that we can be partners in life too. I’m sorry if me mentioning moving in together freaked you out. I’m sorry if we’re moving too fast. I’ve jumped right into this with both feet and I didn’t even bother to take your hand to help guide you.”

She shook her head. “No need,” she whispered. “None at all. It wasn’t you asking to move in with me that freaked me out. It was the fact that I was looking at you and all I wanted to do was scream ‘yes!’” She sighed and cuffed his wrists. “All my life, my mother’s run from one relationship to the next hoping for someone to love her.” She smiled up at him. “The funny thing is, I have someone who loves me and I want to stay exactly where we are because I’m afraid that once we start sharing a space, sharing a life that you could at some point decide that you didn’t want that life.”

He shook his head. “Wouldn’t happen. Wouldn’t happen….you are my life, Felicity.”

She smiled. “I love you, Oliver. With my whole heart I love you. And I’m sorry that Barry being here for the few days he was made you feel insecure about where we were.” She rose up on her tiptoes and pressed her lips to his.

Without thinking twice, he wrapped his fingers into her hair and deepened the kiss. He pulled back, lingering. “Let’s go home.”

She smiled into his mouth. “Oh, yeah.”
Chapter Summary

Oliver, Felicity and Lexy take the day off from saving the City.

Lexy goes bowling with Nick and some friends....and surprises Nick with an announcement of her own.

Oliver and Felicity spend the evening having fun before Lexy's curfew

-February.....

The strong African-American man slammed into the mat hard and groaned. The young blond stood and then jumped up and wrapped her legs around the other man’s neck and squeezed. She threw herself backward like she would if she was doing a back cartwheel and the man hit the floor, gagging for a moment. And she just rolled out of it.

“Like that?” she asked panting.

Diggle rolled to pull himself up and looked at his friend. “Man, this was your idea?” He pulled him to his feet. “We just got our asses handed to us by your daughter, man.”

Oliver sighed. “Tell me about it.” He coughed. He put a hand to his throat. “Wow, Lex, that was lethal.”

She scoffed. “Oh, and Uncle John taking me out the way he did wasn’t?”

He laughed. “Okay. You got me there.” He straightened. “I think we’re done for the day,” Oliver said with a smile. “Your mom and I have a date with a DVD tonight.”

She smiled. “Awesome, which means you’re gonna have sex too, right?”

He shrugged. “We might, why?”
“Cause I was gonna ask if I could up my curfew if you were?”

Oliver exhaled. He didn’t like her out past a certain time, but she was going to be with Nick so there wasn’t really a problem. “So, you and Nick got a date tonight?”

“It’s not a date,” she corrected. “We’re going bowling with Chris, his new girlfriend, Allison, Nick and Chris’ cousin, Alex and his girlfriend Danielle and Chris’ roommate, Justin and his girlfriend, Elizabeth.”

“So it’s all couples?” John asked.

She nodded. Oliver smirked and eyed his friend. “Hey, if she says it’s not a date….”

She laughed with them and shook her head in disbelief. They were still going at the pace that they were going, they’d kiss occasionally, but nothing had really changed. But she had noticed that they did ‘couples’ things together and with Chris and his new girlfriend most of the time. She sighed. “Okay, it might be a date, but we’re keeping things slow.”

Oliver smiled. “Lex, honey, there’s nothing wrong with mentioning the boyfriend-girlfriend thing if you want to be. You’ve been friends and inching toward something more for the past six months or so. I totally agree that you and Dylan went way too fast, but it’s okay to have a boyfriend now. You wouldn’t be rushing anything.”

She exhaled. She looked at John. “You didn’t tell him?”

He shook his head. “Nope. Figured you would….eventually.”

She sighed. “I’m afraid Nick and I will end up like Dylan and….”

Oliver smiled and pushed one of the chairs to her. “Sit,” he told her and then sat with across from her. “You and Dylan did move too fast and I agree with you totally it was the infatuation stage, but, Baby, that boy really likes you. And not because you’re beautiful, but because you’re you.” He exhaled. God this was going to be harder for him to say. “You and Nick are nothing like you and Dylan. You’re friends, best friends. And he’s putting that first before how he feels about you. You know if I see it then it’s true.”

“I know,” she said a little timidly.

He smiled. “Then you won’t end up like you and Dylan. If I was to guess, I think I see you together five years from now.” He knelt in front of her. “But, Baby, I know you were waiting for your birthday to have a ‘do-over’, but you don’t need it. You’re already got your do-over you just gotta find the courage to take the chance on it.”

He smiled and cupped his hand over cheek. “You’ve got to find the courage within yourself, Lex. I know it’s scary, but the best things in life are supposed to scare us. That’s what makes them so rewarding later.” His smile deepened as his adoration for his daughter showed in his eyes. “I don’t want you to miss out on something that I think will be good for you.” He tilted his head and looked up at her. “He’s good for you. And he’s a good boy.”

“I know,” she said and sighed. “I am scared, but not because I think he’ll pressure me into something I’m not ready for. He’d never do that.”

Oliver smiled. “No, he wouldn’t. So, what scares you?”

“The future,” she admitted.
“What do you mean?” John asked. “Why would the future scare you?”

“Because what if Nick and I don’t work out? Then I lose my best friend all over again. I lost Roy, because of him falling for Aunt Thea, I don’t think I could handle losing Nicky too.”

John smiled and knelt down beside her. “You know the ‘falling in love with your best friend, then breaking up and you have no friendship’ thing is just a generalization, right? It all depends on the couple and their friendship going into the relationship. If they have a solid friendship, then if they end—and that’s a big if—then they’ll stay friends despite not being romantically involved. Look at me and Aunt Lyla.”

She smiled. “But how do I tell him?”

Oliver smiled and stood. “That I can’t tell you. You’ll know.”

She sighed. She just hoped that her dad was right about this.

Nick was actually getting worried. Lexy was 20 minutes late. She was never that late….ever. He glanced at his watch again and sighed. Everyone was waiting for her before starting the game, but he was tempted to tell everyone to start without him and Lexy.

Justin Tilton glanced at his watch again and groaned. “Dude, are you sure your brother’s girlfriend isn’t standing him up?”

Chris Jordan shook his head. “Lexy wouldn’t do that. She loves him too much, even if she doesn’t know it yet.”

Seconds later, the whirlwind that was Lexy blew into the bowling alley and rushed to Nick at a dead run. She stopped, holding on to him. “Sorry,” she said panting. “Was outrunning the paparazzi.”

“Paparazzi?”

Chris nodded to his friend Mike’s girlfriend as he walked up to Lexy, as Nick went to get her a drink. He smiled. “Everyone, this is Lexy Queen. Lex, meet Mike Rosen and his girlfriend Jessica Winfield.”

Lexy waved to the tall blond guy and his exotically beautiful girlfriend. “Hi.”

“This is Justin Tilton and his girlfriend, Elizabeth Hansen.”

Justin was a muscular African-American man with some of the prettiest amber colored eyes she’d ever seen. His girlfriend was a beautiful Asian woman who had a very petite frame. Lexy smiled. “Hi.”

“And this is Alex’s girlfriend, Danielle Campisano and my girlfriend Allison.”

Allison smiled. “Hi. Nice to finally meet you. Chris and Nick talk about you so much I was beginning to wonder if you actually existed.”

She laughed and took the water. “Thanks, Babe.”

“You’re welcome,” he said softly. “You okay?”
She nodded. “Yes, thank you.”

He kissed her hair. “You’re welcome. Sorry you had to deal with it without me.”

She smiled and kissed his cheek. She tapped his chest. “I’ve had to deal with it for six years, but thank you.”

“Six years?” Jessica asked. “You’re Oliver Queen’s daughter, right?”

“I am. My biological mother died when I was five years old. That’s when the press, my grandmother, and aunt found out about me. Daddy always knew.” She looked at Chris. “Are we gonna play or what?”

“Yeah. Allie, you’re up, Baby.”

Lexy looked up at the screen and smiled. They had at least 10 minutes before it was their turn. “Hey, Chris, Nick and I are gonna go get some food. Want anything?”

“Uh….I’ll take a soda, please?”

She smiled and kissed the guy’s cheek. “You got it.” She took Nick’s hand and began walking up the concessions area. “So, um, I’ve been thinking…..”

“Yeah?” he asked and stopped at a table far enough away from their group.

She slid on the table and looked up at him. She exhaled. “I’m ready. I’ve been ready for a while. I just got scared.”

He felt his heart skip a beat almost literally and his inner self was absolutely giddy. He knew what she was trying to tell him and he was trying to keep his cool. “Scared about what, Angel?”

“Us. The friend us.” She took his hands. “Nicky, I don’t want to lose you as a friend. I lost Roy because he fell in love with my aunt. I….I….I couldn’t handle it if I lost you too.” She exhaled. “I don’t have many friends. I guess you could say none at all. Except you.” She exhaled. “It’s hard making friends with kids who are so much older than you and who don’t see you like you see yourself.”

He smiled and pressed his lips to hers in an attempt to calm her. He pulled back seconds later, their lips smacking. He smiled. “Look at me, Alexandra.”

She looked into his blue eyes and her heart thudded. He caressed her cheek. “You’re not going to lose me. I promise. Even if we don’t work out—which I don’t see how that would happen—I’ll always be your friend. There’s nothing I wouldn’t do for you.”

She smiled. “Me too. If you do ask, I don’t want anything with us to change right now. Except for we get to introduce each other as boyfriend-girlfriend. And you can kiss me like you did in my apartment building hallway, but other than that I don’t want us to change right now.”

He nodded. “Baby steps,” he concluded.

She nodded in return. “Baby steps.” She smiled. “I just don’t want to introduce you any longer as my friend or best friend when you’re so much more to me than that. However, you should know, even with baby steps, I’m all in, Nick. One-hundred percent all in. I don’t know what that means totally. I just know that I don’t want someone else to claim you and I don’t want to experience whatever that means with anyone but you.”
He laughed softly and kissed her nose. “No one could.” He cleared his throat. He smiled into her eyes. “I’ve been waiting three months to ask you this, so….Lexy, will you be my girlfriend?”

She smiled and nodded. “Yes.”

Just like before, he took her face gently in his hands and looked into her eyes, but unlike the first time, he went right this time and she went left. He pressed his lips to her for about 3 seconds and then pulled back. He looked into her face and her eyes fluttered open. She smiled up at him and he smiled down at her, then pressed his mouth to hers again.

This time instead of fireworks, it was bolts of lightning that went off around them. Just like their first kiss, their lips stayed in that position. However, unlike last time, she could feel her heart lunge out of her chest at how gentle he was being. His lips were still as soft as last time, except this time they were warm and kind of tasted like chocolate.

Her lips were amazing. Still fluffy like clouds and the lip gloss she had on them actually tasted really good. He tasted cherries, but he’d ask her later. However, unlike last time, when it felt good to be doing it, this time it felt right. Like, this moment was exactly where he was supposed to be.

Down on the alley floor, Chris’ girlfriend, Allison looked over and her heart thudded in her chest. She couldn’t believe the gentleness she was seeing in Nick right now. She slapped at Chris. “Babe, look.”

Chris looked in the direction she indicated and smiled when he saw what had her kinda speechless. His little brother was kissing his girlfriend. His smile widened. “Number two.”

“Number two?” Allison asked. She pointed at the kissing couple who were now coming apart. “There is no way that is kiss number two!”

He nodded. “Yep. He kissed for the first time about two months I ago I think.”

She gasped, then gently slapped his chest. “No way!” she exclaimed so that they could hear. “Well, he must really like her, but there is no way a guy would kiss another girl like that without liking her first.”

Chris smiled. “And to think, no tongue.” He waggled his at her and laughed when she slapped at him, laughing too.

Chris hugged her and looked over at his little brother as Nick kissed her nose, and then her forehead. He hoped it worked out for both of them. They deserved every ounce of happiness.

Meanwhile, back at the apartment, Oliver and Felicity were watching National Treasure from Netflix. Oliver was lounged back on the couch and Felicity was curled into his right side. This was their second movie of the night. Felicity had 3 picked out for their movie date night.

He had offered to take her out but she turned him down saying she didn’t want to share him with the world anymore. So, here is where they sat, enjoying each other’s company and the movies. He looked over when she shifted. She pulled her legs up underneath her and rose on her knees. She slid her knees toward him. She pushed at his shoulders and straddled him. "Kiss me," she demanded softly.
He took her mouth in a ravaging kiss that made her whimper as she wrapped her arms around his neck. He pulled her to him and deepened the kiss. He wrapped one hand, fingers and all into the mass of curls as he pulled her closer. He brushed his tongue across her bottom lip to get her to open her mouth. She sighed and he swept his tongue inside.

She moved her hands to his chest again as she tried to feel his heat, she had to touch him. She just had to. She had to feel him. She moved to his waist band of his pants and rolled his shirt up to touch his skin. She grunted when her fingertips brushed his abs and she felt his heat.

Feeling her touching him sent him to the brink. The girl had a dangerous touch, a touch that could send him to the edge of no return. He reluctantly tore his mouth from hers and his cock hardened when he heard her whimper. He whipped the shirt over his head, letting it drop to the living room floor and then she leaned into him, pressing him further into the couch, deepening the kiss.

Her entire body was on fire! How in the hell did he do it? How did he heat her from the inside out like this? Already knowing she couldn't go back or she'd regret it within herself, she backed away long enough to pull the tank top up over her head and threw it on the floor to join his t-shirt.

Oliver watched as she pushed her button down shirt off her shoulders and it slid off her arms, releasing her breasts, still nestled nicely inside her beautiful lacy bra and he groaned. “God, you’re perfect, Sweetheart.”

She smiled. “You’ve always made me feel that way, Oliver.”

He took her neck in a savage exploration of nips, love bites and kisses.

"Oh, God...." she whispered. He licked along her collarbone, "....that....oh, God...." he nipped at her throat.

He smiled devilishly as he curled his arm around her waist and flipped her on her back, laying her back against the pillows. He smiled as he heard her squeal in delight. He leaned down and dipped his mouth to take hers in the most gentlest of kisses that her heart soared. “I love you.”

She looked up at him and she could see it in his eyes. She smiled. “Show me.”

His lips slowly descended to meet hers, she sighed at the gentleness. She moaned and deepened the kiss. She had no idea what it was about him but whenever she got around him she couldn't seem to think straight. Not when all she wanted was him naked and making her come with each thrust of his incredible hips. She pressed her body into his, she had to feel him against her....badly. It was almost as strong as breathing.

He broke the kiss and almost came unglued when she whimpered. He began kissing down her chin, her neck. He had to feel their connection again, that feeling that made them who they were as a couple. He needed to feel that as badly as he needed to breathe. He continued his blaze of hot kisses down her body and felt himself get harder and the need get stronger with each of her moans.

He pushed up the skirt of her dress, and pushed up her hips as he tugged her panties off. "Let's just see how wet you are for me, shall we?"

Her body was on fire and they weren't even in to the homestretch of any of this. How did he do this to her? She gasped as she felt his fingertips touch her already sensitive flesh at the edge of her panties. She felt his fingers push her panties aside and he circled the opening that was already hot and ready for whatever assault he gave her....

"Oh, Sweet God...." she murmured as he dipped a finger into her drenched center.
He felt himself go hard again. If that was possible. He had to be as hard as granite by now. He watched as she arched her back off the couch as he pushed deeper inside of her and then just as swiftly pulled back out. He continued the assault with his finger, hearing her pant was making him harder with each stroke, but he couldn’t stop himself. “God...Fe--Felicity....you’re so hot....”

“Oh, God....don’t stop....”

He smiled. “Never,” he whispered. He adjusted his hand so that he use his thumb against her clit and smiled as she gasped, grasping his wrist as he worked her both with his finger and his thumb. “You like that?”

“Oh, God....yes....” She screamed with a release that shocked them both. She panted as coherent thought became difficult. "Oh, God...." she muttered. "Oliver."

He smiled and kissed her softly.

“Get naked,” she almost demanded. “I want you naked.” She sat up as he leaned back and stood up. She reached behind her back and flicked the clasps on her bra and released her beautiful breasts.

He pulled his pants down, taking his underwear down too. He came back to the couch as she slipped out of her panties. She moved her legs apart so that he could settle back between them. He trailed kisses along the top of her breasts and she sighed. She let her head fall back as he continued to kiss her breasts, leaving her nipples completely untouched. She brought her head back and then fell back until she was almost laying on his knees as he kissed down her torso and then back up again.

She sat up and looked down at him as he did the one thing she wasn't expecting at that moment, he took one of her nipples into his mouth and she cried out. She felt the fire that he generate within her pool between her legs. He smiled as he began working her nipple until it was a thin peak and then he went to the other one. Trailing his tongue along her breast, between the valley of her breasts to the mound that led to the untouched nipple, which was waiting for his mouth as it was already hard and perky.

He took it into his mouth and smiled against it as she cried out again. He worked her breasts until she was writhing beneath him. She closed her eyes as she felt his lips everywhere on her body, the sweet sensations overtaking her. "Ol.....Oliver.....please....."

"I will," he whispered as he dipped his tongue into the dimple of her bellybutton.

She gasped with need at the feel of his hot, wet tongue on her skin. "Shit...." she felt the warm heat between her legs and almost sighed. He wasn't even inside of her and all they were doing was kissing and touching and she was almost there. She felt his tongue dip again and she almost lost it. "Oliver!"

"I'm right here," he whispered.

"I want you inside of me, please...." she whined. “It’s been so long since we were together. Please....”

He laughed softly against her ear. “We made love this morning, Baby.”

“I know and that’s way too long.”

He smiled. He balanced himself with one arm and began touching her with the other, feeling her shudders with each touch.
She laughed wryly as she felt the shudders. "You suck."

"Not yet I haven't," he said and then dipped his head down to take one of her very hard and erect nipples into his mouth.

"Oh, God..." she cried out as she felt the heat of his mouth on her skin, suckling her nipple into submission. The man was seriously going to kill her. She felt him stop and move to her other one and she was lost. There was no way she could be even more turned on than this moment. She could feel the familiar ball of warmth that formed in her belly, which was a definite indication that she was very much almost there. "Baby, please...."

He stopped loving her breasts and leaned back on his feet as he positioned himself between her legs. He spread her apart and smiled when he seen her glistening with need for him. He caressed her with a couple of swift touches of his fingers against her inner thigh, close to her heat.

Her orgasm was instant, and earth shattering. Was it possible for someone to implode into a huge ball of fire in one orgasm? Because if not she had just become a medical study. Trying desperately to find a coherent thought to say something to him, she just panted, "I hate you."

He laughed. "Yeah, I can tell," he said and slowly dipped his finger inside of her.

"Holy fuck!" she said as she felt the first aftershock beginning when he slipped his finger inside of her. "How do you do that?" she asked, not really expecting an answer.

Finding her center, he curled his finger and flicked. She fisted her hands into the couch and held on as she cried out, which was actually more of a scream. She bowed as she felt the sensational pleasure of his finger playing with her G-spot.

Watching her had to be the most erotic thing he had ever witnessed in his life. He was absolutely sure his balls were now blue with holding back. He knew he couldn't do much more of that or he was for sure going to break something. He smiled satisfyingly as another, much larger orgasm overtook her and she screamed again. He slowed the flicking as she came down from the orgasm.

"Oh....my....God....." she panted.

Without giving her time to come completely down from her orgasm he slammed hard into her and she gasped. Fire bolts of desire raging through her as white light shot through the back of her eyes. She couldn't remember ever feeling something so right as the feel of him filling her, stretching her. She groaned with satisfaction.

He waited only for a few minutes before he started moving, first slowly and then faster. "Damn," he whispered into her hair. He could feel it building and building inside of him all day and to have her seducing him had totally done him in.

He pushed deeper into her and laid forward. His hips piston deaper and deeper into her until he was for sure soul to soul. Hearing her small gasps, groans and little whimper kept pushing him into that erotic rhythm that he remembered that they could generate so wonderfully.

She wrapped her arms tightly around him as she felt his movements urged her higher and higher. With each thrust of his body, she responded with both a thrust of her own and tremor. Coherent thought had been lost somewhere between the g-spot orgasm and this glorious feeling she was experiencing now. "Harder, Oliver...."

Hearing her plea, he deepened his thrust and went harder. In that moment all that was heard was grunts, pants, and the erotic sound of their bodies coming together repeated. Feeling his orgasm
clawing at him like a cat, he whispered into her ear, "Come with me, Baby. Come with me."

Feeling the whisper against her ear, sent her sensitive skin into overdrive and she felt her entire body tighten as a full body orgasm took her. She screamed his name as she felt him stiffen, grunt and felt the glorious feeling of him releasing inside of her. She felt the aftershock shivers raging through her like a hurricane and she held tightly, Oliver collapsed on her chest, both breathing heavily.

Finally, with his breathing evening and the feeling finally going back into his limbs, he turned his face and kissed her torso. He whispered into her skin, "You okay, baby?"

"That was incredible," she said barely above a whisper. "I don't think I've ever had that many orgasms....ever."

He laughed and kissed her lips softly as he rolled off her, sliding between her and the back of the couch. "Happy to oblige you." He kissed her lips and then her temple. “I love you, Felicity.”

She smiled and kissed his arm as she curled into him. “I love you, Oliver.” She glanced at the clock that was displayed on her DVD player. “We better get dressed soon. Lexy will be home in about forty-five minutes.”

“Yeah. We will. In a few minutes,” he whispered into her hair. He pulled her closer. He began running his fingers through her curls. “I love you.”

She smiled. “I love—”

“No, Felicity, I mean, I really love you.”

She looked up at him and kissed his lips. “I know, honey. And I love you just as much.”

They fell silent for another few seconds and then she said, “Move in.”

His heart thudded in his chest. “Wha—what?”

She looked up at him. “I want you and Lexy to move in here with me,” she answered. “I know last week everything—”

“Are you absolutely sure?”

She nodded. “Yeah, I am. I want to share my space with you as we share a life together. Please, Oliver, move in with me?”

He smiled and kissed her deeply. “Yes. Absolutely.”

She squealed against his lips as they kissed again. She pulled back. “Do you think we have time for one more round before our daughter comes home?”

He smiled and rolled on top of her. “Oh, absolutely.”

Felicity smiled. Everything was beginning to fall into place for her to get what she always wanted. Now, if only she could talk to Lexy about those adoption papers she got.
Chapter Summary

The team is still trying to find out who the guy in the mask is who’s developing the Mirakuru.

Meanwhile, Lexy opens up to Nick and shows him something she's never shown anyone else.

And Lexy also discovers the horrors that happen to someone with the Mirakuru in their system. Can she help Roy or is it too late?

That next Monday, Nick walked up to the door of the Queen apartment and knocked on the door. Seconds later the door opened and he smiled at the beautiful blond that stood on the other side. She smiled in greeting. “Hey, Nick. Come on in. Lexy’s trying to teach Oliver to dance to that song you guys were dancing to last night.

He nodded, laughing. “Still? She was trying to teach him that last night too.”

Lexy looked up at him and waved to him, her smile as bright as the sun. “Hi!”

He smiled in return. “Hi.”

She laughed. “Daddy, you gotta twist your hips.” She demonstrated. “You know how to do that. You box for your workouts.”

Nick laughed and picked up a watermelon piece from Lexy’s bowl. He walked over to father and daughter. He tapped Oliver. “As my mom says, girls naturally know how to twist their hips.” He held up a finger in a ‘just watch’ gesture and then twisted his hips. “The way my mom taught me and my brother was saying imagine that there’s a hula hoop around your hips and twist.” He
demonstrated the ‘guy’ way to do it.

Oliver did as Nick did and Lexy smiled. “There you go!” She clapped. “Good job, daddy!”

He laughed. “Thanks, baby.” He motioned to them. “You two dance. I’m gonna sit this one out with your mom.”

Nick smiled and spun her around and then they jumped into the cha-cha and then when the modern music started they started to hip-hop dance. When the song finished he spun her into his arms. He kissed her nose and then straightened.

Her heart fluttered at the quick but sweet gesture. “You know I never asked, but uh, how was dinner with your grandparents last night?”

He shrugged. “Same as always. According to my grandmother my mother can’t do anything right and apparently didn’t cook the roast long enough and to help the situation on my mom Chris mentioned he had a girlfriend…..that didn’t go well.”

She winced. “What happened?”

“Well, it went into whether or not Chris was practicing safe sex and all that safe sex lecture. Then my mom and dad were bad parents because they condoned Chris to have premarital sex.”

Oliver laughed. “It’s gonna happen whether we as parents want it to or not.” He sipped his coffee. “Trust me, I’ve already come to terms with the fact that my Princess won’t be a little girl forever.” He smiled. “She’s already growing up beautiful as it is. Hopefully you’re not as young as I was when I had sex the first time, but I know I can’t prevent it from happening forever.”

“That’s what my dad said,” Nick said, pretending to ignore the fact that Oliver was referring to him in that statement to Lexy. “And he then said, ‘I’d much rather have them come to us and tell us anything concerning their love lives then do what I did which was sneaking around on yours and dad’s backs’.” He cleared his throat.

“And I totally agree with your dad,” Oliver said. “Right, Babe?” he asked looking at Felicity.

She nodded. “Absolutely. I think every parent wants that. I was always afraid of telling my mother stuff because I was afraid of starting her mental breakdown.”

“So, to help ease my brother’s torment I announced to the table that I had a girlfriend,” Nick said, smiling at Lexy.

She sat slowly in her chair. “Uh-oh. If she reacted that way toward Chris I can only imagine…..”

“And you’d be right, my friend,” he smiled. “She did.” He smirked at Oliver, taking another watermelon piece. “You would have thought I told that I was the anti-Christ or something the way she flipped out.”

“So, your grandmother doesn’t like me?” She sighed and threw her hand up in frustration.

He laughed softly. “My dad’s parents are old-fashioned, Lex. They didn’t think it was appropriate for mom and dad to move in together six months before they got married. And they don’t agree with their eighteen year old grandson having a girlfriend. And they think I’m too young to have a girlfriend.” He shrugged. “It’s just the way they are. I wouldn’t worry about it. If your mom and dad agree to let you come to the lake with us this summer then you’ll meet her.”
“What?” Felicity asked looking at them both.

Lexy smiled. “I was going to say something, but wasn’t sure….. Jennifer invited me to the lake for a couple of weeks over the summer while they were there.”

“Do you wanna go?” Oliver asked.

She nodded. “I do. I think it’d be fun!” She stood with her breakfast dishes and rinsed them before putting them in the dishwasher. “Would it be cool?”

He looked at Felicity and she smiled, nodding. He looked at both of them. Nick smiled. “Promise she’ll be totally safe.”

He laughed. “That was never my worry, but thank you.” He thought about it for a moment and then said, “Sure. Have fun. When are you going?”

“The week after Lexy’s birthday.” Nick smiled. “I suggested it because it’s her thirteenth birthday and according to my mom that’s a milestone every parent hopes to see but dreads at the same time.” He shrugged. “Don’t know.”

He laughed. “She’s right. However, I haven’t been waiting for it. Not really.” He looked at Nick. “And I thank you for doing that. Your parents are okay with it?”

He nodded. “Yeah. My dad’s already put in for the time off. My mom’s already excited because she gets to spend more time with her.”

Oliver smiled and looked at his daughter. “Then it looks like you’ll be going to the lake this summer.”

She squealed happily and kissed his cheek. “You’re the best daddy!”

“Hey, dad fun fact?” Oliver said smirking.

She stopped. “If you tell me I was conceived at that lake I’m gonna freak out.”

He shook his head. “No. That is the place I fell in love with your mom.”

She stopped again and slowly turned, her heart skipping a beat. “You did?”

“I did. It was also the summer that your mom busted open her shin on the floating dock in the middle of the lake.”

“Oh, yeah! She wrote about that summer in one of her journals.” She smiled. “Nice move when you kissed her, daddy.”

He laughed. “Trust me it wasn’t that smooth. I was so fucking nervous.”

Felicity laughed. “First kiss?”

“First kiss that mattered,” he said without hesitation. They had discussed Janine at length and Felicity understood his relationship with Janine did mean a lot to him. That he did love her and had hoped before he disappeared that they would have tried to work things out, but they never got the opportunity.

“Oliver, may I speak to you about something?” Nick asked.
“No, you can’t elope with my daughter,” he teased.

He laughed. “No. Nothing like that.”

He motioned for Nick to go first and they walked out of the apartment and into the hall. Oliver smiled. “What’s up? You already asked for my permission to date my daughter, so….”

He laughed. “No. That’s not what this is about.” He sighed. He pulled a box out of his pocket. “I found these and thought of me and Lex, but I’m not sure if it’s appropriate or if I might be moving too fast.” He opened the box and said, “I was thinking of giving it to her for Valentine’s day. She’d have my zodiac sign and then I’d have hers.”

He looked down at the bronzed necklaces, that had the Taurus sign on them and 2 hands, joined by a pinkie. And the other was the same, except with Lexy’s Cancer sign. He smiled. “I think it’s perfect and it’s definitely not inappropriate or moving too fast.” He smiled. “Personally I think it’s exactly what kids your age should be giving each other.”

Nick smiled and sighed, relieved that he got it right. “So, did I get hers right?”

He nodded. “Yep. She’s a July fourth baby. That makes her a very moody Cancer.” He smiled. “Except for she’s not very moody. Never has been.”

He laughed. “No. I can honestly say I’ve never seen her moody.”

Oliver smiled. “You gonna do the whole dinner thing too?”

“I was thinking about it, but would that—”

“Nick, stop worrying if you’re moving too fast. You’re a couple now right?”

He nodded. “Right.”

“Well, if you’re moving too fast Lexy will tell you. However, if you’re gonna take her to dinner then you might wanna try Paramount.”

“Paramount?” he asked. “Is that new?”

He nodded. “It is, but the best part is it sets the right mood for a Valentine’s dinner, but doesn’t put pressure on you like at a romantic restaurant. And you and Lexy could dress up and wouldn’t be out of place there. If you want I can make you a reservation?”

“Really?” he asked a little hopeful.

He nodded. “Yeah. I’ll have Felicity do it at the office.”

“Cool. Thanks.”

“You’re welcome.” He looked into Nick’s blue eyes. “If you ever need anything from me to help you make my daughter happy let me know and I’ll move the mountain for you to do it.”

He nodded. There was a knock on the interior of the door and the guys laughed. Nick quickly put the box into his coat pocket. Oliver opened the door and Lexy smiled. “Hi. I hate to interrupt this meeting of the great minds of Starling City, but, uh, you and I, Mr. Jordan, have to get to school.”

Nick smiled. “Right.” He took his bag from her and the 2 of them left. “Thanks for your help, Oliver.”
He smiled. “You’re welcome. Any time.”

Later that night, just like every night, Oliver and Lexy went out to get information about the man in the skull man. But like every other night, they got nowhere. Lexy sighed. “Dad, I think we need to go back and regroup.”

“Our beautiful daughter is correct.”

“He’s out there somewhere.”

“He is and we will find him,” she told him. “But running ourselves ragged isn’t going to help anything.”

“Again, she’s right. Come home. There’s not much more you can do tonight.”

The next day, after school, Oliver and Lexy went to go talk to Roy. “Hello, Roy.”

Roy turned, fully on alert, until he realized who it was. He scoffed. “Lurking in an alley. That’s not at all creepy.”

Lexy laughed. “Thanks.”

Oliver chuckled. “When I ran the club, I learned all the secret entrances. Even Lexy knows a few. Maybe she’ll show you some time.”

Roy smiled at Lexy. “Hi. How are you?”

“Good.”

He looked at the outfit she was wearing. A pair of jeans, the black ankle boots she always wore, a moto jacket with a red top underneath. “Nice jacket. Real leather?”

“Actually no,” she said with a smile. She wrinkled her nose. “I hate the thought of a dead animal on me.”

He laughed. “Still haven’t changed.”

She smiled. “Of course not. Just getting older.”

Oliver smiled. “Even though I’ve been trying to stop it.” He stepped to Roy. “I never got a chance to thank you for saving my mother’s life.”

Roy turned to him, with a curious expression on his face.

“Thea and Lexy told me. Thea said that you were very brave.”

“I did what anyone would have done.”

“Not everyone,” Lexy commented. “Not anyone would have done what you did, Roy.”

“Lexy’s right. Not anyone. It takes a lot to run towards danger, not away from it.”
“That sounded like praise.”

Lexy laughed. “Take it and run, man. Take it and run.”

Roy winked at her and then looked at Oliver. “I thought where I was concerned, you didn't approve.”

“Thea said that you also got hit by some falling debris. How are you feeling?”

“Actually, it mostly missed me. I'm fine. Look, I got to get back to work.”

Lexy sighed and looked up at her dad. “Well, that went well.”

He laughed and pulled her into him for a hug. He kissed her head. “I love you, you know that?”

“I do and I love you too.”

They walked through the mystery entrance to the bunker and jogged down the stairs. Lexy walked through first and then Oliver. Felicity’s watching the screen where she can see Roy about to mop the floors. “Has Roy mentioned anything about the man in the skull mask who injected him?”

Oliver sighed. “Roy is not the kind of guy who is comfortable discussing his feelings.”

“Not like you and me,” Diggle countered.

Lexy slid him a smirk, her eyes laughing.

Felicity looked at the man she loved and said, “Don't yell at me, but I really think we need a new plan on how to find this creepy mask guy. Scaring the crap out of lowlifes isn't yielding results.”

“Felicity, I am open to any and all suggestions.”

“Oliver, maybe we're over thinking this. What if the mask simply got wind that you were after him and decided to skip town?”

“He didn't go to all the trouble of recreating the serum and testing it on people just to walk away. He is still out there, and we need to locate him.”

Lexy smiled. “I agree with dad, but I agree with you and mom too. We need a new plan. And I think I might have one.”

Oliver looked at his daughter and smiled. He wasn’t sure if he was supposed to be proud or appalled at the fact that she usually had really good plans. “Say it.”

“Well, since, aiming arrows and threatening bodily harm isn’t yielding results maybe, and this is a big maybe, but maybe we could use Roy to our advantage. Especially since he has eyes and ears in the Glades still.”

“Don’t you?”

She nodded. “I do, however, most of them don’t like me down there because of my last name and not to mention both Nick and Chris would kill me if they found out that I went down without back up.” She smiled at her dad. “I’m trying to avoid the first fight, daddy.”

He laughed. “Good for you. But that might work, but the last time that he went to investigate something it backfired on him and he ended up getting injected.”
She smiled. “Then I guess it’s a good thing that he’s got a friend who’s one of the Starling City Duo.”

He laughed. “I had a feeling you’d be involved besides telling him.”

She smiled. She opened her mouth to say something, but stopped when the Arrow Cell rang. Felicity picked up and said, “Lance, for the Arrow.”

Oliver took it, and answered, “Yes, Detective?”

“Can we meet?”

“What is it?”

“Someone wants to talk to you.”

They set up a time and then Oliver hung up. He told the others what Lance wanted. Then he looked at Lexy. “Wanna come?”

“Actually do you mind if I sit this one out? It might be a little too obvious if you show up with me.”

He smiled. “Yeah. Go ahead. What are you plans?”

She looked at him a little surprised. “How….how’d you know?”

He laughed. “Please. You’re my daughter. You’ve got the same ‘I’m lying’ face as I do.”

She laughed wryly. “Great.”

“Where’re you going?”

“I was actually thinking of taking Nick out on the bike.”

“Lex, we talked about that….”

“I know, daddy,” she smiled. “But I’m a Queen. There’s gotta be a rebellious streak in me somewhere, right?” She winked at him playfully.

He laughed. “Oh, my God. You are so much like me it’s scary sometimes.”

She laughed. “Seriously, I wanted to introduce him to mommy.”

He paused and looked up at her. “Wha….what?”

“I wanted to introduce him to Mommy and then go to my favorite spot to watch the sunset.” She sighed. “Is that stupid?”

“No,” Oliver said. “I think mommy would very much like to meet him.”

She smiled. “I think so too. So, can I take the night off.”

He nodded. “Yeah. Go ahead. Just be careful and please, don’t get caught.”

She smiled. “Promise.” She kissed Felicity’s cheek. “Love you mom.”

“Love you too, baby.”

“Bye, Small Fry. Tell Nick we said hi.”

“I will. Bye.” She pulled her cell phone from her pocket and walked to where her father and her kept their bikes. She dialed Nick’s number. “Hey, Nicky.”

“Hey, Angel! I was just thinking about you.”

She smiled. “Good thoughts, I hope.”

“Definitely. What’s up?”

“Doing anything tonight? I wanna take you to meet someone.”

“Uh…..no. I’m not doing anything,” he said. “Are you coming over or are we meeting up?”

“I’ll pick you up.”

“You’ll pick me up?”

She nodded. “Yeah. Can you walk to QC?”

“Uh….yeah. What time?”

“Um…..” she looked at her phone for the time. “Can you get there in twenty minutes?”

“Yeah,” he said confidently. “Definitely.”

“Okay. See ya in a few.”

Nick hung up the phone and said to his mom, “Hey, I’m gonna go meet up with Lexy. She wants to introduce me to someone.”

Jennifer smiled. “Okay. Tell her I said hi. Remember, it’s a school night, so nine o’clock.”


“Bye, Baby.”

He walked out of the apartment and headed for Queen Consolidated. It took him about half the time to get to QC then their scheduled meet up so he texted her that he was waiting. About 5 minutes later he heard a light roar of a motorcycle approach where he waited. He looked at her outfit and smiled, knowing immediately.

She pulled the helmet off and smiled. “Hey. Wanna ride?”

He jogged to her. “Where did you get a motorcycle? You have to be fifteen or sixteen to drive these.”

She nodded. “I know, but this isn’t street legal really.”

“Then why are you riding it,” he asked.
“It’s legal, just for racing,” she told him. “You gonna tell your dad?”

“Hell no!” he exclaimed. “I was gonna ask you if I could drive it!”

She laughed. “You know how, right?”

“Does a motorbike count?”

She smiled. “Works for me.” She handed him a helmet and then slid back. “Hop on.”

“But I don’t know where we’re going.”

“Cemetery.”

“Why?”

“You’ll find out,” she said and slapped the seat she had just warmed. “Get on.”

He slid onto the bike, they did their safety tasks and took off, she held onto him as he drove. She had to admit it felt really good to be doing this with him. Kinda freeing actually.

A few minutes later, he pulled up into a paved lane in the cemetery and turned the bike off. He got off the bike and pulled his helmet off. “That was so cool!”

She laughed as she pulled hers off. She shook her hair free and pushed the kickstand down.

“You’re so cute.”

He smiled and kissed her quickly. “And you’re awesome!”

She blushed a little. “Well, any time you wanna ride and your dad doesn’t find out, let me know.” She put their helmets on the bike and took his hand. “Come on.”

He gladly took her hand and walked with her. “What are we doing here?”

“You see that headstone that’s shaped like an angel?”

He nodded. “Yeah, what about it?”

“That’s my mom.”

“Your mom?” he asked and then he realized what she meant. “Your mom?!”

She nodded. “Yeah. Remember when you told me about what you do when the world gets to be too much for you? Well, I come here and another place. But most of the time here,” she stopped in front of her mom’s headstone. “And I talk to her.”

“Oh, wow,” he whispered. “Lex, are you sure you wanna show me this. I mean, this is a private—”

“No, I wanna show you. No one even knows she’s here. Except mom and daddy. Oh, and family, I’ve never taken Roy here and Dylan’s never been here.” She looked at Nick. “You’re the first person besides mom, Uncle Tommy, Uncle John or Aunt Lyla that have been up here. Daddy’s even been up here.” She lowered herself to the ground, gently pulling him down with her. “For me, when life gets to be too much I come here and talk to her. I know it’s not the same as having her here, but it makes me feel better.”

He took her hand. “You gonna be okay?”
She nodded. “Yeah.” She sighed. “In about three weeks it’ll be the anniversary of her death.” She nodded. “Six years ago, my mom died in a plane crash that took her and my Uncle Ryan.”

“Your Uncle Ryan too?”

She nodded. “Yep. They were flying to New York City when there was a bad storm and the pilot couldn’t see well enough to land the plane. By that point, I had already lost my grandparents and my aunt Stephanie died in a car accident when she was sixteen. So, it was just me. I was told about three days later by the CPS worker that I was going to go live with the Queens now.” She sighed and pulled weeds from her mother’s grave. “But I had never met the Queens and My daddy wasn’t going to be there because he was dead—my mom had told me a few months before that daddy had died—so I was forced to live with people I didn’t know.”

“Wow…..Lex.”

She nodded. “Yeah. It was hard.” She exhaled. “So, Nicky, I’d like for you to meet my mom. Mommy, this is Nick. He’s the boy I was telling you about.”

Nick smiled. “It’s nice to finally meet you, ma’am.” He kissed Lexy’s head as she rested it on his shoulder. He looked at the grave. “Thank you, ma’am. If you and Oliver hadn’t gotten together I wouldn’t have her in my life. So, thank you.”

Lexy smiled and kissed his cheek. “You know, she would have loved you.”

“Really? Why’s that?”

“Because you’re you.”

He smiled and kissed her forehead. “Thank you.” He sighed. “Thank you for sharing this with me.”

She smiled. “Oh, it’s not over yet, Nicky.” She quickly pulled herself up and ran toward her bike.

He caught up to her, pulling her into his arms and spinning her around as she squealed. He stopped, sat her down and she wrapped her arms around his waist. If the time they’ve spent together means anything then they were most definitely going to make it. But she couldn’t help but wonder how he’d feel about her secret. Not that she was going to say anything.

The next day, as Lexy was about to get ready for school, her cell phone rang. She looked at the ID and answered, “Hey, RJ. What’s up?”

“Do you think you could meet me and Sin down at the tracks?”

“Uh….sure. Everything okay?”

“Yeah. Um…..it’s about the inability to feel pain thing.”

Her heart stopped beating. “Um…..yeah. I’ll be right there.” She hung up. She quickly changed into a pair of jeans and hoodie. She pulled on her boots and walked out. “Daddy!”

He walked out of the room he and Felicity now officially shared. “What, baby?”

“Do you trust me?”
He looked at her, astonished. “Of course I do.”

“So, you’d trust me to be able to handle something if I told you I couldn’t go to school today?”

“Uh…..sure, I guess. Lex, what’s going on?”

She smiled. “Just trust me. Once I know more I’ll tell you.”

He put an arm around her waist and spun her to face him. “Nuh-uh. I trust you with my life every night so you’re at least going to give me some answers.”

She sighed. “But I don’t know them all. It’s got something to do with the Mirakuru and the information we need.”

“Baby, you’re not doing a meet up alone—”

“Trust me, I trust this guy with my life. Always have,” she said softly. She walked into her room, Oliver following. She grabbed her keys for her bike, grabbed her cell phone and walked out. She sighed. “Daddy, please, trust me. I promise once I know more, I’ll tell you.”

Lexy walked to the bridge under the tracks and found Roy pacing. She walked down the embankment. “What’s going on? Sin not here yet?”

“No. And I’d prefer to tell you both at the same time.”

She nodded. “Okay. Can I ask you something?”

He nodded. “Anything.”

“Why are you going to tell me whatever you’re going to tell me? Why not leave me out of it and just tell her?”

“Because you’re my friend. And you know what’s going on with me. You may not know all of it, but you know enough.”

“Roy, I can’t tell you anything about…..”

He nodded and came to her. “I know. And I wouldn’t ask you to betray his trust like that. Does he know?”

She shook her head. “Not totally. He’s looking for a man in a mask that we saw in that night. But we haven’t been able to find him.”

He nodded.

“Asking a cute girl to meet you down by the tracks, Harper? Good thing Thea and I are tight.”

“I have to show you something. I have to show you both something.”

Sin smiled at Lexy and hugged her. “I haven’t seen you around in awhile.”

“Been busy.”

Roy punched the cinderblock structure in front of them and jerked as she watched the pieces fall
off. “What the heck?!” Lexy asked.

Sin took his hand and inspected it. “You're not even bleeding! When did you start juicing?”

“I'm not.”

“Then how do you explain what I just saw? What we just saw?”

“You remember that night around Christmas when I went missing?”

“Yeah, Thea and I were pissed.”

“And I’m still pissed with Aunt Thea for not telling me.”

He scoffed. “Please. She wouldn’t tell you if I was on fire.” He looked at Sin. “I never told you guys what really happened. You were right about your friend Max. He didn't OD, he was murdered. He was injected with something, and I was injected with the same thing, but it didn't kill me. It made me-- it made me stronger.”

“Thea must be freaking.”

“No, she doesn't know, I don't want her to.”

“Why not?”

“No, I can't, not yet. Not until I know more about what happened to me. I don't want to scare her.”

“And you're not worried about scaring me? Or the Princess?”

Roy scoffed. “She watched as her dad pulled himself out of the island stuff he suffered. She’s cool. I was going crazy not telling someone.”

“So what are you going to do?”

“Well, the Arrow once told me all I was good for was taking a beating. Maybe it's time I started handing out a few of my own.”

“Roy, no!” Lexy exclaimed, immediately knowing what was going on.

“I don't follow,” Sin said.

“Now I don't need his help to protect this city.”

“Let’s go find us a bad guy.”

Lexy stopped him and turned him to face her. “Roy, don’t do this.”

“Just trust me, okay?”

“Roy, we have no idea what that stuff inside of you is going to do when you start really using it!” she argued. “There could be things that happen to you that not even he knows about.” She looked into his eyes. “Trust me, I got four broken ribs from the guy that was juiced with this stuff—Cyrus Gold. And the bruising didn’t go away for three weeks! This isn’t something to mess around with. To do stupid parlor tricks with. You could kill someone!”

“I won’t.”
She exhaled. “Fine. If you’re seriously going to do this, then I’m coming with you.”

“What?”

“I’m coming with you,” she told him. “And you can argue all you want. It wouldn’t matter. I’m still gonna come with you.”

“No. Your dad would kill me!”

“You don’t think he’s going to kill you if you get yourself put into the ICU making my aunt worry about you?” She sighed. “Roy, you have to trust me. I’ve dealt with this stuff. I may not know what this means or anything, but I do know how to at least stun you to get you under control if you get out of hand.”

He nodded. “Okay.”

“And if you really find a bad guy, we’re gonna do this my way or….I call him and tell him about your little plan.” She folded her arms in front of her. “What’s it going to be, Harper?”

He sighed. “I really hate it when you call me that.”

They walked up the hill and she walked to her bike. She flipped the flap open on her bag. She pulled out her batons. Sin stopped. “What are those for?”

“Well,” Roy began.

“Don’t. I trusted only two people with my secret and the other moved away and probably told people by now.” She looked at Sin. “I use them for protection. People recognize me because of grandmother’s actions. Which is why I haven’t been down here in a while.” She put them in the back of her jeans and walked with them. “Let’s go.”

Sin watched as Lexy searched for the right candidate. “How did you learn to do this?”

“Um….my dad’s company does background checks. He taught me. All you’re doing is looking into people’s pasts and everything. It’s not hard.” She moaned as she read. “Got one.” She pressed print and grabbed the pages. “The Starling City Slasher. He’s the exact type of person the Arrow would go after.” She smiled. “Tell, Roy.”

“What are you going to do?”

“I’ll be waiting for you. Aunt Thea doesn’t like me much and gets very antagonistic about me even being around him. So…”

“Gotcha. Be back.”

Lexy and Roy watched as the guy pulled into the parking structure and tried to hit on Sin. She sighed. “This is so gross!” she whispered.

He laughed. “Yeah.”
Lexy looked through her binoculars. “Knife. Go, RJ. Go.”

He walked up to the car and tore the door off without effort at all. He then ripped the man out of the car. Lexy sighed. “Oh, crap!” She pulled her batons and put them together.

Roy threw him and he slid across the floor. He then picked him up, as the man was pleading for him to spare him, and kicked him into his car. The man went up the windshield and down again. When Lexy saw him kicking him repeatedly she stepped in. “Roy!”

He pushed her off. She steadied herself and said, “Roy!”

She looked at Sin. “Call an ambulance.”

She nodded. Lexy then used her batons, which were attached into her bo, and slapped him in the back, then hit him in the knees then, swept at his feet knocking him on his ass. She pointed one of the tasers at him. “Move and forty-thousand volts go through you, Harper.”

He seemed to of snapped out of it. She looked into his eyes and knew he wasn’t going through his weird Roid-Rage. She snapped the bo and then put them in her pants again. She pulled him to his feet. She walked over to the guy on the ground. She put a couple of fingers to his pulse point. It was faint, but strong. She sighed, closing her eyes.

“Is…is….is he dead?”

She shook her head. “No.” She sighed. But he could have and that scared the Hell out of her.

The doctor walked out of the guy’s room and Lexy looked up at him. “So, how is he?”

“The damage done to his head and lower abdomen is severe. He ruptured his spleen and he has massive swelling in his brain. Thankfully, he got medical attention quickly, so he's got a shot. You did a good thing here, Roy.”

The doctor walked away. Sin looked at him. “What happened to you out there?”

“I don't know.”

“We nearly killed this guy. If Lexy hadn’t stopped you, you probably would have.”

“Roy? Are you ok?”

They turned to see Thea coming toward them. Lexy gave a quick nod. “And that’s my cue to get the heck out of here.” She tapped Roy. “Call me later if you want. You know the number.”

Lexy walked out of the hospital and got onto her bike, but something stopped her. She couldn’t describe it if someone asked. She just knew what she had to do. She exhaled and put her helmet on the seat. She walked back into the hospital and went to the wing where ICU was. She turned the corner and her heart shattered as she seen Roy sobbing.

Not caring if her aunt saw her she went to her friend. She knelt down beside him. “Roy?”

“Lexy! Why…..why is…..is this happening….to me?”

Surprisingly, she found her arms full of Roy Harper as he sobbed. She sat Indian-style on the floor,
held his shoulders and rocked him, soothing him. “I don’t know, Roy. But we’ll figure this out. I promise.”

The only answer she got was his sobs. She continued to comfort him. She laid her cheek on his head, as she rocked them both, and she started to cry herself. She had no idea how she was going to help him, but she was going to find a way.

The sound of a text message coming through broke their little bubble, and she brushed his hair back. “Hey, I gotta get that, okay?”

He nodded. She pulled her phone out of her pocket. She looked at the message. “Come on.” She stood and pulled him to his feet. “My night job beckons. I’ll take you home.”

He sighed. “Why are you doing this, Lex?”

“Doing what?”

“Standing here when you’ve got what I’ve heard is a pretty awesome boyfriend somewhere waiting for you to call.”

She smiled and touched his face, wiping a tear away with the gesture. “Because Roy Harper, you need a friend. A friend who knows about the world you got a glimpse of. And I want to be here for you.”

“But Nick’ll—”

“Nick knows that you’re my friend. I’ll just tell him a version of the truth and everything will be okay.” She smiled up at him. “Come on. I’ll take you home.”

He walked out with her and she walked them toward her bike. She swung her leg around. “Hop on, Harper.”

He laughed. “I really hate it when you call me that.”

She smirked. “I know,” she said and handed him the helmet. “Put that on.”

“What about you?”

She smiled. “Don’t you worry about me.” She started the bike and then pulled out of the parking lot.

Lexy came down the stairs of the bunker and looked at them. “What’s going on?”

“They took Laurel.”

“T ook her where?” she asked trying to catch up.

Oliver stopped and looked at her. “Have you been crying?”

She shook her head. “Long story. Don’t worry about it, daddy.”

“Did you and Nick—”
She shook her head. “No. Me and Nick are fine.”

“Okay. They took her to the cannery.”

She nodded. “Do you want me to go with you?”


She froze and turned slowly. “Yes?”

“If your batons are there, then what’s behind your back?”

She sighed and pulled them out. Oliver’s jaw dropped. “You had a second set made?”

“No! These are my old ones. They don’t sing. They do electrocute though.” She sighed when she
seen that look in his eyes. “Dad—”

“Never mind,” he told her. “I’ll do this one on my own.”

“Daddy!”

He came to her. “Don’t. You lied to me!”

“I didn’t lie to you!” she argued.

He didn’t say anything. “Go home, Alexandra.”

“Dad, come on—”

“I said go home!”

She jerked and watched him walk out. She could feel the anger rising up in her. She exhaled
slowly. She pulled her Bluetooth from her ear and put her helmet on the table. She sat her batons
on the table too. “Tell dad when he’s actually ready to listen then I’ll tell him what I was doing all
day.”

“Lex.”

She stopped and turned. “Yes, mom?”

“Tell me.”

“I was making sure that my best friend didn’t kill someone.”

With that she turned and walked away, putting her messenger bag over her shoulder and walking
out.

Lexy walked into the apartment and put her keys down on the counter, along with her bag. She
pulled her coat off and walked to her room, phone in hand. She tossed herself on her bed and pulled
her phone up to start texting. But who in the Hell would she text?

None of her friends knew about her partner. Knew his identity. She couldn’t believe it. Her father
actually thought that she’d lie to him? Did he not trust her?
Oliver walked back into the Bunker, and they all talked about what had happened. Then he saw Lexy’s stuff on the table. “What’s all this?”

“Our daughter went home,” Felicity told him. “Like you yelled at her to do.”

“So, she stripped herself down?”

John nodded. “Pretty much,” he answered. “She was pissed, man.”

“What?”

Felicity sighed. She knew she was at risk for getting her head bitten off, but she didn’t care she was her daughter too. “You accused her of lying to you, Oliver! You wouldn’t even give her a chance to explain!”

“Felicity—”

“No!” she almost yelled. “I promised you I would be your partner in this and in our life together. But so did Lexy. That girl may lie for a living but she would never lie to you!”

“Then what the fuck was she doing all day?!”

“Well, what she told us before she left was that she was making sure her best friend didn’t kill someone.”

Felicity looked at the screen. “You may want to head upstairs. Things are looking icier than ever up there.”

Upstairs, he greeted both Thea and Roy. But Roy walked past him, not saying anything. “Something I said?”

“Don't take it personally. He won't even make eye contact with me.”

“Something happen?”

“He put someone in the hospital. He's a little stingy with the details, but...” she sighed. “You should have seen this guy. I don't understand how any human could have done that to another. Each day, he becomes more and more like somebody I don't even know. He won't even listen to me.”

“I know someone he'll listen to.” He walked out, then went downstairs. He quickly changed and then went back up, bow in hand. He shot an arrow in Roy’s direction. He walked up to the red arrow and said, “If that was supposed to go through my other leg, you missed.”

“You seem to be healing pretty well.”

Roy started swinging, trying to hit him, but all he did was break the cement.

“You're stronger, you heal faster, but you're not in control. The serum that you were exposed to, it changes your body but it also warps your mind.”

“How do you know so much about it?”

“I've seen it before. It twists men. Turns them into someone they don't recognize. Someone
dangerous.”

“Maybe you should put another arrow through me. This time through my heart.”

“There’s another way, Roy. I can teach you... to control your new ability. And to control yourself. Let me help you. Let us help you.”

Roy turned to look at him. “When do we start?”

Oliver got home that night with Felicity. They walked through the door and saw Lexy’s stuff on the counter. “Sweetheart, we’re home!” Felicity called.

Oliver exhaled. “Lexy, honey, can you come out here, please?”

In her room, Lexy sighed and walked out. She left the door open as she said, “What?”

“I’m sorry.”

She stopped. “Wha—what?”

“I’m sorry.”

She put her hands on her hips. “Why would you think I lied to you?”

“Because I didn’t know you kept the old ones.”

“What was I supposed to do with them, dad? Throw them away?”

He nodded. “Point taken. Where are they usually?”

“In the bag on my bike. I keep them there for the times when I’m not the Sparrow and I need them for self-defense. Tonight they came in handy with Roy.”

“I know. Thea said he put a man in the hospital. Why didn’t you say—”

“I told you when I knew more then I would tell you, Dad. Then I didn’t know anything. And by the time I did I couldn’t very well tell him I was going to call you. That would have been stupid. So, I told him we would handle it my way since he was danged determined to be you.” She pulled a hand through her hair. “Daddy, he looks up to you. All he wants to do is do some good in his life. That’s it. And the one time he had a chance to do it he lost control and put a man in the ICU.”

She sat down on the couch arm. “You know, not even Aunt Thea knows this, but he cried in the hospital because he was so scared. He actually told me before I left him at his house that he never meant to do that, but once he started he like saw red and became this force that he couldn’t control. I can tell he’s scared, daddy, because I’m scared for him. The guy that I saw beating the crap out of that rapist wasn’t my best friend. That wasn’t Roy. That was whatever that Mirakuru made him to be. I want to help my friend, but I’m gonna need your help too. I can’t do it alone.”

Oliver smiled. “Then I guess it’s a good thing that I offered to help him and he agreed.”

“Really?”

He nodded. “Yeah. And I want you there. Dressed in your Sparrow suit, but you don’t have to wear
your ask. I’ll be disguised though, so no dad or daddy.”

She nodded. “I know. I call you the Arrow when he and I are talking, so it shouldn’t be too bad.”

“Good. Then I need you to be my assistant, not just his friend. Can you do that?”
Heart-Shaped Cinnamon Rolls

Chapter Summary

Lexy continues another of her mother's baking traditions....Heart Shaped Cinnamon Rolls.

And Roy tells the story of how he and Lexy met for the first time and why they became close friends.

Chapter Notes

AUTHOR'S NOTE: Sorry, but I'm reposting this chapter. The plot twist was something I was trying, but after I thought about it and analyzed why I was nervous, I'm reposting the original. I know I said the dates would be next, but instead, here's a little fluffy chapter for the Valentine's day.

Lexy hummed along to the love song that was playing on the radio as she creatively shaped the cinnamon roll dough into a heart and then went to the next and did the same. She continued with the other 6 and then put them in the oven. She set the timer on the stove as her phone started to ring.

She looked at the ID on the smartphone and smiled. She answered, “Hey.”

“Hi, Angel. Happy Valentine’s Day.”

She smiled. “Thank you, Nicky. Happy Valentine’s Day to you too.” She leaned on the counter and curled her hair around her finger. “So, what’s up?”

“I wanted to ask you if you and your parents have any plans tonight?”
“Nope. Daddy told me to keep my calendar clear for you just in case you wanted to plan something.”

He smiled on his end of the phone. “I love your dad.”

She laughed. “Funnily enough I do too.”

He laughed. “Will you go to dinner with me tonight?”

She smiled. “Absolutely. Where’re we going?”

“To Paramount.”

She smiled. “I’ve been wanting to try that place.”

“Cool! Glad we can do it together.” He cleared his voice. “What do you think of the festivities going on at school?”

“You mean couples being able to send flowers or whatever at school?”

“Yeah. What do you think?”

She shrugged. “I think generally it’s cool, but I think roses are absolutely cliché.”

His heart fell. Not that he had actually done anything yet. “What’s your favorite flower?”

“Calla Lilies. My grandma loved them and I LOVE the smell of them. It reminds me of her.”

“Cool,” he said as he made a note of it. “Are we talking Moira or Cynthia?”

She smiled, her heart swelling. “Aww, you do listen,” she said as the timer started beeping. She flipped him to speaker and said, “Just a sec, Babe, pulling cinnamon rolls from the oven.” She pulled them out and smiled. “Yay!” she said excitedly.

He laughed. “Did they turn out?”

She sat them on the counter and pulled her hand out of the mitt. “Yep. They are perfect.” She took it off speaker. “Hey, I didn’t even ask. Do you like cinnamon rolls?”

“Yes, ma’am. My mom makes them every Sunday for me and my brother. He actually comes home for the weekends for two things. Mom’s food and to get away from the drama.”

She nodded. “I could see that. Hey, Nicky, I hate to do this, but uh….two of these have mom and dad’s names on them. And today I’m going to ask mom to adopt me so I gotta go.”

“Oh, that’s right,” he said. He admonished himself. “Can’t believe I forgot. Good luck.” He smiled. “Not that you’ll need it. And please be ready by seven-thirty tonight, okay?”


“Bye, Angel, I’ll be there at eight so we can walk to school.”

“I’ll be ready,” she said looking at the display on the oven. “See ya later, Babe.” She quickly hung up the phone and pulled a small plate from the cupboard. Then went to her room and found an index card. She wrote the usual sentiment on it and tucked it underneath one of them. She picked up the pink clasp envelope and a regular card envelope. She knocked on the door.
“Yeah?” came the groggy response from her father.

She slowly opened the door. “Daddy? Mama?”

Oliver smiled. He lightly shook Felicity. “Sweetheart, our baby is here.”

Felicity’s eyes slowly opened. She sat up. “Hey, Sweetie.”

“Morning,” she said smiling. She held out the plate. “Happy Valentine’s Day.”

Felicity smiled. “Aww, Sweetie. That’s so sweet.”

She leaned down and kissed her dad’s cheek. “Open yours first. Mom’s might make her cry.”

He laughed. “Okay.” He took the envelope she held out and peeled it open. He pulled out the homemade card of he and Lexy when she was just born on the front. He read the quote on the front,

“From that moment when Oliver took the most precious gift that two people could create and look at her as if she was his entire world did I know that he would be the best father for our daughter...”
–Janine.

He put a hand over his mouth and took a deep breath as he looked at the photo. He looked up at Lexy, his eyes filled with tears. “The best moment of my life.”

Lexy smiled and kissed his cheek. “Open it.”

He opened it and he read out loud:

Daddy for those moments when you’re never sure if you’re doing the right thing by me remember mommy had confidence in you from the beginning.

And if you weren’t doing a good job you wouldn’t be my superhero. Thank you for loving me from the start and thank you for loving me in my difficult moments. And thank you for allowing me to fight with you for what we both believe in for this city. Being by your side is the best place and it’s the only place I wanna be.

I love you, daddy.

Your daughter,

Lexy.

Oliver inhaled sharply as his tears choked him. “Oh, Baby.” He reached over and hugged her. “Thank you. It’s one of the best valentine’s day gifts I’ve ever gotten.”

She smiled and kissed his cheek. “I know you worry about everything when I’m concerned and I want you to know that you’re the best dad in the world. I couldn’t ask for anyone better and I’m glad you’re mine.”

He smiled and kissed her forehead. He looked at Felicity. “Open yours, honey.”

She looked at the pink envelope and smiled. “I love it already. It’s pink.”

Lexy laughed and folded her pajama pant clad leg on the bed. “Open it.”
She pulled up the clasp and opened the envelope. The letter fell out first. Felicity picked it up and read it out loud:

Mom,

The day I met you 6 years ago, you were just a nice lady who worked at my family’s company, then you became my best friend and now you’ve become one of the most important person in my life. When I needed someone you were there. When I needed someone to love me, you were there without reservation.

Thank you doesn’t seem to be enough for what you’ve meant to me and what you’ve become to me. So, instead I’ll ask you this:

Will you be my forever mom?

Felicity’s heart stopped for a millisecond when she realized what Lexy was asking, then it started to race. She picked up the other pages and read the top of it, the bold writing:

PETITION FOR ADOPTION

She released a choking sob that was more of a laugh and a cry as she looked down at the page. Oliver watched her, she couldn’t seem to keep her eyes off of the papers. His heart hammered as he watched her. Oliver touched her back, lovingly. “Well?”

Felicity raised her eyes to Lexy. “Yes,” she said, her voice being choked by tears. “Yes!” she said louder. “Nothing would make me happier or prouder than to call you my daughter, not just by my heart, but legally.”

Lexy threw her hands up happily. “Yay!” She wrapped them around her. “I love you, mama.”

Felicity smoothed a hand through her hair. “I love you too, baby.” She smoothed a hand over shoulder. “Go get dressed. Nick’ll be here soon.”

She nodded. “I gotta text Roy and see if he’ll meet me here. I made a cinnamon roll for him too. Do you think Uncle John and Aunt Lyla will eat one too?”

He smiled. He loved the fact that his daughter had such a huge support system. “Most definitely. Wanna know why?”

“Why?”

“Because you made them.”

She smiled. She walked out, picked up her phone and texted both Roy and John asking them, with Lyla added into John’s text. She went into her room and quickly changed into a dark red ¾ sleeve dress. She slipped into a pair of black heels and then did her hair into a side-braid. She put some mascara and lip gloss on and then grabbed her bookbag.

“Lexy, we got you something too.”

She smiled. “Really?”
Felicity nodded. “It’s half me and half your dad. I hope you like it.”

She smiled and looked at the card first:

Angels are most often disguised as daughters.

To the best daughter any parents could ask for we give you this to remind you how strong you are and we hope that it always helps you find your way.

Mama and daddy.

Lexy opened the long box and gasped, smiling. “Oh, you guys!” She pulled the necklace free of the velvet and put the box on the counter. She looked at the arrow that was anchoring a compass charm that dangled from it. “I love it!”

Oliver smiled. “Let me help you put it on, Sweetheart.”

The knock on the door had Felicity walking to the door. She opened it and smiled when she seen Roy and Thea on the other side. “Hey, guys, come on in.”

Thea walked in and looked around. “Nice.”

Felicity smiled. “Thank you.”

Roy watched as Oliver wrapped his arms around Lexy’s shoulders and kissed her cheek. “Hey, Sasha.”

“Hey, you!” she said and hugged him. She pulled back. “Hey, Aunt Thea.”

“Hi.”

“So, what did you want to give me?”

She held up two fingers in a ‘wait a minute’ gesture and disappeared into her room. She then came out and handed him an envelope, then sat the others on the counter. She then handed him a cinnamon roll. “My mommy used to make them for me for Valentine’s Day.” She smiled at Felicity and then said, “I thought I’d carry the tradition on.”

Roy smiled. “Thanks, Lex.” He opened the envelope and smiled at the two teddy bears hugging and the banner of Happy Valentine’s Day on it. He opened the card and began reading:

Dear Roy,

I know we haven’t been really close in a long time, but you’ll always be special to me. And I hope that someday that will all change. You’re one of my best friends and I love you. We may not always see each other, but after last week I hope you know that I’m always going to be here for you. If you need the sounding board, a hug or a slap upside your stubborn head always know I’ll be the first one standing in line to give you whatever you need.

There is nothing you could ever say or do that would make me less than your best friend.

I love you,

Sasha
He sighed and looked up at her. Instead of saying anything, he put the card on the counter and pulled her into a hug, burying his face in her hair. “Thank you,” he said, his voice thick with emotion. “You have no idea how much your friendship means to me.”

She held on and whispered back, “But I do, because it means just as much to me.” She sighed and tilted her head up, to whisper in his ear, “And I lied. You’ll always have a piece of my heart because you were my first, even if you won’t be my last.”

He held her tighter. He smoothed his hand down her hair and kissed her head. “Love you, Sash.”

She smiled. “Love you too, RJ.”

“Are we interrupting?”

Lexy turned and smiled at John, Lyla and Nick. She hugged her aunt and uncle and then hugged Nick tightly. She handed cards and cinnamon rolls to John and Lyla. “Happy Valentine’s Day.”

John smiled. “Thanks, Small Fry.” He opened his first and read:

**Uncle John,**

You may not be my uncle by blood, but your my uncle by heart.

You’re the best coach, the best teacher and you’re not only my uncle, but like the best big brother a girl could ask for. But the best part is you’re my best friend.

I love you, Uncle John

--Small Fry--

He sighed and smiled. “And you are one of the reasons why I say protecting your father was one of the best jobs I ever took. Thank you, Lex. I love it.”

“This is really good!” Lyla said smiling.

Lexy laughed. “My mommy’s recipe. Don’t know where she got it, but it was her favorite.”

“It’s amazing!”

She laughed again. “Open your card.”

She smiled and opened the card. She showed it to everyone and then started to read it out loud, but Lexy stopped her. “What’s wrong?”

“There’s something in there that doesn’t need to be heard by everyone.”

Roy smiled. “Sash, let her read it. If it’s what I think it is I think the person needs to hear it.” He looked into her eyes. “Trust me.”

“Okay, go ahead.”

Lyla smiled and began reading aloud:
I know we just met, but I want you to know that I don’t have a lot of family so if Uncle John says you’re good people then you’re good in my book.

But I hope you don’t mind that I have dubbed you my aunt. I never got to know my mommy’s sister, Stephanie. She died before I was able to remember her. But my mommy said she was really cool.

And my relationship with my other aunt is non-existence, not because I don’t want it, but because she doesn’t want me. So, I’m hoping we can be family too.

Love,

Lexy

Thea couldn’t stop staring at her. She knew she was talking about her. She watched Lyla embrace Lexy and kissed the top of her head. She looked up at Roy. “Why would she say that?”

“Because it needed to be said,” Roy told her. “If you would give her a chance you’d find that your niece is one very amazing person. One of the strongest that I know.”

“What do you mean?”

“Who else do you know that would have the courage to raise herself into the amazing person that she is—”

“She didn’t raise herself.”

“Well, you and your mother sure as hell didn’t raise her.”

“It wasn’t my job to raise her,” she shot back.

“No, it was your mom’s,” Roy fired back. “It was your job to be her friend, her support and her family. If you knew anything about her you’d know that’s all she’s ever wanted.”

Nick looked at the young woman. “And all she’s wanted is for you and your mother to finally accept her and maybe someday love her. But as you can see she doesn’t need you, but she does still want you.”

Lexy sighed. “Thanks, guys. But, it won’t help.” She looked up at Nick. “Let’s get to school.”

He smiled. “You never know there may be a surprise waiting for you.”

She smiled. She walked up to her dad and kissed his cheek. “Thank you for the necklace, daddy. I love it.”

“You’re welcome, Sweetheart.” He kissed her forehead. “Have a good day at school. Both of you.”

Nick smiled. “Thanks, Oliver.”

Lexy went to Felicity and hugged her. “Thank you for wanting me.”

She smiled and kissed her hair. “I’ve never wanted anyone more.”
Lexy moved to Roy and hugged him. “Thank you for trying. Love you.”

He kissed her hair. “I’ll always try. Love you too.” He kissed her hair. “Have a good day at school, Einstein.”

She laughed and kissed his cheek. The kids walked out the door and Lyla tucked the card away. Felicity looked at everyone and said, “Well, since everyone’s here. There’s something I want to say.”

They looked at her. Felicity smiled. “Lexy gave me the best gift for Valentine’s Day that I’ve ever gotten. She wants me to be her mom and I said yes.”

John smiled and immediately hugged her. “No two people deserve each other more.”

“You’re adopting my niece?”

Oliver shook his head. “No, she’s legalizing the fact that she’s a mother to my daughter.” He looked at Thea. “Like Nick said, she has family. Felicity’s just going to help me co-parent like she’s done for the past year or so.”

“Not that she needs much parenting,” Felicity commented.

Oliver turned to Oliver. “I know I said I didn’t approve of you and Thea, but I wanted to tell you it’s not because I didn’t think you were a good person. It’s because she’s my little sister. No offense to you, but like my daughter, no man’s ever going to be good enough for her.”

“Ollie—”

“I’m not finished, Thea,” he told her. He turned to Roy again. He exhaled. “However, the other night, Lexy told me the story of how you met and I would like to say thank you. From the bottom of my heart and Felicity’s. You protected the most precious thing to me that night. And I will never forget it, but I will never be able to repay you.” He exhaled. “My parents were right about one thing, having kids changes your priorities. Lexy is my entire world and you helped me keep my world intact, so I thank you, even though that doesn’t sound like much.”

Roy smiled. “You’re welcome. All I ask for in return is that you allow your daughter and I to be friends.”

He smiled. “You’re already friends.”

“I realize that. I was hoping you could—”

Oliver smiled. “Roy, if you want to be my daughter’s friend then you have my blessing, especially after you literally saved her life that night. But, don’t come and go out of her life. She needs real friends, not ones that will be there when it’s convenient for them or others, but for her.”

“What happened?” Lyla asked.

Roy took a breath and said, “Uh….it was the summer of 2010, and uh…I was doing stupid stuff with my friends.” He exhaled. “Down the street from where I live I heard this blood-curdling scream. I had never heard a scream like that before so I knew that it was something bad. So, me and my friends, Marcus and Jeremy raced toward the scream. We got to the alley to see this battered beautiful blond girl about to be raped. One of his buddies had a knife to her throat, scaring her into submission so that the asshole could do what he wanted with her.”
Felicity, Lyla and even Thea gasped. “No!” Lyla exclaimed.

Roy shook his head. “No. He didn’t. We stopped him. Marcus and Jeremy fought the guy’s buddies, and I fought the guy. Which didn’t take much. The guy had a glass jaw.” He smirked. “Served him right.” He sighed. “I didn’t recognize her until about a month or so later, but that night I took my t-shirt off and gave it to her—her shirt was ripped—and I walked her back to my place.” He shrugged. “We’ve been friends ever since.”

John sighed. “Sounds like to me you’ve been more than her friend.”

“What do you mean?”

“Sounds like you’re her protector.”

He shrugged. “I have to admit, because she came down to the Glades every day for their fries, I gave her my number so I could meet her before she entered and walked with her to the restaurant. And that’s why I encouraged her continue her kickboxing classes. I didn’t want her to be that vulnerable again.” He smiled. “And she hasn’t been since.”

Felicity walked to him and hugged him. “I don’t care what Thea wants. Thank you for being her friend.”

Roy hugged her back. “You’re welcome.” He looked at Oliver. “I’m sorry I hurt her last year.”

He shook his head. “Don’t worry about it. Just make up for it.”
Chapter Summary

The Arrow and Lexy begin training Roy....which doesn't go well. When they take him out in the field to stop Bronze Tiger from taking the prototype to Meryln's Earthquake Machine...again, that doesn't go according to plan either. What will happen when Roy learns who the Arrow is?

In other news...Nick and Lexy have their first fight....which dissolves quickly. And Lexy finally admits to the team that the lies she has to tell are beginning to weigh on her and her relationship. Will she be able to keep them together, or will Nick and Lexy break up?

Chapter Notes

AUTHOR'S NOTE: I want to apologize PROFUSELY to all of you. To be able to write the episode chapters I use Netflix on my laptop, through the website, and lately streaming it from my laptop--not my doing--has been difficult and laggy, but everything seems to be back online now (fingers crossed). More to come later today...hopefully.
Roy I’d help him with inventory. He thinks we’re missing money and Thea thinks he should take inventory to find it, but she just ordered a bunch of products. As half-owner of the club it’s my job —”

“You own half the club?”

She nodded. “Yeah. Daddy did it when he first owned it. After my dad and I left for awhile after the events of the Glades, Thea took it over.” She smirked mischievously. “It really makes her angry that I won’t give up my half.”

He laughed. “Sometimes I think you like torturing her.”

She shrugged. “It’s not really torturing her as much as letting her see that there will always be someone else daddy listens to.” She seen the look in his eyes and sighed. “Last year she lorded over me the fact that she thought she had all this influence on my father. It’s nice to remind her that she’s not his top priority anymore.”

Nick smiled. “I know. I just think maybe you could lighten up a little on the taunting.” He held up his hand in a ‘don’t shoot’ type of manner. “Just a suggestion.”

She smiled and leaned forward and gave him a smacking kiss. “I know. And I’ll think about it. I promise.”

He smiled. “Thank you. So, want any company tonight?”

She shook her head. “No, but it’s sweet that you want to. Roy kinda got forced into it by Thea anyway. You should have heard him this morning moaning and complaining all the time.”

He laughed. “Your aunt does seem pretty bossy.”

“She is, but it’s nothing Roy or I can’t handle.”

The Arrow paced back and forth in front of Roy Harper as he slapped the water in the bowl. Lexy looked on. She knew from talking to Roy the other day that he thought slapping water was ridiculous but she kept telling him to have faith in the process. But she could tell he was getting fed up.

“Again,” the Oliver said in a disguised voice.

Roy scoffed. “You know, I slapped water out of a bowl yesterday. And I slapped water out of a bowl the day before.”

“You must be getting pretty good at it.”

“Yeah, well, I can't wait to get attacked by a dog dish,” Roy said sarcastically.

Lexy exhaled.

“This is how an archer builds arm strength.”

“I'm not sure if you've been paying attention, but strength isn't my problem.”

Arrow looked at her and shook his head. “Controlling it is.” Changing his tone he said, “Again.”

This time instead of slapping the water, he punched through the bowl.

“Roy,” Lexy said exasperated.

“And that... is how you put a guy in the hospital last week.”

“How’d you know about that? It’s none of your business.”

“You made it my business when you agreed to let me help you. I knew someone like you. Someone injected with the Mirakuru. He was my friend. But it warped his mind to the point where I didn't even recognize him anymore.”

“Who was this guy? How come I've never heard of him? Or that Mirakuru? Is there anything you can tell me about him?”

“Yeah. I had to put an arrow through his eye.”

She looked at the Arrow. “Maybe we should, uh, call it a day.”

Oliver nodded. Lexy looked at Roy. “I’ll walk you out.”

Once they were out of earshot of her father, she then slapped Roy’s arm, hard. He turned and looked at her. “What the hell?”

“You’re being an asshole,” she said, keeping her voice down. “Damn it, Roy. I’ve put my butt on the line here. I told him you could be trusted. You want my help in figuring all this out then you need to let him help you.”

“I do. I do. I do want your help, Sash.”

“Well, pissing off my partner is not exactly letting either of us help you.”

“Sash, I’m sorry, okay. I just think that’s the most ridiculous exercise.”

She sighed. “I know you may think it’s ridiculous but it’s the only way. I’m highly aware that some of his methods of teaching you to learn something is a little out there, but please, take it from me, they work. I’m an expert in Kickboxing and Karate because of your encouragement. Let me do the same for you. You have to trust me, okay?”

He nodded. “Promise.” He kissed her cheek. “See ya tomorrow.”

She nodded. “See ya tomorrow.”

That night, the team met the way they always did, Lexy was just coming downstairs as she heard John, ask, “How’s it going with Roy?”

“Not well,” Oliver answered as he went up more on the salmon ladder.

“I don't know the kid all too well, but he seems to be five kinds of angry. You might be underestimating.”
“That’s because he is,” Lexy said as she walked to the group.

Oliver smiled. “Lexy’s right. Roy was mad at the world before he was injected with Mirakuru.”

“You say you’ve seen this before?” John asked.

“Slade Wilson. He was my friend.”

“Troubling use of past tense there,” Felicity mumbled.

Oliver sighed, “I thought I could help him control it. I was wrong. But I know more now, and I’m not going to make the same mistake with Roy.” He looked down at Lexy. “I made a promise and I’m gonna do my damnedest to make sure it happens.”

John looked at Lexy. “What did he promise?”

“That he’d try every option to help me with Roy. I know you all think because he has the Mirakuru in his system that he’s a lost cause but I can’t think that, I won’t think that.” She exhaled. “He was there for me in a way before any of you were and he saved my life. If it takes me the rest of my life I will save his.”

Felicity smiled. “Sweetie, you prove to me everyday that I am most definitely going to be proud to call you my daughter.”

She smiled. “Thanks, Mama.” She sighed. “All I ask is give him the same chances you’d give me. All three of you know I’ve screwed up big. But because of you guys I’ve learned to learn from them and how to pick myself up because of it.”

Oliver opened his mouth to say something, but there was a small beep from Felicity’s computer. He hopped down. “What’s that?”

“Iron Heights. Due to their low security post-quake, I thought it would be a good idea to keep an eye on their internal communication for a while.”

“You hacked into a prison system network?”

“Is that judgement I’m hearing.”

Lexy smiled. “That wasn’t his judgey voice.”

He laughed. He looked at Felicity. “Total pride, honey.” He smiled, she returned it. He looked at Lexy. “Do I have one?”

She nodded. “A few days ago when you told me to go home when I was helping Roy not to kill someone—”

“Wait, he listens to you?”


Oliver smiled. “Baby Girl, you’re are now going to be his teacher.”

“What?!” she exclaimed. “I-I-I-I can’t do that!”

“You were going to do it for Dylan.”
“Dylan’s also a hundred and ten soaking wet, mom,” she informed her. “Me teaching Roy to do this is like me trying to teach Nick.”

Oliver smiled. “You never know, if you two are still together when you tell him what we do then you just might do that.”

She threw her arms up in the air. John laughed. “What’s wrong?”

She sighed. “It’s just that I’m afraid if I teach him wrong it could get him killed and I….”


Felicity typed on the keys. “Iron Heights just put out a BOLO for Ben Turner, aka Bronze tiger, which, btw, is a terrible nickname, because tigers are not bronze.”

Oliver and Lexy came around to the computer. “Turner escaped?”

“Killed ten guards on his way out.”

“You think that would have made the news,” John said incredulously.

“Iron Heights is better at keeping secrets than they are at keeping prisoners.”

“Any idea where he's headed?” Oliver asked.

“No.”

“Get one.” He looked at Lexy. “Suit up, Princess.”

She smiled. “Hey, daddy?”

“Yes, Baby?”

“The anger from Roy is a defense mechanism.”

Oliver stopped and turned fully. “What?”

“It’s a defense mechanism. In the four years I’ve known and loved the guy, he’s not pissed off—oops, sorry. He’s not angry all the time.” She smiled. “He reminds me of you a little. You have to earn his trust. You can’t very well keep doing that if you keep lying to him. If you want him to start cooperating you’ve gotta give him some answers. Now, I’m not saying tell him everything. But he wants to know about the Mirakuru, which he has a right to know. Tell him.”

He gave a quick nod and she went to change.

The next night, Lexy and the Arrow moved the sparing dummy into the warehouse where they were teaching Roy. Arrow hit his disguiser and said, “I’ve made a decision with your training.”

Roy’s eyes narrowed as he waited. “What?”

“Lexy will be your teacher. According to what she has told me you two have been friends for a while, it may be better coming from her. However, I’ll be demonstrating the techniques I want you
Lexy took a deep breath and exhaled. She then whipped her mask off and threw it on the table. She looked at her partner. “If I’m doing this, then he’s going to learn from me not the Sparrow.” She looked at her friend. “All right, Roy, this…” She slapped the dummy, “is what I call a sparring dummy.” She thumbs in the Arrow’s direction. “He doesn’t, but I can never remember what he calls it. So, the purposes of my teachings I’ll be using my terminology.” She smirked at the Arrow. “If you have a problem with it you may leave, Sir.”

“How’d you do that?”

“A gymkata kick that was more powerful than I thought. However, Dylan had moved away and I hadn’t talked to him in about two months. So, I was angry.” She turned to the Arrow. “No, Judgey Face.”

Roy laughed. “Even being a kick-ass teacher, you’re still adorable.”

“How’d you do that?”

“How’d you do that?”

“Honey, I own half of it and not to mention I can easily hack into Thea’s computer there at the club. Her passwords aren’t that hard. The last one I cracked was a fashion designer’s name.” She turned to the Arrow. “Go.”

The Arrow demonstrated what he wanted him to do on the dummy and then let Roy do it. She looked into her friend’s eyes. “Roy, go slowly.”

Instead of doing it the way the Arrow had demonstrated, Roy began punching it in the center. “STOP!” Lexy said firmly.

Roy sighed. Lexy came to him. “Hey, this is not about learning to throw a punch. I know you can do that. I’ve seen you do that even before the Mirakuru was in your system. Roy, this is about controlling it. Now, do it as the Arrow showed you.”

Roy exhaled, “First water slapping, now this. When are you going to run out of ways to make me look stupid?!” He punched the dummy so hard he tore the top right off of it.

Lexy exhaled, rubbing her forehead. “Roy….”

“All I’m learning is new ways to get pissed off. And in case you haven't noticed, I'm already pretty good at that.”

This time the Arrow stepped in. “There’s nothing wrong with anger, Roy. Anger is energy. But you need to learn to channel it in a positive way.”

“Like putting the hurt on guys going after the city. Let me try hitting something that'll actually hit back.”
“Too soon.”

“Get me out there with you. One night. All this, it would be a lot easier to take.”

Lexy thought of something. She looked at the Arrow. “May I speak with you for a moment?”

He nodded and they walked far enough away so that Roy couldn’t hear them and she could call him ‘dad’. “I think we should.”

“Lex, it’s too soon.”

“Daddy, he knows how to fight. He knows how to punch things. And I think he has a very good point. If you put him where the action is and he sees what we go through every night, I think he’ll be easier to comply when we’re instructing him.” She closed the gap between them. “Please, daddy. You trust me enough to teach him. Trust me even more, please.”

The Arrow exhaled. “Fine.”

They walked back to Roy, but before they could say anything about their decision, the Arrow’s phone vibrated and he tapped his chest com. “Go ahead.”

“SCPD's network just lit up with a fresh homicide, multiple stab wounds. Like claw marks,” Diggle told him.

Felicity interjected, “The victim was an architect. Turner ransacked his place; Took blueprints of his designs. One of the aforementioned designs--Malcolm Merlyn's house. I don't know much about architecture, but this can't be good.”

“What would Turner want with Merlyn's house?” the Arrow asked.

“Not sure yet. All of Malcolm's holdings, including the house, are in receivership.”

Roy piped up, “Who's that you're talking to? Oh, wait, let me guess, you can't tell me that, either.”

“Roy,” she said warningly. She shook her head. “Give him a minute to get the information, okay?”

He nodded.

She cleared her throat. “Remember, what we talked about.”

Arrow turned. “A guy that I put in prison got out, and I have an idea where he's headed.” He inhales and exhales. “Do you have one of your hoodies?”

“Do you seriously have to ask?”

Arrow looked at Lexy. “Sparrow. You know what to do.”

She nodded. “Yes, Sir.” She smirked at Roy as she put her face mask in place. “Oh, Roy, I should probably remind you. There is a reason why my codename is Sparrow.”

“Which is?”

Her smirk widened into a mischievous grin. “I can sing.”

Roy looked at the Arrow with a clueless look on his face. “What?”
Arrow smirked from behind his hood. “You’ll find out.”

-Merlyn Mansion.....

Inside the mansion, they walked the floors as Arrow said, “Whatever happens, whoever we run into, do not engage.”

Roy walked up to a console table and threw back the sheet that covered a picture.

“And don't touch anything.”

“This is his kid, right? The guy that died?”

Lexy took a shaky breath.

After a long pause Arrow answered, “Yes.”

“You know your way around this place. You been here before?”

The Arrow just walked away. She exhaled. “Yes, he does.” She grabbed his arm. “Come on.”

The sound of metal clattering got their attention. “What was that?” Then there was a thudding sound.

Arrow sighed, “It came from underground. Merlyn has a large garage. Let's go.” He looked to his left. “Sparrow, remember only use your song if it's absolutely necessary.”

She groaned. “I've been doing this for over a year. Do you really think you have to remind me of that?”

They get downstairs and get discovered by Bronze Tiger. Lexy saw what it was they were taking first. “Oh, crap.”

Step away from the device. You don't know what it is you're dealing with.”

“Big machine, makes earthquakes?”

The Arrow leans forward, angrily, “Do you have any idea what happens if the wrong people have it?”

“Yeah. I get paid. Close it up.” Bronze Tiger told the men.

The fight was on. Lexy and the Arrow fought Bronze Tiger, while Roy got a hold of the driver.

Lexy stopped fighting and ran to Roy. “Hey!” she said trying to pull him off. He jerked his arm and continued to punch the driver. She looked at the Arrow. “I got this.” She stood and walked to him. “HEY!” She stood in front of him. “Look at me!”

Roy stopped. He dropped the guy.
When they got back to the Bunker, they both looked pissed. “Uh-oh,” Felicity said turning. “You got angry face.” She looked at Lexy. “You both do.”

“What happened?”

“Let the all mighty Arrow tell you. Apparently I’m just a sidekick.”

Felicity exhaled. “What happened?”

“Roy Harper.”

John was surprised. “You took him on the field—”

“He wasn’t listening to me, Diggle! And he wasn’t listening to Lexy.” He sighed. “I’m trying to reach him, but he lost control. Then he nearly killed somebody, which I obviously couldn't let happen, and in the process—”

“Turner got away.”

“Which would have never happened if you would have just let me deal with Roy!”

“I wasn’t going to let you be alone with him!”

“I know him, dad! I know him better than you do!” She patted her chest. “He’s my best friend! She held out one of her batons. “I have two hundred thousand volts of electricity that I can access through these things!” She threw it at him, he caught it. “If he wasn’t going to listen I was going to use it.” She glared at him. “I had it under control, but thanks for the vote confidence. Much appreciated.”

“What was he there to steal?” Felicity asked breaking up the fight. “Merlyn's art collection?”

“Something much more dangerous. It's a prototype earthquake machine.”

“Oh, holy God,” John whispered.

“Why would Turner want to destroy the city?” Felicity asked slowly.

“He doesn't. He's a mercenary selling his services to the highest bidder. This watch belonged to one of the guys Turner was working with.”

“Fingerprints.”

“Turner's a loner, which mean that guy works for his client.”

“Fingerprints equals name, equals known associates. I'm on it.”

“It was the look in Roy's eyes. It was Slade all over again.”

“Oliver, what happened with Slade?”

“Me,” he said simply. “Someone killed Shado. Slade loved Shado, and it was my fault. I wanted to tell him, because it would have been better coming from me, but I didn't.”

“And he found out another way,” Felicity said softly.

“If I had just told him the truth, I could have gotten through to him.”
“And that's why it's so important for you to get through to Roy.”

“I lived a five year nightmare. But if I learn something that could help me reach Roy now... It'll all be worth it.” He looked at Lexy. “Baby.”

She turned her chair. She didn’t care if she was acting like a typical teenager. She was hurt that after a year he didn’t have confidence in her that she could do something.

Oliver walked to her and turned the chair to face him. He knelt down in front of her. “Baby, I’m sorry.”

She didn’t say anything.

He exhaled. “Sweetheart, you’re the center of my world.”

She sighed. “Now, you’re just playing dirty on purpose.” She looked into his blue eyes and leaned forward. “Daddy, I love you. From the bottom of my heart I love you. You—the three of you are the center of my universe—but if you can’t trust me, if you can’t believe that I can handle something, then what am I doing here?”

“You haven’t seen what this Mirakuru can do, Lex. I have.”

“I understand that, daddy. But Roy’s my best friend. He won’t hurt me.”

“You don’t know that.”

“But I do,” she told him. “I’m probably the one thing, besides Aunt Thea that can calm him down, especially now.”

“I’m sorry, okay? I didn’t mean to. It’s just that Slade—”

“Roy’s not Slade, daddy. The love of his life isn’t dead. She’s at the club right now trying to figure out what’s going on with her boyfriend and why she can’t get inside him.”

He smiled. If she could have confidence in Roy, then he would have to learn to also. “Come on. We gotta go meet up with him.”

“You're late,” Arrow told Roy as soon as he entered the warehouse.

“I tried to get my girlfriend to leave town. But she won't.”

“You cannot bring her into this.”

“But how am I supposed to lie to her and protect her at the same time? How do you do it? How do you keep secrets from people in your life?”

“By remembering it’s the only way to keep them safe.”

“No, keeping them safe is what keeps them safe. Telling people the truth. But you, you won't tell me anything. Not about the Mirakuru, and this other guy. And you got me slapping water and hitting dummies instead.”

“Roy, you're spiraling and you need to calm down.”
“No. I need to save Thea.”

“That thing is out in the open because of you. I think you’ve done enough.”

“Let go of me.”

“Roy... I said let go of me!”

“Get control. If not for me or yourself, then do it for Thea.”

“What the hell do you know about Thea? Don’t you talk about her!”

He took a swing at the Arrow and Lexy gasped. “Roy!” She exhaled. “Come on, you promised.”

“You also told me he’d tell me the truth about this thing inside of me!”

“And he will,” she said confidently.

“When?” he snapped. “When I’ve killed someone?”

He went after the Arrow again. As usual, the Arrow fought him off until Roy pushed him into 2 workhorses that were propped like a table. Lexy gasped. “Roy!” She ran to the Arrow laying on the floor.

He gave him and Lexy a warning to stay out of his way, then he slapped the door open and walked out.

Lexy looked at her dad. She pushed the hood off. “Daddy, are you okay?”

“Yeah, baby, I’m fine.”

She put his arm around her shoulders and attempted to help him up. She laughed. “You know, I am strong, but you will have to give me assistance here. You are at least eighty pounds more than me.”

He chuckled as he pushed himself to his feet. “Try about a hundred.”

She smirked and helped him downstairs. “Uncle John, a little help please?”

Felicity gasped. “What happened?!”

“Roy—” Lexy started.

“I think this whole thing is a bad idea—”

“And mom, you didn’t let me finish.”

“Sorry, Sweetie.”

“Roy’s frustrated. Dad’s being cautious and trying to teach him.” She put her hands on her hips and sighed. “It would seem that I have surrounded myself with very stubborn men.”

Her phone buzzed and she pulled it out of her pocket. She sighed again. Oliver looked at her. “You okay?”

“It’s Nick.”
“And….?” Felicity asked. “Aww, did you guys have your first fight?”

She laughed. “Not yet. However, I feel it coming.”

“Why?” Oliver asked as he pressed the ice pack to his neck.

“Because I know he’s getting irritated with the excuses. I’ve been spending every night this week with Roy in his estimation.” She seen the slacked jawed expression. “What am I supposed to tell him? ‘Oh, sorry, Nicky, but uh, my best friend got shot up with Mirakuru serum as me and my father tried to save him and now my father and I are trying to teach him to harness his strength in different ways.”

She sat down. “He’d think I was nuts.”

Oliver looked at her. “I could say something.”

She shook her head. “No, if Nick and I are going to fight then we’re going to fight. I’m not going to stop it from happening.” She shrugged. “Besides I read somewhere that some arguments are perfectly healthy in a relationship.” She smirked at her father. “Any relationship.”

He laughed. “Then you and I must be doing great, Princess.”

She smiled. “I’d like to think so.” She exhaled. “I’m going to hate that we’re going to fight, but I’m not going to make the same mistakes I did with Dylan. Nick’s not going to know until I know he can handle. For all I know Dylan’s in Gotham right now telling all our secrets.”

Oliver laughed. “Like anyone would believe him. They have a vigilante of their own to deal with.”

She laughed. She exhaled and sat back in the chair.

“Oliver, I know you've taken Roy on, and why, but Roy, Slade, a lot of guys I've served with...” John exhaled. “Some people are just broken, man. And nobody can put them back together.”

Oliver shot up. “I refuse to believe that. I'm not letting what happened to Slade happen to Roy. I'm not.” He looked at Lexy. “I’m referring to your judgment now, Lex. Like you’ve said you know him better and longer. So, what do you think we should do?”

“I, I—”

His cell phone rang and it was Thea. She informed him that Laurel was upstairs. He left the bunker and went upstairs to help the situation.

While Lexy waited and thought about what to do about Roy, she called Nick. She smiled. “Hey, Nicky.”

“Oh, so you’re no longer ignoring my calls, huh?”

She exhaled softly and rubbed her forehead. She had a feeling this was going to happen. “Nick, don’t.”

“Don’t? You’re the one that’s ignoring me, Lex. I call to talk to my girlfriend and I haven’t been able to reach her in four days!”

“You see me at school!” she shot back. “It’s not like we haven’t seen each other at all. You see me
when you walk with me to school, you see me at school and you see me when you walk me home.” She exhaled.

“Do you want to break up?”

Her stomach instantly churned, then plummeted, her heart crashing with it. “No!” She waved her hand in front of her face to stop the tears that instantly sprang to her eyes. “Nick, come on! You know how I feel about you.”

“I thought I did until you reconnected with Roy….do you still like him?”

“No!” she said, waving her hand in front of her eyes still. “Nicky, don’t do this,” she said, her voice breaking. “Please!”

“I’m not doing this, Lex. You have been.”

“All this because we haven’t talked in four days?” she asked, as her tears slipped. “Nick, I talk to you all the time—”

“I lo—” his words caught in his throat.

Lexy’s heart jackhammered in her chest. Was he going to say he loved her? Say it, Nicky. Say it.”

“I miss you,” he finalized and she could have sworn her heart shattered.

“I miss you too, Babe. But there’s a lot of stuff going on right now.”

“Like….?”

“Like the stuff with the adoption. There’s stuff they need and dad’s been having to go through my grandmother to get it—which has been a chore and half. Then there’s stuff going on with my dad’s childhood best friend, Laurel. It seems like her life is totally spiraling.” She looked at John and then said to Nick. “And dad and Uncle John are fighting.”

John blinked at her curiously. She mouthed she’d tell him later and then said, “I promise when and if this little pow-wow between my grandmother and dad breaks up at a descent hour I will call you, okay?”

“Okay. Or just shoot me a text, okay?”

“Okay.” She sighed, her breath quivering.

“Lexy?”

“Yeah?” she said, trying to keep her voice even so he couldn’t tell she was crying.

“Stop crying,” he told her.

She pulled the phone from her ear and stared at the displayed. Who the heck did he know that. “I’m not,” she said sucking in her bottom lip to stop the sob.

“Angel, we’re okay, I promise. We’ll be just fine.”

“Okay, Nicky,” she said, her voice with tears. “I’ll talk later.” She quickly hung up and squeezed the phone in her hand and then went into a crouching position.
Felicity’s heart shattered when she heard her beginning to cry. She put what she was doing down and rushed to her daughter. She sat sideways on the floor. “Oh, baby.” She held her. “Did you guys break up?”

She shook her head. “No! He….says we’re….okay butt…..” She began crying. “Mommy….”

Felicity froze for a moment then looked up at John. That name was usually reserved for Janine. She said, “Yes, baby?”

“I think Nick was going to say he loved me,” she sniffled.

“Really? Why do you say that?”

“Because he almost got the words out. I lo and then stopped and instead he said he missed me.”

She kissed her daughter’s hair. “Well, missing you is good too, Sweetie.”

“But I just realized something.”

“What?”

“I wanted him to say it,” she said and then burst into tears.

A few minutes later, the computer beeped and Felicity expertly eased out of her daughter’s arms. She stood and walked to the computer. “Hey, Sweetheart, you might want to suit up.”

“Never changed, mama,” she said, wiping at her eyes.

“Good, I’m going to go get your father.”

While Felicity went upstairs, Lexy exhaled and looked at John. “Do I look bad?”

He shook his head. “No, but I’m a little biased.”

She laughed and gave him a watery smile. “Thank you.” She picked up her mask and pulled it on, flipping her hair from the band. She walked to her batons and tested the tasers. “All right, I’m ready.”

Oliver looked at Lexy as he came back down with Felicity. “You’re read—” he stopped and backed up, looking at Lexy. “You okay?”

She nodded. “Yep. The fight came and apparently went….I think.”

He smiled. “Everything okay?”

She nodded. “Yeah. I think so.” She shrugged. “Ready when you are, Arrow.”

He smiled and kissed her forehead.

They got down to the docks and weren’t in time for the buy to be stopped, but they did stop Armitage from going anywhere. Until Bronze Tiger put his talons on one of his hands into Oliver’s shoulder. And held the other’s up to Lexy’s throat.

Armitage smirked. “It was definitely money well spent.”
Oliver jerked and pushed Bronze Tiger away, but he wrapped that arm around Lexy and pulled her away, his talons up to her throat. Bronze Tiger looked at him. “Just too dumb to stay down, huh?” He looked at Lexy. “She really is quite beautiful.”

Lexy whimpered as he lightly scrapped the metal against her throat. Out of the corner of her eye she saw Roy and their eyes connected. She could tell he was getting angry, but she couldn’t help but wonder if it was from earlier or for the fact that the douchebag had her basically at knife point. She gave him a swift nod that Bronze Tiger was too dumb to notice.

Roy charged him, taking them both down to the ground. As she fell, she tucked and rolled. Roy then looked at him and dodged the talons and then kicked him. Lexy stood up. Oliver walked to her. “Are you okay?”

She nodded. She looked into her father’s eyes. “I am so going to need a hug after this one.” She pulled her baton and fired up the voltage in it to all the way up. “Dad,” she whispered.

He looked up and Armitage was free. “Don't do it! You'll kill everyone here.”

“If I don't deliver this device to my buyer in Markovia, I'm dead anyway.” He pressed the button. And with that click Lexy’s heart sank. “Oh, God….”

“No!” He tried using a couple of his bomb arrows, but the crate couldn’t be penetrated.

“Daddy!”

“Roy! Roy, I need your help!” It didn’t seem to work. He sighed.

“Daddy, do it,” she pleaded.

He nodded. “Roy, stop!”

He still didn’t seem to work. Lexy handed him one of her batons, all fired up.

He tried again, baton in hand. “Roy!” He came to him this time, pushing the hood off his head and said in his normal voice, “Roy, I need you to stop!”

To say Roy was shocked was the understatement of the century. He stood there for a few seconds just staring at Oliver.

“The earthquake device is in there. The steel is military grade; It's built to withstand a bomb, but not you.”

The shock is still running through him.

“Think about Thea. Because she could die without your help. I know you love her... Because I've seen it. Save my sister. Control. Focus on Thea. She needs you right now, or she is dead. Everyone is dead.”

He is still in shock, but he lets Oliver pull him to the crate. Lexy smiled at him. “You can do it, Roy. I believe in you.”

He nodded and punched his hand through the crate and then Oliver dropped one of his bomb arrows inside. Oliver and Lexy turned, Lexy took Roy’s hand and they ran, as the bomb was set to explode. When it went off it sent them all forward and Lexy covered her head.
Oliver turned to Lexy. “Are you okay?”

She nodded. “Yeah. You?”

He nodded. They stood and Roy straightened as he stood. Lexy looked at him. “You okay?”

He nodded. “I think so. You?”

She nodded. “I’m good.”

Roy turned to Oliver, shock still evident. “You’re...”

Oliver smiled. “Yeah. Yeah.”

“Last year, you saved my life. And I don’t mean from the guy who kidnapped me. I mean, you... you saved me. You gave me purpose.”

The sirens from the emergency response vehicles could be heard. Lexy smiled. “And here comes the cavalry, gentlemen.”

Both of her guys laughed softly. Oliver held out his hand to Roy. “We’re just getting started.”

Lexy smiled. “Come on, Superhero. Let me take you home.”

He nodded. She pushed her mask off and handed him the helmet. She smiled at Oliver. “Bye, daddy.”

He smiled. “Bye, baby. If he’s going to be a regular passenger, we’re gonna have to get you a new helmet, Sparrow.”

She smiled. “Well, you know where to go.” She started up the bike and pushed the kickstand up. “All right, Muscles, hang on. I’m in the mood to speed.”

He laughed and put his arms around her waist.

“So...The secret society gets a new member.” John said strolling around the table where Oliver was being patched up by Felicity.

She gently pressed the tape into place and then kissed it softly. She then kissed him. “I love you.”

“I love you more.”

John looked at his friend. “Where is he now?”

“Home. He’s, uh... Processing.”

Lexy laughed. “Oh, yeah, he’s really processing, daddy.”

Oliver laughed and she humphed as she found her arms filled with Felicity. “Nice to see you too, mom.”

She pulled back and looked at Lexy’s neck. Lexy smiled at her. Felicity looked at her incredulously. “What?”
“I love you, mommy.”

She smiled. “Love you too, baby.” She looked at Oliver. “When I found out who you really were, I processed my way through a pint of mint chip.”

Oliver zipped up his sweatshirt.

Lexy snickered.

Felicity looked at Oliver. “I stress eat.”

He chuckled.

“Speaking of stress... I'm not trying to Monday morning quarterback here--it's Wednesday. Didn't this all start because you were worried that Roy's marble collection was on the short side?”

“She has a point, Oliver. Roy's a loose cannon. Now he knows your secret.”

“You're right, and I wasn't thinking about the consequences. I only knew that I needed his strength. His power. On the island, Sara told me that love is the most powerful emotion. Well, the Arrow couldn't get Roy to think about Thea. But I could.”

Lexy smiled. “Besides, Roy wanted me to tell you and I quote, ‘Tell your dad I won’t say anything to anyone, not even Thea.’ And he said something about he better get better at lying.”

He chuckled. “So, you wanna tell me why you were crying?”

“Nick and I fought. Didn’t last long.”

“Are you okay?”

She shrugged. “I don’t know. He says we are, but....”

“You’re not so sure?”

She shook her head slowly. She exhaled and pushed a hip on the table. “He was going to say ‘I love you’.”

Oliver froze for only a few seconds. “Really?”

She nodded. “Yep. He got out ‘I lo’ and then said ‘I miss you’.”

“And....?”

She smiled. “You know me too well.” She cleared her throat. “I realized that I wanted him to say it.” She exhaled. “But we’ll see what happens.” She ran a hand through her hair. “He’s not going to like the fact that Roy and I are going to be basically inseparable. And he’s not going to like the fact that I’m not going to be able to talk to him at night. With Roy’s training and all.”

He nodded. “Right. You okay with it?”

She shrugged. “I’ll get through it.” She smiled softly. “What I’m doing here with you guys is extremely important. Not that I don’t think Nick’s important, because he is, but we save this City every night. And I like the feeling that gives me. A lot.”

Oliver smiled. “Well, call your friend. It’s time to show him the Bunker.”
She smiled and pulled out her phone. She found his contact and punched it. “Hey, RJ. It’s me. Will you come to Verdant?” She smirked. “No, I don’t need a ride. I….we want to show you something.” Her smile deepened. “I promise if you come then I will tell you why I was crying.” She laughed. “Okay. Bye.”

About 15 minutes later, Roy came to Verdant and Oliver went downstairs with him. Roy cautiously said as they descended the stairs, “Is this the part where you kill me?”

“Do you actually think that I’d kill my sister's boyfriend?”

“Well, you did shoot me in the leg.” He stopped at the bottom of the stairs with Oliver. “Forgiven, by the way.”

He grabbed Roy’s arm and stressed, “Thea. She can never know.”

He gave a small nod. “I get the feeling that if I did tell her, that would be when you kill me.”

“Trust that instinct.”

“Ok. All right. How many people know what-- who you are?”

He smirked softly. “Too many. But these are the only three that matter.”

They walked into the bunker and Roy was amazed as he looked around and looked at the 3 people standing in the room.

“John Diggle and Felicity Smoak.” He smiled adoringly at Lexy. “And Lexy you know.”

He laughed nervously. “Does this group have a name? Like team Arrow, or something?”

“We don't call ourselves that.”


All serious he said, “Stop.”

Lexy smirked at her father. “Nope. Not gonna happen.”

He chuckled. “Lex.”

“Hey, I told you last year, I’ve got to rebel against something to keep the rebellious billionaire legacy going.”

He shook his head, smiling.

John smirked at Lexy and then looked at Roy. “Whatever.” He held out his hand. “Welcome aboard.” He shook Felicity’s hand.

Then, Lexy hugged him tight. She smiled and backed away when her father looked at her curiously. “Sorry. I’m just excited that I don’t have to lie to at least one of my guys anymore.”

“Sash, I’ve known about you for a year.”

She smiled. “Not everything.” Her eyes lit up excitedly. “And now I never have to lie to you about it again.” She sighed. “Sorry. My lies are starting to weigh on me and my relationship.”
Roy exhaled. “Is that what the fight was about?”

She nodded. “Yep. I’ve been lying to him for about a week now while we were training you and apparently he misses our nightly phone conversations.” She shrugged.

This was her life now.
Laurel continues to unravel, which prompts a return from Sara. Oliver tries to convince Sara to reunite with her family, but when her former lover and League of Assassins member, Nyssa shows up and kidnaps Dinah, they put aside the family reunion to get her back.

Also, Lexy's nightly activities may have to be revealed to Nick sooner than she wanted with the news that Dylan is coming to town for a sports event....and when he calls her to taunt her about what he knows about her activities, she realizes she never knew him at all.

Author's Note: Dylan's character arc is going according to plan. ;-)

Oliver, Thea and Moira sat in the conference room at Queen Consolidated going over what would be needed for her mayoral campaign. “A successful mayoral campaign isn't about polling, it isn't about fundraising or hot button issues. It's about connecting with people. That's why right after we announce tomorrow, Moira, I want to get you in front of as many cameras as possible. Morning shows, talk shows—”

“Mark, I want to help rebuild the city, not pander to it.”

Oliver smiled. “It's not pandering, Mom. It's campaigning.”

“Let the people get to know the real Moira Queen, and they are going to fall in love with you.”
Walter smiled at Moira. “Speaking from experience, this man knows what he's talking about, Moira.”

“Hmm,” she hummed.

“Oliver there is something I would like to talk to you about.”

“Yes, Sir?”

“Your daughter, Alexandra.”

“What about her?” Oliver asked leaning forward. He held up a finger in a just a minute sort of way. He stood and walked into Felicity’s office. “I have a feeling we need to have a parental discussion. Would you come have a conversation with mom’s campaign guy?”

She nodded. She stood and walked into the room. Oliver smiled. “This is my girlfriend, Felicity. Felicity, this is mom’s campaign manager.” He smiled at the guy. “If you have a question about Lexy, you can go through either of us.”

“Why’s that, Oliver?” Moira pressed.

“Because Felicity’s going to adopt Lexy.”


He laughed. “Because she loves her, mom.” He smiled. “And Janine’s still going to be a part of the family…in spirit. She’s Lexy’s mother, but Felicity wants to be too.” He put a hand on her lower back. “And I love Felicity. We’re living together now.”

The guy nodded. “Okay. Well, um…how do you think your daughter would feel about coming out on some campaign stops with us?”

Moira waved him off. “She’ll do it.”

Felicity stared at Moira for a moment and then looked at Oliver. She then looked at the campaign manager. “I don’t feel particularly comfortable parading our daughter around like a photo-op.”

“She’s a Queen,” Moira told her. “She’ll do it.”

“With all due respect, Mrs. Queen, she’s not your daughter.”

“Well, she’s not quite yours yet either, dear.”

Okay, that stung.

“Mom!” Oliver admonished. “I agree with Felicity. However, um…we’ll discuss it between me, Felicity and Lexy and I’ll let you know, okay?”

He nodded, smiling. “Good.”

Oliver smiled and walked Felicity back to her office. He looked at her. “I’m sorry.”

She shook her head. “I knew that one of your family members would have a problem with me wanting to be Lexy’s mom.”

He smiled and caressed her cheek. “Baby, you are Lexy’s mom. You have been for six years. She
loves you. And I love you.”

She smiled and kissed his lips. “Can I ask you a question?”

He nodded. She smirked mischievously. “Do you think we can sneak away on our lunch break?”

He laughed. “I’m sure that can be arranged.” He kissed her softly and whispered, “I love you.”

“I love you,” she said. “See you at lunch.”

His phone rang. “Hello?” He listened. “I’ll be right there.” He said goodbye to Felicity and then left the building.

After school that day, Lexy and Roy began their sparring session. They’d been doing it for about a week or so now and he was getting really good. Lexy dodged the hit and then swung her baton at him and smiled when he blocked it. “Good!” she exclaimed happily. She swung again and Roy blocked it again.

They had been going around like that for a good 2 hours. And then she took the baton and did a leg sweep, knocking Roy on his ass. She smiled down at him. “Take a break. I need a drink and to text Nick.”

He’d been noticing that she’d been doing that a lot lately. Texting or calling Nick. Apparently he was getting all insecure about how she spent her time when he wasn’t around. “Sash, can I talk to you?” he asked walking to his water bottle.

“Sure,” she said and popped the top on her bottle. She took a drink. “What’s up?”

“Don’t you think it’s weird that he wants you to call or text him periodically through the day?”

She shrugged. “It’s no more than what you and Thea do.”

“Actually I haven’t talked to Thea today. She’s busy with your grandmother’s campaign stuff.”

She exhaled. “I don’t know how to sway his insecurities. Any ideas?”

“Did you ever think of telling him the truth?” He took a drink of his water and looked at her. “You’ve been dating for a while, right?”

She nodded. “Yeah.”

“Well….maybe it’s time. Show him what you do.”

She sighed. “I tried that once. Remember Dylan?”

He nodded. “I do, but, Sash, I’m going to admit something to you that you’ll probably never hear me say again. Nick’s not Dylan and you and Nick aren’t what you and Dylan were. Do you know why I was so protective of you when it came to him?”

She shook her head. She smiled. “I thought maybe it was because you loved me.”

“I do love you, Midget, but that’s not it. It’s because something about Dylan always seemed to set me off. I couldn’t shake a certain vibe when he was around.” He shrugged. “Never could figure out
what it was, but it was there.”

She squinted at him, studying him. She was a pretty good read of people and she could tell he was telling the truth. “Give me a hint?”

He shrugged. “I don’t know.” He took a drink. “I honestly don’t know.”

Knowing not to push, she just nodded. “Okay. Well, maybe if we ever see him again you can tell me.”

He smirked. “Maybe.” The smirk slid into a smile. “I have an idea. Tell him the truth on how we met. Maybe he’ll ease up a little bit. Not only that but maybe if you tell him that your crush went into best friend/brother-sister thing maybe he won’t feel so insecure.”

She nodded. “I could do that. I didn’t know how you’d feel if I had told him about how we met.”

He smiled. “Sash, that’s your story to tell not mine. And I’m serious it may make things easier for you.”

She narrowed her eyes at him. “Why are you so willing to help me make it work with Nick?”

“Because you like him. And because he’s good for you.” He smiled. “You smile more when he’s around than I ever remember you smiling around Dylan.”

She smiled. She pulled her phone out of her bag. “Give me a couple of minutes.”

He nodded. She walked out of the warehouse and dialed Nick. She smiled when she heard his voice. “Hey, Nicky.”

“Hey, Angel. I have to admit this is a surprise.”

She laughed. “Well, there’s something I wanted to talk to you about. Got a few minutes.”

“Sure. What about?”

“Me and Roy.”

He groaned. “Oh, Lex, really?”

“Yes, really. Nick, there’s nothing going on between me and Roy. Never will be.”

“So you keep saying,” he muttered.

He kept talking so she yelled over him. “He’s like my big brother!”

“Wha…wha—what?”

She giggled softly. “He’s like my big brother. Yes, I had a crush on him, but now looking back on it and after a talk with Roy, I don’t think it was really a crush more than maybe hero worship.”

“Hero worship how?”

She exhaled. “Um….four years ago, I was almost raped.”

Nick’s blood went ice cold. “Wha—wha—wha—what?”

She nodded. “Yeah.” She told him the whole story and then ended with, “And that’s why Roy’s so
protective of me and that’s why I think I had a crush.” She exhaled. “Nick, no one’s ever cared about me like mom, Roy or even you have ever.” She pulled a hand through her hair. “I do want to be with you. I like being with you. But you can’t ask me to give up my friendship with Roy. That’s not fair.”

When he was finally able to process what she had told him enough he said. “No. I don’t think I could anyway.” She didn’t say anything, just waited. He chuckled. “I’m sorry, Angel.”

She smiled. “It’s okay, Nicky. I understand why you would have thought what you did. I didn’t exactly give you reason to think anything else. I swear, he’s like my best friend/big brother. That’s it. I love the guy and you probably will hear me tell him that, but it’s not romantic.” She smiled softly. “The only one I have romantic feelings for is you. I want you, Nick. Not Roy or Dylan or anyone else.”

He smiled. “Good to know. Speaking of Dylan, did you hear?”

“What?”

“That Gotham High is going to the state finals?”

“That’s cool,” she said cautiously. “And I’d care why?”

“Dylan’s on the team.”

“Which team?”

“Basketball.”

“Well, good for him.” Then she froze. “Where are the finals this year?”

“Here. In Starling.”

Her heart hammered in her chest. That’s why he was telling her this. To give her a head’s up on her ex showing up. “Okay.”

“Hey, Sash! I gotta jump in the shower. I gotta get to work.”

She shook her head. “No. Hit the showers. I’m done for the day, Roy.” She exhaled. “Nick, I should go. I promised my dad I’d help with dinner.”

“Okay, Angel. You okay?”

“Oh, yeah. I’m good. Nothing like knowing your ex is coming into town and you have no idea what’s going to happen.”

Nick laughed softly. “Sweetheart, it’s not going to be that bad.”

“It is if I don’t know what kind of guy he is anymore.” She exhaled. “I’ll talk to you about it later.”

“Okay. Talk to you then. Bye.”

“Bye.”

Roy walked up to her. “Everything okay?”

She nodded and then shook her head no. She sighed. “Between me and Nick, everything’s great.
He now understands about me and you.”

“What’s got you so freaked out?”

“Dylan’s coming to Starling.”

“Why?”

“The basketball state finals are here. Don’t know why and I don’t think Nick does either. By the way he was talking he just found out himself.”

He pulled her into him and hugged her. “It’ll all be okay, Sash. Promise.”

She sighed. She hoped he was right.

Lexy walked downstairs and put her phone down on the table. She looked up at the salmon ladder and almost rolled her eyes. Mostly she didn’t mind Sara, but she wasn’t in the mood to deal with her evading issues. She had problems of her own. John turned. “Hey, Lex.”

“Hi, Uncle John,” she muttered.

“You okay?” he asked as Felicity turned to face her.

She started nodding, but then shook her head. “Nope.”

“What’s wrong, Sweetie?” Felicity asked.

“Well, um….my new boyfriend’s going to be meeting my ex-boyfriend very soon.” She sighed. “Would you really call Dylan Lexy’s ex?”

Felicity laughed. “Your dad doesn’t.”

“I don’t do what?”

“Consider Dylan Lexy’s ex.”

He shook his head. “No, I don’t. What brought Dylan up?”

“Nick. He was giving me a head’s up that the State finals were going to be here this year and Gotham High was going to be there.” She rubbed her forehead. “I just don’t know why the finals are—”

“Gotham City’s Stadium is being rebuilt. They needed another. Central City’s stadium’s foundation isn’t sound after the explosion. We’re the closest one, so….”

She nodded. Made sense really. “I just don’t know if I’m ready for Nick to meet Dylan.” She sighed. “And for Dylan to be different. Not to mention he knows how I spend my nights and Nick doesn’t.”

“Do you want Nick to know?” Oliver asked as he looked up at Sara.

“Maybe,” she sighed. “I just don’t want it to be too soon, but I don’t want Nick to be blindsided either. I think that would upset him more than what was actually said.” She sighed. “Why does my
life have to be so hard?”

Oliver sighed and lifted her in his arms like he used to when she was a little girl. Needing the comfort she put her head on his shoulder. “I don’t know, baby, I really don’t. I wish I could tell you what was right or wrong in that situation, but I can’t. When’s the finals?”

“Um….next Friday.”

He nodded, making a mental note of it himself. Maybe he could come up with something. “There’s something else I need to talk to you about. Grandmother’s running for mayor.”

“I’m aware.”

“Her campaign manager wants to know if mom and I minded if you could be in some photo ops.”

“You can say no, Lex,” Felicity told her. “Your dad and I aren’t going to force you to do anything.”

She hopped out of her dad’s arms. “How many is some?”

He shook his head. “I’m not sure. If you do decide, I’m not asking you to pretend that we’re the Cleavers, but I am going to ask you to be polite.”

“Of course, daddy,” she said. She sighed. “Let me think about it.” She thumbed at Sara. “What’s going on with her?”

“She's been doing that for like an hour.”

Sara jumped down. “You saw Laurel. Is she going to be ok?”

“You saved her life,” Oliver told her.

“Hey, thanks for calling me. And I never did ask you-- how did you find me?”

There was a pause. “I wasn't going to lose you again.”

“I should get going.” She walked past Oliver and the others.

“Hey, so that's it? You're back in town for 24 hours, now you're just going to take off again?”

She pulled her shirt on. “The League of Assassins is still after me, Ollie, and staying in town would put my whole family at risk. I only came because Laurel's in trouble.”

“Well, she's still in trouble, Sara. Your entire family needs you.”

She grabbed her stuff and he turned to Diggle and Felicity. “Do me a favor and dig up a copy of Laurel's bloodwork from the hospital, please.”

“Sure. What are we looking for?”

“I just want to make sure of something.” The Arrow phone started vibrating.

Lexy picked it up and looked at it. “It’s the detective. For you, Sir.”

He laughed. “Don’t do that.”

He pressed talk and said, “Hello, Detective,” his voice disguised. “Put my daughter on. I know she's there.”
A maid walked into the living room where Moira was seated, reading a book in front of the fireplace. “Mrs. Queen?”

“Hmm?”

“A Miss Smoak is here to see you.”

“Who?”

“Uh, me,” Felicity said tentatively.

“If you’re looking for Oliver, he’s not here.”

“I know. He’s back at our place helping Lexy with her homework. I’m here to see you.”

“Really? What about?”

“Tempest. I flagged a large wire transfer you made. When I mentioned it to Walter, he said he would talk to you about it. I could tell in his face he wouldn’t. British people are really bad liars.”

“Yes, they are,” Moira agreed.

“So I looked into it myself, because--full disclosure-- I--I don't trust you. You paid a substantial sum of money to a Dr. Gill. He was the doctor who delivered Thea, which didn't make any sense to me. So I went through like a dozen different theories until I remembered... Your testimony. At trial. You had an affair with Malcolm Merlyn one year before Thea was born. Merlyn is Thea's father.”

Moira stood and walked to her as she spoke, “I can see why Walter and Oliver have such a high appraisal of your capabilities. So. What are you going to do with this information?” Moira circled her. “Felicity.”

“I don't know,” she said nervously.

“Confronting you in your living room was as far as my plan went. I thought you deserved the chance to tell Oliver yourself. He should hear it from you.”

“I'm not going to tell my son anything. And neither are you. If you won't keep my secret for Oliver's sake, you should keep it for your own. I see the way you look at him. If you tell him this, you will rip his world apart. And a part of him will always blame you. Oh, he'll hate me, for sure. But he will hate you, too. We all have to keep secrets, Miss Smoak.”

Too stunned to do anything else, Felicity left Moira in her living room. Was she right? If she told Oliver would he hate her forever?

Lexy laughed as she walked into the Bunker, phone to her ear. “Hey, Nicky, can I ask you
something?"

"You can ask me anything."

"Be absolutely honest."

He laughed. "Lex, in the time we’ve known each other have you not known me to be honest?"

She laughed. "Good point. Just say it. Just total hypothetical, I wanna know what you think. If I had a secret, like a huge secret. A secret that could change your life and our life together—as boyfriend and girlfriend—would you hate me for it?"

He pulled his phone from his ear and stared at the receiver. "Uh….Lex, what’s going on?"

"Just answer the question. Would you hate me if you knew a life-changing secret about me?"

"No," he said slowly. "I don’t think I could ever hate you, Lex." He exhaled. "Is everything okay?"

"I don’t know anymore," she muttered.

"What?" he asked.

"Nothing."

"Hang up, Lex. We gotta do your homework," Oliver called.

"Gotta go. Talk later."

"Okay. Lex."

"Yeah?"

"You know how much you mean to me, right?"

"Yeah, I believe so."

"Okay. Whatever’s going on just know that I always feel the way I do for you. Even if it takes me awhile to process whatever it is."

"Thank you." She hung up and sighed. "Daddy…."

He smiled and walked to her. "I know, baby. We’ll figure it out. I heard the question. What did Nick say."

"That he could never hate me. And that he’ll always care the way he does about me even if it takes him a while to process it."

He smiled. "Then he just may be ready to hear what you gotta say." He smoothed her hair. "I agree with you. It’d be easier for him to hear it from you then to hear it from someone else. And I have a feeling as vindictive as teens can be—even boys—Dylan would do it out of spite, because you’ve moved on and he hasn’t."

She smiled and bumped him affectionately. "How’d you get so smart?"

"I have no idea. Maybe loving your mom. I’m getting smart through osmosis."
She laughed. “Teach me the tire hitting workout, please?”

About 3 hours later, Lexy was nursing sore arms with ice packs while Oliver continued around the tire with the hammer. “It's been two hours, and she should have gotten back in touch with me by now.” He grunted as he slammed the hammer down. He walked to Felicity. “Felicity.” He stopped in front of her. “Felicity!”

“What?!” she snapped, jerking. “Sorry. What?”

“Are you ok? Uh, yeah, I'm fine. It's just... things in here.” She sighed. “If I knew something—"

“The League is never going to let me go. At least if I'm halfway around the world, then I can keep my family safe.”

“I wouldn't be so sure about that. Just got a copy of Laurel's bloodwork. She tested negative for drugs.”

“Well, then why did she collapse?”

“Because they found traces of snake venom in her blood. From a Tibetan pit viper.”

“Wait. So Laurel didn't OD?” Felicity asked.

“She was poisoned.”

“But….” Lexy threw up her hand. “Of course.”

“What?” Sara asked.

“It’s all been a trap,” Lexy told them. “Nyssa. She knew if you knew your family was in danger you’d come out of hiding and come to town to check. And it worked.”

“My family's in danger.”

Oliver and Sara started walking to get ready. “I’m coming to, Lexy announced.

“No!” Sara exclaimed. She looked at Oliver. “Ollie, Nyssa will not hesitate to kill her.”

Lexy looked into her father’s eyes and she could have sworn she saw the moment when he was going to cave. “No!” she exclaimed. “You are not doing this to me!”

“What?”

“What’s the difference between her and going up against the Triad or even Merlyn? He was trained by the League.” She put a hand to her chest. “I fought Merlyn. I have fought a guy with Mirakuru in his system and saved your butt while doing it. Do not put me out on the sidelines because your ex told you to.” She straightened her shoulders. “The only one who should ever tell you no when it comes to me is mom.” She walked past both him and Sara. She faced him. “Being that you agreed to let her adopt me and help you take care of me.”

Oliver looked at Felicity, then Sara and then Lexy. He exhaled. “Lexy.”

She turned in a gesture of saying ‘what’. He looked into her eyes. “Suit up,” he said after a few
They came back to the bunker and Lexy put her batons on the chargers. She turned and looked at her father. “Now what?”

“Now we figure out another plan.”

Lexy nodded. She looked at Oliver. “You might want to go calm Detective Lance.” She slid into a chair next to her and started typing away with research.

Oliver stood next to her. “You all right?”

“I’m fine, dad,” she muttered, keeping her eyes on the computer screen.

“Alexandra.”

She sighed. “It’s not you, dad. It’s not Laurel. It’s not mom and it’s not Sara, okay?”

Knowing what it was he knelt down in front of her as he spun her chair. She didn’t look at him. “Hey, look at me.”

She turned her blue eyes down at him. “I promise we will figure out something with Nick before Dylan shows up, okay?”

She nodded. She exhaled. “I just don’t want to lose another friend. I mean, I lost Dylan, who if my suspicions are correct was never really a friend. Then I thought I lost Roy, but that’s not as bad as I thought.” She looked at her hands, which were sitting in her lap and then back at her dad. “I can’t lose Nick too.”

He smiled. “And I promise you won’t. I won’t let it, Sweetheart. I promise.” He stood and kissed the top of her head. “I love you.”

“Love you,” she whispered.

He walked to Felicity and gave her a very soft, deep kiss. “I love you,” he whispered.

“Love you.”

They left to go talk to Lance.
“Lexy researched everything on the poison.”

Lexy smirked. “Which I gotta tell you, if my search is viewable to the FBI I am so going to prison.”

He chuckled. “I’d break you out,” John promised.

Felicity laughed. “Luckily for us, Tibetan pit viper venom is surprisingly difficult to transport. It starts losing its potency the moment it leaves the fangs. Yet another sentence I never thought I’d actually say out loud.”

“So it was bought locally?”

Sara asked.

“Nope,” Lexy said simply.

“Not bought. Stolen.”

“From where?” Oliver asked.

“The zoo. A local break-in. The perps didn’t steal anything, so the cops chalked it up to a bunch of kids looking for a thrill.”

“I pulled up the zoo CCTV footage from the night of the break-in. I caught a plate. The car’s a rental. Address is in the Glades.”

“Sara. Call your father.” He handed her the Arrow phone as his own cell phone vibrated.

“Sebastian, I am so sorry. I have a bad habit of standing you up.”

They go to meet up the assassin. However Lexy couldn’t go because detective Lance was there. The fight doesn’t go in their favor…not really. The assassin killed himself.

The next day, Oliver, Thea and Lexy gathered with Felicity for the announcement of Moira’s candidacy. Lexy was noticing her mom was acting really nervous. “Mom are you okay?”

She nodded. “Yeah, Sweetie, I’m—”

“Don’t do that,” Lexy told her. “I know I’m your daughter and everything, but if something’s going on with you I want to know. You can tell me.”

She smiled and pulled her into a hug. She rested her cheek on her head. “I love you. You know that, right?”

Her brow furrowed curiously. “Of course, mom.” She held on. “Mama, whatever it is me and daddy aren’t going to love you any less.”

She continued to hold her. Oliver walked up just as John approached them. “How’s Sara holding up?” John asked.

“Not well. And I need you to pick up the trail on Nyssa, because Mrs. Lance is running out of time,” Oliver told him.
John gave a curt nod. “I'm on it.”


“Ohh. Well, I haven't been this nervous since my wedding day. Both of them.” “Moira, it's time,” the campaign guy said. “Oliver, are you ready to introduce your mother?”

“With pride.”

Oliver and Lexy noticed the exchange between Felicity and Moira. Lexy’s brow furrowed in confusion. He caught up to her. “Felicity? Felicity.” He stopped in front of her. “Baby, what is going on with you? And don't say…”

“Nothing.”

“Don't say "nothing." The truth, please.”

“Might have noticed that I talk a lot.”

He smirked. “It has not escaped my attention. It's one of the things that made me fall in love with you.”

She smiled. “You might have also noticed that I don't talk a lot about my family.”

“I have noticed that.”

“Me too,” Lexy said. “My mother is... She's... She's my mother. And... I don't really know what my father is, ’cause he abandoned us. I barely remember him. But I do remember... How much it hurt when he left. And just the thought of losing someone that important to me again…” Her eyes started welling up.

“Hey. You're not going to lose me. I love you. We love you. Nothing’s gonna change that. Whatever it is that's bothering you...is it about your family? No. It's about yours.”

“Wha….” Lexy looked from her mom, to her dad and back again about 6 times. “Mama, what about us?”

Felicity took a deep breath and began telling him everything. By the end of what Felicity had to say, Lexy and Oliver were both floored.

“Just to tell you how special she is, I'd like to welcome her son. CEO of Queen Consolidated, Mr. Oliver Queen.”

The applause pulled Lexy out of her stunned thoughts and she looked at her dad. “Daddy.”

Nothing. She put her hand in his and said a little louder, “Daddy?”

He turned, holding Lexy’s hand tighter. Figuring she was going up there, whether it was part of the plan, she hurriedly caught up to him. She smiled at everyone and then walked up the stairs with him. She started to back away to let him do his speech, but he wouldn’t seem to let go. So, she stayed by his side.

“Phew. Thank you.” He cleared his throat. “Well, I'm here today to say a few words...”

Lexy smiled, and squeezed her father’s fingers reassuringly.
“…about Moira Queen. I bet many of you think that you know her, because you...” he paused again.

Lexy this time looped her other hand around his lower arm in a comforting gesture. She eyed him and he pressed on, “……read about her in the press, or you saw her on TV. But I can promise you...” There was another pause. “You don't know my mother. You don't know her like I do.” The cameras were clicking away, and the flashes were blinding Lexy as she was there for support for her father. “And you don't know what she's capable of...when it comes to helping the people of Starling City. Ladies and gentlemen... My mother, Moira Queen.”

“Sara!”

There was nothing.

“The snake venom, it's gone,” Felicity told them.

“She found Nyssa,” Oliver concluded.

“And she's going to poison her?”

“We need to stop her before she does. Activate her tracer.”

“You put a tracer on her?” John asked.

“She has a bad habit of disappearing on me.”

“Oliver, I hate to sound cold, but why do we care if Sara kills some bad ass assassin that wants to get her and her family?”

“Because, Diggle, if half of the stories that I have heard about Ra's al Ghul are true, if Sara kills his daughter... We will all pay.” He turned to his daughter. “Can you be on your game one-hundred percent tonight?”

She nodded. “Yes.”

“Everything’s good up for Nick, you and Dylan?”

She nodded. “You taught me to block out personal life issues to focus on the things at hand, so that’s what I’ll do.”

He smiled, pride beaming in his eyes. “Then suit up, Baby.”

They watched as Mr. and Mrs. Lance rushed to Sara, and Nyssa pulled a knife on them. Oliver raised his bow and fired. The arrow hit her hand and she dropped the knife.

“Live or die,” Oliver told her in her disguised voice.

Lexy dropped from the ceiling and stood. She pulled her batons and stared the woman down. She hit something on her suit and looked at the Lances. Oliver looked at his daughter. “Go. Help her.”
She nodded. She rushed to the threesome. She smiled at the parents. She pulled something out of her suit and then pulled a water from her attachable pocket. Her voice disguised, she explained, “This will help counteract the poison.”

“Poison?” Dinah sobbed.

She nodded. She looked at Lance. “Please, trust me.”

He nodded. “Do it.”

She nodded and shoved some of the herbs into Sara’s mouth. She looked at them. “Raise her up a little, please.”

The pushed her forward and she poured some water down her. She watched as Sara slowly swallowed. “Come on, Sara,” she whispered.

She gasped and immediately bolted upright. Lexy smiled. “Hey, hey. You’re okay.”

“Sparrow?” she asked.

She was relieved that she was able to keep her wits and use her codename. Lexy nodded.

“Sparrow?” Lance asked. “Is that your name?”

She nodded. “And you’re his friend?” Lance asked.

She nodded. “And partner.” Without thinking she leaned forward and kissed Sara’s forehead. Then she was gone.

Back at the Bunker, Oliver quickly got dressed and looked at Lexy. “Go home with mom tonight, okay?”

She nodded. “Daddy, whatcha gonna do about grandmother?”

He smiled softly, apologetically. “You’ll never have to worry about me trying to encourage a relationship with your grandmother again, okay?”

She nodded. “Okay, daddy.” She exhaled as Oliver walked out.

Oliver walked into the sitting room of the mansion, where Moira was watching herself on the news. She quickly turned off the TV when she noticed him. She stood. “I know we need to talk.”

“You need to listen. For the past year, I have stood by your side... And I have fought, because I wanted to believe that you weren't this...” his words caught, as emotion lit up his eyes. “….Monster. And I needed to believe that I still had a mother.”

“You do, Oliver—” he held up a hand to her. “Oliver, I only lied about Thea to protect her from Malcolm.”

“No, you lied because that is what you do. And that is who you are, Mom. Lies. And now you've
made a liar out of me. Because Thea could never find out about Merlyn. And she could never know the truth about us. Which is that as of right now, we have no relationship. You will not have a relationship with my daughter—not that you had one to begin with—but I am no longer encouraging her to have one with you. You disappointed me, mom. I entrusted you with the most precious thing to me and you could never show her the love you showed me and Thea and all because I never told you about her and because she’s illegitimate.” He paused. “Well, guess what? That’s your loss. You will never know the amazing girl she is and the incredible woman she will become.” He paused again. “I…Lexy and I will keep up appearances for Thea's sake. And publicly, I will support your campaign. But privately... You and I are done.”

“Oliver... Oliver.” She rushed after him. “Oliver!”

Later that night, Lexy sat up finishing her homework when her cell phone rang. She looked at the caller ID and noticed it was a Gotham City phone number. Figuring it was probably not Bruce Wayne himself there was only one person it could be. She tapped talk. “Hello, Dylan. Long time no see.”

“Nice to hear from you too, Aly.”

“Don’t call me that,” she all but sneered. “Don’t you ever call me that.”

He chuckled dryly. “Right. So, Matt’s been telling me that you’ve moved on from me to a guy name Nick. Who’s dad’s apparently a police officer with the SCPD.”

“Yes,” she said cautiously, pushing herself off of her pillows. “So?”

“So, I’m just wondering how he’d feel with the knowledge of who the Starling City Vigilantes are.”

Her heart plummeted to the floor in that moment. Dad. “You wouldn’t….”

He laughed and the sound of it turned her body ice cold. “Oh, wouldn’t I though?” He taunted. There was a pause. “Let’s think about this. You’ve been with Nick for what five months….so, there’s got to be some pretty heavy emotions there, right? Have you told him you love him yet?”

“That is none of your business, Dylan.” She rubbed her head and got up off the bed.

He laughed and again, her blood went cold. “I’m going to take that as a no.” He paused again. “I’ll see you next Friday, Alexandra.”

The line went dead, leaving Lexy standing in the middle of her room, trying desperately to figure out what to do first.
Chapter Summary

Late night meeting of Team Arrow. The Team meets the Clock King. And Lexy finally tells Nick her secret before Dylan does.

Chapter Notes

I know some of you are probably wondering what's wrong with Dylan and I hope you still hang with me. :-) I hope it makes sense to you in the next chapter.

- Bunker.....

- 4am....

“What are we doing here?” Sara asked walking into the bunker looking at Oliver, Felicity and John. She saw Lexy sitting on one of the tables looking really freaked out. “What’s going on?”

“Don’t know,” Oliver told her. “She wouldn’t tell us and we’re her parents.”

Lexy exhaled and tried still her shaking hands. “Yeah, uh….this may seem extremely dramatic and you can chalk it up to teenage drama, but I am telling you the truth.”

“What?” Felicity asked.

“Dylan’s gonna tell Nick and possibly Nathan our secret.” She looked at Sara. “Not your secret. He doesn’t even know you exist, but…..”

“Who’s Nick?” Sara asked.
“My best friend.”

“Who’s Dylan?”

“An old friend. And I don’t mean like you and daddy are old friends. I mean, he was my friend when he lived here, but I haven’t talked to him in like six months or more. He lives in Gotham City now.” She walked to Felicity’s computers. “Call it intuition, my Cancer instincts, but uh….I bugged my cell phone.”

“You did what?” Oliver asked a little surprised.

“I had a feeling he’d call me.” She swallowed. “I’m beginning to think Roy was right all along.”

“What do you mean?” Oliver asked.

“He said to me the other day that he had this weird vibe with the guy whenever Dylan was near me. I’m guessing here, but like he had to protect me around him. I just thought that he was jealous or something. But after this I’m thinking he was right.”

She pressed play and they listened to the entire phone conversation. Oliver exhaled. “I don’t feel comfortable letting a member of SCPD know, but maybe we can do something about Nick.”

John looked at Lexy. She did look freaked out by this. And as much as it bothered him to have another person figure out what they all do with their nights, from a guy’s perspective it would be better coming from the girlfriend and her family than from the evil ex. “I know this is going to be rare for me to say, but I like Nick. So, whatever support you need from me let me know.”

She sighed. “Daddy, what if I’m all wrong and he can’t take the news that I’m a superhero?”

He smiled. “That’s why we’re discussing it here. We’ve got time before Friday for you to figure it out, baby.”

She sighed. What was she going to do?

A couple of days later, Lexy, Dig, Oliver and Sara were sparring with bamboo sticks. Lexy was extremely on edge. So, on edge she was actually snapping at Nick and then telling him it was nothing. She felt her stomach dip as she swung her stick and slapped her dad in the back. She smiled and then went to Sara.

They continued back and forth until Dig accidentally caught the side of Sara’s face.

“Dig!” Felicity exclaimed.

“Sara, I’m so sorry.”

She groaned. “It's ok, I'm fine.”

Oliver came to her. “Let me see. Let me see. She's bleeding, but it's not deep.”

“Good, I can't take any more scars. Speaking of... Mortar round?”

“Yeah, IED, the Paktika province in Afghanistan. Good eye.”
“I know my wounds. Grenade. Algiers.” She smiled at Lexy. “Where did you get the one right there?”

“Um….bullet graze protecting my best friend. It went deeper than we thought.”

“I've never been hit by a grenade.”

“All those scars, you've never been hit by a grenade?”

He pointed at his chest. “Arrow, knife, knife. A lot of bullets, no grenades.”

“I've got myself a new bullet. Nine millimeter, right there.” He pointed to his shoulder.

“.38. I'm mostly swords, and a spear.”

Lexy smiled. “Um….only the one for now. I have scar on my knee, but that’s because I fell off my bike when I was younger. “I have had a couple broken ribs.”

“Really?” Sara said. “From what?”

“Mirakuru dude named Cyrus Gold.”

Not wanting to be left out, Felicity said, “I have a scar. It's in my mouth. I had my wisdom teeth removed when I was 16. Three stitches. They were really badly impacted.”

Sara smiled at her. “You're still cute.” She looked at Lexy. “You are seriously really good.”

She smiled, blushing a little. “Thanks.”

Oliver noted the time. “We should get going.” He looked at Felicity. “You look beautiful as always, but is that what you're wearing tonight?”

She smiled. “Yep.”

He smiled. “Okay. Lex, go get dressed. I invited Nick for you.”

He looked at Sara. “You don't want to be late for your own welcome home party.”

“You didn't have to throw me a party, Ollie.”

“She'll come around.”

“Sara, when you come back from the dead, you get a party. It's a Queen family tradition.”

“I don't know how well that's going to work with the Lance family tradition of holding grudges forever.”

“Maybe.” She sighed. “I survived Lian Yu and Nanda Parbat, I guess I can handle a cocktail party.”

“I wouldn't be so sure.” He walked over to Felicity and kissed her. “Give me ten minutes.”

She nodded. “We’ll be here.”

He smiled, looking at her for a long moment, then he turned and walked to the showers.

Lexy stepped out wearing a purple lace chiffon dress. “Too much?”
Felicity turned and smiled. She looked beautiful in the dress, the purple brought out the blue in her eyes. She had her naturally curly hair out and proud and she wore a little bit of makeup.

“Absolutely not. Nick’s gonna flip.”

Sara smiled. “Your mom’s right. You look amazing.”

She smiled. “Cool.”

They walked into the mansion and Lexy looked around for Nick. She smiled when she saw him in a pair of black slacks and black button down. She looked at her dad. “There’s Nick. Be back in a minute.”

He smiled. “Okay.”

She rushed into the room where the party seemed to be in full swing. She wrapped her arms around his neck. He hugged her tight. “Mmm!” she hummed. “I missed you.”

“Me too,” he said softly and then put his lips to hers like he always did. “I think it’s been too long since we did that.”

She laughed nervously. “Yeah.” The doorbell rang and she smiled. “Come on. I wanted to introduce you to Sara.”

He smiled as she slipped her hand into his and headed for the front door. Nick stopped halfway there. “Hey, Roy.”

“Hey, Nick. How’s it going?”

“Good. Look, man, I wanted to apologize—”

He smiled. “No need to apologize.” He looked at Lexy for a moment. “Just take care of our girl, okay?”

“Absolutely.”

Oliver did the introductions. “And this is my daughter, Alexandra and her friend, Nick. Guys, Mr. and Mrs. Lance and this is Sara.”

Dinah looked at Lexy and then at Oliver. “I had no idea you had a daughter, Oliver.”

Thea smiled. “Not a lot of people did apparently.”

He chuckled. “I had my reasons,” he smiled.

Lexy smiled. “Hi, Mrs. Lance. Nice to meet you.”

“You too, Sweetheart.”

As the night went on, everyone seemed to be having a good time. Lance apologize to Oliver for being a jerk last year and everything seemed to be going okay. Then Lance got called away. And Oliver’s phone rang too. He signaled to Sara and then walked up to Lexy. “May I borrow your beautiful girlfriend, please, Nick.”
He nodded. “Absolutely, Oliver.”

“Thanks.” He put an arm around her shoulders. “Sara and I going to go to that homicide in the Glades. Stay here with Nick. If it’s something then we’ll pull you in okay?”

She nodded. “Okay.” She hugged him. “Be careful.” She slid her blue eyes to Sara. “Both of you.”

Sara nodded.

Back at the Bunker, Oliver and Sara came downstairs and Oliver looked at what Felicity was wearing. Workout clothes. “What are you wearing?”

“I thought I’d…..just….” she walked to the computer. She glanced at Sara. What is he doing with me? She seems perfect for him. “I’m cross referencing Walczak's known associates with decryption experts on the NSA watch list, but it's taking some time.”

“Which we don't have. Ok, the key is not just a code breaker. In the wrong hands, it's a weapon.”

“Dad, seriously, you need to calm down,” Lexy said, walking in, wearing her dress.

“Why aren’t you at the party?”

“Because Nick left. Roy and Thea took Sin home and so I came here.” She put her phone down on the table. “Whatta we got?”

They told her what they had so far. Sara smiled at Felicity and said, “Your mom’s cross-referencing names right now.”

Lexy looked down at her dress. “I’m changing.”

“You suiting up?”

“Thought about it, unless there’s a reason not to.”

He shook her head. “Thought anymore on our predicament?”

She shook her head. “Nope.” She walked into the back and quickly changed.

They tried to stop Tockman but it didn’t go well. Sara and Lexy failed, however, Sara got a sample of Tockman’s blood. While Oliver stopped a bus from heading for a high-speed train. While that was all going on, Tockman hacked into the Bunker’s system.

“What do we know?” Oliver asked.

“He hacked into our frequency, somehow gained remote access, but I upgraded our firewall. Now he won’t be able to talk into our comms even if he had a bazooka. You know... computer science-wise.”

“Good.” Oliver tilted her head up and kissed her softly. “Great job.”
“I think I have something that might help us track him down.”

“I can run that to the lab.”

“I spent a year on the freighter studying genetic blood anomalies. I kind of know my way around a microscope. There’s some significant cell damage and the platelet count is extremely low. Felicity, can I use your computer?”

Before Felicity could respond, Sara moved to a computer and started typing, “Macgregor's Syndrome. It's a genetic defect that creates fluid build-up in the lungs, which leads to oxygen deprivation and multi system organ failure. It's terminal.”

“But the syndrome may give us a way to ID him.”

“How?” Lexy asked.

“People with Macgregor's are extremely rare, Sweetie, and people with Macgregor's and a degree in computer science are even more rare.”

Lexy seen the man’s information pop up. “Holy crap. She was right.”

“William Tockman. Former encryption engineer at, wait for it-- Kord Enterprises.”

“What's the point? He’ll be dead before he can spend all the money,” John stated.

Felicity’s typing away. “He's not stealing the money for himself. He's using it for his family. His sister, specifically. She's got cystic fibrosis and needs a lung transplant.”

“Give me an address, please.”

“52 Nelson Way.”

Oliver stopped and back tracked. “You comin’, Lex?”

“Nope. Staying here. Have fun.”

Oliver nodded. “Okay.”

Lexy waited for them to be gone before she looked at her mom. “What’s up?”

“Nothing,” Felicity said.

“Mom, come on. I’ve known and loved you for almost seven years now. I know when something’s up with you.”

She smiled and kissed her forehead. “I’ll tell you later.”

Lexy watched her mom as she worked her magic and finding Tockman. However, it didn’t seem to work. Tockman made it lead back to their network. “Tockman's piggybacking off my hack. It's a trap. He--he's trying to break into our network.”

“Mom….”

In their transmission they can hear, “I’m not trying. I am.”
Moments later, Felicity’s continuing to try and stop him, but suddenly the system started crashing and sparking. John grabbed Felicity, while Felicity grabbed Lexy and he protected them both. Afterwards, the place had gone dark and John looked at them both. “You okay?”

“Yeah,” they said in unison.

Lexy sighed. “Oh, mama.”

“I know, Baby,” she whispered.

“Do you want help?”

Felicity smiled. “From you? Any time.”

“How bad?” Oliver asked as they came downstairs.

“Tockman used the skeleton key to penetrate our firewall. And recode our security. Basically, he told our system to commit suicide. And it did. Bravo, Clock King.”

“Sara stopped Tockman's men before they could get away with the cash. So Tockman is going to be looking for another score. Maybe we should give him one.” He looked at Felicity. “Would you call Walter and have him liquidate 500,000 shares of QC stock? Put it in cash in my vault at Starling National and ask him to do it tonight.”

“If Tockman wants to make another score...” John said catching on.

“Who better to rob than a suddenly cash flush Oliver Queen?”

“And what if he doesn't take the bait?” Sara asked.

“That's a good point. Make it 800,000 shares.”

“Ok.”

“What can I do?” Sara asked.

“Go to your dinner. Your family's probably waiting for you.”

“Right. Dinner at Laurel's. This is more important.”

“You can't do anything here, Sara. Your family's important, too.”

“Yeah.”

“Hey. You should go.”

“Will you go with me?”

Felicity gasped and closed her eyes as she waited for Oliver’s response.

“What?”

“I know I've wanted us all to get together for a while now. It's just, now that it's actually here, I'm nervous. I mean, last time I saw Laurel, it...didn't go very well, and... It'd be helpful to not have to
He shook his head. “I can’t, I’m sorry.”

She sighed. “Why?”

He sighed. “You know why, Sara. I told you before. You and I aren’t happening. I’ll be your friend but I won’t go to your family dinners and have your parents and Laurel think we’re together.” He looked at Felicity’s back and then back at Sara. “I love Felicity.”

She nodded. “Okay, I get it.” She exhaled. “Wow. Oliver Queen turning down a girl. Never thought I’d see the day.”

Lexy looked at her mom and could see her with her eyes closed taking breaths. She rubbed her back. She crawled to her and kissed her shoulder. “It’s okay, mama.”

Sara left and Felicity looked over at Oliver. “What is it that you think you can do?”

He shrugged. “I don’t know. Support?”

She smirked. “Thanks, but—”

“Felicity, I wanna help.”

“There’s nothing for you to do, Oliver!” she almost screamed. “Go!”

“Honey—”

“I said go!”

He nodded and walked out. Felicity looked at John. “Don’t.”

He shook his head. “Nope.”

She exhaled. “This is about me. Ok, Sara can analyze blood. She can kick ass. She can do anything.” She sighed. “And the one thing I'm supposed to be good at, the one thing that he fell in love with me for, I'm failing at miserably. And why do you even need me now that you have her? Why is he with me when….?”

“Because you're irreplaceable, Felicity.”

Lexy smiled. “Uncle John’s right, mama. Besides, daddy didn’t just fall in love with you for your computer skills. There’s a lot of reasons why he fell in love with you.”

She smiled and kissed her cheek. “I love you, but I have a lot of work to do.”

John smiled, rubbing her shoulder. He looked at Lexy. “Come on, Lex. Let’s get you some chili cheese fries.”

She smiled. “I love you.”

He laughed and they walked out together.

When John and Lexy returned there was no sign of Felicity. “Mom?”
No answer. “Mama?”

Still no answer. She sighed. “Huh. Wonder where she could be.”

Oliver showed awhile later.

“Have you seen Felicity?” John asked, messing with one of the computers.

“No. Wait, why?”

“We went to Big Belly to get some take-out. When we came back, she was gone. I haven't seen her for hours.”

Oliver’s cell phone rang. “Hey,” he said answering.

“Tockman took the bait. The money you had Walter deposit. I'm reading his signal at Starling National.”

“Wait...How do you know that?”

“Because I'm here.”

“What?!” He hung up. “Damn it.” He turned to his daughter. “Baby, there are days I love your mother more than anything in the world, but there are others....”

She smirked. “That’s what she says about you. What’s going on?”

“She’s at the bank. Tockman took the bait.” He looked at Lexy. “Suit up.”

They meet up with Felicity, but Tockman’s men are blocking the exit. Oliver starts to leave to head them off, Sara starts to join him, when he looked at her and said, “Stay here.” He looked at Lexy. “Come on.”

“Wha...are you sure?”

He nodded. “Come on.”

They get to the stairwell, and he signals for her to go one way, while he went the other. As he took down two of them, she flipped down just as the gunman started firing. She rolled out of the line of fire and hid behind a desk until the shooting stopped.

She then ran out to the guy that Oliver had tied up with one of his trick arrows and was coming free. She pulled her batons and started fighting him. Oliver jumped in and they worked in tandem with each other. She then used one of them and knocked him in the back of the kneecap.

When they got to Felicity and Sara, Felicity was on the ground, holding her arm. Lexy gasped and rushed to her mom. “Mom! Oh, God!” She looked at Oliver. “Daddy, she’s been shot!”

He rushed to her. Sara watched as Oliver’s face paled. “Oh, Baby,” he whispered. He sighed. “Come on, Beautiful. Let's get you patched up.”

**************************
Hopped up on Oxycodone, Felicity sat patiently as Sara sewed her up. “Are you sure you don’t want to go to the hospital?”

“Mm-mm. You guys never go to the hospital. Besides, Dig gave me some of those aspirins. Are you spinning?”

“Aspirin?” Oliver asked.

“Oxycodone,” he whispered back and Lexy snickered.

“Oh, yeah, daddy. She’s flying high.”

He scoffed. “Yeah.”

Sara smiled. “I wouldn’t be here if you hadn’t been so brave. Thank you.”

“It was nothing. I’ve always wanted to say I’ve taken a bullet for someone, and now I can. So really I should be thanking you.”

“All done.”

“Ohh.”

“Not bad, but you’re still going to have a scar.”

“My own scar. Yay.”

“You all right? Diggle had mentioned that maybe you were feeling... a little left out.”

“What? No.” She seen the look in his eyes and sighed. “Why are you with me?”

“What?”

“Why are you with me? I mean, if you think about it you’d be more suited for….Sara.”

He smirked and took her face in his hands. He kissed her gently. “I’m with you, because you’re amazing, Felicity. You’re an incredible woman. You have such a great big heart and you love me when I’m not so lovable.” He smiled. “And the best part is you love my daughter. I couldn’t ask for a better person to share my life with than you.”

“You’re always lovable,” she muttered. She gave him a lopsided smile. “Wanna go home and have sex?”

He chuckled. He took his phone out when it buzzed. “I gotta go home.”

She laughed groggily. “That’s what I was saying.”

He laughed. “No, baby, I gotta go to the mansion.” He kissed her again. “I’ll be back as soon as I can. Dig’s gonna give you and Lexy a ride home, okay?”

She nodded. “Okay.”

-Next Day....
Lunch Time.....

Oliver was at the apartment after meeting up with Slade Wilson again after 6 years. He was still stunned, but he had a plan to follow through with. Lexy walked out of her room and Oliver looked at her outfit. “You wearing that to lunch?”

She didn’t have school today because a water main broke and the school got flooded. “Uh…yeah. Why wouldn’t I?”

“Because Nick’s coming over.”

Her stomach dropped and her heart hit the floor. “Why?”

“Because, I told you that I would do anything to make you happy and Nick makes you happy. And if this little….kid thinks he’s going to get ahead of us on the secret reveals he’s got another thing coming.”

She laughed as her stomach churned. “Daddy, I don’t know….”

“Sweetheart, I know it’s scary, but you need to do this. You can’t let Dylan tell him. You know he’d be more upset that you let that happened than anything.”

She nodded. “But, daddy….”

He smiled. “Just stick with me, okay?” He heard the bedroom door open and smiled. “Hey, Felicity.” He stood and kissed her good morning. “Good morning, Beautiful.”

She tapped his chest. “Good morning, Handsome.” She ran a hand through her hair. “What’s going on?”

“Nick’s coming to lunch,” Lexy announced. “We’re gonna tell him.”

Felicity stood there stunned. “We are?”

He nodded. “I don’t want Lexy to lose her friend.” He smiled. “Boyfriend. He’s good for her.”

Felicity nodded. “All right then, I’ll go get dressed.”

“Me too,” Lexy said softly.

About a half an hour later, there was a knock at the door. Lexy smoothed her jeans out and opened the door. She smiled. “Hey.”

He smiled. “Hey, Angel.” He kissed her cheek.

Oliver smiled as Nick sat down on the couch. “Nick, there’s actually another reason why I asked you over besides lunch.”

“Okay,” he said a little cautiously. He had no idea what this was about and he wasn’t sure he was going to like it. “What’s up?”
“Um….actually, Lexy’s gonna tell you. Go ahead, Baby.”

Lexy took a deep breath and released it. She moved to the ottoman and sat down in front of him.
“You know those Starling City Vigilantes….um…."

“Yeah,” he said slowly. “What about them?”

She cleared her throat. “I’m one of them,” she announced quickly.

He laughed nervously. “Come on, Lexy, that’s not funny—” his words stopped. She looked deadly
seriously. His heart began jackhammering in his chest. She was serious. “Oh, my
God….wha….why….?”

Lexy gasped, tears filling her eyes as Nick stood and paced, trying to process. He turned and
looked at her. His eyes widened. He couldn’t believe it. “Really?”

She nodded. He had to get out of there. Go for a walk or do something. He needed to get out of this
apartment to think. He needed to....

Lexy seen the look in his blue eyes and her heart shattered. She thought maybe telling him would
have been different than when she told Dylan, but maybe this life would be difficult for every guy
she was friends and possibly became involved with. She sighed. “You can go.”

Without a word, he walked out.

Hearing the door close behind him had her releasing a shuddery breath. Would anyone ever be
okay with her secret? Would she ever find any one guy that would be okay with it?

Felicity saw the pained and sorrowful look on her daughter’s face and stepped forward. She
soothed her. “Baby just give him time. Remember it took me and Roy a while to process the
information too.”

She nodded. She could pretend everything was okay, even if she felt like she was losing her best
friend, she’d been pretending like she was just your average 13-year-old girl. What’s one more
role, right?
Chapter Summary

Nick and Oliver talk about how Lexy spends her nights.
Then he and Lexy talk about it.
And Nick and Dylan finally meet.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Nick walked into Lexy’s apartment building and jogged up the stairs. He smiled at the couple that lived below Lexy and her parents. “Good afternoon, Mr. Hanson. Mrs. Hanson.”

“Afternoon, Nick,” Mr. Hanson said smiling. “You and Lexy see a lot of each other, huh?”

He nodded. “We do. She’s my best friend.” He smiled. “I wouldn’t trade anything with her for anything in the world.” Not even her secret. He continued up the stairs and jogged down to the end of the hall to their door.

Oliver smiled when he opened the door and saw Nick on the other side. “Hey.”

“Hi,” he said, a small smile on his face.

“Uh…Lexy’s not here.”

He shook his head. “Didn’t really come here to talk to her, at least not right now.”

Oliver nodded and stepped aside. “Come in.”

He stepped into the apartment and took his jean jacket off. “Do you think you and I and maybe
Felicity could talk about what Lexy told me?”

He nodded. “Absolutely.” He motioned for the kid to have a seat and sat across from him. “I know you have questions and I’ll do my best to answer them.”

He nodded. “I do have questions, but first I gotta know….do I have a reason to worry about her out there?”

Oliver almost smiled. He had to admit it was kinda cute to see him worried about Lexy like this. “I could say no, but that’s not right. She does put her life in danger every night that she’s out there with me.” He exhaled. “And her mother would probably have a stroke if she knew what I was allowing our only child to do, but Lexy’s extremely good at it. That is if she wasn’t already dead.”

He exhaled, “But Nick, you have to know as her father and her partner I will always make sure she comes home alive.”

“Every single night that they both go out there, I worry.”

Both men looked up and Felicity stepped into the room. She smiled and sat next to Oliver. “I’ll be the first to admit that it’s scary as everything to know that my daughter, the little girl I have watched grow into a very mature young woman goes out and risks her life, but Oliver’s right. She’s very good at it. And Nick, I can honestly say if I haven’t seen her in action myself I wouldn’t let her out there.”

Nick sighed and rubbed his hands on his jeans nervously. “So, uh…those broken ribs…..were they done doing this?”

Oliver nodded. “Yes.” He exhaled. “I’ll tell you anything you ask me, but I think you need to let Lexy explain why she does this and why she wants to keep doing it, okay?”

He nodded. “I planned on it, but,” he looked up at Oliver, “I’m not coming to you as her father talking about this.” He exhaled.

Oliver nodded swiftly. He knew what he was doing. Man to Man. He cleared his throat. “Okay, well, ask away.”

“How’d it happen?”

He scooted forward on the couch. “If I tell you this you have to swear that—”

“I’m not going to tell anyone,” he interjected. “I don’t think anyone would believe me anyway.”

Oliver chuckled wryly. “You’re probably right.” He sighed. “This City has a major threat going on.”

“What is it?”

“Um….I’m sure you’ve heard about me and what happened to me several years ago.”

He nodded. “I heard it on the news and Lexy told me. What’s that got to do with this?”

“That’s how all this got started.” He sighed. “When I was on the island I met this man named Slade. He was my friend…..”

Many moments later, Oliver sighed. “And so now, that serum is now back into play somehow.
Um….the man that had given Lexy those broken ribs was injected with the serum.”

“So, there’s people being turned into Captain America?”

Oliver laughed. “Yeah, you could say that.” He sighed. “There’s only one man on the force who
 knows about what we do and he doesn’t even know who we are. In fact he just figured out that I
 have a very young sidekick a couple of weeks ago.”

“Who?”

“Lance,” Felicity answered. “He’s been helping for awhile now. Now more than ever because his
daughter, Sara has joined the team.”

“Really? Does he know that?”

He nodded. “Yes. He just doesn’t know that the guy that ‘killed’ his daughter is the guy that is
 saving the world.” He rubbed the back of his head. “I would appreciate it if you don’t say anything
to your father, but you do need to know something else.”

“What?”

“The reason that we decided that you needed to know now is because Dylan taunted her with
telling you.” He sighed. “She didn’t want you finding out from him and hate her or something.”

He laughed wryly. “I….I don’t think I could hate her….ever.”

Oliver laughed. “Good to know.”

“Why is Dylan doing this?” he asked. “I mean, he was supposed to ‘love’ her, right? I mean, that’s
 what you, Felicity, John and even Lexy have told me. So, why would he do this?”

Felicity smiled and tapped Oliver’s knee. “I got this one, Honey.” She looked at Nick. “Nick, do
you ever watch stupid teen dramas?”

He nodded. “Sure. Chris’ girlfriend is obsessed with a few of them.”

“Well, I’m just guessing here, but I think I’m correct. He’s doing this because more than likely
Matt’s told him that you and Lexy are closer than he and she ever were. That there are actually
feelings there and not because they were expected of them or anything.”

She smiled at the young man. “Oliver and I can see how much you love her,” she said.

He shook his head, his eyes widening in surprise. “No….I….”

Oliver laughed. “Yes. I see the way you look at her. You only look at someone like that if you love
them.” He smiled. “Don’t worry. Your secret is safe with me.”

“And I think that’s why Dylan is going to try to blindside you tonight at the game. He thinks if he
tells you about Lexy’s secret then you won’t love her anymore.” She sighed. “Matt probably said a
lot of other stuff to him. In the message that she recorded of their conversation—”

“They talked?”

“Only over the phone,” Oliver clarified. “He called her the night before we told you to tell her he
wondered how you and your father would feel about her being one half of the vigilante team.”
Nick sighed. “I just…I can’t….” he took a minute to get his thoughts together. “Do you think I could see her in action or....”

Oliver nodded. “Yes. I’ll give you the codes to the Bunker—”

“Bunker?”

“Our headquarters,” Felicity explained. “You know that club that Thea runs?”

He nodded. “Lexy loves the fact that Thea has to run things by her before she does anything.”

Oliver laughed. “My sister’s not very nice to her, but I can’t force her to like her.”

“You know why Thea’s like that don’t you?”

He shook his head. Nick smirked. “Because she’s used to being the only girl in your world. She’s told Lexy that she still has influence over you, despite Lexy being the center of your world.” He smiled. “Thea believes that you’ll listen to her before Lexy because she’s your baby sister.”

He scoffed. “She may be my baby sister, but Lexy’s my baby. If anyone’s got me wrapped it’s Lex.”

Felicity and Nick laughed. “Oh, yeah,” they said in unison.

Oliver shrugged. “Can’t help it. She’s the best thing that came out of mine and Janine’s relationship.” He exhaled. “Tell you what, Nick, when you go talk to Lexy about this all this and you still want to see her in action, have her call me and the entire team will meet the two of you in the Bunker, okay?”

He nodded. “So, where is the Spunky Little Hero?”

He laughed. “The park. She has some chapters of *Catcher In The Rye* to catch up on.”

He nodded. He had a feeling he knew where she’d be sitting in the park too. He stood and walked to his coat. He pulled it on and exhaled. “See ya later.”

Oliver nodded. “Yep. Remember please, just listen.”

He nodded. “I promise.”

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*I’m not too sure what the name of the song was that he was playing when I came in, but whatever it was, he was really stinking it up. He was putting all these dumb, show-offy ripples in the high notes, and a lot of other very tricky stuff that gives me a pain in the ass. You should’ve heard the crowd, though, when he was finished. You would’ve puked. They went mad. They were exactly the same morons that laugh like hyenas in the movies at stuff that isn’t funny. I swear to God, if I were a piano player or an actor or something and all those dopes though I was terrific, I’d hate it. I wouldn’t even want them to clap for me. People always clap for the wrong things.*

Lexy sighed. She placed a hand on the paperback she was reading and looked around the park. It’d been almost a day since she had told Nick what she did with her nights and despite a couple of texts she had sent him they hadn’t spoken. She looked around at the people that were in the park and
knew that those nightly activities helped the people in this park feel safe to be here.

She’d never trade what she did for anything in the world, but she did wish that the people in her life would handle it just a bit better and not run for the hills whenever she told someone about what she did to help keep this town safe.

Off to the left a couple caught her attention and she watched them. She knew the couple. They were from her high school and they had just started dating a few weeks ago. By the look of how they were acting now she’d have to say that their relationship seemed to be progressing nicely. Wish she could say the same for her own. If she even had a relationship anymore. Hell, she didn’t even know if she had a friend anymore.

And that’s the part that was going to hurt the most.

Losing Nick.

Her and Nick’s relationship and friendship ran closer and deeper than hers and Dylan’s ever had. She honestly felt like Nick was her friend first and that was the best feeling, but this…..this was going to hurt if she had to say goodbye to him. He was her only true friend, at least one that completely understood her and got her.

She felt the tears prick the back of her eyes as she continued to watch the newly minted high school couple kiss. And it wasn’t the way that she and Nick kissed, not there was anything wrong with the way that they kissed, because she enjoyed it immensely. But she couldn’t help but wonder if Nick was going to be her one true kiss. The kiss that she had seen Roy and Thea do and her parents.

She had thought about it. What it would feel like, but she had a feeling with Nick it wasn’t going to be like anything she could have come up with it. It was going to be more, because he meant more to her. She was kinda glad in a way that she never expressed how she truly felt about the guy because having him know she was falling for him and her secret and still have him react would hurt worse than the way that Dylan had.

She knew from long conversations with her parents that she couldn’t force him to be accepting of what she did anymore than she could force him to stay with him afterwards. Even thought it was going to hurt to break up and possibly end their friendship she’d do it because she loved him and didn’t want him to feel obligated to be with her.

The same couple caught her attention again as she reached for the necklace he had given her on Valentine’s Day. She bent the chain and pressed the Taurus zodiac sign medallion to her lips. She remembered everything about that night still. The words he words, his nervousness and look in his eyes as he held it out to her. She knew in relationship etiquette she’d have to give it back. According to her mom it was only right.

“Doesn’t look like you’ve gotten very far.”

Her head whipped around so quickly at the familiar voice and her heart thudded in her chest. Nick….. She looked up at him, wiping her tears from her lashes. “Uh….yeah,” she said in response. “I….I…..can’t seem to concentrate.”

Nick walked around and stood in front of the blanket. He toed off his shoes and stepped onto the blanket that Lexy had laid out when she got to the park. She held her breath as she looked at him, watched him. Whatever happened here she knew would change them forever.

“Why?”
“Why what?” she asked softly, not exactly sure why he was asking that particular question.

“Why do you do it?” he asked, keeping his voice low. “You could die, but yet, according to your parents and from what my dad tells me of you two, you go right out and continue to do it.”

She marked her place and then sat the book next to her. “My dad has reasons for why he started the whole thing, but for me I had one very good reason to do it.”

He nodded. She took a breath and released it. “Because he’s my dad. When dad got home from the island I was desperate for a family member to like me, love me, that I had it in my head that if dad was going to be proud to call me his daughter then I had to do it. Then, something changed.”

“What?”

“I realized as I was forcing him to be proud of me, to acknowledge me, that I was making a difference. That was saving people’s lives,” she answered. “And to me that’s the best feeling in the world. I like to know that my contribution as a member of Team Arrow—by the way, don’t ever say that in front of him—is doing it all.” She pointed at the children in the sandbox. “I make this town better, safer than it was the night before for them to feel safe.”

He looked over his shoulder to see the kids playing in the sandbox and smiled. If there was ever a moment he could say looking back years from now that he fell hopelessly in love with her it would be this one because knowing she was putting her own life in danger to make sure that the future generations could feel safe and be whatever they wanted to be had to be the most selfless thing he had ever heard someone of their age group say.

She smirked and said, “Plus, the toys are lots of fun.”

He laughed. “Yeah?” She nodded. “You’ll have to show me,” he said, smiling.

Her heart almost leapt out of her chest. “Really?”

He nodded. He moved across the blanket and sat closer in front of her. He took her hands. “Lex, I’m not going to pretend that knowing this now isn’t going to make me worry or freak out that you might not come back to me, but it’ll take more than you being the Sparrow to make me run for the hills.”

She flipped her legs under her and scooted closer to him. “I’m always going to come back to you, Nick. I may be more battered and bruised than I was when you saw me last, but you’re my best friend. And my boyfriend. In the months that we’ve been friends and a couple I can honestly say I can see us going the long haul, but I could understand that knowing all this—”

Nick pressed a finger to her lips. He looked into her blue eyes and smiled. “I’m not going anywhere. You’re stuck with me.” He caressed her cheek and leaned forward.

Her heart thudded heart in her chest, their lips inches apart. He kissed her softly and then without warning, he took her face in his hands and this time claimed her mouth as if they would French kiss, but they weren’t. It’s as if he wanted to just test out the feel of it, because as quickly as he had done it, he pulled back and their lips made a soft puckering sound.

She sighed. “Wow….”

He smiled. “Yeah. Lex, you’re the most amazing best friend someone could ask for. You’re always there when I need you to be and you’ve always supported me. And you’re the best girlfriend—then again I don’t really have anyone to compare you to either.”
She smiled and kissed him quickly. “I’m sorry that I do.”

He shook his head. “Don’t. If you didn’t have the experience with Dylan that you do I don’t think you could look at me and see that I’m nothing like him. Is there anything else that I need to know?”

She shook her head. “Well….um….remember when I told you that Roy wasn’t dealing well with stuff that’s an understatement.” She exhaled. “There’s something going on—”

“Your dad told me about the Mirakuru, however Roy didn’t come up.”

She nodded, smiling. “He wouldn’t have. Um….last year, um, the man that has the serum kidnapped Roy. He’s been injected with the serum. It’s been rough for him because he’s trying to learn to live again with the knowledge that he has this inside of him and it’s been difficult for him. The week that I lied to you and told you that there was club stuff it wasn’t. I was training Roy to be able to join the team. We both agreed with him on the team that it helps us be able to keep an eye on him. Dad’s hoping he has the right knowledge now to help Roy in a way he couldn’t have helped Slade.”

He nodded. “Okay. That makes sense.”

“Again, there’s nothing ever going to—”

“Lex, we’ve been through that already, Angel.” He exhaled, then smiled. “Does this mean I’m a member of Team Arrow too?”

She laughed and wrapped her arms around his neck, holding tight. He held her tight around the waist. “You’re amazing, you know that?” she looked down at him. She pressed a kiss to his lips. “I would say yes, but….”

He smiled. “That’s okay. I’ll ask him later when we go check out the bunker after the game.”

She sat back on her knees. “You’re gonna see the bunker?”

He nodded. “Of course. Now that you’ve told me about this I want to know everything about it.”

She laughed. She sighed. “Thank you.”

“For….?”

“Not running.”

He smiled, caressed her cheek and then kissed her soundly. “Never.” He leaned back up and then tossed her his iPod. “Number seventeen,” he told her. “It makes me think of you every time I hear it.”

She nodded and put the earbuds in. She picked up the device and went to number 17. She listened:

She turns wine to water She's nobody's daughter A stranger to the lovers at her feet

She makes potions between kisses And wishes on the sun Because the stars late at night she can't see

She's my best friend She's standing right beside me I've waited my whole life For somebody to find me I know you don't like her But she's my girl
She's better than ice cream I know you know what I mean Better than the real thing She can make my heart scream

She's my girl She's my girl

There's beauty in disaster You can just ask her But you won't like what you will hear

Her name has stitches between letters Goes on forever In a skyline rainbow made of tears

She's my best friend She's standing right beside me I've waited my whole life For somebody to find me I know you don't like her But... She's my girl She's my girl She's my best friend She's standing right beside me I've waited my whole life For somebody to find me I know you don't like her But she's my girl

She's better than ice cream I know you know what I mean Better than the real thing She can make my heart scream

She's my girl She's my girl

We all need someone to love Fire to touch Reasons to rise above the cold

In a paralyzed world It's not enough to pretend alone

She's my girl

She's better than ice cream I know you know what I mean Better than the real thing She can make my heart scream

She's my girl

She's my best friend She's standing right beside me I've waited my whole life For somebody to find me I know you don't like her But she's my girl

She's better than ice cream I know you know what I mean Better than the real thing She can make my heart scream

She's my girl She's my girl She's my girl

As a resident of Starling City you could definitely tell that something big was going down downtown. The City was filled to the brim with everyone in town and everyone from Gotham City coming to watch the finals. In truth, Lexy didn’t want to be here. She would have much rather stayed home and finished her long-standing reading list. But Nick wanted to come to check out her former friend.

They were standing in the concession stand line to get drinks. “Hey, Angel, you want anything to drink?”

“Um….Coke would be nice, please?”
“Well, well, well.”

Lexy rolled her eyes and faced Matt Reynolds. “Matthew.”

“Ooh, you’re angry with me,” he said, smirking.

“You think?” she shot back. “You’ve been spying on me for Dylan!”

He halted, his heart hammered. “Who….how—?”

“Dylan called me the other night to inform me he’d be in town, Matt. He didn’t exactly hide the fact that you’ve been telling him things.”

“Lexy, he’s been curious—”

“My butt. If he was so danged curious about how I’m doing then he knows my danged number, Matt! He doesn’t need you spying on me!” She smirked down at the cup that was put in front of her. She looked over her shoulder at Nick. “Thanks, Babe.”

“You’re welcome,” he said. “Your mom and dad’s here.”

“Cool,” she said, smiling.

“Oliver Queen’s here?” Matt’s girlfriend, Sarah gushed. She turned to Matt. “Do I look okay?”

Lexy couldn’t help it, she laughed. She took Nick’s hand and pulled him into the stadium’s main entertainment area. The place was definitely set up for basketball. She looked at Nick. “Just so you know, I don’t follow basketball at all.”

He leaned down and whispered, “Neither do I. Baseball’s more of my sport. My dad and I have Gotham season tickets.”

“Really?” she asked looking up at him.

He nodded. “Yeah. My dad came very close to playing for their semi-pro team. He was being recruited, but then the last game of his college season and he blew out his knee sliding into third.”


He nodded. “He thought mom was going to leave him because of it.” He smiled. “She surprised him on that one.”

She laughed and scanned the area, but didn’t see any familiar faces, except 1. Across the court was Dylan, doing warmups. She halted. “Oh, God….” She whispered when he noticed her.

Nick looked in the direction she was looking. He saw the tall blond kid as he did some stretches or whatever. He was heading straight for them. “Is that him?”

“Yes,” she uttered. She narrowed her eyes at him as he stopped in front of them both. “Dylan.”

“Alexandra.” He smiled. “How are you?”

“I’m great, but you must be miserable.”

“What do you say that?”
She put a hand on her hip and glared at him. “So, tell me, how much is it costing you to have Matt spy on me?”

He smiled. “A lot less then you’d think, Sweetheart.”

“Don’t call her that,” Nick fumed.

“Ahh…you must be the new guy.”

Nick glared down at the hand that was extended to him. He shifted his blue eyes to his. “I’m her guy, but I’m not new. I’ve been here for a while.”

Dylan gave him an evil smirk. His eyes never leaving his. “So, is he aware of how you spend your evenings?”

About 5 bleachers up sat Oliver, Felicity, John, Lyla, Roy and Thea. Roy’s eyes dropped to the floor and looked down the bench to Oliver. He nodded to the floor and Oliver looked. The others saw the looks being exchanged and followed the gazes.

They could see that the conversation was getting heated. Felicity could tell that Lexy wasn’t scared of Dylan even if she was freaked out by the fact that he threatened her a few days ago. She studied all 3 of them and then she gasped as Dylan took a hold of Lexy by the forearms like he wanted her to listen.

Thea looked at her brother. “Ollie!”

He stood and started going down the steps. Lyla reached for her friend just as Lexy kneed the kid in the groin and Dylan let her go. “I don’t think you need to, dad.”

Down on the floor, Lexy knelt down into Dylan’s face. “Hurts don’t it?” she asked. “Just remember, you brought that on yourself.” She stood.

“We’re up the stairs, Angel,” Nick told her.

As she started going up the stairs, she felt her arm get tugged and she staggered down the steps. Nick put immediately stepped between the two of them. “Don’t make me get suspended, Sinclair.”

Dylan laughed. “Like you could—”

Nick straightened and towered over Dylan. “Let her go,” he said. His voice took on a deadly tone to it. His eyes narrowed. “Let her go.”

Dylan let her go with a shove. However, surprisingly, it wasn’t Roy or Oliver or even John who caught her. It was Detective Lance. He looked down at Lexy. “Are you all right?”

“Yes, thank you.”

He smiled. “Go find your mom and dad.” He looked at Nick. “Go on.”

Nick nodded. Lance stopped him. “Great job defending your girlfriend.”
He smiled. “Thanks, Sir. Thank you.”

He nodded. He thumbed to get him upstairs. He looked at Dylan. “If I remember correctly, you belong on that side of the court, right?”

“Yes, sir, but I used to go to this school.”

He nodded. “I’m aware. I heard what you said. However, I see you ever, ever touch that girl or harass Nick and I’ll make it extremely difficult for you to ever come back to this town. Do I make myself clear?”

He nodded. “Yes, sir.” Dylan quickly turned and bolted to the other side of the gym.

Chapter End Notes

All right, everyone, that is the last time you’ll see Dylan. He’ll probably hardly ever get mentioned.
After the excitement at the game, holding to his promise Oliver has Nick meet the rest of the team.

This is just a happy filler chapter.

After the game, and as promised, Oliver, Felicity and Lexy took Nick to meet the team and see the Bunker. He parked the car outside the side entrance of the building and they quickly headed down into the basement. Lexy shuffled down the stairs and flipped the switch and the entire room lit with light.

Lexy smiled up at Nick. “Welcome.”

Nick cautiously walked into the huge main room. He smiled in greeting at Sara and Roy. Along with Diggle and Lyla. His eyes popped at everything he saw. State of the art computers. Glass encasements for arrows, weapons and suits. He slowly walked through the area and smiled when he came upon Oliver’s arrows.

“Careful,” he said softly.

Lexy smiled and stepped forward. She pulled an arrow from the display and handed it to him. He looked at the arrow and then placed it back in the case. He then touched along the table and stopped at 2 batons. He looked at Lexy. “Yours?”

She nodded. “Careful. You put pressure in one spot and they’ll sing to you.”
“Sing?”

She smiled. She shook her head as she walked to them. She pulled one from the charging base and flipped it into her hand. “If you put pressure here,” she showed him without putting pressure there and said, “they’ll scream really loud. They’ve got enough decibel strength to shatter all the windows in the downtown area.”

“Wow.”

She nodded. “Not to mention they can easily make you deaf.”

He laughed. “Yeah. I can see that.”

She then showed him the tasers on the end. “These however, turned up to full-strength—could kill a 300lb man if used.” She exhaled. “Only had to do it once and attempted to do it another time.”

She eyed Roy.

Roy smiled. “It’s a good thing that I naturally heal right now.”

Nick laughed. “Do you think she’d ever actually use them on you?”

He smiled. “Only if she has to,” he admitted. “Which I don’t plan on giving her the opportunity.”

He shrugged. “It might be out of my control with this stuff in me though.”

Knowing very well when to change the subject, Nick looked at Lexy and then pointed at the salmon ladder. “What is that thing?”

She looked over her shoulder and smiled, then looked back at Nick. “Salmon ladder.”

“Excuse me?” he asked.

She laughed softly. “It’s called a salmon ladder. It’s training device,” she explained.

“Do you use it?”

“Every day,” she smiled.

Sara walked over to her and put an arm around her shoulders. With the other, she held up one of her arms. “That’s where she got her guns.”

She rolled her eyes and laughed. “The ladder doesn’t use strength, Sara.”

Sara dropped her arm and raised her hands in a don’t shoot motion. “Continue,” she said smiling.

Lexy smiled. “It is a muscle builder. It strengthens the muscles in the arms and the core.”

Nick walked to her. “You use it every day, seriously?”

She nodded. “Yep. It’s part of dad’s training. It’s one of the first ones he started me on when he trained me.”

“Will you show me?”

She looked at her dad and he smiled. “Go ahead, Sweetheart.”

She walked over to the mat, slipped her flats off and walked across the mat to grab her fingerless
gloves. She slipped them on.

“Lex, hold on, baby.” Oliver rushed to her and moved the bar down one more. “There. You don’t have to go all the way to the top, just remember that.”

She nodded. “Thanks, daddy.” She felt her stomach do a flip flop and she sighed. She took a couple breaths through her mouth and then jumped up to grab the bar. She did a couple of chin-ups first and then started rocking out the salmon ladder like Sara or her dad do.

Nick stood there, absolutely amazed that his girlfriend had made it to the top. “Wow.”

Felicity laughed softly and put an arm around his shoulders. “Pretty cool, huh?”

He nodded. “Yeah.”

“Do you wanna drop or you want someone to get you?” Oliver asked.

Lexy smiled and looked over at her dad. “Come get me.”

He chuckled. “Roy, catch her.”

Nick looked at Oliver a little confused and Roy gave him the same look. Oliver explained, “You’re a member of this team now. She has to trust you just as much as any of us.”

“More actually,” John interjected.

Roy walked over to the mat and then stood just below her. He looked up at her and smiled. “They’ve never seen us dance together have they?”

She laughed. “Don’t make me laugh when I’m dangling up here!”

He laughed. “Sorry, Sash.” He braced himself to catch her. “Go.”

Nick and the others watched as she let go without nervousness on whether or not he’d catch her. Sara looked across at Oliver. “Okay, what was that?”

“What?” Lexy asked walking off the mat, shoes in hand.

“You trusted him before?” she asked.

She nodded. “Yeah,” she answered. She smirked. “Guys, he’s been pretty much like my bodyguard for a while. Not to mention, my dance partner for almost two years.”

“You dance?” Oliver asked.

He shrugged. “Not like ballroom dancing or some shit, but yeah.”

Nick looked at Lexy. “Doesn’t that hurt your arms?”

She shook her head. “Not really. It did at first, but not anymore.”

Felicity smiled. “Nicky, come here, Sweetheart.” She walked to her computer as Nick followed. She cued up one of the security cameras and then hit play. “Watch. This is Oliver and Lexy in action.”

Lexy’s eyes widened as recognition dawned. “Oh, this is when we did the rescue mission to get
Roy came forward. “What?”

“Aunt Thea was kidnapped in October I think by some people from the Glades who blamed us—the Queens for the bombing in the Glades.”

Nick watched for a few moments and then looked at Lexy. “You took them down?”

She nodded. “I helped,” she answered.

Oliver smiled and turned Nick’s head back. “Watch. She gets better.”

They continued to watch and Nick’s jaw fell open when he watched her use her thighs and pull one of the men down and then tasered him. “Oh, my God….you’re a ninja.”

She laughed and kissed his cheek. Sara stepped forward and said, “Play the footage from the mansion.”

“No!” Both Oliver and Lexy said in unison.

“Okay…..” Roy said looking at everyone. “Why not?”

She exhaled. “Because that’s when I got stabbed by one of those League of Assassins dudes.”

“You were stabbed?”

She nodded. “Yeah. Didn’t end well for him.” She smiled at Sara. “So, I have two scars. A bullet and a sword.”

Oliver looked over at Nick and seen him pale almost instantly. He pushed a chair to him. “Sit.” He pushed him into the chair.

Lexy looked down at him. “Nick, it’s okay—”

“It’s okay!!” he exclaimed. “How can this—”

“Well, one: Don’t yell at me,” she said. “And two: there will be times that I will get shot at or stabbed at.” She knelt down in front of him and said, “Most of the time I know how to dodge them. Then others they’re faster than me.”

Sara sidled over to Oliver. “I thought she introduced him as a ‘friend’, her ‘best friend’?”

“He is,” Oliver said smiling. “But he’s also her boyfriend.”

“Are you okay with that?”

He nodded, smiling at her. “Only with Nick has it been okay.”

“Why?” Roy asked.

“Because Nick doesn’t look at Lexy like boobs on sticks,” Felicity said.

John, Oliver and Roy winced. “Felicity!”

“Mom!” Lexy exclaimed, mortified.
She laughed nervously and looked at the young couple. “Sorry, but it’s true.” She lowered her eyes to Nick. “You don’t.”

Nick exhaled. “For two very good reasons.”

“What are?” Sara challenged.

“One: Lexy’s more than ‘boobs on sticks’. She’s got a mind of her own and a very sassy personality. And the biggest heart that I have ever known anyone to have. And two: My father would kill me, then my mother, if I was to ever objectify a girl like that.”

Lexy smiled nervously. “So, are we good?”

He looked at her a little perplexed. “Absolutely. Why wouldn’t we be?”

Roy smirked. “Because Miss Queen can kick your ass.”

He laughed. “Thank you, Roy.” He looked at Lexy. “We’re amazing, I promise.” He kissed her forehead. “You’d have to be something worse than a superhero for me to run screaming, Lex.”

Felicity smiled. “Told you he wasn’t Dylan.”

“Did he really react that badly?”

She nodded. “Yep. Almost left a body imprint in the door and didn’t talk to me for two days. He told me it was because his mother suddenly needed to go to Central City, but I never really bought that excuse.”

Oliver sighed. “Let’s just say I never felt comfortable with him knowing we did this.”

Nick looked at him. “What about me?”

He gave him a stoic look and then cracked a smile. “I trust you completely, Nick. I know you’d never put Lexy in danger and revealing our identities would do that.” He looked at him. “Believe me when I tell you, if I didn’t trust you Lexy would have never told you.”

To say he was amazed was an understatement. He was more than amazed. He was honored. “Thank you.”

Oliver smiled and clapped his shoulder. “Just don’t disappoint me, Nicky and we’ll be fine.”
The Promise

Chapter Summary

Slade Wilson is Back!

Thea, Roy, Lexy and Nick have a bowling Date and it would seem that Thea’s warming up to her niece....finally.

And Oliver does the hardest thing he can ever do....asks for help.

Chapter Notes

I kept the title of the episode where Slade appears as the title of this because it seemed to fit. However, this combines both The Promise and Suicide Squad.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Saturday afternoons for Lexy and Nick were usually spent hanging out and doing whatever they wanted. And this Saturday wasn’t much different. This time it was Nick’s turn to pick. “Let’s go to the Bunker.”

She blinked at him in surprise. “Wha—why?”

He shrugged. “I like your team.” He wrapped his arms around her waist. “And besides, I think it’s
really hot when you work out,” he admitted, he kissed her shoulder. “It might be my new turn on about you.”

She laughed. She nodded. “Okay.” She walked to her bike. “Hop on, Jordan.” She swung her leg over and handed him a helmet.

“Do you wear these when you’re out working?”

She shook her head. “Not normally. I’ve only used it once right before I told Roy about what I do.” She started the bike with a turn of the key and smiled. She revved the bike and peeled off of the curb outside of Nick’s house.

He laughed. “If you don’t wanna get in trouble, don’t do that, Angel.”

She smiled. “Sorry. Couldn’t resist.”

She punched in her code and took Nick’s hand as she hurriedly walked into the entrance. She started jogging down the stairs when she heard the whistle of an arrow sailing through the air. She started walking a bit faster and seen Roy’s arrow just go off the mark. Sara laughed softly. “Try again.”

Lexy looked at Roy and then at Sara. “I didn’t know you were training today?”

He shrugged. “Wasn’t really planning on it.”

“Is it a problem?” Sara asked.

“Well, no, but daddy said I was to train him.”

She snickered. “Honey, that’s sweet, but I don’t think learning to you use a baton—”

Lexy batted her hand off her shoulder. “I’ll have you know that I’ve known how to use a bow and arrow long before I learned—by my father—how to use my batons.”

Sara knew when to back off. “Sorry.”

She exhaled. “I’m sorry.”

Sara shook her head. “No. It’s my fault. I shouldn’t have assumed.”

Lexy watched as Roy’s arrow missed the mark again. She smiled. “RJ, honey, you’re missing one key component to the bow.”

“What? Your dad said I couldn’t have one as cool as his until after I learned how to use this thing.”

She laughed. “He’s right.” She scratched her head. “But, you’re thinking too much.”

He chuckled. “I think you’re aunt would argue that point.”

She smirked. “Well, no one has ever said that my aunt is exactly Einstein either,” she cleared her throat. “Let me see it.” He handed it to her. She pulled the string back and smiled. “I almost forgot how much fun this thing is.” She looked at Roy. “The bow is not a hard thinking weapon. There isn’t much you have to remember when using it.” She looked up into his blue eyes. “Which means
He shrugged, then glanced at Nick. She followed his eyes. She sighed. “If you’re going to worry about who’s in here then this isn’t going to work and you’ll get killed out there.” She tapped his arm. “You’re a super-soldier, not totally invincible.”

He laughed. “Right.”

She smiled. “Okay. So, do you remember what I’ve told you about shutting your brain off?”

He nodded. “To use my other senses.”

She nodded. “Right. If you do that,” she picked up an arrow. She put it in the strings, “the rest will be easy,” she shot the arrow and it hit directly into its target.”

He smirked and kissed her forehead, whispering, “Show off.”

She laughed. “Try it.”

He did as she said and actually got the arrow closer to the target. “Sonofabitch….”

She laughed softly. “I knew you could do it.”

“I think eventually I’d hit something.”

She smirked just as the cell phone on the table began ringing. Nick looked down at it. “Babe, it’s your dad.”

She walked to phone and answered just as Felicity said, “Is anyone going to get—” she smiled. “Thank you Baby.”

She smiled appreciatively at her mother. “Hi, daddy.”

She couldn’t hear her father’s voice but she could hear a strong accented voice along with her Aunt Thea. Her brow furrowed in confusion. “Weird,” she muttered.

“What?” Sara and Felicity asked in unison.

“I think we got butt dialed,” she commented and put the call on speaker.

“And here is a Joseph Cooper from 1890.”

“Hey, that's Thea,” Roy said.

“That's gorgeous.”

“Wait, hold on. I know that voice,” Sara said.

“I actually have a painting from his first solo exhibition in Boston.”

“Oh, God, no.”

“What?” Nick and Lexy said in unison.

“Who is that?”

“His name is Slade Wilson. And unless we stop him, he's going to kill Oliver and his entire
family.”

“What?!” Lexy exclaimed. “Oh, God….”

Sara looked at Lexy. “You should stay—”

“No!” she all but screamed. “That’s my father! You will not sideline me.”

“Lexy—”

“No, Sara. If you can save your parents I can save my family.” She walked to her glass case and put her and to the glass. It popped open. “I will not let you sideline me like a little kid.” She grabbed her suit. “They’re the only family I have left I will not let a sadistic killer decide to kill them.” She glared at the petite blond. “Not if I can stop him.”

“That’s what I’m trying—”

“If anyone can, she can,” John interjected. “Trust me.”

Sara nodded. “We have to move. Now.”

“Are you sure it was Slade Wilson? I thought he was dead.”

“I’m sure. That’s not a voice I’d ever forget. What’s the biggest gun you got down here?”

“Over here, Uncle John,” Lexy said. She pointed at the green case. “That one.”

He nodded lifted. He put it on the table.

Sara looked at the case. “That might work.”

“Might?” Roy asked.

“He has the Mirakuru in him.”

Roy’s face hardened. :So do I.”

“Can I trust you?”

“I’ll be fine,” Roy assured her.

She still didn’t look convinced. Lexy groaned. “Why do you think Uncle John said I could handle it?” she asked, dropping her suit on the table instead. She pulled the baton holster from the suit. She put it on herself and then pulled her batons from the chargers, and put them in the holster.

“What?”

“Sasha’s been helping me focus on something other than the anger I feel,” Roy told her. “Trust me, if anyone can handle me and Wilson it’s Sasha.”

Slade was a trained killer even before he was injected. You get the chance, you get a shot, you put him down.”

Nick ran toward Lexy. “Be careful, please.”

She nodded. “I promise.” She kissed him quick.
“Please save Oliver,” Felicity pleaded.

Nick sighed and looked over at Felicity. “What do I do now?”

She laughed and put an arm around his shoulders. “Wanna help me?”

“Will it distract me from the fact that my girlfriend is going up against a man who wants to kill her father?”

She shook her head. “Probably not, but it does help.

Sara and Lexy stalked across the grounds. Sara saying into her comm unit. “Slade Wilson is dangerous. No chances, no mistakes.”

From somewhere on the grounds, John said, “I’m in position. When Slade comes out, I’ll have the shot.”

“Felicity?”

“Thermal imaging's coming up now. They're in the northwest hall.”

Sara then said to Roy, “Roy, remember, just get Thea and Moira away from Slade. Don't start a fight, you'll lose. Ok?”

“Ok.”

Lexy exhaled. She really hated how Sara seem to take things over. “Let’s do this.” She grabbed Roy’s hand and laughed playfully as she shoved him. “That’s not funny!”

Slade laughed. “Thank you again for such a wonderful and insightful tour. You were a remarkable guide.”

“Did you have a favorite?” Thea asked.

“I found "The Promise" to be particularly compelling.”

“Who is this beautiful young lady?”

“This is—”

“My daughter,” Oliver said. “Lexy, Sweetheart, meet Slade Wilson. He just made a very generous donation to your grandmother’s campaign.” He looked at Slade, “Mr. Wilson, my daughter, Alexandra.”

Lexy smiled politely at the older man. “Nice to meet you, Sir. Thank you for your generosity. I’m sure when my grandmother is elected mayor Starling will thank you.”

Thea looked at Roy. “Roy! I thought I was meeting you at Verdant.”

“Oh, yeah.”

Lexy smiled at him. “You didn’t tell me that.”

“I must have forgotten.”
“Uh, this is, uh—”

“I'm Roy Harper.”

Roy held out his hand and Slade took it. “Slade Wilson.” An intense silence fell between the 2 men. “That's a particularly firm handshake you have there, son.”

“Yeah, you, too.”

Oliver slid Sara a look that told her not to pounce. “Ollie. There you are.”

“Sara, we didn't hear you come in,” Moira said, smiling.

“I didn't want to interrupt the tour.”

Moira gave a slight nod. “Mr. Wilson, this is my son's friend Sara Lance.”

“Of course. You're the girl who came back from the dead.”

“We're just glad to have her home,” Oliver said firmly.

“Well, I can see. I mean, it's hard to find that special someone who means everything to you. You were very lucky.” He smiled at Lexy and she felt her blood go ice cold. “And Mr. Queen, your daughter is particularly beautiful. You can definitely tell that's a natural beauty.”

Oliver waved her over with a look and she walked to him, taking his hand. Oliver nodded. “Well, all her looks come from her mother who passed away several years before.”

“Oh, I’m sorry to hear that,” Slade said.

Lexy shook her head. “Don’t be. It was a long time ago.”

“So...” Oliver said coldly. “What would you like to do now....Mr. Wilson?”

Slade looked at Lexy, who was staring at him hard, then at Sara and then over his shoulder at Roy. “Well, I'd hate to break up the party... But I think I should be going.”

“Dig's got a shot lined up outside,” Sara whispered to Oliver.

Lexy moved in front of her father. “Which I think is a **really** bad idea, daddy.”

He looked into Lexy’s eyes and for a moment something silent passed between them. He looked up and said, “Mr. Wilson, may I walk you to your car?”

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A few moments later, Oliver walked back into the mansion and waved Lexy to him. She turned to Moira. “Good night, grandmother.”

“Good night, Alexandra.”

She winced. She hated the way her grandmother said her full name. “I'll meet you in the car, daddy.”

He nodded. She walked out and slipped into the front seat of his car. She then pulled her phone out of her pocket and dialed Nick. “Hey, Babe.”
“Hey, Angel, you okay?”

“Yeah,” she said and exhaled. “I see a very long bubble bath in my future.”

He laughed. “Sounds fun.” As soon as the words came out of his mouth he regretted them. “Lex, I’m so—”

“Don’t apologize,” she said softly. “It’s okay. I know what you meant. I could really use one of your hugs though.”

“It’ll be waiting for you.”

When Oliver and Lexy walked into the bunker with the others right behind them, Felicity hugged Lexy first and then went to Oliver, holding on for dear life and very tightly. Lexy immediately went into Nick’s arms, wrapping her arms around his waist, and sighing deeply.

He tucked her head under her chin, then kissed her hair and then did it again. “You okay?”

She nodded against his chest. “Yeah.” She kept her arms around Nick and looked at her father. “Now what?”

“Now, you two get home and go to bed—”

“Dad! That’s not what I meant!”

“Lexy, honey, I know what you meant, but I don’t know what to do right now.”

“So, we just wait until he makes his move?” she questioned. She looked into her father’s eyes and backed out of Nick’s arms. She seen the look in his eyes and stormed up to him, pushing him. “You will not do this again!”

“Lex!” Felicity and Nick both exclaimed.

She held up a hand to Roy. “No! Stay back, Roy.” She then turned to her father. “This is between me and my father.” She pushed at him again. “We’re a team, damn it! You will not keep me out of the dang loop.” Her eyes narrowed. “You won’t. I have stood by your side through everything daddy. I stuck up for you when Laurel and Lance thought you were the crap at the bottom of their shoe that needed to go away. I am not going away. Whether you like it or not we all are going to face Wilson together.” She leveled her eyes into his. “Or neither of us will.”

“Lexy—”

“I mean it, dad,” she said firmly. She glared at Sara and the rest of the team. “I am not a little kid. I haven’t been for seven years! I won’t be treated as such do you hear me!” she all but screamed. She quickly wiped her tears. “I’m tired of being shoved aside because you all think you’re protecting me.”

“Lexy, it’s our job to protect you,” Oliver said.

“Fine, daddy, but what am I supposed to do when you’re all gone, huh?”

“What?” Felicity asked a little taken aback by her question.
“I know Slade wants to kill everyone close to dad before he kills dad, so if you tuck me away and he kills all of you then what am I supposed to do, huh?” She looked up at Roy first. “I lost you to Aunt Thea, but I can’t lose you again, Roy. Not when we’re getting us back.” She quickly wiped her tears then turned to John. “And whether you like or not, Man, you’re stuck with me as your niece. I don’t care if we’re not blood related. You’re like a second father to me, John. I can’t…..” She took a deep breath and turned to her father. “I lost you once, I won’t, I won’t do it again.” She walked to her father. “You mean too much to me now for you to leave me.”

Ignoring the fact that his childhood friend, his best friend, the woman he loved and the two men Lexy cared about were in the room, he lifted her in his arms and held her. She let out a shuddered breath and said into his shoulder. “I lost everyone who loved me seven years ago, daddy. Don’t make me do it again.”

It was a few days later since their encounter with Slade Wilson at the mansion and to say Lexy was on edge was an understatement. She was so on edge she was snapping at Nick and they would argue.

She couldn’t believe it.

They’d been together for several months and thanks to Slade’s reappearance her relationship was teetering on breaking up. She knew that much thanks to Chris’ girlfriend. And the rumors that were flying around the school. Carly Sullivan. That was the girl’s name that Nick was rumored to be hanging out with when they weren’t together.

And Allison was right. Who would she be kidding with thinking that she and Nick could go the long haul with this? She rolled onto her back, fingering the zodiac charm he had gotten her for Valentine’s day. That night replayed almost immediately in her head and her eyes filled with tears. She pushed the covers back and sat up. She grabbed the outfit she had picked out for school and headed to the bathroom.

She started the shower, adjusting it to the way she liked it and then slipped into the tub as that night played in her head. Who was she kidding? How much longer could he wait? How much longer could he keep telling her and everyone else that he’d go at her pace? Probably not long considering that kids his age and older were doing full on kissing and making out.

They were barely kissing. Not that she didn’t want to, but she was afraid. What if she wasn’t very good at it and Allison was right about that too and Nick broke up with her because…. Tears welled within her eyes and began slipping down her cheeks as her chin quivered. And her snapping at him wasn’t helping matters either. Who’d want to stay with a total bitch? And that’s what she was right now. She was definitely living up to the Queen women’s name she’d admit that much. But the other night when she was talking about everyone who loved her and losing them again she was talking about Nick too.

But she couldn’t force him to stay with her. Not if he wanted to be with someone else. Not if he wanted to be a ‘real’ couple with someone else….someone his own age.

14 months never seemed like a big deal to either of them, but maybe it was because they liked each other. It’s not like she’d be ready to do sexual things at the same time as him. Heck, couples in their grade were dry humping each other as they made out and she and Nick barely even kissed. She had wanted to mention cuddling when they could or maybe….. she released a shuddery breath
as a new set of tears fell down her cheeks.

She pulled herself together long enough to finish her shower and then she stepped out of the tub and dried herself off. She got dressed and then blown dry her hair. She looked at her red-rimmed eyes and knew she’d have to cover that up before greeting mom and dad for the morning. She tossed the towel into the hamper and then rushed across the hall to her room. She sat down at her vanity and started applying makeup.

The buzzing of her phone made her look over. She seen that it was a message from Nick. She picked up her phone and read the message:

**Good Morning, Angel Sleep well?**

She knew what he wanted to be sent back, but she could always say what she says or she could be truthful. Deciding that maybe being truthful would be the right way to go she typed: **Not well. Thinking about things all nite.**

[From Nick]: Slade Wilson?

[To Nick]: No. Us.

[From Nick]: What about us?

[To Nick]: Just stuff.

[From Nick]: Look, Lex, I’m not even going to pretend that I know what you’re going through right now with the whole Slade Wilson thing, but the only way I know to help you is for you to talk to me. I know we’ve been fighting a lot lately and I know that has a lot to do with what you’re dealing with, but, Baby, if we’re going to be partners in this relationship and on the team, you’re going to have talk to me. I can’t read your mind. You’re going to have to tell me what’s going on in that beautiful mind of yours.

Her heart thudded twice in her chest and she stood from the bench and walked out of her room. “Mommy.”

Felicity looked up at Oliver and he looked just as surprised as she felt. It wasn’t often that Lexy called her that unless she was feeling emotional. “Yeah, baby?”

“I don’t know what to do,” she almost cried.

“About what?” Oliver asked.

Lexy showed them the text conversation and Oliver looked at his daughter. “You’re fighting?”

She shrugged. “I’ve been on edge and because I’m on edge I release it on him. Which causes us to argue. I hate fighting with him.”

“Then stop,” Felicity said simply. She seen Lexy roll her eyes and sighed. “Honey, there’s got to be something else going on.”

She sighed and took her phone back. She closed out that message and then opened the other conversation with Allison. She moved it to the top. “Scroll down as you read.”

They read the text messages that went back and forth between the girls. Lexy sighed when they
were done. “How am I supposed to compete with someone who’s his age? I mean she’s right. He’s not going to want to wait much longer for me to be ready to be his ‘real’ girlfriend.” She bit her lip and looked at her father. “You might not want to know this.”

“Say it, Lex.”

She sighed. “I was thinking of giving him a birthday present that only I could give him.” She seen the look in their eyes. “God, no! Not that. I was kind of thinking that maybe he could be my first real kiss. Like you kiss mama, daddy. But if Allison’s right, he’s already kissed someone like that and my present would just be dumb. And make him see how inexperienced I am.”

Felicity arched brow at her. “Is she trying to say that Nick’s cheated on you?”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, you just said that she says he’s already kissed someone like that, so if that’s true either he did it before he got here or he’s done it since you and he began dating. Which means he’s cheating on you.”

Her heart seriously dropped out of her chest. She hadn’t even thought of that. “Oh, God…..”

“Okay,” Oliver said, taking control of the situation. He took the phone from Felicity and put it next to him. “Stop that. Both of you.” He looked at Lexy. “Come on, Sweetheart, you know Nick better than any of us, do you really think he’d cheat on you?”

“Well, no,” Lexy answered after a long pause. “But, daddy what if—”

“You have your answer, Sweetheart,” he told her. “Don’t overanalyze it and make it a bigger problem than it needs to be.”

She exhaled. “But Allison’s right. I can’t compete with girls his age. They’re prettier, and more experienced than me.”

Oliver smiled. “But he chose you, Lex. No one else. You.”

The knock on the door sounded and Lexy hopped up. “I gotta go finish getting ready. Be out in a few.”

Oliver walked to the door, while Felicity looked through the text messages between Lexy and Allison. Both Felicity and Oliver greeted Nick when he walked in. Felicity smiled. “Good morning, Nicky.”

“Morning,” he said smiling. “Where’s Lex?”

“Finishing getting ready,” Oliver told him. He walked to him and whispered, “You need to tell her what you want out of this relationship, Nick.”

“What do you mean?”

“Apparently her and Allison have been talking,” Oliver informed him. “She told her about you wanting to date someone your age.”

“My age?” he asked. He shook his head. “I’m not going anywhere.”

“Then you may want to tell Chris’ girlfriend to back off,” Felicity told him. “Because Allison’s
putting it in her head that soon or later you’ll get tired of waiting forever to become her ‘real’ boyfriend. Whatever that means.”

He groaned. “I know what she’s talking about. Chris and I were having a conversation before Allison got there Sunday for family dinner and um…..he had said to me that he wished that he had built his relationship with Allison the way that Lexy and I are doing. I had asked him why and he said, ‘because all it seems that we do is either argue just have makeup sex or have sex. There’s nothing substantial there’. And I told him that it sounded like to me that he needed to either break things off with Allison or rebuild. And he told me that he didn’t think Allison would be willing to rebuild.”

“So, are they breaking up?”

Nick turned and smiled when he seen Lexy. “I don’t really know. It won’t be the first time that Chris attempts to end a relationship with someone only to have them back together a week later. He’s done it before, but Lex, if for any reason whatsoever I had a problem with where we were romantically I would first discuss it with you and see if we could fix it and if not then…..but, I’m not going anywhere.”

“Really?”

He nodded. “Yes. I like where we’re at and having Chris all but telling me that I did the smart thing has told me that I’m doing exactly what I’m supposed to do.”

She smiled. “How would you feel about a bowling date with Roy and Aunt Thea?”

“Your aunt actually wants to do something?”

She nodded. “Yeah. It just popped up on my tablet. The message from aunt Thea anyway. She and Roy want to go bowling tonight and Roy suggested bringing us along so that she could finally get to know and hang out with her niece.” She seen the hopeful look in her father’s eyes and held up her hands in a ‘wait’ type of gesture. “I’m not going to guarantee anything. My initial assessment of your sister isn’t going to change overnight. I’m sorry.”

“I’m not expecting it to, but I’m glad that Roy was able to convince her to come around to at least do this tonight.”

She nodded. “And I promise that I will try.” She looked at Nick. “Do you have plans?”

He shook his head. “No, ma’am. However, next Sunday, mom wants you to come to dinner. My grandparents—her parents—are coming into town and she wants you to meet them. They’ll be staying with us full time up at the lake the two weeks you’ll be there.”

Lexy nodded. “Okay. Unless something major comes up I don’t see why I wouldn’t be able to.”

He smiled, joy in his expression. “Good. You’ll love these grandparents I promise. Chris and I absolutely LOVE them!”

She laughed softly. “Come on. We’ve got to get to school.”

Nick and Lexy headed for the entrance of the bowling alley. She felt a slight tug on her hand and she looked over her shoulder and then walked to him. “You okay?”
He nodded. He closed the gap between them and tucked a hand behind her neck. He bent his down and took her lips gently in a very intense non-tongue kiss. Then he pulled back. Kissed her lips with a smack. “Whatever happens tonight, I’m here, okay?”

She nodded, her heart hammering hard in her chest and her blood boiling. “Yeah…..wow.”

He laughed to himself. “There is one thing I want to say and if you are against it then I will not bring it up again, okay?”

She nodded, looking up at him. He took a deep breath. “I would like to act more like your boyfriend than your friend sometimes.”

She felt herself jumping out of her skin but kept calm. “Which would entail what exactly?”

“Well….hand holding, kissing and something I’ve been waiting to bring up with you….cuddling, but if you’re not ready for any of this I can totally—” his words died in a muffled mess against her palm.

She smiled up at him. “I was trying to figure out a way to bring up the cuddling thing with you, but I didn’t exactly know how considering you’re going at my pace.” She sighed. “There’s something we should discuss too.”

“Which is?”

“Is that party Chris was talking about going to have a bunch of people at it that you need to mingle with?”

“Uh….I don’t know, why?”

“Because I’d like to be able to sneak off with you to give you one of your gifts privately, but…."

“What is it?”

She smirked mischievously up at him. “Uh….a kiss.” She looked into his eyes, the moonlight putting a silver tint to his eyes. “A real kiss.” She smiled when she watched his face light up with shock. She laughed softly. “I told you when we first started dating that I wanted you to be my first with everything and I meant it. That is if you want—”

“I do,” he said almost too eagerly. He smiled and kissed her lips lightly. “Let’s get this over with.”

She smiled and let him pull her inside. They walked into the bowling alley and got shoes and a ball. They met up with Roy and Thea. They greeted each other awkwardly and then Lexy put her shoes on. “Has anyone ever wondered why bowling shoes are so ugly?”

“Oh, I know!” Thea exclaimed, smiling. She smiled at her. “They look cute on you though.”

“I don’t think she could ever make anything look ugly,” Nick said, smiling.

“Thanks, Babe.” She looked at Roy. “So, how we wanna do this? Couples, guys against girls?”

“First game—couples? Second, boys against girls?” Thea suggested.

A few hours later, they were a few games in and currently doing couples. And so far everything seemed to be going smoothly. Thea was actually acting really cool. It didn’t even feel like the
woman hated her anymore and Lexy was really enjoying herself. As Thea set herself up, she looked over and saw Lexy sitting on Nick’s knee waiting for her to take her shot.

As she was about to roll, the vague sound of Pat Monahan’s voice filled the alley, along with another voice, this one was quiet. She took her turn and then turned to Nick who was singing into Lexy’s shoulder.

*The summers that we took aim at the Bay And grateful wasn't dead*

*And like your lips were only made for me to kiss Oh oh oh oh We were made for this*

*While the girls all danced beneath a burning man And the last waltz did somersaults to finish off the Band Where they began in a wonder Winterland All we ever wanted was to be alone Learning how to fly to Sly, trying to find home Underneath the Family Stone*

*And just like New Year's Day was made to reminisce Oh oh oh oh We were made for this*

*Love and stardust settle on us like a net While Buckley's "Hallelujah" fills our ears from your cassette While my heart stops beating, and you stop breathing, Juliette*

*You're the only thing I'm ever gonna miss Oh oh oh oh We were made for this*

Lexy smiled and leaned against him as he wrapped his arms around her waist. Thea saw the exchange and walked up to Roy. “Wow. You were right.”

“What?” Lexy asked curiously.

“The other reason for tonight with you and Nick was for her to see that Nick really likes you. That he’s just more than a hormone on legs.”

Lexy was surprised. It mattered to her? “You were worried.”

Thea nodded. “Despite everything, you’re still family. And whether you believe me or not I do love you. I don’t want an asshole to take advantage of you, especially after I seen what Dylan did to you at the game.” She exhaled. “I’m hoping you can forgive me for treating you so horrible.”

Lexy smiled as big as the sun. This was the moment she’d been waiting for. She walked up to her aunt and hugged her tight. “Of course, I forgive you.” She held her tight. “All I wanted was acknowledgement that you knew what you were doing.”

She nodded. “I did.”

She smiled. She held out her hand. “Tell you what. From here on out the slate is clear. We’ll start over.” She held out a hand. “Friends?”

Thea smiled. “Friends….and family.”

Lexy smiled in return. “That goes without saying.”

*********************************************************

Later that night, Lexy and Nick stopped off at the Bunker to tell Oliver and Felicity how the night went. Lexy looked around and then looked at her mom. “Where’s daddy?”
“He’s dealing with Slade Wilson.”

“What?” the teens said in unison.

She nodded. “He said something about it started with the two of them and it was going to end with the two of them.” Felicity exhaled. “I’m worried.”

Lexy nodded. She walked to one of the computers and sat down just as Sara walked in. Lexy began typing away at something. Nick looked at her and then the screen. “Baby, what are you doing?”

“Activating the tracker I implanted in the bottom of daddy’s boot,” she answered honestly.

“What?” Felicity and Sara said in unison.

Lexy smirked, facing the computer. “He does take them off at some point, Ladies.” She smiled with satisfaction when she seen the tracker moving. “He’s alive.”

Nick laughed in disbelief. “How in the Hell did you get to be so smart?”

She looked up at him. “I am my father’s child.”

Awhile later, Lexy met Oliver at the entrance with Nick behind her. “Where have you been?”

“I can’t do this alone,” he said softly.

“What?” Lexy asked just as softly.

“I can’t do this alone,” he said. “Slade’s several steps ahead of me.”

“It’s understandable,” Nick told him. “He’s had years to prepare, we’ve just known about his agenda.”

Oliver couldn’t help the smile that tugged at his lips. “We?”

He shrugged. “Well, I figured since you’re letting me on the meetings and everything that you considered me a member of this team to so, yes, ‘we’.”

He laughed. “God, I like you.”

He smiled. “I like you too.”

Lexy looked at the two men she loved. “I think you have a lot of making up to do to mom. She’s worried about you, daddy.”

He nodded. “Right. Let’s get you home, Nick. Don’t need your mom worrying or anything.”

After dropping Nick off at home and heading home themselves. Lexy went straight to bed, while Oliver went to the room he shared with Felicity. He stripped down and crawled into bed. He kissed her cheek. “How mad are you?”

She sighed and rolled onto her back. “Oliver, I’m not mad. I’d just wish you’d stop shutting me out. I know you haven’t been sleeping. You barely eat. I can’t be a very good girlfriend if you don’t let me in.”

He smiled into the moonlight. “I know, Baby, and I’m sorry.” He kissed her shoulder. “I really am. Forgive me?” he asked.
She wrapped an arm around his back and positioned herself to be able to roll him on top of her.
“Maybe.”

He smiled down at her. He looked down at her. How could one woman be even more beautiful?
He kissed her deeply, sucking her bottom lip in before ending the kiss. He left a trail of feathery
kisses that began at her chin and at the tops of her breasts. He nipped and licked the same spots,
but in reverse. Never stopping his tantalizing pleasure, he swirled his tongue around the darkened
area around her nipple and she arched beneath him, moaning.

He kissed down her torso, stopping just before her center and instead of diving right in like most
men would he went for her inner thigh. He lifted her leg and began placing kisses there as he ever
so gently touched her, up and down her leg. She gasped at his touch and moaned at the feel of his
lips against her heated skin.

She closed her eyes as she felt his lips everywhere on her body, the sweet sensations overtaking
her. "Oliver.....please....."

He placed that leg down on the bed and moved to the next leg. He continued the sweet torture and
Felicity could swear she was going toimplode with all the heat and sensations she was feeling all
at once. After a few torturous minutes on that side, he began kissing inside of her leg, getting closer
and closer. As soon as his tongue touched her folds she threw her head back and moaned. He
sipped the juices coming out of her and then drew his tongue up her entire slit. “Damn!” she
exclaimed, throwing her head back.

He picked up his pace with his tongue and she arched into him. “Fuck….Oliver….that feels so
good....”

For a few moments, as he licked her like an ice cream cone, all you could hear was the sounds of
his tongue and her moans. He pulled his tongue out and used his fingers this time, quickly rubbing
at the tiny nub. She began to scream. “Oh, Oliver, don’t stop! Don’t stop!”

He watched her go through her orgasm and as he watched her flesh flush and her face become the
most beautiful thing he’d ever seen, he knew his oral foreplay would have to wait until next time.
After he helped her ride out her orgasm, he rose up on his knees and pulled his jeans down. He
pulled out his dick and positioned at her opening. She groaned as he entered her. “Oh,
God….yes....”

“God, baby, you feel amazing,” he murmured.

“You too, Oliver.”

After that, there were no words, just the sounds of their bodies coming together in a mating ritual as
old as time. They both seem to crest to their orgasm together and together they screamed as their
climax hit. Exhausted, Oliver collapsed on top of Felicity and tried to catch his breath.

After a few moments, he rolled off of Felicity and pulled her to him. He kissed her forehead. “I
love you. I love you more than I ever thought I’d love someone in my entire life.”

“And I love you,” she said and kissed his lips. “That was incredible.”

He smiled. “I aim to please.”

“Oh, trust me. You’ll never get a complaint from me.”

He chuckled softly into her hair as they both settled in to sleep.
Chapter End Notes

Question for you: With the summer at the lake coming up would you guys like to see how Lexy did with Nick’s family on the lake? Whether she's going to make a good impression with his traditionalist grandmother? And if so, what do you think of it being it’s own story? And maybe have Nathan and Jennifer invite Oliver and Felicity to the lake also?

Tell me what you think in the comments please?
Lexy joined the Jordans for Sunday Dinner...and Nick's grandparents.

She played nurse to Nick's grandma.

Nick and Lexy kicked up their relationship a notch. And he gave her a different kind of kiss.

Lexy smoothed her hands down the front of her white and red floral dress. She exhaled and swiped up her cell phone. She faced her mirror and took a quick picture, shooting the picture text with: Look okay for dinner tonight?

Moments later she got a text back. [From Nick]: I may be bias because I even think you’re beautiful when you don’t think so, but you look AMAZING. I think you in a dress my new favorite look for you.

She laughed and shot him back a text, but she should have proofread it before pressing ‘send’ because the moment she realized what it said she seriously started to panic. She stared down at it.

[To Nick]: That’s why I love you.
She groaned. “MOM!”

Felicity sat on the couch with her legs draped over Oliver as she read a book and he read the newspaper. She exchanged a look with Oliver as she heard her daughter scream for her. “Lexy, you okay?”

She leaned over the back of the couch and showed her what she did. “I did something stupid.”

Felicity looked at the conversation between her daughter and Nick and smirked. “Daddy.”

Oliver looked at the messages and smirked. “Baby, I wouldn’t worry about it unless he’s worrying about it.” He handed it back when a message was received. “He texted you back.”

She exhaled and opened the message. Her heart thudded in her chest when she read: **I know.** She furrowed her eyebrows in confusion. “I know, smiley face? Wha—what?”

Felicity laughed. “Did you want him to say something else?”

Lexy sighed and just turned to walk into her room without saying anything to her parents. She shot a text to Thea telling her all of it. Moments later she got a text back.

[From Thea]: What did you want him to say? I love you too?

[To Thea]: Why do I have to be the one to say everything first? Or give indication of wanting something more?

[From Thea]: Because you were the one that said you wanted to take baby steps with this, Sweetheart. That’s what he’s doing. If you want to speed this along then maybe you should tell him that he can go a little faster.

[To Thea]: But—what if he doesn’t feel the same way I do?

[From Thea]: Sweetheart, no guy in the world is ever going to go at your pace unless he cares a LOT about you and he LOVES you. And from what I’ve seen the last few days, that boy loves you a lot. Sometimes I wish Roy loved me as much as Nick loves you.

[To Thea]: Don’t say that! Roy loves you. He did stop our friendship for you, you know?

[From Thea]: Sorry about that. I didn’t mean for him to end your friendship.

[To Thea]: At the time, yes you did. But it’s water under the bridge now. Don’t worry about it and stop apologizing. You’re gonna tick me off you keep doing it.

[From Thea]: Talk to Nick. You two seem like the couple who can talk about ANYTHING and he’ll actually OPEN up to you. So, talk to him!

**************************************************************************

“Hey, CJ. How’s your Sunday going?”

He chuckled. “Good. Um….I wanted to apologize for Allison’s stupidity. Nick told me that she’s been feeding you a load of crap because I happen to mention to her that I didn’t want a relationship based on sex.”
“It’s okay.”

“No, it’s not. Look, Lex, you’re amazing. And my brother sees that. I see that. Dad sees it and adores you for it and mom loves you more than anything. Don’t let what my girlfriend told you mess anything up with my brother.”

She smiled, grabbed her keys and headed out of her room. “I promise, Chris, it’s going to take more than Allison’s crappy personality to make me end it with your brother.”

“Really?”

She laughed softly. “Really. Chris, I love you, but you really need to get another girlfriend seriously. Allison’s too….”

“Bitchy?” he supplied.

“Well, I wasn’t going to exactly say that, but yeah. There’s that. But you need to find a girl that appreciates you and I don’t think Allison Merritt does. Now, if you really want my opinion—and you probably don’t—you should ask your neighbor out.”

“Rachel?”

“Oh. I saw you guys together,” she pulled her phone from her mouth and looked at her parents. “So…?” she asked.

Felicity smiled. “You look beautiful.”

Oliver’s smile was soft, and maybe a little sad. “You look gorgeous, Sweetheart. And way too grown up.”

She leaned over and kissed her father’s cheek. She went back to her call. “And you said she’s a friend, right?”

“Right. We’ve got some of the same classes together, yeah. And she lets me copy some of her notes when I missed a couple of classes.”

She heard the note of uncertainty in his voice and said, “I thought you said there was some major flirting on both of your ends?”

“There was, but—”

“Is she dating anyone?” Lexy asked walking out of the bedroom and sitting on the loveseat just as her phone buzzed with a text message. She pulled it from her ear and smiled. She looked at her parents. “Nick’ll be here in about fifteen minutes.”

Oliver nodded. “Who you talking to?”

“Chris,” she answered, smiling. “He’s dumping his girlfriend for me.”

Oliver laughed. “You’ll have to explain that when you finish that call.”

“Oh, are your parents right there?”

“Yeah. Why?”

“Put me on speaker,” he said, “I’m gonna go get mom and dad. They wanna ask them to join us on
the lake.”

Lexy smiled. “Really?”

“Yeah. Nick hasn’t stopped talking about your dad since he’s met him.”

She threw her phone into speaker phone mode and said, “Okay, Chris. Go.”

“Dad, Oliver’s on the phone,” Chris said.

Oliver looked at Lexy, confused. “Mr. Jordan?”

“Please, Oliver, call me Nathan. I think it’s only appropriate considering our children are dating.”

“Right. You’re on speaker and Felicity’s right here with me.”

“Oh, good. How’s your Sunday going?”


“Everything’s great. However, Jennifer thinks we’ve been incredibly rude.”

“Oh, why?” Felicity asked.

“Because we never asked you guys to the lake with us,” Nathan answered. “Would you like to join us?”

Oliver and Felicity looked at each other. Felicity made a face that told Oliver that she wouldn’t mind going. And he had to admit going back to the lake would be lots of fun. “Uh….sure. I’m sure my partners could handle business here for a couple of weeks.”

“Oh, great! Jennifer’s going to be ecstatic. Oh, and are you guys doing anything next Sunday?”

“Not totally sure, but right now the calendar’s clear, why?”

“Would you like to come with Lexy to Sunday dinner next weekend?”

Oliver smiled. “We’d love to,” he answered.

“Good. Talk later. Handing Chris back. Oh, and Lex?”

“Yes, sir?”

“Stop being so nervous,” he told her. “Jennifer’s already told Henry and Carolyn all about you. Trust me they’ll love you.”

She laughed. “Thanks, Nathan.”

“Well, there you go.”

“Mom did invite her to dinner tonight.”

She smiled. “Of course, she did. Hey, I gotta finish getting ready. Talk when I get there, okay?”

“Is Nick there yet?”

“Not yet, but he should be here any minute. See ya in a few.” She hung up the phone and exhaled.
She seen the look in her parents’ eyes and smiled. “Okay, it’s really not as scandalous as it sounds.” She recited what Chris had told her and when she was done both of her parents were smiling.

“What?”

“I think you have more friends than you think you do, Lex,” Felicity answered.

She nodded. “Which is why I haven’t complained about not having friends in months.”

The knock that came interrupted their conversation and Lexy stood, walking to the door. She opened it and smiled when Nick’s jaw fell open. “I have to admit I think that’s my new favorite reaction.”

“You look even better in person than in the photo you sent me.”

Lexy smiled and kissed his cheek. “Thank you.”

Oliver smiled over his shoulder at the young man. “Hey, Nick. How’s it going?”

“Good. How about you?”

He nodded. “Can’t complain.”

Nick smiled. He held out a hand to her and then thought of something. “Oh, um….you might want to bring a change of clothes.”

“Why?”

“Because I don’t think you’ll want to have a Wii competition with Chris in that dress.” He smirked. “Remember what happened last time.”

She smiled. “Good point. I’ll just go change.”

“No!” Nick said, stopping. “Lex, you don’t have to—”

She smiled up at him. “I know I don’t have to do anything. Tell you what, I’ll wear a dress to your birthday party, okay?”

He nodded. “If you’re sure.”

She smiled. “Very. Be right back.” She walked into her room and quickly changed out of her dress and then put a pair of black skinny jeans, a white tank top and ¾ sleeved cardigan. She flipped her hair out of the collar and looked at her reflection. She smiled. She pulled on a pair knee high boots and then walked out. “Whatcha think?”

He smiled proudly. “You look great.”

She took his hand they walked out of the apartment. They walked toward the stairs. “You’re not mad are you?” Nick asked.

She looked at him a little surprised. “Why would I be mad?”

“Because I suggested a different outfit.”

As they rounded the second floor of stairs, she pulled him to her. He wrapped his arms around her waist. She rose up on her tiptoes and pressed her lips to his. She put her hands on his pec muscles and slid her eyes to his. “No, I’m not mad,” she told him. She pressed her lips to his again. “I like it
when you suggest a different outfit when it involves your family. It means it matters as much to you as me that your family likes me.”

He pressed their foreheads together. “I want my family to love you.” He stopped himself before he said what he actually wanted to say and just caressed her cheek, then kissed her nose. “Let’s go.”

They talked about simple and mundane things as they walked to his house. When they got to the walk that led to his front door Lexy suddenly stopped. He turned and looked at her. “Baby?”

“I…."

He smiled softly and walked to her. He took her hand and intertwined their fingers. “Come on. I’ll be with you the entire time.”

She cuffed his arm with the other hand and looked up at him. “Promise?”

“I promise,” he vowed and kissed her hair.

They walked up to the door and she took a couple of deep breaths and then entered the house with him. “Mom? Dad? We’re here!”

Lexy laughed softly when she heard Jennifer’s happy squeal at knowing she was there. She did it every time that she came over. “You know a girl could get used to that greeting.”

He laughed. “I think that’s the whole point.”

Jennifer rushed to her before the other Jordan could even make their way to her. She hugged her tightly. “Mmm! Hi.”

“Hi,” she said and hugged the woman back, happily. She looked up at Jennifer. “So, did Chris bring her?”

She nodded. “Yep. And she’s nice. And I mean that. I think you’re really going to like her.”

Lexy smiled when she said that and when she seen the beautiful silver-eyed girl walk into the foyer to join the rest of the family in greeting her. “Shall we find out?”

Jennifer laughed. “Go for it. You know he loves it.”

Lexy dropped Nick’s hand and launched herself into Chris’ arms and held on tight. He spun her around and held tight. “Hey, Midget.”

She kissed his cheek and then let him put her down. She hugged Nathan and then smiled at Rachel. “Hi, I’m Lexy.”

“Nick’s girlfriend,” Jennifer and Chris both interjected.

“Yes, thank you,” Lexy said laughing.

Rachel laughed. “Hi, I’m Rachel. Chris talks about you so much that I was beginning to wonder if you were a sister or something.”

Chris kissed Lexy’s temple. “Maybe someday. When they’re in their twenties.”

Lexy pushed at him. “Please. I gotta survive the teenage years first. And there’s no guarantees that he’ll like me that way by the time that we—"
“Who is this beautiful little thing?”

Lexy immediately latched onto Chris in fear and Nick came up to her other side. He took her other hand and smiled at the older man. “This is my girlfriend, Alexandra Queen. Lexy, my grandfather, Henry Watson.”

“Ahh….you’re the little girl that has my daughter gushing so madly about.”

She smiled. “I guess so. I’m very happy to meet you, Mr. Watson.”

He smiled. “Please, call me Henry.” He looked at Nick and seen the look in the young man’s eyes. He looked back at Lexy. “Or grandpa.”

Her mouth fell open slightly. “Seriously?”

He nodded. “I have a feeling we’ll be seeing a lot of you.” He put an arm around Nick as Lexy walked with Chris and Rachel to the kitchen. “Doesn’t your girl have grandparents?”

“At one time,” he answered. “Her maternal grandparents died when she was really little and um….her paternal grandfather died six years ago. And well….she has a very complicated relationship with her paternal grandmother.”

Jennifer looked at Nick. “Really?”

He nodded. “Yeah. One minute Moira Queen is perfectly fine with parading her around and introducing her as her granddaughter—which is more now that she’s running for mayor and then in private she ignores her like she’s always done. However, her soon to be legal mom reassures her constantly that her own mother will be ecstatic to be a grandmother.”

“Soon to be legal mom?” Henry asked.

He nodded. “Yeah. Her dad’s girlfriend is adopting her. They’re already emotionally connected as mom says, but it’s just the legal stuff.”

“Nicky!”

Nick looked at his parents and then at his grandfather. He jogged into the kitchen to see Lexy in a very precarious position of holding up a serving dish from being broken over the top of his grandmother’s head by the look of it. While Chris walked into the kitchen from the utility closet in the laundry room.

“Careful, Little Brother. Broken glass. Grandma broke one of mom’s serving bowls trying to reach for it.”

Nick rushed around the island and to Lexy and with ease reached over her head. He took the long serving dish from her fingers and then looked down at her. “You okay?”

She nodded. “I train with the Arrow remember?” she whispered so low that he was the only one who heard it.

He smirked at her and then kissed her cheek, her nose and then her lips. “Duck down and I’ll get it.”

Lexy walked over to Carolyn. “Are you okay?”

She nodded, holding a paper towel to her hand. Lexy looked down at her hand. “Oh! You’re
bleeding.” She pulled the paper towel back away from her hand. She inspected it. “Oh, it’s not that bad, but you’ll have to sit out the cooking for a few days, Mrs. Watson.” She looked up at Chris. “CJ, grab the first aid kit, please?”

“On it.”

Henry looked at his son-in-law and then his wife. “Sweetheart, you okay?”

She nodded. “Yeah. I just feel really stupid and very embarrassed.”

“No reason to be embarrassed,” Lexy told her.

“Here ya go, Midget. I also brought you one of mom’s hairclips.”

She smiled and blew him a kiss. She pushed herself up on the island. She opened the kit and then looked at it again. “Nicky, babe?”

“Yeah?” he said sitting up from sweeping up the glass.

“Could you clean that so I can bandage it please?”

He nodded. “Absolutely.” He took her wrist and pulled her gently to the sink.

“Wow….she’s really taking charge,” Rachel said to Chris.

Chris nodded. “She does that. Sometimes with my grandmother you have to. She’s so used to doing things herself that it takes a firm way of doing things to get her to listen. I’m surprised Lexy hasn’t had to use her Boss Lady voice yet.”

Rachel laughed. “Does she have one?”

He laughed. “You have no idea.” He kissed Rachel’s hair. “Her uncle taught her the first aid stuff. Called it an important life skill.”

Nathan walked around to the sink and reached underneath to grab some gloves. Nick seen what he was doing and said, “No! Dad, don’t.”

“What?”

“She’s allergic to those.”

“What?” He looked at her. “You’re allergic to latex?”

She nodded. “I break out into itches hives. It’s actually quite gross.”

Jennifer nodded. “Good to know. Let me do that, Sweetheart.”

She shook her head. “Nope. I’m good. I promise.” She quickly patted it dry and then ran an alcohol swab over it. She felt the older woman flinch. “Sorry.”

Carolyn smiled. “It’s okay. Thank you for doing this. I could have had Jennifer do it.”

“I know. But really, I don’t mind.” She finished bandaging the older woman up and then smiled. “There you go.”

Carolyn smiled and kissed her cheek. “Thank you.” She looked over at Nick. “Nicholas.”
“Yes, Ma’am,” Nick said dumping the glass out of the dustpan.

“Keep her around for a while.”

“That’s the plan, Grandma.” He put the broom and dustpan back and then walked over to Lexy and slid her off the counter. He kissed her forehead. “You’re amazing.”

She shrugged. “It’s the Cancer in me.”

He laughed. “Is that what that is?”

She nodded. “Cancers are natural nurturers. Taking care of people is what we’re good at.”

Rachel overheard that and smiled. “It actually says in a zodiac book I was reading that Cancers are natural housewives too. It’s like inherent in them or something.”

“Really?” Carolyn asked.

She nodded. “Yeah.” She looked at Chris. “What’s your zodiac sign?”

“Cancer,” he answered. “July seventeenth. What about you?”

“October twenty-ninth.”

“Ooh,” Lexy said smirking. “Scorpio. Is it true your sign is extremely intense?”

She shrugged her shoulders. “I wouldn’t know. I don’t really think about it.”

She nodded. “Fair enough.” She grabbed Nick’s hand. “Come On. I want you to hear a song from my iPod.”

He let her pull her out of the room and into the living room. She opened her bag and searched it. Finding her iPad in a side pocket she cued up the song she wanted him to hear. “Listen please?”

He nodded and sat down on the couch. He pressed play and the upbeat music of Selena Gomez and the Scene began playing.

_I know That my love for You is real It's somethin' true That we do Just somethin' natural That I feel When you walk in the room When you're near I feel my heart skips a beat The whole world disappears And there's just you and me Falling head over feet Let's take a chance, together

I know, I know, I know, I know, We're gonna make it 'Cause no one else can Make me feel the way that you do I promise you I know, I know, I know, I know, We're gonna get there Today, tomorrow, And forever we will stay true I promise you

They say, That we're just too young to know, But I'm sure heart and soul That I'm never letting you go When it's right, it's right And this is it 'Cause I'm walking on air Every single time that we kiss You make the angels sing You give the songbird wings You make everything better

I know, I know, I know, I know, We're gonna make it 'Cause no one else can Make me feel the way that you do I promise you I know, I know, I know, I know, We're gonna get there Today, tomorrow, And forever we will stay true I promise you

I'll never let you down I'll always hear you out There is nothing you can not confide Come and fight You listen when I speak You make my knees go weak And I just want you by side
I know, I know, I know, I know, We're gonna make it 'Cause no one else can Make me feel the way that you do I promise you I know, I know, I know, I know, We're gonna get there Today, tomorrow, And forever we will stay true I promise you

We're gonna make I promise you, yeah, yeah, yeah I promise you I promise you I promise you

He raised his blue eyes to hers, pulling the buds from his ears, and smiled as he stood. He moved her hair back and cupped a hand behind her neck. He pressed his lips to hers and kept them for a moment then pulled back. He pulled back and then decided to try a kiss that he had read about.

This time he leaned in and opened his mouth ever so slightly, placing his lips over hers and played with her lips just like that, lightly nibbling and then pecking.

Lexy felt fire shoot through her in an instant and moaned in shock. She then fell into the kiss letting him take it. It didn’t last long but Lexy was sure warm. She panted as she stared at his shirt. “Wow…."

“Good wow or bad wow?"

“Good,” she said between breaths. “Very good.” She looked up at him. “I….I take you liked that song?”

He nodded. “Very much so.”

“Nicky, Lexy, time to eat, guys,” Nathan called.

“Be right there, dad,” Nick shot back. He then turned back to Lexy and placed his mouth on her lips again and kissed her like he had been doing. “You’re amaz—"\

“Nick.”

“What?”

“There was a reason why I wanted you to hear that song.”

“Okay. What?”

She took a deep breath and started talking really fast. “Well, I know we talked about the cuddling thing and whatever, but I’ve noticed you haven’t really done anything with it and I know I don’t have to wait for you to make the move, but—"

He kissed her to silence her. He pulled back. “Slow down, Sweetheart. I’m not going to flip out because you want to talk to me about something. Just say it.”

She exhaled deeply and tried again. “Okay. I wouldn’t mind if you wanted to kick the cuddling up a notch. By like doing something that you see Chris doing or your parents. Or like my parents last night were cuddling on the couch. Like legs stretched on the coffee table and my mom’s head was on dad’s shoulder and he ran his fingers through her hair and mom traced what looked like hearts on his chest.”

He laughed softly and kissed her forehead. “Okay. Consider the cuddling kicked up.” He had a feeling he knew what this was about and decided to mention it as they walked into the dining room. The baby steps thing. She hated having to tell him what she was ready for. “Lexy, how
about this…?"

“What?”

“How about if I feel like doing something—within reason—I’ll try it and if it makes you feel uncomfortable or you’re not ready for then I’ll back off and I’ll do something else?”

She took his hand and pulled him back into the living room. “Like what?”

He shrugged. “I don’t know. I was thinking of cuddling positions or holding you like at school or something. Nothing too major.”

She nodded. “That’s good. That sounds good.”

He smiled and kissed her softly. “Good. Then, lets go eat. I’m starving.”

She laughed softly as he gently pulled her into the dining room. She took a seat next to Nick and they began to eat.

A couple hours later, Nick was walking her home and they were holding hands casually. They talked about their usual stuff and then he walked her straight to the door. He then took her face in his hands and whispered, “Can I kiss you?”

She nodded slowly and answered, “Ye—” her words were cut off as his lips went over hers in their first opened mouth kiss.

Her heart hammered hard in her chest as he moved his mouth over hers softly, making sure that their tongues didn’t touch, graze or even intertwine. It was just what she’d call a ‘fake’ real kiss, but oh, God, was it hot! She felt a ripple of excitement and on instinct lifted her hand, wrapping the fingers in his hair as she took the other and put it up around his shoulder. She began to participate in the kiss just as cautiously and passionately.

A tingle of excitement rushed through her when she felt the cool hardness of the door against her back as he gently backed her into it. She felt wrapped in an invisible warmth as he continued with the kiss. If this was what a kiss was actually going to feel like his birthday couldn’t get here fast enough.

Desire clawed at him hot and sharp, but he tampered down the instinct to push a little further and possibly go further with the kiss. He may have been given the cautious green light to take their relationship up a notch, but he was still going to take it slow. Even if it killed him. The anticipation and the desire twisted in his gut and he gently started pulling back. As he pulled back, he took her plump bottom lip in his mouth and sucked gently.

She let out a small whimper and then opened her eyes to see his darkened irises.

“Oh….my….God…..”

He smiled down at her. “I’m glad you liked it.”

“Liked it?” She shook her head. “N-N-No. I-I-I lo-lo—” she cleared her throat. “I loved it. We’re definitely doing that again. Just not in front of our parents.”

He laughed softly and kissed her lightly. “Agreed. Good night, Angel.” He kissed her forehead.
“Good night, Nicky.”

She watched him go and then walked inside. She seen her parents asleep on the couch, enjoying a very rare day off and decided to leave them there. She walked into her room and texted Thea.

[To Thea]: He fake Hollywood Kissed me!

[To Lexy]: Fake Hollywood Kiss?

[To Thea]: You know the kisses where you’re moving your mouth and simulating the passionate French kissing action, but there’s no tongue?

[To Lexy]: Oh! Yeah. I did those when I first kissed a boy too.

[To Thea]: Really?

[To Lexy]: Yeah. I think it’s pretty normal. How was it?

[To Thea]: AMAZING! Aunt T, if kissing him—like really kissing him—is going to feel like that then....

[To Lexy]: *Laughs* That good huh?

[To Thea]: Oh, yeah! Let’s just say that every kiss that Nick’s ever given me has blown Dylan’s out of the water. Every single one. And I’m not kidding or exaggerating on that one.

[To Lexy]: That’s good, Lex. Really good. You want it to be an improvement. Trust me.

[To Thea]: I just never thought that 2 guys could be so totally different. I mean you’ve got the way Dylan is and then….Nick. I mean, parts of me wishes that I would have met Nick first.

[To Lexy]: Stop counting what you and Dylan had as a relationship. It wasn’t really anything. Except it a child infatuation. What you and Nick have is totally different, Lex. Totally different. That kid worships the ground you walk on.

After finishing one last text, Lexy went to bed. Falling asleep thinking of Nick and that amazing kiss.

Nick walked into the house and took his jacket off. He walked into the living room and sat down on the couch next to his grandfather. Henry looked at him. “Lexy get home okay?”

“Yeah, she did.”

“Good,” he said, flipping the TV to another channel. “By the way, Nicky?”

“Yes, grandpa?”

“Your girlfriend is adorable. Your grandmother loves her immensely. And so do I.” He flipped another channel. “When you gonna tell her you love her?”

He laughed. “At some point, I will. I promise.”
“Good. Because a girl like her is very rare, Bud. Very rare.”

He smiled. His grandfather had no idea.
Birds of Prey

Chapter Summary

Sassy Lexy has returned! And it happens after Sara's rage rears its ugly head on a mission. Nick discovers some of the pitfalls of being a vigilante....sleep. Helena Bertinelli is back to exact her revenge on her father. Nick says the 'L' word to Lexy. Will she react the way he hopes? Laurel herself discovers something about what Oliver really thought of her when they were younger.....Godmother? And when Helena's plan doesn't have her desired outcome she takes hostages. And Nick, Lexy and Laurel are one of them.

Chapter Notes

Thank you all for reading and sticking with me during the slight hiatuses. I appreciate it beyond words. I hope you enjoy where this story is headed.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

- April.....

“Okay, Sparrow, you with me?”

“Just like every night, dad,” she said snidely as she stood on the building with them.

“Thanks for helping me keep watch over my dad tonight,” Sara said softly.
“As long as Slade’s out there, neither of our families are safe.”

They hear gunshots and jump into action. As Lexy hopped down, she looked at Sara. “Watch your ears.” She jumped down and ran in the direction of Detective Lance. She tapped her disguiser. “Hello, Detective.”

“If you only carry those batons do you think it’s wise to be out here, Sparrow?”

She smiled. “Cover your ears.”

“What?”

“Tell your men to cover their ears.” As she watched him get on the walkie-talkie, she stood and looked up at her father. He nodded swiftly and then she brought her batons to life and they sing at medium setting. A really high decibel scream emitted from them and disorientating the bad guys. She turned them off and then began fighting one of them.

Seeing her dad run after one of the guys, she went after him, fighting guys on her way. She stopped when she realized who her father had caught up with. Frank Bertinelli. She had no idea what made her look up, but she did and then quickly jumped out of the way.

When they got to the alley, Lexy was fuming, in fact, she was practically vibrating she was so pissed. “What is it with you and going automatically into kill mode, huh?!”

Oliver went to approach her, but Lexy brushed him off before he could touch her. “No, dad, don’t worry. I won’t light into your precious whatever she is….yet. I’m going to the bunker.”

“Lexy, wait.”

She turned and glared at her father. She waited with her arms folded. Moments later, they came downstairs, she stormed past them both and practically roared as she tossed her batons toward the sparring section.

“Whoa, Lex, relax,” Sara told her.

She spun on her in an instant. “Relax?! Are you serious right now?! You almost killed me by smothering me with a 185lb man, Sara!”

“But you didn’t,” she said so nonchalantly that it seemed to piss Lex off even more.

“Oh….my….God…. what the hell is the matter with you?!?” she screamed.

“Excuse me?”

“You don’t just toss a guy out a damn window, Sara!”

“He shot at my father!”

“He’s a damn cop! That’s what happens!” she screamed back at her. “He knew that when he signed up for the damn academy.” She groaned. “Stupid, stupid, stupid!”

“What?”

“I said STUPID! You’re out of the League, Sara. There is no reason whatsoever to use the tactics you use to assassinate people.”
“That’s enough,” Sara said, in warning.

She scoffed. “Please. You’re not my mother. Or my father. In fact, you aren’t even dating my father, so therefore I don’t have to listen to you. You’re not even a member of this team.”

“What?”

“You heard me. A team looks out for each other. You don’t look out for crap when we’re out there together. Except for your father and when he gets hurt or something you go into killer assassin mode and want to kill someone.” She tapped her hip and her batons came to life and came back to her. She put them in their holster. She exhaled. “That homicidal rage of yours is going to get someone killed and I refuse to let it be me. I have too much to live for. Too many people to live for. When you can respect the fact that I’m out there and I’m a member of this dang team—in fact, I’ve been here longer than you—then maybe I’ll step out there with you again. But I will not stand around and wait for your rage to kill me.” She looked at her father and then pulled her batons from her holster and slapped them on a nearby table. “I’m done.”

She walked away and Sara whirled on Oliver. “You’re just going to stand there and let your daughter talk to me like that?”

He nodded. “She speaks her mind. It’s how Janine, Felicity and I have raised her.”

“She doesn’t respect me at all.”

Felicity glared at her. “You’d have to learn to respect her first.”

“Excuse me?”

“That’s my daughter, Sara—”

“No, she isn’t. She’s the daughter of one of Oliver’s hookups—”

“That’s ENOUGH, Sara!” Oliver screamed. “One: Janine wasn’t just a hookup. I was in love with her. Two: Felicity’s adopting Lexy legally, but Felicity has been her mother since the moment that they met several years before. As far as you’re concerned she is her mother. So, if you’re going to disrespect our daughter remember you’re also disrespecting me. And if you raise your voice to Felicity or my daughter again like that…..” He gave her a look that told her not to press her luck. “And three: If she meant that the way I think she did I will never forgive you.”

Nick stood, pulling the Bluetooth from his ear. “And she respects you. If she didn’t she would have kicked your ass where you stand now.” He looked at Oliver and Felicity. “I love you both, but I’m going to say this.” He turned to Sara. “If one of your rages gets my girlfriend hurt or killed I will make your life a living hell.” He narrowed his eyes at her. “Don’t think that Felicity and Lexy are the only ones who can hack into government databases.” He towered over her, but not by much. “I can make it very difficult for you to leave the country.”

With that he turned and walked outside, going to the roof. “Baby?”

Lexy sighed. “Nick….not now.” She turned and started walking in the opposite direction.

Nick stopped her and stood in front of her. “Don’t walk away from me, please.”

She exhaled. He looked into her face and saw the tear stains. “Oh, Baby.” He walked to her and held out his arms. She went into them. He held her, kissing the top of her head. “I can’t be out there with her with one of her rages, Nick. I can’t. I’m serious she’s going to get someone killed doing
stuff like that.” She wiped at her eyes. “The thing that really ticks me off is everyone is so worried about Roy and what he’s gonna do in one of his Mirakuru rages, but no one seems to have the same worries about Sara.”

“You’re right.”

Lexy turned. Oliver stood there still in his suit. She turned in Nick’s arms, keeping them around her waist. “I am, huh?” she said as Nick moved one arm completely around her waist and dropped the other.

“Yes.” He approached more slowly and stopped in front of her. “Are you quitting the team?”

She looked into his face. She couldn’t see his face, but she knew the look in his face. She sighed. “No, daddy. I’m not quitting the team, but I can’t be partnered with her. I won’t. I’ll be with you, or Roy or Uncle John, but not her. If she’s gonna go all psycho Warrior Princess every time Detective Lance gets shot at I won’t be there for the aftermath.”

“Dully noted and I’ll make the adjustment.”

Nick dropped his arm as Oliver walked to her. He kissed her forehead and hugged her. “I’m sorry what she did scared you, Sweetheart.”

She exhaled and held on to him. “It made me realize that if I took another step that guy could have…”


Oliver smiled. “Nick’s right, Sweetheart. He didn’t. And you’re safe, we’re all safe. So, everything’s okay.” He kissed her forehead.

“Dad, I don’t appreciate her talking about mommy or mama the way she did. She made mommy sound like some slut or something and mom…..”

“I know—wait, how’d you know?”

“The comm’s still on. I can hear everything that happens downstairs.” She turned to Nick. “By the way, you deserve a huge kiss later for what you said.”

He smiled and kissed her hair. “Meant every word.”

Oliver smiled. “You ready to go back downstairs. We’ve gotta tell Sara who Helena is. Thought maybe you’d enjoy your mom’s snide remarks about my ex.”

Nick looked at him a little surprised. “You dated a psycho?”

He nodded. “Yeah,” he laughed.

“Who hates me,” she said taking both Nick’s hand and her dad’s.

“She hates you?”

“Yep,” Lexy said as she walked sideways down the steps to keep a hold of her dad’s hand and Nick’s. “Not exactly sure why.”

“Not exactly sure why about what?” Sara asked.
Lexy didn’t say anything, she just let go of Nick and Oliver’s hands and walked over to her mother’s computer. “Just a thought but if you’re going to continue to talk about someone and their dead mother you may want to make sure the comm to everyone is off.” She turned and punched a couple of buttons.

Sara then looked really uncomfortable. Lexy turned back to the computer and typed in Helena’s name. Up popped an image of her. Diggle turned to Sara. “Helena Bertinelli. Daughter of mafia boss Frank Bertinelli.”

Felicity stared down at the screen. “Or as I like to call her, Oliver's psycho ex-girlfriend hell-bent on revenge against her father.”

“Ex-girlfriend?” Sara asked.

“I like to call her dad’s redemption phase.”

“Redemption phase?” Nick asked.

“Yeah. It’s when dad was feeling guilty for everything he’s done and blaming himself for the family problems. So, he thought everyone was redeemable since he wasn’t.”

“Wait, why does she want her father killed so badly?”

“He had her fiancé murdered. She wants payback.”

“Oh, daddy, you gotta give them the whole story.”

He snickered. “Remind me later to tell you about your mother’s vengeful streak.”

“Puts the many fights I’ve had with my father in perspective,” Sara said.

She laughed. “Actually, she wanted to take down her father organization, gathered information and was sending it to the FBI. Frank’s guys found out and he ordered Michael’s assassination. The person she should blame is herself.”

“Lexy.”

“What? Do you really think it’d be right for me to hate you and want you dead for something that ultimately was my fault?”

“Well, of course not.”

“Then don’t try to parent me when you know I’m right, daddy.”

Sara looked at Oliver. “My dad would have grounded me for a month for talking to him like that.”

“It’s a lot more complicated than that.”

“What’s complicated. She’s thirteen and she’s your daughter.”

“And she’s been out on her own for five years, Sara. Even though she was in the house with my mother and sister doesn’t mean she was being raised by them. Felicity and Roy know that first hand. There’s a lot of things Lexy had to learn on her own. She may be a twelve who’s physically going on thirteen years old, mentally and emotionally she’s about fifteen or sixteen years old going on seventeen.”
Felicity turned to her daughter. “Excuse me, Sweetie.” She slid aside. Felicity went to the computer and punched something in and said, “I’ve been keeping tabs on Helena over the past year. Last known sighting was a month ago, Palermo.”

“She's been busy,” Roy commented.

“If by "busy," you mean torturing and killing mafiosos that might know where her father is.”

Nick walked over to the other computer and hit a couple of keys. “Hey, Dig—that’s okay, right?”

He chuckled softly. “That’s fine. What’s up?”

He nodded to the screen. Diggle looked down at the screen. “Bertinelli’s arrest just hit the wires. How long do you think we have before Helena books a ticket back home?”

Knowing this wasn’t what her uncle meant, she smirked and said, “I’m guess about twenty-four hours.”

He laughed and kissed her hair. “I love you.”

She smiled and leaned into him. “Love you too, Uncle John.”

“Uncle John?” Sara asked.

John nodded. “She started it.” He shrugged. “She doesn’t have family anymore, except Oliver, Felicity and Thea. So, if she wants to dub me her uncle then I am humbly honored to be it.”

Oliver looked at the team. “We’ll be ready. Lex, why don’t you go show your boyfriend your club. Roy needs to get to work anyway.”

She nodded. She took out her comm from her ear and kissed her dad’s cheek. “Come get us if you get anything.”

“Like always,” Felicity promised.

After a little while, Nick and Lexy stayed out of the way, but watched the club goers and Roy work. Nick jerked when the basement door opened and he turned to look. He tapped Lexy’s arm gently. They walked to the bar.

Roy seen them all gathering and he made an excuse to Thea as he headed over. “Hey, what's going on?”

“I got a line on Michael Statton, Helena's fiancé.”

“Felicity, he's been dead for five years,” John reminded her.

“Which makes the fact that he rented a car last night very impressive. That’s Helena. The car's got GPS, I hacked into it.”

Nick looked at Felicity, all fidgety and weird. “Fe, why are you so nervous?”

She looked down at the screen “Yeah. She's heading straight for Starling City.”
Oliver turned to Roy. “You ready to get back in the field?”

“I thought you'd never ask.”

“Good, because you’re partnered with Lexy.” He looked at Sara. “She made it abundantly clear until you get your homicidal rage under control she will not go with you anywhere.”

Sara looked at Lexy. “But you’ll go with Roy? What about his Mirakuru rages?”

She shook her head. “I’ll have my batons and lately I’ve been able to get through to him before he goes all Hulk on someone.”

“And if she can’t, I won’t be that far behind,” Oliver said in a way to reassure them all.

They finished getting ready and Lexy walked over to Nick and Felicity. She kissed Felicity’s cheek. “Love you.”

“Love you too. Be careful.”

“I will.” She kissed him a real quick. “We’ll be back.”

They get out there and stop a very nice luxury sedan. Oliver pulled back on his bow and said, “It's over, Helena. Get out of the car!”

The car’s tires squeal as the driver backs out. Lexy went lax for a moment. “That’s not her,” she said into her comm unit.

“What, Baby?” Nick said into his unit.

“It’s not her,” she said more clearly. “She lives to antagonize daddy.”

Sara standing where the car can’t go in the other direction. While Roy and Lexy stormed to the door of the car. The window rolled down and a gun came out. “Gun!”

The driver shot Roy and Roy went into attack mode and pulled the man out of the car, throwing him into a fence. Lexy went between the guy and Roy. “Back off,” she told him.

Oliver walked over. “Stay there, Sparrow.” He looked at Roy. “Stand down. Stand... Down!”

“Don’t hurt me!” the guy yelled.

“Speedy! Enough!”

Roy stopped. Lexy turned to the man on the ground while Oliver talked to Roy. “Where is she?”

Oliver turned his arrows on him. The man held up his hands in defense. This time Lexy raised her voice in the tone that Chris called ‘Boss Lady’. “Where is she?!”

“I don’t know!” he exclaimed. “Some chick just paid me to take it for a joyride. I swear.”

Oliver looked at Lexy and she shook her head. He dropped the bow. Lexy exhaled. “Get up,” she said more firmly this time. “Now!”

The man stood on his feet. She pulled out a very strong ziptie. She cuffed his hands and then cuffed him to the pole. She sighed. “Now, what?”
Back at the Bunker, Felicity gave them information that she found. “According to the SCPD, the guy that gave Helena a ride into town is a 22-year-old Poly Sci major at SCU, and a member of Gamma Tau, which totally explains the whole “I didn't know I was aiding and abetting a known felon” thing. Anyone with boobs can get a frat boy to do anything.”

“I was a frat boy,” Oliver reminded her.

She smirked at him knowingly. “I rest my case.”

Lexy pulled herself up on the table. “Just so you know, Nicky. If you ever join a frat we’ll probably break up.”

He laughed. “Why?”

“Your brother’s roommate.”

He nodded. “Dully noted.” He smiled. “I wasn’t going to join any frats anyway. I’m only going to college long enough to get a degree and then I’m joining the SCPD.”

Lexy turned her head. “Really?”

He nodded. “Yeah. I promised my dad when I was younger, so…..” He smiled. “Plus, you gotta admit it’d make all this easier if you had another person to go to on the force.”

She nodded. “Very true.”

John smiled. “The force would be lucky to have you.”

“Thank you.”

He looked at his friend. “At least she didn't kill him. That's something.”

“It's not like Helena to show restraint.”

“It sounds like you have a type.”

“I had a type,” Oliver corrected. “Not anymore.” He looked at Felicity. “Keep tabs on the police. Let me know if they get any leads on her.”

“I'll do some canvassing,” John announced.

Oliver looked at Lexy and Nick and said, “Go back home and get some sleep.” He looked at Nick. “Your parents think you spent the night at our house last night. And since there’s no school today. I’d like it if you two slept in please.”

Nick blinked at him in surprise. “How’d my parents deal with the whole ‘he’s staying here tonight’ thing?”

“Uh….surprisingly cool, especially when I reassured them that you’d be on the couch and not in her room,” Felicity told them.

Sara looked at her. “You covered for him?”

She nodded. “He’s my daughter’s best friend and her boyfriend. And he’s a member of this team
now, so I’ll do anything for him.”

“Thanks, Fe.”

Oliver looked at the kids. “Go home, please.”

They nodded and headed for the side entrance. “Oh and guys?”

“Yes?” they said in unison.

“If you do decide to crash together, do it in the living room,” Oliver told them. “And remember, Alexandra, I know when you’re lying to me.”

She nodded. “Yes, daddy.”

They got back to the apartment about an hour later and Nick looked at her. “So, how do we wanna….”?

“Well, we have three options, Nicky. One, you can crash out here, and I’ll go to my room. Two, you can crash on the couch and I’ll take the chair or three, we both take the couch.”

He thought about it for a moment and said, “What do you feel comfortable with?”

She shrugged. “I don’t know. I think it’d be kinda fun to wake up with you, but I’m not ready for the whole crashing in the same bed or in this case the couch thing yet. So, how about I take the chair and you get the couch?”

He nodded. “Okay. Are you sure?”

She nodded. “I fall asleep in the chair all the time anyway, so…..I’m used to it. Go ahead and take the couch. You’re taller than me.” She walked to him and wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him soundly.

He looked into her eyes and opened his mouth to say something teasingly to her, but instead of anything teasing, what came out was “I love you.”

Her stomach fluttered with excitement as her heart thudded in her chest. She blinked at him, surprised. “Wha….what?”

Crap! What did I just do? “Uh….nothing.” He backed away.

She watched him. He looked genuinely freaked out. “What did you say?”

“Uh…can we forget I said anything at all?”

She almost smirked as she watched him panic about what he said. “Nicholas Daniel Jordan, did you just tell me you love me?”

He winced when he heard his full name come from her lips. He’d told her whenever anyone used his full name he couldn’t lie to them. Didn’t matter who it was. He turned to face her, rubbing his neck nervously. “Yes,” he dragged out cautiously. “But I didn’t mean to.”

“You didn’t mean to say you love me?”
“Well….”

She put her hands on her hips and looked at him. “Nick, I’m going to tell you the same thing you told me Sunday night. Just say it.”

He exhaled. “I do love you, Lexy, but I’d totally understand if you didn’t know if you felt the same way about me.”

She walked to him and took his face in her hands. “Do you love me?”

He nodded. “I love you.”

She smiled and kissed his lips, dragging the kiss out with small pecks. “I love you. And I’m not just saying that because I feel obligated to say it. I’m saying it because it’s true. I love you. I think I started falling for you the day you brought me the meatloaf from lunch.”

He laughed and sighed, pressing their foreheads together. “I’ve been wanting to say it for about a month or so but I didn’t know if it was appropriate it or not, plus, you wanted baby steps.”

She shook her head. “No more of those baby steps. I mean I’m not ready for the whole full-on couple’s experience, but I think we can both go at our own pace now. However, you’ll still have to wait until your birthday to get a real kiss.”

He laughed. “Can we do the Hollywood Kiss?”

She smiled and nodded. “I thought you’d never ask.”

He laughed and placed his mouth over hers and just like before he felt the fire roar to life in his body at the feel of her warm lips against his. They kissed like that for a few minutes and then she backed away. She walked back to him and kissed him again. “I’m going to sleep. Dad’ll be calling us in a few hours to join him. So, please sleep.”

“Promise,” he told her. He kissed her forehead. “I love you.”

She smiled, her heart fluttering at the words. “I love you. Good night.”

She walked to the cupboard in the hall and pulled out a blanket and then curled up in what was now her dad’s Barcalounger, putting the blanket over herself. “There’s a blanket over the couch, Babe.”

“Thank you. Night.”

Just like she had predicted, Nick was roused awake by the buzzing of his phone. He tiredly pulled it out of his pocket and answered, “Hello?”

“Ooh, your voice is deeper when you get woke up.”

He chuckled groggily. “Hey, Fe. What’s up?”

“Oliver would like you and your very beautiful girlfriend to meet him at the courthouse.”

“Okay. We’ll be there.” He hung up and groaned.
“Mom or dad?” she asked groggily.

“Mom asking us to meet your dad.”

She groaned and pulled the blanket off of her. “Yep. I am crashing so hard tonight,” she muttered walking to the bathroom. She started walking backwards. “Gotta say though. You are very hot when you first wake up.”

He laughed. “Thanks. You’re not so bad yourself, Baby.”

She walked into the bathroom and pulled open a drawer, taking out an unopened toothbrush. “Here. It can be yours since you may be crashing here more times than this.”

He watched her squeeze a little paste onto her brush and then pass him the tube. She then ran her hand through her hair. For some reason, knowing what Chris said about it feeling weird when they first share their space together, it didn’t feel weird. Anything but. “Do you think so?” he asked, putting the domesticated thought out of his mind and opening the packaging.

“Yeah, I do,” Lexy told him and around toothpaste before spitting it out. “We do some very crazy hours, Nicky. In fact there’s been a few days when I’ve gone to school without sleeping at all and then crashing extremely hard at about eleven, twelve o’clock that night.”

“Good to know. Should I learn to lie to my parents or let your mom and dad do it?”

“Let mom and dad do it or at least tell you the lie to tell.”

They finished brushing their teeth and then Lexy went into her room. She pulled out an old t-shirt. It was the one that Roy had given her the night of her attempted rape. She walked back out. “Here. Put that on.”

“Where’d you get a t-shirt….?”

“From Roy. It’s the one he gave me the night he found me.”

“You kept it?” he asked a little surprised.

She nodded. “I actually forgot I had it until daddy and I officially moved in with mom. I haven’t worn it since that night, so….”

He nodded. “Thank you.”

“You’re welcome.” She kissed him and then walked back into her room. A few minutes later, she walked out dressed in a pair of leggings and a nice button down that was tied with a belt. She pulled a jacket on. “Ready?”

He nodded. “Think so.”

They walked into the courthouse and Lexy looked around for her dad. She smiled when she found him and he was holding what looked like a blazer. She grabbed Nick’s hand and pulled him through the people. She smiled up at her dad. “Hi, daddy.”

“Hi, sweetheart. Nick.”
“Morning, Oliver.”

Oliver held it out to him. “It’s an old one of mine. It’s Kenneth Cole. I can’t fit in it anymore and thought if you like it you can have it.”

Nick nodded. “Thanks, I appreciate it. Investing in some business casual outfits would probably be beneficial now, huh?”


They walked to her. “Please don’t tell me you’re worried about me, too,” she said when they stopped in front of her.

“No, I just wanted to watch the trial. I heard the prosecutor was something special.”

“Thank you.” She looked at Lexy. “Who’s this, Lex.”

Lexy smiled. “My boyfriend. Nick, this is Laurel Lance, one of my dad’s oldest and dearest friends. And according to what I understand she would have been my Godmother.”

Laurel’s eyes darted from Lexy to Oliver. “Seriously?”

He nodded. “Janine and I had been talking about people we’d want raising Lexy if anything happened to us and she had come up with two people to be the Godparents from her side and I came up with you and Tommy from mine.”

Nick smiled. “Well, it’s very nice to meet you, Miss Lance.”

“You too, Nick.” She smiled at Oliver. “I would have said yes.”

He smiled. “I know.”

They heard the commotion, and all turned to see Frank being escorted through the front. “That’s odd. Why are they bringing him in through the front entrance?”

They heard a metallic thud and Lexy looked down. “Everybody get down!”

Lexy pushed Nick down behind a chair. “Please, stay there.”

Oliver rose and held up his hands. “Helena...stop this.”

“Oliver, you know I can’t.”

“Well, what are you waiting for?”

There was a long pause after Frank said that.

“I said, what are you waiting for?!”

“Helena Bertinelli, put down your weapons and place your hands above your head.”

“So this was a big trap... with you as the bait. What did they offer you?”

“Ah, they didn't have offer me anything.”

“Give up, Miss Bertinelli, the building’s surrounded.”
“What was it you always taught me, Daddy? Be prepared for anything.”

Just then gunmen popped up and looked at Lexy, whispering, “Take Nick and Laurel and go!”

Without saying a word, she nodded and quickly ran, pushing Laurel and Nick to a door. He raced across the lobby of the courthouse and got Frank out.”

“Take hostages and fall back.”

When Oliver and Frank got outside he called off the shooters. “Hey, hold your fire, hold your fire! They have hostages!”

The SWAT guy said into his walkie talkie, “Hold fire. Say it again, hold fire. They've taken hostages.”


I'm sorry, Mr. Lance, we got separated. She's still inside.”

He gasped and then realized something. “Where’s your daughter?”

“Still inside. I think….think she’s still with Laurel.”

Oliver watched as the man’s eyes looked even sadder and more worried. “Oh, God….”

Inside, Lexy panted trying to catch her breath. “We can’t stay here.”

Laurel nodded. “You’re right, we can’t. Do you know your way around here?”

She nodded. “Yeah. Why?”

“Just in case we get separated,” she told her. She looked at Lexy. “You trust me, right?”

She nodded. “Absolutely. My dad since I was little told me that you and Uncle Tommy were the only ones that I could really trust, besides family.”

She nodded and smiled. She hugged her, kissed her hair and said, “He’s right. Okay. Um….come on,” she said and took Lexy’s hand.

Lexy took Nick’s hand and they followed her. Doing exactly what she did as she tried getting out of the way of the gunmen.

Outside, Oliver watched as he realized the entire thing was set up to get Helena so they could arrest her.

The captain of the SWAT team spoke into his walkie-talkie. “I want snipers with thermals on top of every building for a two block radius.”
Adam Donner approached the Captain. “This was not how it was supposed to go down, Captain! You promised me there wouldn't be any casualties!”

“This was your idea, huh? You son of a bitch!” Lance charged the man, ready to kick his ass, but officers pulled him off. “Hey, my daughter's in there! What were you guys thinking, putting all those innocent lives at risk?”

“Listen! I was following orders,” the Captain told him as if that was supposed to mean something.

“Orders?!”

Oliver looked at all the men. “Orders? You were following orders?” He glared at everyone of them. “My daughter and her best friend are in there! And if either of them dies you better believe I will file a lawsuit against you…” He looked at Adam, “and you and everyone else in your squad on behalf of my daughter, her friend and my daughter’s Godmother.”

Lance whirled around. “Godmother?”

He shrugged. “Janine and I never got around to doing it. We never thought there was a hurry to do it. But yes, I was going to ask Laurel to help Tommy raise my daughter if anything had happened to me.”

Quentin couldn’t believe what he was hearing. “Wow….”

He smiled. “I’ll explain more later when they are safe.”

Quentin walks out of the tent and calls the Arrow.

Inside, they were at the offices and heading into the cafeteria when someone suddenly attacked Laurel. Lexy looked over at Nick. He nodded. As she went in to get Laurel safe, she suddenly felt someone push her and she fell into Nick. She turned and growled, “I’m gonna kill her….”

After Sara dressed as the Canary took the man down, they found refuge in an office space. Sara attempted to escort Lexy inside, but Lexy pulled her arm away. “Don’t touch me,” she muttered.

“Are you hurt?” Sara asked, her voice disguised.

She slowly shook her head. She looked past the Canary and asked, “Lex, are you okay?”

“Yeah, I’m okay. So’s Nick.”

Laurel chuckled. “I’m gonna have to remember your name. Sorry.”

He shook his head. “No, worries, ma’am. We actually met before.”

“When?”

“Our dads introduced us at the station.”

“Oh, right.” She sighed. “I’m so stupid.” She reached up and grabbed the bottle of whiskey.

“Hey. You don't want to do that.”
“Oh, no, trust me. I do.”


“What about your sobriety?” Sara asked.

“How do you know about that?”

“The "AA" chip on your keychain. 30 days.”

“Do you even know why I'm here today? Turns out I'm decoration. Expendable decoration.”

“What do you mean?”

“This whole trial was a sham. I should have seen it. Sara was right. Sara, she's... She's my sister. She said that I wasn't ready to come back, and...” She laughed wryly. “I just thought she was being overprotective.”

“Well, sisters can be like that. You should meet mine,” Sara said.

Nick looked at Laurel. “I don’t have a sister, but I have an older brother. He’s the same way. In fact, if he knew I was here right now he'd probably take on the SWAT guys himself to get to me.”

Laurel laughed. Nick came around and looked at Laurel. “You don’t want to do this. Come on. Oliver had faith and trusted you enough to give you guardianship of the most precious thing to him. Prove to Lexy you can be stronger than your urges, Laurel. Prove to her that despite whatever stress there is, there’s a better way to battle it than in the bottle.”

Laurel looked up at the young man squatting in front of her. She then slid her eyes to Oliver’s daughter and sighed, releasing the bottle. Nick smiled. “Good job.”

Lexy came to her and hugged. “I’m proud of you. Really.”

Laurel hugged her back, leaning into Lexy’s scent for a moment. She exhaled. “I always wondered what Oliver’s kids would look like.” She smiled. “I never thought they’d be so pretty.”

Lexy smiled, blushing a little. “Thank you.” She looked at the Canary. “So, now, what’s plan?”

Canary stood. “Let's go.”

Over both Sara’s comm and Lexy’s, they heard, “Where are you?”

Sara answered, “Inside. I've got Laurel Lance, she's ok. Along with Oliver Queen’s daughter and her friend.”

“Is that the Arrow?” Laurel asked.

“I'm headed to an egress point in the south wing.”

Laurel stopped. “Wait. What about the other hostages? You're just going to leave them?”

“Look, I need to get you to safety.”

She started pulling her, but Laurel dug in her heels. “I don't understand! What is so special about me?”
“What’s going on?” Oliver asked.

“She won’t leave.”

“I know Helena. She’s going to kill all of those people, innocent people. You wanted me to show you I’m strong. This is me being strong. I’m staying.”

“Me too,” Nick and Lexy said in unison. Lexy looked at Canary. “My father told me I had to stay with an adult I know. Unless you’re a cop, but you don’t look like a cop.” She looked her in the eyes.

“Are you going to help me or not?”

“Get her out of there now!”

“It’s not like I can just knock her out.”

“I don’t want you engaging Helena.”

“What, you’re afraid of what she’ll do... Or what I’ll do?”

“Sara...You're not a killer.”

“I am what I need to be.” She turned her comm off. She looked at them. “Okay. Here’s the plan. I’ll engage Helena, you get the hostages out.”

Lexy hung back as the others walked to get the other hostages. She tapped her comm in her ear. “Daddy.”

“Baby, are you okay?”

“Yes, daddy, I’m fine. We gotta talk when I get out of here. But Laurel’s showing her stubborn strong side. She wants to free the hostages. I can’t argue with her because I told her you told me to always stick with an adult I know in a crisis situation, so....”

“Got it, Sweetheart. Is Nick okay?”

“He’s fine. However, I think your ex-girlfriend sprained my ankle.”

“What?”

“I’ll explain when we get out of here. I gotta catch up.” She shut off her comm and jogged, limped to catch up to them. Nick seen her limp in as he untied another hostage.

As they were untying the hostages, one of the henchmen attacked Laurel. Without thinking, Lexy jumped into action and got him off of her. Lexy took the baton from her and glared at the guy. She took him out at the knees and then turned to see Helena’s spear gun pointed at her.

Lexy’s eyes dropped to the gun and then looked into Helena’s eyes. “You’re really going to shoot a little girl?”

She smirked. “You know I had a theory going.”

“What’s that?”

“That if you weren’t in the picture whatsoever your father and I would have worked.”
Lexy pushed the gun away from her and dropped her hands.

“Lexy!” Laurel exclaimed. “What are you doing?”

“She wants us to show her we’re afraid. I learned from my kickboxing teacher to show fear is to show weakness and one thing being a Queen has taught me is that I’m not weak.” She looked at Helena. “So, Helena Bertinelli, if you’re going to kill anyone in this room then you’re killing me.”

Helena laughed. “I gotta hand it to you, you got balls.” She pushed at her and Lexy fell into Nick. “Sit down, shut up.”

The phone rang. She picked it up. It was Oliver. “Helena, listen to me. This has to end.”

“I agree. And it ends with my father in a box.”

“The police are never going to hand over your father!”

“No, they won't. That's why you're going to do it. Simple trade….my father for one of the women you love.”

Oliver’s blood went cold. His stomach knotted in fear. “You wouldn’t?”

“Who do you love more? Your darling daughter or Laurel?”

Moments later, Oliver called back and told Helena that he had her father. He tells her to bring Laurel. Helena’s surprised by that. “I’m shocked. You’d let your daughter die?”

“You won’t kill her.”

“Wanna bet?”

“Because if you kill my daughter then you won’t get your father back because I’ll kill you both.”

Helena hung up, forced a woman to wear her suit and then changed into a cop uniform. She knelt down in front of Lexy. “It would seem that your daddy doesn’t love you as much as you thought.”

Lexy didn’t say anything, just spit in her face. “Go to hell!”

Out of anger, Helena hit Lexy across the face knocking her sideways. Nick immediately jumped up. “What is wrong with you?!”

She pulled Laurel to her feet and walked out with her.

While Helena was taking Laurel back to Oliver, the rest of the SWAT Team came in to take control of the situation. They freed all the hostages and to Nick’s surprise his parents and brother were there. “Mom? Dad? Chris?”

“Oh, thank God!” Jennifer exclaimed. She hugged her boy while Nathan hugged Lexy.

Nick looked at everyone a little surprised. “How...how did you know?”

“The press,” Chris answered hugging his brother. “They knew that Lexy was inside and so we came down here knowing that if Lexy was here then you were too.”
Nathan looked at both kids. “What are you doing here?”

“Dad thought it’d be cool for us to see my sort of Godmother in action, so since we had the day off from school he thought it’d be educational for us.” She looked at Nick’s parents. “He didn’t know. Please, don’t ban Nick and I from seeing—”

“We wouldn’t do that, Lex,” Nathan assured her. Your father had no idea this was going to happen so, you’re okay.”

She sighed and then hugged Nick. Nick pulled away. “You really should get your ankle looked at.”

“What happened?”

“In the rush of the lobby to safety I twisted my ankle.”

“Oh, God….” Jennifer gasped. “You definitely should get it looked at.”

“LEXY!”

Lexy turned to see Felicity and John coming toward them. “MOM! Uncle John!” She hugged them both.

Jennifer smiled at Felicity. “Hi, Felicity?”

“Yes. Hi. Mr. and Mrs. Jordan, right?”

“Right. But please call us Nathan and Jennifer,” Jennifer told her. “She twisted her ankle during the chaos she should get that looked at.”

“Oh, absolutely.”

Lexy looked up at her mom. “Where’s daddy?”

“The last we left him he was yelling at the Commissioner for putting his daughter and her friend’s lives in danger just to make an arrest.”

Jennifer laughed. “Well, good for him. Does anyone know what the hell happened?”

“Not really,” John told her. “Um….Oliver told us it was just all a plot to get Helena out in the open so they could arrest her. That’s what he found out anyway.”

Nathan exhaled. “It probably has to do with the fucking vigilante hunters on the squad. When they see an opportunity, they go for it. Innocent people be damned.” He looked at both Nick and Chris. “That’s why I refuse to go after these people for doing what they feel is right. It’s just like in Metropolis one track minds.” He sighed. He looked at Felicity. “I’m sorry my Squad is a bunch of idiots.”

“Oh, don’t worry about it. The police have been after the Queens for years now. They probably would have chalked it up to one less Queen or something,” Felicity rambled.

“Mom, I gotta go. This is starting to hurt.” She looked at Nick. “See you tomorrow?”

He nodded. “Yeah.” He walked up to her wrapped his arms around her in a hug. “As always.” He kissed her cheek then her nose and then her mouth. He whispered so that she could only hear him. “I love you.”
“Love you,” she mouthed back. She gave him one last hug and then turned to limp with her mom and uncle back to the car. Once they got inside the vehicle she seen the look on her mother’s face. “Shut up.”

“Did I see what I just think I saw?”

Lexy sighed, giving into her mother. “What did you see?”

“Did you say I love you?”

She smiled. “He said I love you. I said love you.”

She waved off the clarification. “But we’re there?”

She nodded. “We’re there. Don’t expect to see any make-out sessions or anything, but yeah we’re saying it. I’m not entirely sure I know exactly what it means, but I think I’m going to like the adventure to find out.”

Felicity smiled. “I’ve always liked the adventure, especially with your dad.”

Lexy exhaled. It was strange, especially after everything she’d been through tonight for her to feel this way, but she felt more content and centered than she had in a very long time. And she didn’t know if that had a lot to do with Nick or if he was just a factor in the happiness she was feeling, but whatever it was she was going to enjoy it to the fullest.

Because in her line of work there was no guarantees that said happiness would last for very long.

Chapter End Notes

The story's not ending. I guess you could call it Lexy's calm before the storm......we're coming to an end in this story, but we have a few more chapters to go. Like finishing season 2 events. Then my own added chapters. I at least have 2-4 more non-episode chapters planned out. And one's Nick's 14th birthday. So, I hope you enjoy and continue reading.
Deathstroke

Chapter Summary

Taking place directly after the last chapter, Thea has gone missing. So, Team Arrow bands together to find her. However, with the Mirakuru pumping through Roy's veins it begins to turn him against his friends.

And during the ordeal with her aunt missing, Lexy begins to rely on Nick as a real boyfriend. Can he be there when she needs him the most. Lexy stands up to Sara and reminds her of the hierarchy in their team.

Nick shows Oliver just how loyal he is to the team and to him. And when everything seems to be falling apart, the Team rallies around their fearless leader to show him he's not alone in this fight.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

-The Next Morning.....
Nick and Lexy, walk down stairs together. Lexy wanted to check in before heading to school. She took her jacket off and put it in Nick’s chair. “Hey, RJ.”

He smiled and looked over his shoulder. “Hey, Beautiful. Whatcha think?”

“I think you look like an archer, but can you actually aim like one?”

He smirked. Oliver turned to look at his daughter. “Hey, what did the doctor say the other night?”

“That I sprained it. However, in my defense it wouldn’t have happened if Sara hadn’t pushed me.”

“Pushed you?” John asked. “You told us it was in the chaos to get out of the lobby.”

She shook her head. “That’s what I said with Nick’s parents there. Then mom got too overly excited by the fact that Nick and I said the ‘L’ word to each other to let me clarify in the privacy of our own car.”

Roy dropped his arms. He looked at Nick and smiled. “You said it?”

He nodded. “I meant to tease her about something yesterday and um….it kinda just came out.”

Oliver smiled. “Felicity told me earlier.” He looked at Lexy. “Tell me everything.”

She exhaled and told him what had happened. Oliver exhaled and then went around to Roy. “You Ready?”

He nodded. “I’ve been working with Lex and Sara, but I’m not a natural.”

He smirked slightly. “Neither was I.”

Roy released the arrow and it went into the electrical wires. They saw it sizzle and pop and Oliver looked at him. “Well, we got work to do.”

Roy looked at Lexy apologetically. Then said to Oliver, “Sorry, I’m just having a hard time keeping my head in the game today.”

“Thea?”

He nodded. “I just can’t stop thinking what’s the worst that can happen if I just told her the truth?”

“Well, I told a guy the truth and he got struck by lightning,” Felicity said when she walked in. “To be fair, probably won’t happen again, statistically.”

Lexy snickered. “I love you, mom.”

“Love you too, Baby,” She smiled at Nick. “Hey, Nicky. How are you?”

“I’m good.” He sighed. “I’ve been informed by my mother to cater to Lexy today at school. I keep trying to tell her that she really needs to pay attention, because I dote on her as it is.”

Oliver smirked. “Talk to you in a minute.” He looked at Roy. “Telling Thea the truth won’t make her safer. Just the opposite. What we’re doing, Roy, it’s dangerous. And anyone that is even in our orbit can get hurt. Try again. This time... Aim.”

“What makes Nick so different?”
Lexy laughed. “I got this, dad.” She looked at Roy. “He’s a cop’s son for one. I love Aunt Thea really, I do, but Nick could handle the enormous crap that happens doing this better than Thea could. She’s too pampered and spoiled. And that’s grandmother’s fault.”

“We’re back to Grandmother again?”

She nodded. “I’m only her granddaughter for photo-ops.” She spun in the chair. “Just once I’d love to have a grandparent or grandparents who would like to be my grandparents. Like grandpa and grandma Bradford.”

“You still haven’t met my mother yet,” Felicity assured her. “She’s hoping your dad and I pop out a couple of kids so she can spoil them.”

She laughed. “Well, I’m happy to be your reprieve, Mama.”

“So, when does the adoption go through?” Roy asked.

“Either in July or August,” Felicity answered.

Roy smiled. “You’re excited.”

She nodded. “Yeah. For one, I won’t need to wait for Oliver to sign her permission slips or something.” She sighed.

Lexy looked at her curiously. “You’re still on that?”

She shrugged. Lexy stood and hobbled over to her mother. “Mama, it’s not your fault.”

“I still feel bad?”

Roy looked from Nick, to Oliver to John. “Anyone else feel out of the loop?”

They shook their heads. Oliver looked at the women in his life. “What happened?”

Lexy sighed. “I got a really bad case of the flu one year. I think I was nine or something. Mom wanted me to stay home and I told her that the only way I could stay home is if I was dying and since she couldn’t sign my excuse notes then….”

Oliver smiled sympathetically. He walked over to Felicity. “It’s okay, honey. Just think. By flu season next year you can sign all the excuse notes you want.”

Lexy walked to Roy. “Okay. First, I gotta say this.” She put his arms up. “Lock this arm,” she instructed. She looked up. She rolled her eyes. “You know just because I’ve got a sprained ankle doesn’t mean I can’t still kick your ass. I took down a 200lb Mirakuru dude with a broken rib, don’t think you and your 175lbs is going to be that difficult, Harper.” She then said more sternly. “Lock your arm.”

He did as she said. And then she attempted to slap it down. When it didn’t move, she smiled. “Okay. Good. Now, the only time that this arm should ever move is after you make the shot, Understand?”

“Lex, come—”

“Do you understand?” she said a little more forcefully.
He nodded. She nodded. “Good. Now make the shot. And like dad said….aim this time.”

“How come you don’t do the arrows anymore?”

She shrugged. “I don’t know. I wanted to be different. I didn’t want to be dad’s protégé. I wanted to be his partner. I figured the best way to do that was to do something besides a bow and an arrow.” She sighed. “However, I’ve been thinking about taking it up again.”

“Really?” Oliver asked.

She nodded. “Yeah.” She shrugged. “I miss it. And mom got me the bow and arrow for Christmas that I haven’t used yet. And if Sara sticks around, I can’t keep taking her gimmick, so…..”

He smiled. “What you and Sara do are completely different, Sweetheart. But I’d be happy if you took up the archer again.”

She smiled and shrugged. “It’s just a thought right now. I even called S.T.A.R Labs to see if they could help me come up with some concepts for trick arrows, like yours.”

“Why didn’t you ask me?” Felicity asked.

She smiled. “Because I wanted to surprise you.”

Nick smiled. “Sorry to interrupt, but Baby, if we don’t get our butts to school we’ll have to test out my ability to lie on the Principal.”

“Oh, right!” she exclaimed. She looked at Roy. “I want you improved by the time I get back from school. Got it?”

“Got it, Sash. Go.”

That night when Oliver, Lexy and Nick came to the debate, Moira’s campaign manager approached them. “Have either of you talked to Thea today?”

“No,” Oliver answered. “I talked to her last night, but….why?”

“Because I’ve been trying to call her to confirm whether or not she’d be coming tonight and she hasn’t gotten back to me.”

Oliver looked at the man. “We’re on it. We’ve got it handled.” He looked at Lexy. “Get on the floor and send texts. See if she’ll answer you that way. Nicky, go outside, see if you see her in the parking lot. I’ll call her and see if she answers my calls.”

About twenty minutes both teens reported back that she wasn’t there and wasn’t answering. He nodded. He told them to wait for him and he headed backstage. “Oh, excuse me, have you seen Thea Queen?” he asked as he stopped a woman.

She shook her head.

He sighed. “Ok.” He called her again, “Speedy, it's Ollie, and I'm at the debate, where I thought you would be. Listen, I know that you're upset about Roy, but mom needs both of us here. So please, just call me back.”
Sebastian Blood glanced at him. “You do not look happy. Is everything all right?”

“Yes. My sister's just a little late.”

“I'm afraid that's my fault. SCPD insisted that I arrive with a motorcade. We tied up traffic all over the city. I'm sure Thea's probably just fallen victim to gridlock.”

“Well, I should probably try her again.” He started walking away but stopped. “Good luck tonight, Sebastian.”

“Thank you, sir.”

That night, Nick and Lexy nervously watched the debate from the back. Oliver had told her if she felt more comfortable from there then she and Nick could stay back there. Nick was impressed, the woman was standing her ground when it came to her debating the issues with Sebastian Blood. He kept an arm around her waist as he asked, “If you could vote, who would you vote for?”

She shrugged and leaned him to him. “I honestly have no idea. I’m torn between family loyalty and who’d be better for the City.”

He smiled and against her hair and continued to watch the debate. As they watched the debate, she leaned into him more and put an arm more tightly around her. “How’s your ankle?”

“About sixty percent better,” she replied. “Thank you for getting the ice today. It was very sweet of you. Even if the guys at school think you’re whooped for it.”

He laughed and said into her hair. “It doesn’t matter to me. The difference between me and them is they’ll have about six girlfriends by the time their high school career has ended and I’ll still be on my first.”

She laughed softly.

“This one comes from... Thea Queen,” the commenter said a little confused. “Ok, there must be some mistake.”

Nick and Lexy both looked up and saw the screen go staticky and then up popped a frightened and scared Thea. “Oh, God….Aunt T…..”

Thea gasped on screen. “Help! Help! Somebody help me, please! He—Sla—”

Lexy’s entire body went ice cold when she saw the words pop up on the screen. She looked in her father’s direction and he gave a swift nod. She grabbed Nick’s hand and they quickly slid out of the door. Nick looked at her. “Okay. If I’m understanding your hierarchy correctly you’re second in command of the team when your father cannot, right?”

She nodded slowly. He nodded, keeping his face stoic. He grabbed her forearms and kissed her forehead. “Okay, Baby, let me help you.”

She looked up at him. “Wha—what?”

“Let me help you. Put some of it on me.”

“No, I…I c-c-can’t do that.” She turned and started walking.
He stopped her and gently said, “Whoa, whoa, whoa. Yes, you can.” He looked into her worried blue eyes. “Baby, let me help you.” He saw something shift in her eyes and smoothed a hand down her hair. “Okay. What do you want me to do first? Call Uncle John. You got his number right?”

He nodded. “I have the number of every team member. I got it.”

She nodded. “Okay. Tell him to call Roy and tell them to Queen Consolidated, now.”

He nodded. “Got it.”

She exhaled and pulled her phone out of her pocket. She tapped her mom’s contact and waited. She sighed. “Mommy—”

“I’m on my way, Baby. I promise.”

“Aunt Thea—”

“Will be just fine, Sweetheart. You and daddy will get her. You know it. Nick knows it. Roy knows it and I know it.” There was a pause and then Felicity said, “I love you.”

“I love you too. I’ll be at QC, mama.”

“I’ll meet you there.”

About an hour later, the QC Headquarters had been turned to a command post to find Thea. Lexy was so anxious that she was pacing between her mother’s office and her father’s. She looked up when she saw Roy and John come in. She immediately went to Roy and put her arms around his neck.

He immediately wrapped his arms around her and held her. He whispered into her hair, “Please tell me we’re going to get this sonofabitch?”

She nodded. “I promise.”

Lexy walked back into her dad’s office. She walked into him. He wrapped his arms around her and held on. “You’re getting taller,” he whispered as Hilton and Lance talked to Moira.

She laughed softly. “I am. I’d say I’m about five-four now.”

He smiled and kissed her hair. “Glad you’re here. You’re keeping me together.”

She smiled. “That’s supposed to be mine and mom’s job, right?”

He nodded. “You’re actually keeping us all together.”

She smiled. “You’re my family. It’s what I’m supposed to do.” She looked up at her father as he fired off, “This isn't about the quake.”

“Well, how can you be so sure?”

“You just need to find the man in the mask!”

“Daddy,” she admonished in a whisper.
“Look, we're working on it. We're running down every lead,” Hilton tried to assure him.

“What are those leads?”

“Daddy!” she whispered.

“Oh, God! Oh, God, how could I have let this happen?”

Lexy exhaled and swallowed. She walked to her grandmother. “Grandma, it'll be okay. Detective Lance is right. They'll find Thea and she'll come home.” She kissed her cheek. “Everything will be okay. You just gotta be stronger for a little bit longer.”

She took a deep breath and slid her eyes to Nick who entered the office. He noticed the tearful look in her eyes and walked to her. “Come on, Lex. Let’s go for a walk.”

They walked out of the offices and Felicity stopped them. “Don’t you two go too far. I’ve got something. I just gotta go get your dad and the rest of the team.”

Lexy nodded as she hugged herself. She looked up at Nick. “Nicky, I’m gonna lose it, Babe.”

He stood between her and the press and said, “Baby, you gotta keep it together just a little bit longer. Then when we get to the Bunker I’ll let them let you have a flip out moment or whatever you need.”

She looked up at him, giving him a dumbfounded look. “How did you get to be so perfect?”

He laughed and kissed her hair. “You told me you wanted me to do with you what I’ve seen my parents do. Well, during a crisis, this is what my dad does for my mom. He’s her rock when she needs something to hold her up.” He looked into her eyes. “All I’m asking for you to let me be yours so I can hold you up.”

After Felicity gathered everyone, they all loaded into the elevator and Nick announced to the elevator. “When we get private where there isn’t a bunch of reporters Lexy needs a couple of minutes to cry it out or something.”

Oliver looked down at his daughter. “Can you keep it together for a little while longer, Sweetheart?”

She nodded. “I’m certainly going to try. But daddy it’s getting harder. I’ve been keeping it together for an hour and half.”

“What do you wanna do?” Roy asked.

“What?” Nick asked, looking at him.

Roy looked at Nick. “Sorry, man. I know she’s yours, but I’ve known her longer.” He looked at Lexy. “Talk to me, Sash. What do you wanna do?”

“Get the assholes that are keeping my aunt hostage.”

He smiled. He looked up at Oliver and Felicity to see if they were going to react to the swear word, but neither did so. “Okay, besides that. Tell me what you need to do.”

She took a deep breath. “Cry. Like ugly girl cry.” She looked at Nick. “It’s the only way for me to get the emotion out with hitting someone.”
“Then that’s what you’ll get.”

When they got to the Bunker started to follow Lexy to a spot where she could be alone, but Felicity stopped him. “I know you want to be there for her right now and I love you even more for it, but Nicky leave her for a few minutes. Let her cry by herself and then go to her, okay?”

He nodded. “Then give me something to do. Because the best friend and boyfriend in me wants to fix it. So, give me something to do.”

She nodded. “Come on,” she said and took his hand.

He turned as he heard her sob. Felicity pushed him toward the computers. She turned his chair. “Sit, please.”

A couple minutes later, after Oliver gave the orders, he looked at Nick. “Ready to get our girl?”

He nodded. Oliver smiled. “Okay. Go. Ask her if she wants her batons or her arrows.”

He nodded. He walked toward the sparring area of the Bunker and found her in a corner. He walked to her. He knelt in front of her. “Hey, Baby. Do you feel better?”

She nodded. “Yeah,” she said wiping her tears. “Thank you for giving me a few minutes and for not feeling threatened by the fact that Roy knew what to say.”

He shook his head. “No need to feel threatened. You’ve told me that a million times. And I see the way Roy looks at you. It’s not the look of a guy who likes you romantically, but loves you like a family member.”

She smiled and leaned forward. She gave him an opened mouth kiss and pulled back, their lips making a light smacking sound. “I love you.”

He smiled and kissed her again, pressing their foreheads together. “I love you too.” He pulled back. “Okay. Question, arrows or batons?”

She tucked her bottom lip between her teeth and thought about it for a few seconds. Then she smiled and stood. She walked into the command center of the Bunker. She walked to her case and pulled her suit out. She walked to the small area where she usually changes and came back out fully dressed as the Sparrow.

They watched as she took the holster she usually held her batons in and put it on the table. She then took the boomerang caller on the table too. She then walked over to a shelving unit and pulled down a crate.

“What’s she doing?” Sara asked, looking from Oliver, to Felicity to Nick.

Lexy carried the crate to the table and lifted it. She pulled the top off and pulled out her bow. It was just like her dad’s except this had a little bit more fun perks to it. However, it collapsed just like his does. She then dug into the crate and pulled out her quiver, along with the arrows. She put them on the table. She looked up at Roy. “I’ve come to a conclusion as your teacher, Harper.”

“What’s that?”

“I can’t very well teach you if I don’t show you that I know what I’m doing.” She looked up at her
father. She smiled. “The original gang’s back together.”

“She seriously knows how to fight with that?” Sara asked.

Oliver nodded, pride shining in his eyes. “Absolutely. I may have trained her on the batons when she started out, but she knew how to fight with that thing before. And she got better at it before I decided on the batons.” He looked at her curiously. “I can’t remember why I decided to teach you differently.”

“To be differently. To give me my own identity. You wanted me to have my own fighting style. Which for the last two years, I do have my own fighting style, however, honestly, I miss playing with this thing. I was an archer for two years, dad before you came back. I can’t walk away from it.” She smiled. “And thanks to you, I’ve never had to because even though I’ve been on the batons, you still had me train with the bow too.”

He nodded. “I did. I wanted you to be proficient with both just in case.”

She put her arrows into the quiver and then strapped the quiver on. She put her mask on and then looked at her father. “Let’s do this.” She turned to Nick and kissed him real quick. “Love you.”

“Love you too. Come back. All of you.”

They got to where Slade was last seen and Oliver warned them all. “Remember, this could be a trap. However, I want the outcome to be that my sister’s safe. If that means, Slade dies then so be it.”

The team walked into the building at different locations and circled in on Slade. “Where is she, Slade?” Oliver demanded.

Roy stalked to him. Slade stood slowly. “The man asked you a question,” Roy told him and then punched him in the face.

“Where is she? What are you going to do, kid? Kill me?” He walked to Oliver. “But then who would tell you...where your beloved Thea is?”

“Call detective Lance. Tell him to come down here.”


“To arrest Slade Wilson.”

Slade closed in on Lexy, and Oliver shook his head to Roy and Sara. Lexy stared the man down. “You are really quite beautiful.”

She glared at him. “Get to your point, Slade.”

“I’m just wondering if your dearly devoted father has told you everything.”

Her eyes narrowed, but her stance didn’t change. “You mean about the island and what happened there?” She smirked when she seen his tell—his jaw flinched. “Yeah, he’s told me pretty much everything about the island. And you know something, Slade, standing here with you today I gotta say I see why Shado chose my father and not you.”
Lexy saw his demeanor change for a moment and almost smiled triumphantly. She had a feeling this all came down to Shado. She watched as he stepped closer to her. “Do it, Slade. I’ve already been through a Mirakuru beat down. What could you do to me that Cyrus Gold didn’t, huh?”

He backed away and looked at Oliver. “She’s got spunk.”

“She gets that from her mother.” He took an arrow out and fired it into his chest, putting him into the chair. He looked at Lexy as she sighed in relief. He laughed to himself. “You were freaked out.”

She nodded. “Hell yes. The man can bust my jaw with basically a flick of his wrist, daddy.”

He chuckled. “Get out of here. Go get dressed. We gotta play family after this. Go.”

The family—Oliver, Moira and Lexy walked into the station. Oliver seen Lance and went to him. “Mr. Lance, did he tell you where Thea is?”

Hilton stepped forward and said to Moira, “Mrs. Queen, thank you for coming.”

“This doesn't make any sense. Slade Wilson is a friend.”

“And he's been in Costa Rica for the past 72 hours. He can provide flight manifests, phone records, even some videos, so he couldn't have taken your daughter.”

“If he didn't, then why did you arrest him?”

“We didn't.” He turned to Lance. “He was apprehended by the Vigilante. Who then contacted officer Lance.”

Knowing he was in trouble, Lance tried to speak. “Lieutenant, I can explain—”

“No, I think I got a pretty clear picture. God, you're a special kind of stupid. The whole reason you're wearing that uniform instead of a detective's shield is 'cause you were working with the Vigilante.”

“A young girl is missing, and you just—”

“And now you arrest someone on his say-so? You'll be lucky if the next uniform that puts you in isn't prison gray.”

Lexy looked down at the floor and started wringing her hands. Lance saw the gesture as Oliver went to talk to Slade. Lance looked at her. “We’ll find her, Sweetheart. I promise.”

She gave him a soft smile. “Thank you.” She exhaled. “You know, daddy told me last night that he told you that Aunt Laurel—yes, you can tell her that—was going to be my Godmother.”

He nodded. She smiled. “You know as fiercely devoted as you are to your daughters it makes me wonder how you’d be with a granddaughter.”

His heart swelled slightly. “Well, if she was as smart, beautiful and courageous as you, Lexy, I’d be proud to be her grandfather—even if it was through God parentage—because you are one amazing girl, you know.”
She smiled, tucked her lip between her teeth and then hugged the man in the uniform. “You would have been a great grandpa—if it had gone that way.” She slid her eyes up to her grandmother. “Better than some,” she said as her eyes slid back to Lance.

He kissed the top of her head. “Thank you, Sweetheart.”

“And don’t worry about your job, Mr. Lance.”

“Why’s that, Sweetheart?”

“Because like the Queen family, the Bradfords have made a generous donation to the policemen’s funds for decades. If they would like to continue to receive that money then they’ll keep you,” she informed the entire squadroom.

Moira looked down at her granddaughter. “You have access to your money.”

“Among other things that you wouldn’t let me have, grandmother. Like financial control of my family’s business holdings.” She narrowed her eyes. “However, that’s none of your concern anymore.”

“What happened?” Lexy asked coming downstairs.

“We lost Slade.”

“How?” she asked taking her jacket off.


“I rode my bike.”

“In a dress?”

She smiled. “I have many talents, Nicky-Boy. Riding my motorcycle is one of them while wearing a dress.” She looked at the rest of the team. “How did we lose Slade?”

“He cloned the tracker.”

“Wha—what? How did he even know we put one on him?” She stopped. “Because he trained daddy.”

“So... What now?”

“Wait for Oliver. Figure out what our next move will be.”

“Wait for him to tell us, you mean. We can't do anything without King Queen's permission.”

“You're out of line, Roy.”

“All right, let's all just calm down here.”

“I can handle this, Sara.”

Sara looked at Lexy. “What?”
“Well, it’s been told me and everyone standing here that I’m in charge in this room right now when
my father’s not around. *Me.* Not you.”

She scoffed. “Excuse me.”

“You heard me,” she said and walked to the other woman. “I’m not going to back down from you,
because you don’t scare me. And if you don’t like taking orders for a thirteen year old girl then
there’s the door. Don’t let it hit your ass on the way out.” She turned to Roy. Then the rest of the
team. “We got played. It happens.” She looked him in the eyes. “If you’ve got a complaint about
how my father runs things, then please, Roy, say it?”

“No, it only happened because the police let Slade go—after we turned him in, because Oliver told
us to.”

“What were we supposed to do?” Dig asked.

“You're Special Forces. She's an international assassin. You would think between the three of us,
we could have gotten answers out of Slade ourselves instead of turning him into the police. Here's
what's really sick; Is we didn't even question him because he said it was the right thing to do.”

“Oh, my God…” Lexy muttered.

“Yes, Sasha. Just like he said that I needed to break up with Thea. One week after telling me that it
wasn't safe for me to leave her alone.”

Lexy rubbed her temples out of frustration.

Felicity turned to him. “Wait! You think it's Oliver's fault that Slade took Thea?”

“I think it was his fault that I wasn't there to stop Slade.”

“And I think you're just blaming Oliver because you lost Slade,” Sara shot to him.

“Well, of course you'd take his side, you're still in love with him.”

“Oh, my God!” Lexy exclaimed. “Do you hear yourself right now?”

“What?”

“You’re blaming everyone because you think,” she tapped her temple, “because you think you
could have stopped some deluded psychotic asshole who blames my father for the death of the
woman he loved!” She looked at Roy and walked to him. “Roy, there is a reason why love is the
most powerful emotion, because it can make you do some stuff you wouldn’t normally do. Like
seek revenge for something that was unstoppable or make you feel so vulnerable in the moment
that you would do anything for that person.”

“You’re right,” Roy told her.

“So, tell me,” she stepped closer, “then tell me something what would have happened, Roy. If we
did what you wanted and we slapped him around for awhile. Do you really think a Australian
government G-man would have just spouted off the information of where they were holding
Thea?”

He slammed his fist down. She didn’t even flinch. “Do you?”

“It still doesn’t justify the fact that your dad—”
“My dad is doing the best he can, Roy. Think about it—”

He charged toward her and she saw something in his eyes that told her that he may be telling them it was him, but it wasn’t. “Roy, please, calm down. If you get angry—”

“I know that you think that this is the Mirakuru, but it's not. I'm right, and you know that I am. So you better get the hell out of my way.”

She looked at her friend. “And if I don’t?”

Without even another word. He lifted Lexy off the ground and threw her. Nick watched as she sailed through the air and then landed, where she did some kind of gymnastics move and end up standing up. She came toward them.

Felicity stepped to him. “Roy, just calm down. It's what Thea would want us to do.”

John stood in front of him. “She’s right, Roy. Come on, let's throttle back.”

Instead of saying anything, he put him against the table and pulling his arm back. “Aah!”

Nick went to Lexy.

“Roy!” Felicity yelled.

Dig groaned.

An arrow sailed through the air and hit above Roy’s head. “Next one goes into your chest.” Sara warned. She pulled back the bow to set the next shot. “Let him go.”

He looked over his shoulder at her. “You would honestly kill me because I dare to criticize the almighty Oliver Queen?”

“No, I'd kill you because you're hurting my friend. Let him go.”

Lexy limped toward the table, pain shooting through her ankle. “Roy, no!” she said, she walked to him.

In the distance, they could hear footsteps. “Let him go!” he exclaimed. He looked at everyone. “What the hell's going on down here?”

She stumbled to the table, rubbing her head. “Ow…”

After saying stuff to Oliver, Roy stormed off. Felicity heard the beep and gasped, “Oliver!”

He looked and then stormed off.

He came back awhile later and told everyone what was going on. He dressed and then grabbed his bow. John walked to him. “At least let us surround the perimeter.”

“No, Isabel was very clear. I come alone or Thea dies.”

“No, Isabel was very clear. I come alone or Thea dies.”

“Ollie, this is another one of Slade's games, and unless—” Sara tried to reason.

“No, what I can't do, Sara, is nothing! What would you do if it were Laurel, or your father, or your mother? I will not get dragged into the same debate over and over again!”
“Go. Go get Thea.” Felicity walked to him. “Stop Slade. Do whatever it takes. End this once and for all.”

He nodded and then kissed her. “I love you.”

She nodded. “Tell me when you come back.”

Lexy let her dad walk away and then said, “Daddy.”

He turned. “Yeah, baby?”

She walked to him and hugged him tight. “Remember one thing, okay?”

He nodded.

“You’re my hero. It doesn’t matter what Slade tells you. I believe in you, daddy. I will always believe in you. It doesn’t matter who doesn’t. I will always stand beside you in anything. Because you’re my father and I love you.”

He smiled and kissed her forehead. “You’re the best thing that’s come out of my life, Lex. I love you too.”

He turned and walked out.

Nick looked at everyone in the room. “What do we do when Oliver comes back? I mean, Roy’s gone. The company’s gone. What do we do?”

“We let daddy know he’s not alone. That he’s not going to fight this alone. That he won’t fight him alone.”

John nodded. “Lexy’s right. We just rally around him. That’s what he needs. The support of his team.”

“What are you guys doing here?”

“We thought this is where you would go. You're predictable.” She smiled. “You may sleep next to me at night, but that doesn’t mean you don’t come here to wallow.”

“What are you doing here?”

“Where else would we be?”

Oliver walked to the table and sat. “Roy was right. At every turn, I had made the wrong decision. With him, with...the company, and... and with Thea. I was so focused on what Slade might do to me, that it never... even occurred to me what I could do to myself. I am my own worst enemy.”

“No, daddy.”

“That's Slade talking, Oliver. Don't let him in your head.”

“I can't keep him out of my head, Diggle! I can't...I can't stop him from doing anything.”

“Yes, you can.”
“What makes you so sure?”

“Because you’re not alone, man.” Diggle told him.

Nick stood and walked to them. “I may be the newbie to this team, but Dig’s right, Oliver. You’re not alone. We’re all here because of you. Because we believe in you.”

Dig looked at him. “Now what, boss?”

He exhaled. “Now we fight back.”

Chapter End Notes

What did you guys think of the tiny glimpse with Lance and Lexy? ;-) Just a little bit of foreshadowing there.

And do you have any ideas for some trick arrows Lexy could use?
The Man Under the Hood

Chapter Summary

Lexy has a plan to regain the Queen Family fortune.

Team Arrow has found a way to stop Slade's Mirakuru Soldiers' plan....at least to stop him from making more.

Lexy and Isabel have a conversation at the QC building and Lexy puts her in her place.

Chapter Notes

Sorry, about the wait for this one, guys. I had to make some changes.

-Early Morning......

Lexy walked out of her room and peeked down the hall to her parents’ room and then into the kitchen and living room. She walked to where Nick was asleep and gently shook him. “Baby,” she whispered.

He moaned. She smiled. “Nicky, baby, wake up.”

His eyes fluttered open and he looked up and smiled at her. “Hey, Beautiful.”
“Hey, I know it’s early and we only went to bed a few hours ago, but can we talk?”

“Is this one of those break up talks?”

She gasped and exclaimed in a whisper, “Nicholas!”

“Okay, Baby,” he looked at the clock on his phone, “it’s six in the morning. Give me a break.”

She walked around the couch and straddled his legs. He sat up against his pillow and took her hands. “Just because I say I wanna talk doesn’t mean it’s the break up talk.” She leaned forward and kissed him. “I love you. I’m extremely happy where we are, Nicky. I wanted to run something by you and get your opinion.”

“What about?”

“Me buying the company from Slade.”

His jaw fell open. “Can you buy it back?”

She nodded. “You know with me being the only living relative on my mom’s side I am one **extremely** wealthy girl, right?”

He nodded slowly, still a little stunned. “We’ve just never talked about how wealthy you are.”

She looked into his eyes as the sun was sitting in the horizon. “If I tell you will it change us?”

His brow furrowed in confusion. “Why would it?”

She smiled, and her heart fluttered. “Um….if you add in the fact that I’m about to sell one of my family’s companies—a software company—then it’d be at twenty-three billion the last I counted.”

His jaw fell open. “Seriously?”

She nodded. “Yeah.” She put her hand to her chest and said, “That’s just me and at last count. However, I have four other companies that is under the Bradford name.”

“I thought you sold most of the company to Ray Palmer?”

She shook her head. “No. I sold Bradford Global to Ray, along with the contacts that goes with the company. However the other four—five, if you count the one that’s about to be sold—are ones that my grandfather started. My Uncle Ryan was supposed to take it over, but it never happened.”

He nodded. “Okay. Do you know how much it’ll cost you to buy it back?”

“Um….I was thinking of using the eight billion that Ray paid me for BG to buy it or at least the shares of the company.”

He smirked. She looked at him curiously. “What?”

“I never knew you had a business side.”

She laughed and leaned forward, pressing her lips to his. “So, what do you think?”

“I think you may become the new owner of your family’s company.”

She squealed and hugged him tightly. “You’re the best you know that!”
He laughed and held her against his chest, kissing her head. “So, how do we do this?”

“What do you mean?”

“What do we have to do first?”

“Talk to my mom.”

“Talk to me about what?”

Lexy jerked and fell back off of Nick’s legs. “Hey, mom.”

“Morning, Sweetie. By the looks of it you didn’t spend the night out here, so what’s the with the early morning conference?”

“Well, Lexy had an idea—”

“Is daddy home?”

“No. He went to the bunker earlier. What’s up?”

“This stays between the three of us, okay?”

Felicity nodded. “Okay.”

Lexy curled her legs under her and looked at her mom from the couch. “When Slade’s gone and either he and Isabel are dead or in prison, I’m getting daddy’s company back.”

Felicity was so surprised by her announcement that she spilled her coffee. She picked up a sponge and wiped up the liquid. “Seriously?”

She nodded. “It’s not fair that Isabel overthrew daddy like that. And besides, it’s got the Queen name on it. It should stay in the Queen family, right?”

Felicity smiled, walked around the counter to her daughter and hugged her. She kissed her hair. “You’re an amazing girl, you know that?”

She smiled and shrugged into her mother. “Daddy deserves another chance to run it. However, do you think daddy would take offense if I offered the services of Papa’s business mentor guy?”

“Who’s papa?” Nick asked.

“Grandpa Bradford,” Lexy answered.

Felicity thought about it for a moment. “I don’t see why he would.” She smiled. “He might actually welcome it to understand the business better too.”

She nodded. “We can hope,” she muttered. “And I was going to merge Bradford companies with Queen Consolidated.” She wrinkled her nose. “Which I think we should change the name too.”

“To what?” Felicity asked.

She shrugged as Nick turned more into the couch and listened to the conversation. She answered, “What about Queen Industries?”

She thought about it for a moment and smiled. “That could work.” She smiled over the rim of her
coffee. “I kinda like it actually.”

She smiled widely and clapped happily. “Oh, yay! So, do you think I should do it?”

She nodded. “Absolutely. If you want to. I think it would be amazing for your dad.”

Lexy smiled and put her chin in her hand as she propped her elbow on the couch. It felt good to do something for her dad when he’s done so much for her. “Oh, when you drop us off at school I’d like to talk to you about upgrades to the bunker too.” She turned to Nick, greeted him with ‘good morning’ and then headed for her bedroom.

After school that day, Nick and Lexy went down to the bunker and met up with the rest of the team. “So, what’s the big plan?” Lexy asked as she stood next to John.

Oliver tossed her what could be called a ‘cat burglar’ outfit. “It’s your mom’s idea.”

Nick smiled and folded his arms in front of him. “What’s the idea?”

“We’re going to sneak into the Queen Applied Sciences Building and blow it up.”

Lexy laughed softly when she watched her boyfriend’s face light up like a little kid at Christmas. “Are we all going?”

Sara looked at Oliver. “I don’t know if it’s a good idea to have Nick come with us.”

Lexy glared. “Why?”

“Because his dad’s a cop.”

“So’s yours,” Nick shot back. “Does that mean you’re not going either?” He lifted a brow to her. “Besides, Lexy’s been training me in stealth. I think I’ll be okay.”

She smiled. “He’s a natural at it,” she looked at her dad. “So, we’re all going?”

Oliver nodded. “Yeah. We can cover more ground as a team then if you and I did it alone.” He looked at Nick. “As the son of a cop does that mean you know how to defend yourself and use a gun?”

He nodded. “I’ve been shooting since I was seven. And I’m now helping dad teach self-defense classes to women at the community center.”

“When?” John asked. “You and Lex are usually together.”

He laughed. “Not on Saturdays for three hours.”

Felicity smiled. “Oh, and Oliver, remind me when we come out of this alive to tell you the ideas that Lexy has for the new bunker remodel.”

He nodded and then looked at Lexy. “You’ve got redesign ideas?”

She nodded. “Yeah. We need to upgrade the system for one thing and there’s huge advancements with computers I think would benefit us.” She smiled. “I’m gonna go change.”
A few minutes later, she walked out dressed in all black. “It fits, but I think I need to put my hair up. The blond is too distinctive not only as Sparrow but as me.”

Oliver looked at her. “Yeah. You’re probably right.”

Nick smiled. “Hand me your mask.”

She tossed it to him and then put her hair up into low ponytail. She exhaled. She took the mask back and pulled it on. She looked at everyone. “Whatcha think?”

“You’re good,” Oliver told her.

She rolled the mask up and everyone else went to change.

They loaded up into a black cargo van and John drove them to the facility. As they rode, Felicity’s nerves got the better of her and she fiddled with her mask. “I don't think my eye holes line up properly.” She pulled the mask off. “Is anyone else having this problem?”

Sara slid her eyes over to her. “Don't be nervous.”

“I'm a lot nervous,” she admitted. “This is a big move, even for us. And we've cornered the market on big moves.”

“Slade didn't give us any choice.”

“Yeah, as far as plans go, this is not a good one.”

“Felicity,” he said leaning toward her a little bit. “This was your plan.”

“I didn't think you'd actually say yes.”

Nick and Lexy laughed. He shook his head. “Fe, I love you.”

She smiled. “Thanks, Nicky. Love you too.”

“We're here,” John called from the back.

Oliver looked at Nick. “If for any reason we get separated before we’re supposed to, please, stay with Lexy.”

He nodded. “Promise,” he vowed.

John choked one of the guards until he passed out and Sara took out the other one. Oliver looked up at her amazed. “Hey! That man used to work for me.”

Sara, not removing her mask yet, said, “And now he works for our enemy.”

“Security cameras are down,” Felicity told everyone. Which said to them that they could take the masks off, and so they did.

Lexy climbed the stairs and whispered to Nick, “Remind me to have daddy give him a raise when we get the company back.”

He laughed. “I was going to mention the same thing,” he whispered back.
Felicity climbed the stairs. “You all remember the skeleton key? Courtesy of William Tockman, aka the Clock King.” She put the device on the door and it unlocked with a click. “It can open any lock. Including this one.”

They walked in. “This is where we met Barry,” she said softly.

Nick looked at Lexy. “Who’s Barry?”

“A friend from Central City. He was struck by lightning and is in a coma as we speak.”

“Really?” he asked a little concerned. “Will he wake up?”

“We don’t know,” she said softly.

John reminded everyone. “These are plug n’ play. Fasten them to what we talked about. Let the C4 do the rest.”

They nodded. Sara looked at Oliver. “Been a while since I’ve blown anything up.”

Oliver nodded swiftly. “Quick and clean.”

“I’m a bomber,” Felicity muttered. “I can’t believe I’m a bomber. I wonder if I can list that on my résumé under special skills.”

“Freeze!”

Oliver moved quickly and knocked the man out. Meanwhile, Lexy looked around. “Nick!” she said just above a whisper.

“What?” he said coming up right next to her quietly.

She spun around and then cuffed him. “Don’t sneak up on me like that!”

He laughed. “Sorry. You okay?”

“Did you place yours?”

He nodded. “Yeah.”

She smiled. “Then lets go.”

They left the building and got back into the truck. Felicity checked her tablet. “Thermal shows everybody’s out.”

Oliver fired up the detonator. He looked reluctant to do it.

“It’s just a building, Oliver,” John told him.

Lexy leaned forward. “Daddy, do you want me to do it?”

He shook his head. “I can do it. Thank You, Sweetheart.”

She smiled and he pressed the button. The building blew and ignited in flames.
In the Bunker, they watched on the screens as Isabel Rochev talked to the press. “Cowards. Who else would needlessly destroy cutting edge, scientific and medical technology whose sole purpose is to make Starling City a healthier and safer place? As CEO of Queen Consolidated, I have a message to the terrorist who committed this unspeakable act. You will be caught and punished.”

Felicity took the newscast off the screens. “For the record, I hated her before we found out she was a super villain.”

Lexy smiled. “That’s okay, mama. When this is all over, QC will have its original CEO back.”

Oliver turned to his daughter. “Excuse me? Wha—what?”

She smiled triumphantly. “It’s still in the works but I have something going on that will help us regain QC when we take down Slade and Isabel.”

John straightened and looked at the young woman. “What?”

She smiled. “Well, I wanted it to be a surprise.”

“What?” Oliver asked.

Sara looked at her questionably. “What did you do?”

“It’s not what I did. It’s what I am doing.”

Oliver leaned back on the table. “What are you doing, Lexy?”

“Keeping the company in the family,” she assured him. “I’ve kept in contact with my great-grandfather’s money people and my grandfather’s business mentor and they assure me that it will work the way that I want it to.”

“Which is….?” Sara urged.

She sighed. “When Slade and Isabel go to jail or die, whichever comes first. Michael Stanford—the business mentor of my grandfather’s—told me that QC will go into receivership. But being that our last name’s on the building they’ll give us first options. And when that happens, I have $6 billion dollars tucked away to ‘bribe’ them with. And I use bribe loosely because it’s illegal to do that. Not to mention with sweetening the pot of adding four more companies to the umbrella.”

Oliver couldn’t believe it. His entire world wasn’t going to fall apart after all? And he owed all to his daughter. “You’re going to buy back the company?”

She nodded. “Or at least become a majority owner. Which Michael told me if anything as majority owner I have the last say in who has executive positions.” She smiled at John, dad and mom. “And I have three perfect ones for you three.”

“What is what?” John asked. “Not your dad’s driver, right?”

She shook her head. “No. Head of security. You’ll report directly to the CEO.” She looked at mom. “Head of the Sciences division. And daddy will stay the CEO.”

Sara smirked. “I gotta say. That’s pretty cool.”

“Thanks,” she said, bouncing on the balls of her feet. She looked at her dad. “Daddy?” She halted. Maybe she read her dad all wrong when he read that he realized how badly he messed up. “Did….did you not want this?”
He looked into her eyes. “No, Baby, it’s just that…..” he sighed. “I thought I lost everything. I thought I let everyone down.”

Lexy walked to her father. “Daddy, you didn’t let anyone down. This was planned even before Slade and Isabel got here.” She smiled up at him. “You’re still my hero, even if sometimes I have to come in and save you from time to time. That will never change.” She sighed. “It’s just unfair that everything was taken.”

He smiled and pulled her into a hug. He kissed the top of her head. “You’re amazing you know that?”

She held on and hugged him tight. “I couldn’t let you lose the one thing that grandpa left to you and aunt Thea. Someday I want my cousins and I to fight over decisions with the company.”

He laughed. “Let’s hope babies are a long way off for your aunt, huh?”

She nodded. Nick stepped forward. “Not to interrupt this amazing moment, but there’s one thing that Lexy and I have discussed that you still have to do.”

“With mom.”

“You and Lexy?” Sara asked. She looked at the 2 teenagers. “You’ve talked about this?”

They nodded. “With Fe,” he said at the same time. He looked at the team, then looked at Oliver. “You’re still going to have to act distraught. Slade has to think that his plan is working. Even with the setback we did tonight. He’s still gotta believe he’s gonna win in the end or….”

Oliver nodded. “Right.” He looked at everyone. “Ok. Slade's goal is to create an army of human weapons using the Mirakuru. To do that, he needs an industrial centrifuge.”

“Which having Isabel Rochev steal Queen Consolidated from your family gave him full access to,” Sara added.

“But since Applied Sciences went kaboom, he can't use our technology-- well, formerly our for his warped science experiments.”

John walked to them. “Slade has had us on our heels for weeks. It's about time we took the fight to him.”

“All this will do is set him back. We have no way of knowing where the next attack is coming from.”

Nick raised his hand slightly. Oliver chuckled. “Don’t do that. You’re a member of the team, Nick. Say it.”

“Can we celebrate this one though? Just for a few minutes?”

He looked at the rest of the team and then nodded. “Yeah, go ahead.”

Felicity stood and walked to her boyfriend. She wrapped her arms around his waist and looked up at him. “I’ll have you know the buying it back was Lexy’s idea, not mine.”

He smiled and kissed her lips. “I know. But I know you. You helped push her in the right directions.”

“Not this time,” she admitted. “She was already talking to Michael before she told me and Nick
this morning about it.”

“Really?”

She nodded. “She told me that she hated knowing that Slade owned even one percent of it and if she could fix it then she would. So she started talking to Michael and he’s been advising her through it all.”

“But why?”

“Because Michael Stanford is mommy’s Godfather.”

Oliver’s eyes widened a little at Lexy’s revelation. “Really?”

She nodded. “Yeah. Grandpa and Michael were best friends. He helped grandpa adjust to running all the companies at once and was a great friend to both grandpa and grandma. So, when Ray came to me to buy BG I immediately went to Michael for advice because I remembered how highly papa spoke of him.” She exhaled. “Michael told me that when and if I ever needed business advice his phone was always on. So, he’s been kinda like my business mind guru.”

“And you trust him?” Sara asked. “I mean, he’s not going to steal the money or anything?”

She shook her head. “No. Michael’s never asked for access to my money or payment in return for giving the advice. He told me he was doing it because he and grandpa were like brothers and so it made me—in his eyes—family. That’s why he’s doing it.”

Lexy and Nick started walking through the side entrance when she stopped. “What’s wrong?” he asked, studying her face.

“Something doesn’t feel right,” she told him. She put a finger up to her mouth and slowly walked through the entrance. The place was lit up the way mom always left it, but, the room felt different. She looked at Nick. “You got your gun?”

He nodded. “I took it from dad’s safe. I gotta get it back before he comes home, so….”

She nodded. She pulled one of her batons from her holster. “Okay. Follow behind me, watch my back.”

He nodded.

The team began to gather at the club. As they headed downstairs, Sara asked, “Where’s Nick and Lexy?”

“They should be here soon,” Felicity told her.

“All right, we need to deal with Slade, figure out what his next move is. I know Slade. He is not going to stop till...”

“Welcome home.” Deathstroke started shooting. Everyone got safe to regroup.
Nick and Lexy came out of the side entrance and Nick started firing with him. His aim was pretty good. Deathstroke turned on Nick and he dived out of the way. They all tried to fight him. Lexy got flung across the room. Sara got caught around the neck. “Hello, Sara.” She then was flung across the room.

John charged toward him, shooting, Nick the other way. “Diggle, Nick, stay back!”

“You’re wasting your bullets.” He threw Dig through one of the glass encasements and then threw Nick into one of the computers.

Oliver jumped in to protect his team and fight Slade himself. He got him on his back. “Don't forget who taught you how to fight, kid.”

“Slade!”

He turned around and smirked behind his mask. “Princess Queen.”

“You must really want to destroy my father’s life, huh?” She spun one of her batons in her hand.

“Thought about it for six years.”

“That’s a long time to exact your revenge,” she said and spun the other one in her hand. “However, someone should have probably told you that even the Mirakuru has a weakness. Something that even your dermal armor can’t protect you from, or your super-strength or the fact that you heal quickly.”

“What are you talking about?”

She squeezed both ends of her batons and they started wailing at a really high decibel. “Like really loud noises. So, high that glass gets shattered and can make several humans deaf if they were to ever hear it.”

He went to his knees, screaming in pain. She then took one of the batons, while it was still screaming and flipped it to the taser end. She had turned it all the way up to the highest setting and then put it into the part of the leg she had noticed wasn’t protected. He started screaming.

He left not long after that.

She turned to her mother. “Mom, the lights!”

Felicity turned them on and the entire team laid on the floor. Lexy sighed, falling against one of the tables in relief. She so expected a beat down. She looked around at the shattered glass. Felicity knelt down to Dig and felt a pulse, then Sara. Lexy felt for Nick’s pulse as he was coming to. She smiled, brushing his hair back. “Hey, Handsome.”

“Hey,” he said still dazed. “Are you okay?”

She nodded. She walked over to her father and checked for a pulse. She sighed. “Everyone’s okay, mama.”

“Thanks to you,” Felicity told her. “How did you remember that?”

“Roy. I did it once with him to test his resistance when he was around. At the highest setting he was affected just like you would be if I hadn’t told you cover your ears. Plus, at the highest setting, my batons can kill a regular human. So, I figured they had to take him down. I didn’t think he’d run
away like a scared little girl though.”

Everyone started waking up. Felicity smiled at Oliver. “We have one badass daughter, Oliver.”

“I’ve known that from the day she was born. What happened?”

“She made Slade run away like a scared little girl,” Nick told him.

“What?” Oliver asked.

“I’m surprised you all didn’t wake up from the scream of my batons,” she told them.

“You used them?”

She nodded. “Hence, the broken glass and why mom’s trying to get her hearing back in one ear.”

She sighed. “And I electrocuted him. I don’t think anyone told him he’d be vulnerable to noise and electricity. At least not 6,000 volts.”

He laughed. He hugged her. “Great job, Lex.”

“Thanks, dad.”

He looked at Nick. “Nice shooting, Tex. That’s an important skill to have on this team.” He sighed. “I gotta teach Lexy.”

Nick smiled. “I could do it, Oliver.” He smiled. “Maybe up at the lake. If we get far enough away maybe grandma will never know.”

He nodded. “That might work,” he said.

Oliver took Sara to the hospital to get her wrist checked out. She has a hairline fracture. When they got back to the bunker, Oliver went to talk to Thea about signing the papers, which didn’t go well. He and Dig walk back downstairs, with everyone else.

“What do we have?” Oliver asked coming into the room.

“What Slade took,” Felicity answered.

“ Took?”

“He wasn’t here to kill us. He was here because we had something that he wanted.” She turned in her chair. “The skeleton key.”

Sara looked at them. “I did a full sweep. It’s the only thing that’s missing.”

Oliver exhaled. “He needs a new way to mass produce the serum now that we’ve dusted Applied Sciences.”

“With the skeleton key, he can get into anywhere and take anything he wants.”

“We know what he wants. We just need to find it first. Where is the most cutting edge technology housed in Starling City?”
Lexy, Oliver and Sara roared through town to get to the warehouse. Lexy heard the soft roar of another vehicle behind her. She ignored it and caught up to her dad and Sara. However, they were too late. They head back to the bunker and Felicity hacked into Harrison Wells’ personal files. “I hacked into Harrison Wells' personal files. He's the director S.T.A.R. Labs, which basically makes me unstoppable. And look what I found. It's a prototype for one of their new bio-tech projects. The patent is still pending, which is probably why they didn't want to tell us what it was.”

“So what is it?”

Nick smiled. “Bio-transfuser. It’ll actually take blood from one patient and put it into multiple patients at once.” He looked up at Oliver. “Which if that’s so and I’d say Slade got it so he could transfuse these soldiers himself.”

John nodded. “Very good theory, my friend.” He exhaled. “So, who are the lucky people?”

“The prisoners that he freed from Iron Heights last week to create his own personal army.”

Felicity nodded at Oliver’s addition. “With a few tweaks, Slade can retro-fit it for the Mirakuru, bypassing what we know to be a less than desirable ratio of success to, you know, death. Instead of it metabolizing in the person, it happens in the machine.”

Lexy sighed. “That’s going to be a lot of blood. It doesn’t matter if you are a super-soldier or not. Humans can’t have that much blood taken out of them all at once.”

John nodded. “Lexy’s right. Even with his super-stamina, it’s going to be a drain.”

“Good,” Oliver said forcefully.

“What do you mean?”

“We let him use it. He'll be weak, vulnerable, and that will be my opportunity to kill him.”

Lexy raised her hand. “Ooh! Can I kill Isabel?”

Oliver almost broke his stoic look. “Only if she finds you, Sweetheart.” He looked at Felicity. “How do we find this thing?”

“A machine like this pulls an exorbitant amount of power from the grid. When it turns on, I'll know when and where. Right now, we just wait.”

He walked to her and kissed her. “I’m tired of waiting.” He walked away with John right behind him.

Lexy slipped into her chair and sighed. Nick walked over to her. “Tired?”

“Exhausted,” she admitted. “But not physically, really. Mentally and emotionally.” She tilted her head up. “I am so looking forward to the trip to the lake. I’m gonna need it.”

He kissed her forehead. “I know what to get you for our anniversary.”

“You anniversary’s coming up?”

Lexy looked at her mom and Sara and smiled. “Nick and I consider the movies date we had with his cousins as our first date, so yes.”

Nick smiled. “It’ll be six months at the end of April.”
Lexy and Oliver walked into Isabel’s office and stopped at her desk. “Whatever you came here to say, it takes security about 60 seconds to reach this floor, so I would start talking.”

“Where's Slade?”

“I just wanted to give you the chance to do the right thing.”

“I'm under 30, and I'm the CEO of a Fortune 500 company. I'd say I've already done the right thing.”

“And do you even know who Slade Wilson is? Or why he's doing this?”

“I don't care. I got what I earned.”

“What you earned? You think that sleeping with my father entitles you to my family's company?”

“You have no idea what you're talking about.”

“Wow, he fooled around with a lot of girls. I don't see any of them ordering hostile takeovers.”

“ Fooled around? Is that what your mother told you? Of course, she would write me off as a meaningless affair.” She stood and walked into the conference room. “Slade Wilson put me through hell. His training nearly killed me. Would I put myself through all that just because I was a jilted lover?”

“Honestly, I don't know what you are!”

“I was your father's soul mate.”

Lexy laughed, bitterly.

“He was going to leave your mother, leave the company, leave you.”

Lexy shook her head still laughing. “Man, you’ve gotta be the stupidest bitch on the planet.”

“Excuse me?”

Lexy came to the table, putting her hands on the top. “Of course, my grandfather would tell you that.” She looked her up and down and said, “You were barely twenty-one. He would have told you anything….anything to keep the constant access to sex coming.”

Isabel leaned over the table and looked at the blond haired girl. “Really? Is that what you think?”

“It’s what I know,” Lexy said. “See, I may be only twelve years old—soon to be thirteen, but I’m a lot smarter than people like you have ever given me credit for. I know how affairs work. Probably because I’ve seen my grandfather and great-grandfather go through enough women before I even understood who they were to them.” She shook her head. “You weren’t anything but a good lay to my grandfather.”

“Really, is that why he was going to go away with me, Alexandra?”

Lexy didn’t let her surprise show. Isabel smirked. “Our bags were packed.”
“Really?”

“Your sister had to go and break her arm doing something ridiculous, no doubt.”

“She fell off her horse.”

“We were at the airport when he got the call. I begged him not to go. I reminded him that Thea wasn’t even his.”

“Are you saying that my father knew?”

“Of course, he knew. He was a fool, not an idiot. And like a fool, he loved her anyway. He promised me that we would leave the next day. But instead, my internship was terminated and he never spoke to me again.”

Lexy laughed. “Ahh….so, you’re pissed because he chose his family over the little slut he was sleeping with.”

Isabel stormed toward her and Lexy didn’t even flinch. She looked her dead in the eye and said, “Do it. Think about it. It’s the best way to exact your revenge, Isabel.”

“I think I already did that.”

She laughed again. “No you didn’t. The thing is, it doesn’t matter how many years you sit in that chair no one will ever know exactly how Robert Queen felt about you, but you. No one will ever believe that my grandfather would have jeopardized his entire family, his entire financial future on someone like you.” She leaned into her again and said just above a whisper. “So, enjoy yourself in that chair, but it doesn’t mean you’ll ever be one of us….because as many promises that went unfilled, there always be one truth….your last name will never be Queen.”

“You must really think you’re hot shit, huh?”

Lexy turned. “No, actually I don’t. Unlike you, I am a Queen. I don’t have to prove anything.” As she walked past the table she knocked some of the papers Isabel was placing onto the floor. She gave her an innocent look and an evil smirk. “Oops.” She pushed the door open and looked over her shoulder. “Enjoy that chair and this office as you can, Isabel. I have a feeling you won’t be sitting there long.”

They walked out of the office and Oliver called Thea asking for a few minutes to talk to her. When they got to the elevator, Dig told Oliver that Laurel wanted a meeting with the Arrow.

After meeting with Laurel, Oliver went to meet with Thea. As he was talking to her, Felicity called him. She told him the infuser went online. “Oliver.”

“What?”

“Lexy went there.” She sighed. “And I know it’s really selfish and probably really bad parenting on my part, but don’t go. If Thea doesn’t sign those—”

“I know, however, I won’t let Lexy do this alone.”

“I know,” she said, nodding. “It’s just that…..”
“I know, honey, but Lexy’s got that all figured out. We just got to do our part and then she can do her part.”

He got to the abandoned building where the infuser’s online signature was and he caught up to Lexy. He put a hand on her arm. She smiled. “Hi, daddy.”

“Hi, baby. Do me a favor?”

“What?”

“Until we get Slade, don’t do these things by yourself, okay?”

She nodded. “Promise. Want me to drop down first or you?”

“Me,” he said. He dropped down and made sure it was safe for her. Then he looked up. “Okay, Sparrow, go.”

She then dropped, landing in a kneeling position. She stood up. He looked at her quiver and smiled. “Do you have your bow?”

She nodded. “And my batons.” She smiled. “I didn’t know what I was walking in to, so…..” She jumped down from the balcony of the building and walked into a room. “Oh, my God….no!” she sobbed.

He walked in after her. They both looked around. The prisoners who escaped Iron Heights were hooked up to the machine and were being repumped with what Lexy figured was the Mirakuru blood. “Why would someone agree to this?” she asked looking at all them. “It’s ultimately a death sentence.”

She walked around and looked up at the source of the blood and her entire body went numb and her heart stopped beating. She felt the tears almost immediately. “Oh, God….no!” she sobbed. “Daddy!”

Oliver came around and looked up in the seat of where Lexy’s eyes were. It was Roy! Roy was the source for the Mirakuru blood. Lexy was breathing heavily as she tried to keep her tears back. “Do….do….you think….he’s still alive?”

He nodded. “Yeah. He has to be. The blood’s got to be living blood. It’s got to pump.”

“We….we….we got to get him off this machine,” she said, determinedly.

Oliver ran his hand around and found the tube that led from Roy to the infuser. He attempted to pull it when—

“I wouldn’t touch that if I were you.”

They both turned.

“Removing him mid-cycle will surely end his life.”

“Slade, he's just a kid!”

“Who’s here only because you pushed him away. You were the one person he looked up to. And for that, you crushed his soul.”

“No, he didn’t. We didn’t push him away,” Lexy said.
“We found him at a shelter in Bludhaven. Pathetic. Didn’t even put up a fight.”

“I will. Tell me how to shut it down!”

“If you could feel the power that is surging through me......you would know that I do not fear an arrow. I am stronger than you can even imagine. And soon...I won’t be alone.”

Lexy looked around and then touched her father’s arm. She looked at him and darted her eyes and Oliver figured out her plan when he seen the power box. She looked at Slade. “You may not fear an arrow, but I do know one thing that made you run when we came up against each other, Slade.” She pulled out her baton and flipped it in her hand. “A certain amount of pressure from my hand and this thing will scream louder than it did in our bunker.” Her eyes narrowed. “My guess is the scream will echo off these hallow walls like when you climb to the top of a mountain.”

Oliver pulled his bow and arrow up and shot out the power box, shutting the machine down. He looked at Lexy. “Get him out of there!” He fought off Slade and Isabel. Lexy climbed the steps and looked at the restraints. She then hit a button in certain places on them and he came undone. Lexy took his arm and pulled him down. “Daddy, Isabel.”

Just then shots rang out and they looked up to see Dig and Nick standing at the balcony. She heard the grunt first and looked. “Damn it,” she muttered. “Slade.”

Oliver picked him up and grappling hooked them out there. Lexy did the same, while Dig and Nick got out of there too.

When they got back to the bunker, Oliver laid Roy down on the table in front of the computers. Without thinking, she started hooking him up to the life-saving machines that they had there. Nick glanced at Oliver and then back at Lexy. He’d never seen her like this before. “What am I supposed to do?”

“Nothing,” he told him. He sighed. “I don’t think either of us have realized how connected Roy and Lexy actually are to each other.” He looked at Nick. “I’m not saying that anything romantic would happen—”

“I know. Neither of them feel that way.”

He nodded. “Right. I think their bond goes a lot stronger than they’ve ever let on. I think that night when Roy saved Lexy’s life they created a bond with one another that could never be severed. Not even from a serum that could turn him crazy.” Oliver sighed.

Lexy walked over to the fridge and pulled out some ‘O’ Blood. She then hooked it up to the machine and started letting it pump into his system. She then bent down and whispered in his ear, “Don’t you die on me, Roy. I have never given up on you and I won’t start now, but you have to fight. Please, fight. I need you.” She sighed and looked at everyone.

She took a deep breath. “I don’t know what it did, but he’s barely alive.” She looked at each and every person in the room. “But I will not give up on him,” she told them. “We will not pull these plugs or shut off the machines until we’ve done everything we can.” She pointed at Roy. “We’ve never given up on each other and I refuse to start now. He can come back from this. I know he can. If there is even an ounce of a chance, I’m taking it.”

Oliver walked to her and held her. “I promise, we won’t do anything, Sweetheart. He’s here until
there are no more options. I promise.”

She exhaled and fell into her father’s embrace. To everyone’s surprise, she began to convulsively sob. Oliver wrapped his arms around her and held her tight as she cried.

He knew all too well that once she did let it out that she’d bottle it until she couldn’t anymore.
Chapter Summary

The Mirakuru in Roy's system takes over and he becomes a killing machine. After almost killing him, Sara decides to leave.

Meanwhile, Slade has Oliver make the same choice as he did on the island, this time...his mother or his sister....But Moira Queen's last act of motherhood and heroism leaves the entire Queen family shattered.

-A Week Later....

Lexy walked to her locker and exhaled. That history final was brutal, but thank God for Nick and his extraordinary ability to study. Without it she wouldn’t have made it through, she knew it. Not that she didn’t have reasons for not being able to focus on school right now.

She had Slade and Mirakuru soldiers to worry about and then there was Roy. It’d been a week and he still hadn’t made an improvement. She was still extremely protective of keeping him there. She wasn’t going to give up on him. He had helped her through some of the biggest moments of her life and she wasn’t going to walk away now.

Then there was the takeover of Queen Consolidated. Michael had told her it wasn’t a very good idea for her to do it right now with Isabel missing. However, she had reminded him she wasn’t doing it now. She was just putting the gears in motion.

She stretched up above when a picture of her and Nick caught her eye, hanging on her locker door. She smiled and touched Nick’s face. It still amazed her that they were rapidly approaching 6
months together and yet nothing had changed, but everything had at the same time. She never actually thought a relationship could be like this. Sure, she had heard about them and read about them, but to actually be in one was amazing to her.

She felt his arms go around her and the kiss on her shoulder before the words, “Hey, Beautiful.”

She leaned into him and soaked in the comfort of being held. She turned in his arms and kissed him soundly on the mouth. “How did I get so lucky?”

“That’s what I keep thinking,” he said and kissed her nose. “I talked to your dad already, but now I’m breaking it to you. I can’t be there tonight.”

“Why not?” she asked a little disappointed.

“Because my grandparents are coming into town before they go on their cruise.”

“Which ones?” she asked.

He smiled. “The Jordans.” He saw her wince and he smiled, kissing her forehead. “I know. That’s what I thought this morning too when dad announced it, quite difficultly too. So, being that our lake trip is coming up and you’ll meet them then, I thought I’d limit your access to them.”

She smiled and kissed his cheek. “You’re the best.”

He pulled gently on her hand and brought her to him. “I’ll miss you.”

She smiled, gripping gently at his shirt, then raised her eyes to his. “Walk me to the Bunker after school?”

He nodded. He kissed her forehead, then her nose and then her lips. “I love you.”

“I love you,” she said. “See you at lunch. Wanna eat outside?”

“Yes. I’m buying lunch.”

She smiled and kissed his lips again. “You’re on, Jordan. See you later.”

After school as promised, Nick walked her to the Bunker, where they Hollywood kissed and then he headed home to spend time with his traditionalist grandparents. She walked into the bunker and slowed when she seen Roy still laying on the table. She sighed. “Hi, mama. Hi, uncle John.”

Felicity spun in her chair. “Hey, Baby. How was school?”

She shrugged. “I hate finals week,” she muttered. She dropped her bag down and walked up to her best friend. She checked all the tubes and the machines and then squeezed his hand. She kissed his forehead. “Wake up, RJ, please,” she pleaded in a whisper.

She exhaled slowly and then turned to her mom and uncle. “I’m gonna work out for a couple of hours.”

“Where’s Nick?”

She turned back to her mom. “Nick is with his family tonight.”
“Did you guys have a fight?”

She shook her head. “Nope. We’re amazing. It’s just that Mr. and Mrs. Jordan are in town and Nick’s trying to limit my exposure to them.” She smiled. “I think he’s a little worried that if I meet them and they don’t like me that we’ll break up or something.”

“Would you?”

She shook her head. “Mama, I don’t plan on breaking up with him unless it’s absolutely necessary. And he’s told me that he and the Jordans aren’t close, so their opinion of me doesn’t matter. He told me that since his parents and Chris absolutely adore me then that’s enough for him.” She sighed. “I love him. I’m not going anywhere.”

“Good, because I don’t think you’ll meet very many boys your father approves of, Sweetheart.”

“I know,” she smiled. “Working out now.”

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When it was almost 6 o’clock, Diggle came back from running down a lead and checked on Roy. Lexy walked into the computer area, wiping herself down. He came around the table and walked up to them. “No change?”

“Nope. So much blood mixed in with so much Mirakuru, I don't know if it's good or bad. We could really use that cure.”

She spun in her chair and smiled at Lexy before she spoke. “I talked to Caitlin this morning. They're working on it.”

“Mom, whatcha looking at?”

“The paper.”

Dig came to the computer at the same time as Lexy. “No mention on Isabel Rochev's death?” Dig asked.

“Not a thing. I wasn't expecting a glowing obituary, but she's a Fortune 500 CEO that's been missing for a week now. You'd think she'd have some column inches.”

The loud bang of Roy’s body jerking had both Felicity and Lexy gasping with fright as they turned to look at the young man on the table. Felicity looked up at Diggle. “Does the fact that him lying there freaks me out a little make me a bad person?”

John pulled his jacket on. “Felicity, I don't think there's a force on earth that can make you a bad person. But I am starving. Dinner?”

“Yeah. No Big Belly burger, though. It's giving me a Big Belly.”

“I agree with mom,” she said to John.

“Sushi, then.”

“Sushi, then,” Felicity said turning back to the computer.

“I’m gonna go take a shower.”
She nodded. “How can you be unconscious and freak me out at the same... Time?” Roy wasn’t there.

“Roy?” She turned and he was standing right behind her. “Oh, my God! Oh, you scared me.” She stepped toward him. “Roy?”

“Forgot my phone.”

Roy flipped the table and busted some of the computers.

Dig tried to stop him. “Roy, listen—” He flung Dig across the room.

“Dig!” Felicity exclaimed.

Dig stood and looked at Felicity. “You ok?”

“Yeah.”

He turned and ran toward where Roy went. “Roy! Roy!”

“What's going on?” she whispered.

Lexy came down a few seconds later and slowed. “Oh, my God….what happened?!?”

“Roy’s awake,” Felicity said looking at her daughter.

“What?” She stepped around the debris that Roy left behind and walked to her mom. “Where is he? And where’s Uncle John?”

“Roy took off and Uncle John went after him.”

“T ook off?” she asked.

She nodded. “They went upstairs.”

Lexy nodded. She grabbed her holster and her batons. She belted the holster onto her waistband of her yoga pants and then ran upstairs, slipping the batons into the holster. She ran through the club looking for Roy. She caught up with John outside. “Did you find him?”

“No, he’s gone,” John told her. “Come on. Your mom’s probably calling your dad right now.”

She nodded and they ran through the club again, and then down the stairs. “Mom, did you call daddy?”

“Yeah, he’s on his way. He was talking to that Michael friend of yours, remember?”

She nodded. “Right. The company.”

He and Sara both got downstairs in record time. John and Lexy were picking up the table that Roy had knocked over when they walked into the main part of the bunker. “What happened?” Oliver asked.

John exhaled. “I don't know. One minute he's comatose, the next, he's flipping over computer equipment.”
Lexy scratched her head nervously. She sighed. “I have never known Roy to go all Jersey housewives on furniture before.”

Sara turned to her. “How much do you know about him? You’re acting like you’ve stayed with him.”

“I have,” she said simply. “A few times.” She seen the look in Sara’s eyes and rolled her own. “Oh, knock it off. You and I both know that guys and girls can just be friends. It happens.” She folded her arms over her chest. “Besides, he’s ten years older than me and like a big brother.”

John pulled the attention back to Roy and not Sara’s disapproval of Lexy’s friendship. “He was a lot more out of control than Slade was at your house.”

Oliver came to Felicity and held her. “He looked like Roy, but he...wasn't Roy.”

Oliver rubbed her arms and kissed her lips. “It’s okay, baby. You’re okay.”

“Where do you think he's headed?”

“I don’t know, but we have to find him.”

Lexy stepped in front of her father. “Let me come with you. I know him better than anyone. I know where we hang and hung out. Please, daddy.”

They road around for hours looking for him. They stopped at an intersection. “This is ridiculous. We can’t just ride around all night hoping to lay eyes on him.”

Lexy sighed. She really hated it when Sara was around. Her father hardly listened to her if at all.

“Diggle?” he said into his comm.

“His place is clean. I don’t think he’s been back here.”

Felicity came into their ears and said, “Call just went out for an ambulance at 14th and Hobart. There’s four men seriously assaulted... By someone wearing a red hoodie.”

Lexy flipped her bike around. “That’s Roy. That’s in the Glades. Where we used to go,” she said. She looked at Sara. “Like I said. We never went uptown or downtown. We stayed in the Glades when we would hang out.”

They got to the scene of the assault and talked to the guys. Lexy exhaled heavily. She scratched her head in frustration. “Dang it!” She then thought of something. “Oh....crap.”

“What?”

“Come on.” She got back on her bike. She looked at her dad and Sara. “You can either come or stay here.” She told them. “But dad, it wouldn’t be me breaking the promise that I made in that abandoned building. It’d be you.” She seen the look on his face. “Fine. You know what, again dad, remember who was here when you started this whole thing.” She started her bike back up and peeled off down the street.
Lexy came up the steps of the old clocktower and seen him attack her father. She pulled her batons out and linked them together. She then got between her father and Roy, putting her linked batons between her and him. She pulled her mask off. “Roy, it’s me.” She said making him look her in the eyes. “It’s me, Roy.” She smiled. “It’s Sasha. Please, Roy, you have to fight this. If not for yourself or aunt Thea, then for me, please.”

She seen something in his eyes then when she said that, but then her father jumped in and tried to subdue him. Roy broke his leg, by stomping on it. He jumped through the floor and took off. She sighed. She went to her father. “Daddy!”

“I’m okay. I’m okay,” he reassured her. “Is it me or did that seem to get through to him a little?”

She nodded. “I don’t know why, but ever since we….” she sighed. “He’s always said he’d do anything for me and I believe him. But daddy, one of us is going to have to be at Grandmother’s rally. If my predictions are correct, he’s going to Thea.”

He nodded. “I’ll get Sara to take me to the hospital. You go. Get Dig to help you.”

She nodded. “Promise.” She kissed his cheek. “I love you.”

“I love you too. Now go.”

Lexy came downstairs to the bunker to see her father and Sara in argument.

“S.T.A.R. Labs is working on a cure.”

“Which they may never come up with. And even if they do, I mean, how many people are we going to let Roy kill in the meantime?”

“You know, you wanted to kill Helena, too. You found another way.”

“That was different, and you know it. Roy has the Mirakuru in him, just like Slade. And if you had a clear shot of Slade right now, you would take it.”

“Roy isn't Slade!”

“Roy isn't Roy. He's not himself anymore, he's too far gone.”

“I don't believe that.”

“Neither do I,” Lexy said coming further into the room. She looked at Sara. “He’s my best friend —”

“I thought Nick was—”

“He is!” she yelled. “You will not touch him. I will kill you myself, Sara, I swear.”

“What is it with this guy?” Sara asked. “You got a crush on him or something?”

“He saved my life!” she yelled. “Sometimes I think in more ways than one.” She turned to her. “We’ve always promised each other that we wouldn’t give up on each other and I intend to keep that promise.” She looked at her father and then back at Sara. “Besides mom, he’s all I’ve ever had to rely on for a very long time.”
Knowing Lexy was a lost cause she turned to Oliver. Oliver shook his head. “No. I made a promise to her. I won’t break it for you.”

“Do you even hear yourself right now, Ollie? This is the exact conversation that we had five years ago, except we were freezing on Lian Yu.”

Oliver turned his head away from her. Sara stood and walked to a drawer and pulled out a gun and loaded it. “What are you doing?”

“What needs to be done. The Mirakuru won't do anything against a head shot.”

“Sara!” They both exclaimed in unison.

“Your mother's rally starts in a half an hour. I'd start getting dressed if I were you.”

Lexy turned to her father, tears in her eyes. “Daddy……”

Oliver hobbled over to her and kissed her hair. “I promise, she won’t do anything. Go upstairs and see if Thea needs help. I’ll be up.”

She nodded. “Okay.” She looked at him. “Does this look okay for the rally?”

Felicity looked at the leggings, and nice sweater. She nodded. “Yeah, it looks good. Go.”

*****************

The Rally went well for Moira. She didn’t drop out like Blood had originally thought and was angry about it. However, as everyone was celebrating at Verdant, there was a sound of a gunshot and everyone seen a man in red hoodie coming in and threw the gunman across the room.

Thea stepped in front of Roy. “Roy. Roy, listen to me! Listen to my voice! I don't know what's going on with you, but I have to believe the man I fell in love with is still inside there, somewhere. You have to fight. You're strong. You can fight this. Fight this!”

He grabbed her by the throat. Lexy immediately jumped into action, fighting past her grandmother. She went to Roy. She looked into his eyes. “Roy, don’t do this. This isn’t you. I know this. Thea knows this.” She smiled at him. “Come on, Roy. It’s Sasha.” She looked at him. “Please, hear my voice. Remember me, please.” She put a hand on his arm and said, “Put my aunt down before you hurt her.” Her eyes never left his. “Roy. Please. I know you’re angry. I know that the drug is making you angry. But I also know that the man that saved me when I was eight years old is still there because I see him in your eyes.” She touched his chest. “Please, Roy. Put Thea down.”

“Roy! Put her down,” Sara’s disguised voice filled the room.

Thea looked at Roy. “Please don't. He can't control it!”

“That's why I don't have a choice.”

This time instead of Lexy stepping between Roy and Sara, it was Sin. “Whoa!”

“Get out of the way,” she told her.

“Don't do this.”

Sara shot him in the leg and he went down. “Kill me. Please. Kill me.”
Lexy looked at Sara. “No! Don’t!”

Off to the side, Thea said, “Please don't do it!”

The Arrow came into the club and shot him with 3 arrows. Roy fell back and slammed into the floor, convulsing slightly. Lexy slid across the floor and went to him. “Roy!”

The Arrow turned to her and said. “No one dies tonight.” He looked at Thea and Sin. “The police...”

The Arrow looked at all 3 of them, Lexy included. “Go outside. We'll get Roy the help he needs.”

Thea looked apprehensive. “I promise! Go!”

Lexy walked to her aunt. “Come on, Aunt T. Let’s go.”

Before the police got there, Sara and Oliver moved Roy downstairs, putting him up on the table. Lexy waited for the right time and then slipped away and walked into the side entrance. She pulled her jacket off and came to him. “How is he?”

“He’s still alive.”

Sara looked at her. “You’ve got to be the dumbest girl I’ve ever met.”

“Hey!” Both Oliver and Felicity said in unison. Felicity walked forward. “I don’t care if you’re Oliver’s old friend or the President’s. You don’t ever say that to my daughter again.”

Lexy held up a hand to her parents and looked at Sara. “Tell me, Sara, why am I stupid? Because I put my life on the line for a friend? Because I did it for my family?” She put her hands on the table where Roy’s head was. She tapped it. “I would do it all over again. Do you know why? Because deep down I know that the guy that saved my life and became my best friend, my rock is still in here. And if it takes me the rest of my life I will find him.”

“She was going to kill your aunt and you were talking him down like a hostage negotiator.”

She raised her eyebrows. She then pulled out her batons and slapped them on the table. “They were with me the entire time.” She glared at her. “I’m not giving up on him. Call me dumb or stupid or whatever, but you don’t give up on your friends. It shouldn’t matter how far gone that others think they are as long as you see the person inside that you became friends with you should never give up on them.”

“I’m with Lexy,” Oliver told her adjusting his restraints. “I’m not ready to give up on him yet either.”

“I would have killed him. I was ready to. He'd be dead right now if you wouldn't have stopped me.”

“But he's not.” Oliver stood and looked at Felicity, “I’ll go with you, Felicity.” He looked back at Sara, “That's all that matters.”

“That's not true. I wanted to kill Roy. Because that's what I do. That's who I am. I spent six years in the darkness. And I looked into the eyes of the devil and I gave him my soul.”

“Let me help you get it back.”
“You can’t. I think I need to go.”

“Sara, no,” Oliver said. “Don’t.”

“No. You don’t need someone like me on your team. Lexy’s right. My homicidal rages are going to get someone killed. They almost got her killed and Roy.” She shook her head. “No. This is the right thing.” She walked out the door.

Lexy sighed. “Daddy, you gotta get changed so we can get upstairs. We gotta go home.”

He nodded. “Right. The rally.”

Lexy walked to Roy and kissed his forehead. “I love you, Bonehead,” she whispered with a smile. “We’ll fix this, Roy. I promise.”

Moments later, they walked upstairs. Thea confronted them and then they all walked out together. Lexy quickly catching up to her father to help him hobble his way down the stairs.

When Oliver was settled in to Lexy’s satisfaction she climbed in to the other side of the car. As the car drove away from the club, everyone fell silent. After a few moments, Thea said, “You knew about Roy. What? That’s why you had your bodyguard stalking me. Somehow, you knew what was going on with him.”

Oliver and Lexy exchanged a look. He sighed. “I’m just trying to protect you. By not telling me the truth. Just like with Malcolm Merlyn. You know, the two of you, you think you’re protecting me by lying and by keeping secrets. But that’s what’s actually hurting me.”

The car fell silent again for a beat. Then Moira said, “You're absolutely right. We need to turn a new page.”

“It’s not going to be that simple. Or easy.”

Lexy sighed. “Why not? I’ve forgave you and grandmother for treating me the way you have. Why is it going to be so difficult for you to forgive?”

“No one lied to you about your paternity.”

“No, but you both treated me like an outcast for 5 years, Thea. 5 years. For 5 years I was treated like the girl that you all had to hide up in the attic because God forbid everyone knew that he got a girl pregnant and had a child at sixteen. I was forced to grow up in those years, Thea. To grow up and take care of myself, because the people living in the house weren't going to do it. I could never be a regular kid because of it.” She looked from her grandmother to her aunt. “Whether you like it or not, I’m in this family too. Just forgive them already.”

“They lied to me, Lex!”

“I know! Just like you used to lie to your friends about me or the way grandmother would lie to everyone she knew about me. You all did it to save face. Well, grandmother did it to save you from a psychotic killer.”

Thea pouted in the seat and looked at her mother. “Still doesn’t matter.”

“I know. If the truth were easy for me, we wouldn't be in this situation. But to start... There's
something about Malcolm that both you and Oliver need to know. Malcolm...

Something large slammed into them and sent Lexy slamming into the limo’s car door, shattered glass slicing into her face.

Oliver came to to the sounds of his family sobbing. Trying to adjust his vision he could see his mother crying his name. Somewhere near him he could hear both Thea and Lexy crying. Finally his eyesight adjusted to find Lexy bound, crying with his sister and mother. He looked up to see Slade walking around them.

“I was dead the last time you were offered this choice.”

“Slade...” He groaned.

Thea sobbed, “Oliver, what's happening?”

Lexy looked at her father, tears streaming down her face. She then turned to her grandmother and Aunt. “Shh...” she soothed. “It’s okay.”

“I often wonder how you looked...when he pointed the gun at Shado...and took her from me.”

Oliver sat up slowly. “You psychopath. Shado...Shado wasn't yours!”

Slade moved in front of Moira and said, “No, she was yours. Until you chose another woman over her.”

“That's not what happened!”

“It is what happened! It is! She told me!”

“Who?!” Lexy questioned.

“What do you mean, she? There's nobody there!” Oliver told him.

Lexy looked up at him. “You’re having hallucinations, man—”

“Lexy, let me do this, Sweetheart.”

Moira looked up at Slade. “Slade... You were on the island with Oliver?”

“I thought I had known true despair, until I met your son. I trusted him... to make the right choice.”

“There was no right choice in that type of situation!” Lexy yelled trying to get him to hear her. “Either way someone was going to die!”

Slade turned around and instead of saying anything, he punched her in the face and then slapped her when she didn’t go down. This time she went down.

Thea gasped. “Lexy!”

“You sonofabitch!” Oliver exclaimed. “She’s just a little girl! My little girl!” Knowing what he wanted then he said, “Let me make the right choice now. Kill me.”

“No!” Both Moira and Lexy exclaimed. Lexy sat up. “Daddy! No!”
“Choose me, please!” He pleaded.

“I am killing you, Oliver. Only more slowly than you would like.”

“Don't,” he choked out.

“Choose.”

“Don't—”

“Choose.”

“Please...” he pleaded.

Lexy looked at Slade. “Don’t do this! This won’t bring her back!” Lexy looked at the man. “Slade, Slade, listen. I get it okay. I understand probably more than most.”

“How could you...?”

“I lost my mother and my uncle when I was five years old. They weren’t taken from me from disease or anything. They were taken from by an airplane crashing.” She scooted forward. “I know that it’s not exactly the same—”

“You’re right it’s not. Choose!”

“I swear to God, I am going to kill you!”

“Choose!”

“Daddy, don’t. He wants you to play this stupid ga—”

Slade walked to her and slapped the butt of the gun against her temple.

“No!” Moira screamed when Lexy’s limp body sank to the ground. She stood and looked at Slade. “No! No.”

“Mom...” Oliver gasped.

Thea looked at her mom. “No!”

“Mom, what are you doing?” Oliver asked.

“There's only one way this night can end.”

“No!”

“And we both know that,” she turned, facing Slade. “Don't we, Mr. Wilson?”

“Mom! Please, don't!” Oliver pleaded.

“Both my children will live.”

“Mom! What are you doing?!”

Oliver knew what she was doing and groaned with the shear agony of her decision. He was going to lose his mother tonight. Moira looked at Slade. “I’d like to thank you.”
“For….what?”

“Forcing my granddaughter not to see this. She’s seen enough taken from her in her life.” She tossed to Oliver over her shoulder, “I’m sorry for the truly awful way I treated her, Oliver. She didn’t deserve it and I can’t give you an explanation as to why I did it. Just please, when you tell her about what happened here tell her I did it because I loved her and I couldn’t let the one person she needs to die on her. She needs you, Oliver. Just be the best dad you can be and cherish every moment with her.” She said to Thea, “Thea, I love you. Close your eyes, baby!”

“No!”

Slade looked at Moira and said, “You possess true courage.” He turned his back on her. “I am truly sorry…”

“What?”

“You did not pass that on to your son.” He took his sword out of his coat and stabbed it into Moira’s chest. When he pulled it out, she slumped onto the ground, partly on top of Lexy.”

Both Queen children sobbed pleas of no’s before just sobbing outright.

“There is still one person who has to die…before this can end.” He walked to Thea and cut her free.

Thea crawled to their mom and sobbed as she realized Moira had died. Oliver looked over at his daughter, she was in a heap on the ground, partially covered by her grandmother. “Lexy!” he cried. “Baby, please, wakeup!”

Lexy slowly came to with the rhythmic beep of something in the distance. She blinked her blurry eyes trying to clear them. She looked around and realized she was in the hospital. “Daddy….”

Felicity came forward, “Baby, it’s okay. Daddy’s okay.” She looked at Oliver.

He came forward and held her hand. “I’m right here, Baby.” He kissed her hand.

“Grandma…?”

He shook his head, his eyes filling with tears. It may have shocked others, but Lexy actually started to cry. “No….” she sobbed.

Oliver held her as she cried. “I know, Baby, but know she did it because she loved you. Because she loved all of us.”

“But, daddy, she thought I hated her!” she cried.

“No, baby, she didn’t. I know she didn’t.” He soothed her, rocking her back and forth. “Shhh….”

She looked and saw Nick, but there was no one else who didn’t know their secret. She then said, “This has to end. He’s not doing this to us again. Ever!”
City of Blood

Chapter Summary

Still reeling from Moira's death, the Queen family isn't banding together to get through it, they're separating, distancing themselves. Oliver's been missing for days, Lexy's trying to adjust to the sacrifice that her grandmother made and Thea's blaming Oliver for Moira's death.

Laurel lets Team Arrow know she knows who Oliver is and she helps them convince Oliver to continue to keep fighting.

Lexy picked up her phone and tried her father again. She sighed when she got his voicemail. “Daddy, I know you’re hurting. Please, stop blaming yourself and come to grandma’s funeral. You need this as much as we do, daddy.” She sighed again. “Okay, you know what, I’m not going to call again. Just know, I don’t blame you. I love you, daddy.”

She hung up the phone and sighed, resting her chin on her hand when there was a knock at the door. She walked to the door and looked through the peephole. She smiled when she seen Nick on the other end. For the past few days, Nick had become her rock in her father’s absence and she couldn’t have been more grateful. She opened the door and went into his arms. He smoothed his hand down her hair and kissed her temple. “It’s okay, Baby. You’re all right.”

She sighed and leaned into his arms. Feeling the urge to cry again, she pulled back. “Nope. Not going to do this again. It’s the fifth time I’ve had to reapply my makeup.”

“I think the priest and your grandmother can forgive the mascara running in this situation.”
Lexy looked past Nick to see Chris and Rachel both standing there in funeral appropriate attire. “Wha….wha….what are you guys doing….?”

Chris hugged her. “Hey, you need us. We’re here.”

She smiled and went into his arms too. “You’re amazing.”

He held her. “Thank you, but you’re the amazing one. I don’t know how well I’d be holding it together right now.”

She gave him a watery laugh. “I’m not. Not really. I have bouts of I’m okay then I sob and then I’m okay….the cycle just repeats.”

Rachel hugged her. “I think you’re entitled, Sweetie.” She hugged her tighter. “I’m so sorry.”

“Thanks, Rach.”

“Hey, Lex, you about ready? Uncle John will be—” Felicity looked up to see Nick, Chris and Rachel all standing in their apartment. “Hey, guys. Whatcha doing here?”

“Showing our support, ma’am,” Rachel said. “We wanted to be here for you three.”

She smiled and looked at her daughter. “You have amazing friends, Lex.”

She nodded. “I know. Let me grab my purse and then I’m ready.”

“Okay, Sweetie. Did you try your dad again?”

She nodded. “Voicemail again.” She exhaled deeply. “Now, I’m just going to wait until he’s ready.”

She nodded. “That’s probably best.”

The funeral was nice. Oliver didn’t show up and now they stood in the Queen mansion greeting and receiving guests who had condolences for their loss. Lexy always thought this was the most ridiculous part of funerals. Who the hell wants to eat when they’ve been crying for hours even before the funeral started.

As she turned to the window to look out, she felt a hand on hers and turning her around. It was Nick and he whispered, “I thought you said Isabel didn’t have the Mirakuru in her?”

“She didn’t….,” her words died when she saw the woman in question. “Oh, holy hell.”

“How many more of these assholes does this guy have?”

“Probably more than we know of,” she told him. She handed him her sparkling juice. “I’ll be back.” She stormed toward her mother, Uncle and Isabel. “Get the hell out of my house, Bitch!” she almost growled. She looked her up and down. “My grandmother couldn’t stand you when you were sleeping with my grandfather. I’m not going to let you desecrate this day with your snide remarks and warnings. So, you can take your condolences and get the hell out of my house.”

Isabel walked past her as she said, “Your father should really do something about your disrespect.”
“I have respect for those who have earned it and trust me laying down with my grandfather didn’t earn you anything but slut status, Bitch.”

Isabel charged toward her but Nick stepped between her and Lexy. “I do believe, Ms. Queen told you to leave her home.” He leveled his eyes with hers. “Or are you going to have trouble finding the door, Ma’am, because I wouldn’t mind showing you where it is.”

Isabel looked around her to see both Dig on one side of Lexy, but there was another man, who she knew had to be related to the kid that stood in front of her, standing on the other side of Lexy. “Must be nice to have people that will rally around you.”

“Sorry you can say the same, Ms. Rochev.”

Isabel left and Lexy sighed. Chris looked at her. “Who the hell was that?”

“That was the woman who stole my family’s company to get back at all of us for my grandfather not keeping pillow talk promises he made to her when he was having sex with her.”

“Ouch, Lex, tell us how you really feel.”

She laughed softly. “From the day I met her I knew she was up to something.” She cleared her throat. She looked at Nick. “Will you come with me, please?”

“Oh course,” he said. They excused themselves and walked out of the living room. “Everything okay?”

She nodded. “I need to get out of here.”

“Where do you wanna go?”

“Um….I have an idea.” She grabbed his hand and pulled him out of the room, and to the basement of the house, then through another door to an underground garage. She walked to a bike. She smiled. “It’s the bike dad bought for me as the Sparrow, but I needed to ride first which is why he bought me the one you’ve seen me ride.” She handed him a helmet.

He took it and she got on, put her helmet on and then he got on and put his on too. She started it up and then peeled out of the garage and sped down the street. She ended up in the cemetery about twenty minutes later. They parked on the blacktop trail and she started to hoof it up the hill that led to her mother’s grave. She turned to Nick. “You can stay here or you can listen to me talk to her. It’s up to you.”

He smiled and kissed her softly. “I’ll wait here. I’ll say hi to her another time.”

She smiled and nodded. She continued to the grave and sat on her knees. “Hi, mommy. I know it’s been awhile since I’ve been here lately. But I’ve been really busy. With school and Sparrow duties—life is very full. Which is why I’m here.” She exhaled. “We probably won’t be talking very often anymore. Not because I don’t want to, but something tells me I won’t really have that much time anymore. My duties as the Sparrow has picked up more. I’m now dad’s right hand if you wanna say that.”

She cleared her throat. “However, there’s going to be something else. I’m buying back Queen Consolidated once everything dies down and when I do dad, Felicity and I have a decision to make—whether to move back into that drafty old mansion or sell it. I never liked that mansion either. So, maybe we’ll move somewhere else.”
She sighed. “I miss you every single day and I’ll always miss you, but there’s something I’ve been putting off telling you: Felicity’s adopting me. Now, I’m not going to forget about you. Not that I could. I look just like you. But, I like my life now. I have a family. I have friends. I have people that love me now, mommy. I need to move on. I need to let go of all the pain and the grief that happened with great-grandpa, papa, and you and Uncle Ryan. I need to do it to move on. I need to begin my own life and see where this wonderful journey of life takes me.”

She smiled and brushed some grass from the stone. “I’ve already seen parts of where life is taking me. I’m becoming a hero to my City, mommy. And I hope someday to become the woman you wanted me to be.” She sighed. “The part that sucks right now is daddy’s got someone from his past on the island who has come back to torture him for killing Shado—a girl the guy fell in love with on the island. He wants to take everything away from him just like daddy did him.”

She sniffled. “Mommy, I don’t know how to help him. He believes that Slade’s already done it. Already destroyed everything. So, how do I convince daddy that he hasn’t taken anything of value from him? And daddy’s hurting so much right now from grandma Moira’s death that I don’t know how to help him there either. I mean, I had to work through my own grief with daddy, with you, Uncle Ryan…..” she sighed. “So, I internalize things.” She looked up at Nick. “Or I used to. Not so much anymore. So, how do I help daddy grieve?”

She paused as if she was waiting for the answers. Finally, she said, “So, this is goodbye for now, mommy. I love you. I will always love you, but I’m letting go and moving on.” She kissed her fingers and pressed them to her mom’s gravestone.

She stood, brushed herself off and walked back down the hill.

Lexy and Nick walked downstairs to the Bunker, hand in hand. “We’re almost out of snake venom.”

“Seeing Roy like this reminds me of Barry. And Barry reminds me of S.T.A.R. Labs. S.T.A.R. Labs reminds me of the Mirakuru cure that they’re working on, which we could really use...right now.”

“Yeah, especially since Isabel Rochev was clearly injected with the stuff.”

“Because mom, it’s the only way she’s still alive after Dig and Nick shot her.”

They sighed. Lexy took her coat off. “Any word from daddy?”

“I’ve left about a dozen messages for Oliver about Isabel being back. No response. You have any luck finding him?”

“Tons. All of it bad. There's been no activity on his passport, cell phone, or bank accounts-- what's left of them, anyhow. And facial recognition hasn't spotted him in any airport, bus, or train station.”

“Right. What about Sara?”

“Nothing either.”

Dig exhaled.

Felicity looked at him. “Dig, people don’t just go missing like this, unless... Don't go there,
Felicity. What if she is? What if Oliver is? Maybe the reason we can't find him is because—"

"He's alive, Felicity. If he wasn't, Isabel Rochev wouldn't be so shy about rubbing it in our faces. Believe me, he's alive."

"Uncle John’s right. He’s alive. I know it."

"Well, I hope you both have some way on how to find him, because I am running out of places to look and people to ask."

"I know who to ask."

Dig and Felicity went to A.R.G.U.S to get some help from Amanda Waller’s people. When they found them, Dig sent Lexy the address of where Oliver was. Lexy and Nick were both already there by the time that Dig and Felicity got to the building. They walked downstairs and Lexy said, "You know, just when I think I can’t know you any more than I do you surprise me."

"How did you find me?"

"Waller," John and Lexy said in unison.

"We were worried about you."

"After you missed your mother's funeral."

"I'm sorry that I didn't go. I left for the cemetery. But I ended up here."

"Here is..."

"Here was a secondary facility in case the foundry was compromised. But it became somewhere that I could just go and... Be alone."

"She's dead because of me,” he said as he stood. “Five years ago... I could have cured Slade. And that would have prevented all of this.”

"You don’t know that!” Lexy exclaimed.

"Yes, I do!"

She walked to her father. “No you don’t. Slade believes you killed Shado daddy. That your decision to save Sara instead of Shado is your fault. It didn’t matter that it was an impossible decision. It’s irrational like that. He’s pissed right. He’s hurting and you and I both know he’s hallucinating her. So, who the hell knows whether or not he would have done this or not."

He sighed. “You’re right, Lex. All the people left that I care about, we are all in his crosshairs. It ends tonight.”

“How?” Felicity asked.

He picked up his jacket. “I turn myself over to Slade. I end this vendetta.”

“Oliver, you think this ends with you turning yourself over to Slade?” John asked.
“Yes, I do. After she was gone... He told me that one more person had to die. And then it would end. This ends for Slade when he kills me.”

Nick scoffed. “That’s got to be the craziest thing I’ve ever heard.”

“What?”

“Look, Man, I can’t even hazard a guess at what either of you are feeling right now. However, turning yourself over will only get yourself killed and then what? It’s all supposed to end?” Oliver looked at the young kid. “Dude, have you not read a comic book or watched an action adventure? This adventure is just beginning. It’s not going to end five minutes in Felicity walked to him. “I don't accept that. You shouldn't, either. You can't just accept things, Oliver. If I had accepted my life, I would be a cocktail waitress in Vegas like my mother, and I never would have gone to college, and I never would have moved a thousand miles away to work at Queen Consolidated, and I never would have believed some crazy guy in a hood when he told me I could be more than just some IT girl.” She touched his cheek. “And I would have fallen madly in love with him and found a little girl in the process. Please don't do this. We need you, Oliver! I need you. Lexy needs you. What’s that girl going to do over there without her father, huh?” She then slammed her mouth onto his and poured every emotion she had for the man into it. He gently pulled back, lingering on the kiss. “Lexy’s my everything. You’re my everything, which is why I can’t let this happen.” He pressed his forehead to hers. “Felicity... Someone once told me that the essence of heroism is to die so others can live.”

“It's not that simple, Oliver.”

“Yes, it is. Slade's whole plan was to take everything from me. He did. He wins. All that's left is for me to die.”

“No, there has to be another way,” Felicity said.

“There isn’t.” He kissed her lips again. “I love you more than anything in the world. Please, remember always that you were going to be it for me. My entire life—the one I was going to go to bed with, wake up to and die next to. You were that for me.”

“And you’re that for me.”

Nick looked at the man. This was his grief talking. “Bullshit.”

“Excuse me?” Oliver said.

“I call bullshit.”

“Where do you get—”

“I do it because I like you, Oliver. I care about you. We all care about you. Don’t throw this all away because he’s knocked your knees out.”

“What am I supposed to do?”


“What?”

He sighed. “It’s something Grandpa Watson always says. If life delivers a blow to you that knocks
“your knees out, walk on the stumps and keep moving.”

Lexy decided to play dirty this time. “You didn’t lose everything.” She looked at her father. “I’m standing right here.” She cleared the lump in her throat. “From the moment I was born and placed in your arms you’ve always called me….”

“My everything,” he said softly. He walked to Lexy. “But, Baby, you’re the reason why I’m doing this.”

“No, I’m not. You’re doing this because you don’t see the light that I see.”

“What light?”

“The light at the end of this tunnel.” She walked to her father. “Daddy, all we have to do is fight our way to the end and everything will be brighter on the other side. You’ll have your moment of redemption.”

He didn’t say anything more, just hobbled out of the building. Nick sighed and looked at the rest of the team. “Okay, now what?”

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At the Bunker, they all sat around trying to think of a way to stop Slade, but neither of them was coming up with a plan. Then Lexy’s phone rang. She looked at the caller ID and answered, “Aunt Laurel? Is everything okay?”

She smiled on her end of the phone. “Yes, Lexy, everything’s fine. I know who the Arrow is. Slade Wilson told me.”

“Okay,” she said slowly. “And…?”

“We need to talk.”

She looked at Dig then her mom. “I’ll meet you. Go to Verdant.”

She nodded. “Okay.”

She hung up the phone and looked at everyone. “Aunt Laurel knows.”

“How?”

“My guess….Slade probably told her.” She exhaled. “Daddy always used to carry this picture of Laurel with him when he was on the island. Slade probably saw and believes Laurel’s his one true love or some crap. When it’s actually you,” she said to her mom. “So, he probably thought by telling Aunt Laurel it was going to hurt daddy.”

“That’s deluded,” Nick said defiantly. “What is with this guy?” He exhaled. “I mean, if anything you’d think he’d want to take Lexy out or something.” He looked at Lexy. “Baby, you know what I mean. You’re his everything. His entire world. If he wants to destroy everything all he needs to do is kill you. He didn’t need to do all this to destroy Oliver. Just that one simple act will take him out for the count.”

Felicity nodded. “You’re right, but for the record lets never explore that idea ever again.”
Oliver came to on a cool smooth surface. He lifted his head, his eyes blurry. He saw John. Everyone else came into focus and then he saw someone new….Laurel?!

“Slade Wilson,” she said for clarification. “He told me who you were. Did he hurt you? No. He was trying to hurt you. And when you went missing, I reached out... to your partners. They told me what you were planning on doing.”

“It's what I have to do.”

Laurel looked at the others. Will you give us a moment?”

Lexy looked at her godmother. “Not going anywhere, thank you. Maybe I can learn something about pep talks from you, Aunt Laurel.”

She smiled. “I love it that she calls me that.”

He smiled. “She started it on her own. I never encouraged it. Just like she did with Tommy and John.”

She walked to where his suit was encased in glass. “You thought about telling me... The night of the Undertaking.”

“I thought about telling you almost every night.”

“Why didn't you?”

He just looked down at the floor.

“Tommy knew. Didn't he? You were with him. You were with him at the end.”

“His last words were about you. He wanted to know if you were safe.”

“Did he….did he know that Lexy was doing it too?”

She looked at Lexy and Lexy nodded. “He did. And I would hope he’d be proud.” Lexy’s eyes filled with tears.

Laurel smiled. “I’m sure he is.” She looked into her eyes. “I am.”

“Sorry I couldn't save him,” Oliver said softly. “And my mother. But I can save you. And Thea. I can save the city if this ends tonight.”

“No.” She started breathing heavily as she walked to him. “No! You can't commit suicide, Ollie. You won't do that to me. You can’t do that to Felicity. Or to Sara, or to your friends. Or to Thea. Oliver... She just lost her mother. Losing you would destroy her. And I don’t even wanna think what it’ll do to Lexy.” She looked at her friend. “You're the only parent she has left.” She smiled. “And trust me. Every girl needs their daddy, Ollie.”

“But she’ll be alive. They both will.”

“I don't know anything about hoods and masks or human weapons or any of this. But I know you. I know you like I know my own name. And I realize it may sound crazy in light of your secret, but I know who you are in your bones, Oliver. And that person-- that person doesn't give up. That person, he always finds a way.”
“Not this time.”

“You’re wrong. You want to protect the people who you love? Then the only way to do that is to stop Slade Wilson.”

“Laurel, I can’t!”

“Yes, you can! By stopping Sebastian Blood, because Sebastian is working with Slade Wilson.”

Oliver’s totally taken aback by that revelation and so is Lexy. “Wha-wha-what?” Lexy asked in shock.

“I have proof. Slade Wilson killed your mother so that Sebastian could become mayor.”

“Oh, my God….” Lexy breathed. She looked at her father. “Daddy….”

“You were right about him.” He walked past her. “The man in the skull mask works for Slade Wilson. And this entire time, it was Sebastian.”

“What’s happening is bigger than you and Slade. This city needs the Arrow.” She looked at Lexy. “This City needs it’s Vigilante Team, Oliver. You two have saved this City more times than I wanna think about. We need you. This City needs you.”

Oliver looked at Lexy. “How do you feel about dinner with your father and the mayor, Sweetheart?”


He laughed. “Go get everyone.”

She nodded. She got up from her chair and brought everyone back in. Oliver looked at them. “We’re gonna fight. I’m gonna fight. Well, Laurel’s helped us find out who the man in the Skull Mask is.”

“Who?” Felicity asked.

“Sebastian Blood,” Lexy told her.

“Really?”

Laurel nodded. “Yep. Slade killed Moira to have Sebastian become mayor.”

Oliver smiled. “So, here’s the plan….”

Sebastian Blood walked into the restaurant and greeted the patrons. He stopped at his table when he saw Lexy and Oliver sitting there. Oliver looked at him. “Sebastian, may we join you for dinner?”

He sat down across from them. Oliver looked at his daughter and then at Blood. “Have I properly introduced you to my daughter?”

“Um…no, but we have met.”
Oliver smiled. “My apologies. Mayor Blood, this is my daughter, Alexandra Queen. Lexy, meet the mayor.”

“Hello, Sir.”

Sebastian looked at Oliver. “I missed you at your mother's memorial service. I wanted to offer my condolences.”

Instead of a thank you Oliver just said, “You're the mayor. Congratulations. You've always wanted that.”

“Believe me, Oliver, I wish it had happened a different way.”

Lexy picked up her water and sipped. “I bet,” she muttered.

Sebastian eyed her. “Your mother and I, we--we didn't agree on much. But we both wanted what was best for Starling City. I will help this city find its heart again, I promise you that.”

“Do you really think that he will let that happen?”

Sebastian gave him a questionable look like he was asking who he was talking about.

“Slade Wilson.”

Taken off guard, Sebastian leaned forward. “How do you know I've been working with Slade Wilson?”

He leaned forward himself, keeping his voice down. “Because I'm the Arrow.” He smiled. “And this is my beautiful partner, Sparrow.”

Lexy gave him an evil smile. “Hello.”

He scoffed. “Of course.” He chuckled. “It all makes sense now. It was right in front of me. You came to my office and you shook my hand. You said that together, we can save this city.”

“You think that there will be a city to be saved after you unleash Slade's Mirakuru army?”

“They'll only cause enough damage to make the city ready.”

Lexy leaned on her side of the table and kept her eyes emotionless. “Ready for you to lead us into that bright new future you went on and on about?” She smirked at him, knowingly. “You sir are deluded.”

“No, Miss Queen, you're misguided. For my vision of what this city could be. A better city. And after the storm they're about to suffer, the people of Starling will support and follow me to that city.”

Lexy scoffed and sat back in her chair. “And I want a unicorn that can fly, but you don’t see it sitting here do you?”

Sebastian looked at her. Oliver looked at her, smirked and then gave Blood a stoic look. “Whatever Slade promised you, he will not deliver. He wants to hurt me. You are a pawn in a much larger game.”

“Slade promised me city hall. And he delivered. He makes good on his promises. I understand he made you a promise, too.”
Lexy looked at her dad. “You know what, dad, he’s right. He seems to have delivered on that promise.” She then looked at Sebastian. “Then again, I would have to ask myself if I were you, what is it exactly that he expects me to do?”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, he set this whole thing into motion, Mr. Mayor. He made sure you became mayor and now I would wonder if he was going to ask me for anything in return. Or demand it of me.”

Sebastian leaned into Lexy. “Are you threatening me?”

She shook her head. “Nope. However, if you don’t back the hell off all I have to do is say one sentence and it’ll have your reputation ruined in minutes.”

He looked at her. “What’s that?”

“Don’t touch me…” She said it slowly. “Now, I said back the hell up.”

Blood saw Oliver grip the knife in his hand. “What are you going to do? You going to stab the mayor in a restaurant full of people?” He stood. “It's a new day in Starling City, Oliver. And there's nothing you can do to stop it.” He walked out.

Lexy sighed. “I hate that guy.”

“Me too,” he said. “Come on. We have to assemble the team.”

She sighed. “Right. I just wish Roy was…”

“I know, Sweetheart.”

“Are you sure you’re going to be okay?” Nick asked Lexy for the hundredth time as she put everything on that went with her suit.

She smiled and kissed him. “I love you.”

“I love you too, which is why I’m worrying about you—”

“I know and I love you even more for it, but Nicky, honey, this isn’t my first time in a fight like this.”

He sighed and nodded. “I just wish I was going with you.”

She smiled and kissed him. “I know. Maybe next time.”

“Slade's men are taking the city tonight,” John said, preparing.

“They can try,” Oliver replied.

“There's more men than we thought, all on Mirakuru. It could be a massacre.”

“Not if we get to them first. We stick to the plan, no matter what.”

Felicity typed away on the keyboard. “Slade's using the sewer system. You can drop in at Rock Avenue and then head southeast. The lines converge at Water Street. If Slade's army's
underground, that's probably where he'll be.”

“Good. Let's go.” He turned. “Diggle, you ready?”

“Never not.”

“How about you, Lex?”

“I'm good,” she said.

“I'm coming, too,” Laurel volunteered.

Oliver sighed. “No, you're not.”

“Felicity can give me a radio. I'll just be your eyes and your ears. I'll stay out of your way, I promise. Nothing will happen to me.”

“What if it did? Slade's men, one on one, they are nearly impossible to stop. I need you to trust me. And I need you to be safe.” He started walking out.

“But not them?”

Oliver turned back to her. “This started with the four of us. It's time we got back to that.”

They got into the sewer system and split up. Oliver and Lexy went one way and Dig stayed up top to lay the charges. Lexy and Oliver found Blood's army and listened to his speech for a few minutes.

“Wow,” Lexy muttered. “This guy is really full of himself.”

Oliver smiled. He looked over Lexy to see a Mirakuru soldier coming at them. “Lex, we got one.” He said into his comm. “Have Diggle blow the charges the moment he's ready.”

Lexy charged the soldier and put all of her weight into the punch sending the guy stumbling. She then landed on her feet and pulled her batons. She twisted her hands at the bottom and smiled at the guy. “Come on, Big Guy. Bring it.”

As he swung at her she blocked all of his shots with her batons, the metal hitting his body was making a clanging sound that could have been mistaken for a song. She then jumped up did a karate move in the air and swung the baton, smacking the guy in the head.

Oliver jumped in and it was two on one. They fought him really well until he took out Lex and started choking Oliver. Lexy began to stand up when she saw Laurel hit the guy in the back with a large pipe. The guy let go of Oliver and Oliver turned and fired an arrow at him.

It exploded, knocking him down. Lexy ran over to the guy and found a clear spot not protected by the gear and turned both of her batons all the way up. She then stabbed them into his leg. The moment the batons went into contact, Oliver and Laurel watched as the guy convulsed and then went still.

“Did you just kill him?” Laurel asked.

She shook her head. “Can’t kill them. They heal too fast,” she explained. “Just knocked him out for
a little while."

They ran down the sewer corridors. Lexy heard the roar of the footsteps. “Dad, they found us. We gotta move.”

They picked up speed and ran faster. Oliver and Laurel were ahead, while Lexy brought up the rear. They found somewhere to go and it was a dead end. Lexy exhaled. “Ollie! There's too many of them! We can't fight.”

Lexy thought about it for a second as she looked around. “Dad.” She pointed her eyes to what she was thinking.

He nodded. “We're not going to,” he told her. He fired the arrow into the ceiling and on the impact of the explosion the roof fell in on them.
The City is under siege. Every time that Team Arrow thinks that they have taken the advantage from Slade, he gets it back again, but could them finally getting the cure level the playing field so the City's can save it again....before ARGUS Director Amanda Waller kills everyone in it.

When the explosion settled all three of them were buried by the rubble. Lexy came to with some rubble on her arm and half of her torso. She could feel the pain and groaned. “Dad.”

No answer.

“Dad!”

Still there was no answer.

“Daddy!”

Just then Oliver pushed his way to the surface of the debris, gasping for air. He coughed. “Lexy....”

“Daddy, I’m on your right.”

He crawled to his right and seen the pile on her. “Hold still, Baby.”

He pushed the debris off of her and she gasped from relief and the pain. “Ow! She said.
“Can you stand?” He asked once she was cleared.

“I think so,” she said.

He pulled her to her feet. At first she stumbled, but then she regained her balance. “You good?”

She nodded. “I’m good.” She looked around. “Where’s aunt Laurel?”

“Laurel!”

“Oliver!”

“Are you ok?”

“The tunnel collapsed. I’m trapped. I just...” she exhaled. “It's getting really......hard to breathe.”

“You are going to be ok. I need you to tell me everything that you see.”

She looked around. “Rocks, and water, and—and your bow.”

“You see my quiver?!”

She looked around. “No….wait! Yeah, yes, I have it! I have it.”

“How many arrows are in it?”

“There's a bunch of them.”

Lexy thought about it for minute. “You used an explosive arrow on the soldier, so there should at least be another,” she told him.

He nodded. “Why doesn’t it surprise me that you memorized that?”

She smiled. “Because I’m your daughter.”

He smiled. “That you are. Okay, Laurel, there should be one with a metallic head that's bigger than the rest of them. Do you see it?”

“Why do I need this?”

“Because it's an explosive arrow. And you're going to fire it.”

“What?” she said.

“You can do it, Aunt Laurel. I promise.”

She laughed wryly. “Are you always the eternal optimist?”

Oliver laughed. “Since she could talk. Are you far enough away from the debris to avoid the blast?”

“I don't know! What if I can't shoot that far?”

“The bow's a hybrid compound, Laurel. It's going to do all the work for you. All I need you to do...just aim at the middle of the debris. Take a deep breath. Center your feet. Left hand on the bow. Place the arrow on the drawstring. Ok, ok, ok, ok, ok. All right, I want you to pull back on the drawstring. And keep your left arm straight.”
“Lock it, Aunt Laurel. Make it immobile.”

“Ok.”

“You count to three and then you just let go. You can do this. 1, 2... 3!”

The arrow hit exactly where Oliver told her it would exploded. They walked through the hole and looked for her. She was huddled in the back. They pulled her to her feet and she hugged Oliver. He held her. Lexy smiled. “You did great!”

“Nice shot,” Oliver told her.

They got topside and seen the chaos happening. They were in awe of it all. They started walking. Lexy looked at her. “Call your dad. You know he’s gonna worry?”

She nodded. “Right.”

“Did you call Nick?” Oliver asked.

She shook her head. “I....I don’t know what to tell him or his family. I mean, I could tell them to get to the basement or the attic, but....”

“Just talk to him. It’ll make you feel better.”

She nodded. She pulled her phone and dialed. She waited. “Hey, Nicky.”

“Hey, baby, you okay?”

“I’m great….now. Um….where are you?”

“I’m at home watching the news about this crazy thing.”

“Do you have an attic or a basement that all of you can hide in?”

“Yeah. Do you think it’d be safer?”

“I do. Get to it and I’ll come get you when it’s all over. I promise.”

“Okay. I’ll come up with some way to get them there. Hey.”

“Yeah?”

“I love you.”

“I love you,” she said.

“No, Lex, I mean, I love you. And I know you said something about waiting until my birthday to kiss me, but—”

“Nicky, if we come out of this alive and semi-unharm ed then you just may get that kiss sooner than your birthday.”

Oliver chuckled when she hung up. “He’s bartering for a kiss?”
“Not really. I told him one of his birthday presents was going to be a real kiss. Like the way you kiss mama. And he was just saying that if it happened sooner like when this is all over…..”

“Ahh….got it.”

Felicity and Diggle pulled up and they started getting in. Felicity and John got out and looked at them all. “You ok?” John asked

“Yeah. You?” Oliver asked.

Felicity looked out at the City. “Isabel attacked Dig so I hit her with the van.”

“Slade's army. He has at least 50 men out there, all like him. They're everywhere. We need to stop them.”

“We might have a way. S.T.A.R. Labs called. They have a cure. There's a courier en route.”

“Where is it?”

“Hello?”

“Hey, it's Felicity Smoak. Where are you?”

“Fourth street, I think. I don't know what happened. A guy in a hockey mask came out of nowhere and attacked my car. Please help me.”

“Stay where you are,” Oliver told him.

“I can't move even if I wanted to. I think my leg's broken.”

“You should go,” Laurel told him.

“Laurel, I'm not leaving you out here in the middle of this.”

“The precinct, it's in the other direction. I'll be fine.”

“No.”

“I don't need you right now. Everyone else does. So go. Go save the city.”

“Hey! You still there?”

“Yeah, I'm here. I pinged your phone. On our way.”

“Please hurry.”

Back at the Jordan house, Chris walked into Nick’s room and shut the door behind him. “I have a question for you, Little Brother.”

“Okay, shoot,” he said as he gathered up every electronic device he had before they all went to the basement.

“I’ve been thinking about something.”
“What’s that?” Nick asked.

“I guess you could call it an inherited skill of a detective.”

Nick sighed. “What is it, Chris?”

“Is your girlfriend the Sparrow?”

Nick stiffened almost immediately. He turned and scoffed. “Right. How would Lexy be the Sparrow?”

Chris turned his tablet around and showed him what he had paused the footage on. Lexy taking on one of the soldiers. “Because your girlfriend moves like that.” He paused it again. “Nick, your girlfriend and I have sparred together in dad’s self-defense classes to demonstrate stuff.” He put the tablet on his desk. “I’m not going to tell. I just wanna know. Is Lexy the Sparrow?”

Nick sighed. There really wasn’t anyway for him to deny it, because he knew the next piece of evidence he was going to pull out was that it was the same shade of hair and other characteristics. “Yes, but you can’t say a word. Promise me?”

He held up both hands. “I swear. I won’t say a word.” After a beat Chris said, “She’s the one that told us to get to the basement isn’t she?”

He nodded. “Yes. She’s fought these things before. At least one guy. That’s how she got the busted ribs when she came over for dinner."

He nodded. “Then it looks like we’re going to the basement. We don’t need one of our City’s heroes worrying about you and the rest of us when she’s got to figure all this out.”

Nick nodded. “Have you been investigating who she is since you saw her on TV?”

“Pretty much,” Chris answered. “Then I thought about the moments when Lexy came up with some weird things. By the way, she’s a pretty good liar.”

He laughed. Chris looked at him. “Do you think her dad knows?”

“Probably not,” he told him. “Oliver would probably hunt the guy down and kill him himself.”

Chris nodded. “Good point.” Nick called Lexy back.

“Hey, Nicky,” Lexy said. “You okay?”

“Yeah. We’re headed to the basement. By the way, Chris knows.”

“Knows what?”

“That you’re the Sparrow.”

“How?”

“He’s been investigating you—the Sparrow—since he saw you on TV over the summer.”

“Great.”

“Hey, you don’t have to worry about it. He won’t say anything.”
“I know that. He’s not the one I’m worried about.”

“Do you think you’re dad’s gonna be mad?”

“We’re about to find out.”

“Lex?”

“Yeah?”

“He doesn’t know about him. I lied and said that your dad didn’t know anything about you fighting with the Arrow. And he believes me for now.”

She hung up and exhaled deeply. “You know you’re my hero, right, daddy?”

He chuckled. “What is it?”

“Well, um….Chris’ brother knows that I’m the Sparrow.”

“How?!” all three of them asked.

“Um….funny you should ask,” she said and proceeded to tell them everything she was told. There was a very long beat and then she cautiously asked, “Are you mad?”

He exhaled. Felicity then said, “In her defense, she didn’t think a bystander would have recorded her. He sold it to the news station who then showed it during the newscast.”

Oliver sighed. “No, I’m not mad. As your mother keeps reminding me, we live in a digital age. Everything’s getting recorded.” He exhaled. “He doesn’t see the bunker and he will not know it’s me until I’m ready.”

“Deal, I promise.”

Felicity looked down at her phone. “In the last five minutes, SCPD has had over 200 reports of masked men attacking the city.”

“Should have gone with Laurel and made sure she got to the precinct.”

“She’ll be with her father, she’ll be fine.”

“Daddy, mom’s right. Aunt Laurel will be fine. She’s a lot stronger and feistier than you give her credit for. You need to learn to trust your friends.”

“It’s not my friends I don’t trust it’s these soldiers, it’s Slade.”

“Whom we will stop. I promise. I know we will. We’ll get the cure. Test it on Roy first and if it works, then we’ve got over fifty guys back to normal before nightfall tomorrow.”

John smiled. “I wish I had your optimism, Kiddo.”

As they got closer to the bridge, Lance called and told him that the Police force stood with them. Lexy looked up. “Uncle John…..”

He saw him too and quickly turned down another street. “FLOOR IT!” Oliver yelled.

John drove like a stun driver trying to get away. The soldier pushed a car into their path and he
tired to miss it, but he end up hitting it anyway. The van went up and over flipping on it’s side. Scrapping of metal and Lexy’s scream as she hit the roof and the other bodies was the only thing heard. Then it went silent.

Lexy groaned, wincing in pain. “Dad…?”

“Lex?” he said, groaning. “Are you okay?”

“Yeah, I think so,” she said. “I might have a concussion.” She looked over at her father. “You’re probably hurting worse than me since you protected me.”

“Nothing I can’t handle. And I’d do it all over again. You’re my daughter. It’s my job.”

“I know. Uncle John? Mom?”

“Dig?” He groaned. “Diggle!”

“Yeah, yeah.”

“Is she breathing?”

“Felicity!” John tried. He checked for a pulse and breaths. “Yeah, yeah.”

“Then we have to get out of here.”

“Yeah, I’m on it.” John kicked the windshield out and Oliver slipped out and then Lexy. Oliver pulled two arrows and shot them into the back so when the soldiers opened the van, they’d explode. And it worked. The men now laid on the ground unconscious.

Oliver picked Felicity up and carried her. Lexy sighed. “I am so glad that blasts and loud noises are helping us out here.”

“Me too.” Dig looked down at her. “You okay?”

“Yeah. Really bad headache.”

Awhile later, as they walked the bridge, Felicity woke and was feeling better. “I can walk now.”

“Where is he?”

“The cell phone GPS says he should be within a 500-foot radius. I'll call him.”

She called him.

“Hey, where are you?”

“We're here, where are you? Honk your horn.”

“Cool. Hold on.” He leaned forward and started honking the horn. “Wait! I can see your feet. You're standing right outside my car.”

Felicity looked at Oliver. “That's not us.”

They could hear the screaming and ran at high rate of a speed. Lexy got there first and saw the busted handcuffs. She started swearing in another language. Felicity and the others got to him and seen it. She then looked at Oliver. “Is that Spanish?”
He nodded. “I think so.”

“Where did she learn Spanish?”

“I don’t know.”

John walked to her. “Lex, it’s okay. It’s okay.”

“No, Uncle John, this is not okay! This is not okay! This was our last chance for Roy!” She rubbed her forehead and then ran her hands over her head. “I can’t….”

“Oliver, she’s flipping out.”

Oliver walked to her and looked into her eyes. “Hey, look at me.” She looked down at the pavement. “Alexandra, look at me.”

She lifted her eyes to his. “I know it’s frustrating and you have every right to cry right now if it’ll make you feel better, but baby, we’ll find a way. There’s always another way.”

“Daddy, Roy….”

“I know, Sweetheart….I know.” He held her and kissed her hair. “You need to start letting the emotions out, Lex.”

“I have to be strong like you, daddy—”

“No, you don’t,” he told her. “You have to be you. And bottling things up isn’t what you do. It never has been. For the last two years I’ve watched you become the strongest little girl I know, but baby, you don’t need to bottle anything up with us. We’re a family. If we can’t see each other at our lowest points then how will we ever know that we need help?”

She gave him a watery laugh. “You should really take your own advice. You’re good at it.” She nodded. She looked around. “Okay, let’s get safe. We’ll figure something out and I’ll cry.” She exhaled. “What I’d love to do right now is punch something, but I digress.”

He laughed. “There’s my baby.” He kissed her forehead. “I love you.”

“I love you too.”

They got to the top of the clocktower and Lexy walked to one of the windows and looked out. As she watched her City in chaos the tears started streaming down her face. She’d spent the past year trying to be strong for everyone. Mom, dad, Uncle John, Roy, Nick and even the people of this City and now it was all pouring out of her like a good summer thunderstorm.

Felicity looked over at Lexy and started toward her, but Oliver stopped her. “I know every mothering instinct in you is telling you to go to her, but let her come to you. She’s been strong for way too long. She’s been bottling it all in for too long. Just let her…..get it out.”

She nodded and took her phone out of her pocket. Leaving her daughter to what she needed.

Lexy took a deep breath and pulled her phone out. She dialed Nick’s number immediately. “Nicky,” she said her voice cracking.”
At the Jordan home, Nick looked at his family and then walked to another part of the basement. “Baby, are you okay?”

“No,” she said trying to not start crying again, but it wasn’t working.”

“Okay, take a couple of deep breaths.” He smiled when he heard her. “That’s my girl. Okay, what happened?”

“The Mirakuru cure is gone. Slade’s got it. The one chance to save those soldiers and Roy….”

His heart shattered when he heard her beginning to sob. He took a deep breath himself and said, “Lex, hey, listen to me, Sweetheart.”

“What?” she said, her voice filled with tears.

“You’ll get it back and you’ll save Roy and the rest of us, okay?”

“But—”

“Lex, I won’t hear your doubts anymore. You can do this. I believe in you. I know you will take this man down and when you do you all will come out stronger on the other end.”

She smiled. “I love you. Like, more than anything.”

He laughed. “I love you too. Now, hang up the phone and do your little pow-wow and come up with a solution to all this. I believe in you and most of all, I love you.”

“Okay,” she said and hung up. She turned to her parents and went into her mother’s arms. She held on. Felicity wrapped her arms around her.

“Yeah, okay, thanks,” Felicity said and hung. “I just got off the phone with Cisco at S.T.A.R. Labs...”

“The cure they sent us was all they had,” John told him. “And they used all the Mirakuru that we gave them, so they can't make more.”

“We can't stop Slade's men without the cure.”

“We'll find another way.,” John told him.

“There is no other way! Diggle, the foundry's been compromised and we need to get Roy out of there.”

“I'm on it.”

There was a long pause. Then Oliver broke the silence. “I didn't know, Felicity. Five years ago, I was a completely different person. And I had...no idea that something like this was even...possible. I couldn't have imagined.”

Felicity kept her back to him. Lexy scoffed. “Who could, daddy. I mean this only happens in comic books and disaster flicks. This was never supposed to happen in real life.”

“I know, Lex. I'm sorry.”

“Stop saying that. I don’t blame you for any of this.”
Oliver sighed. “When you and Diggle brought me back to Starling City, I made a vow to myself that I would never let anything like the Undertaking happen again.”

“What’s happening now is not your fault.”

“Yes, it is. I have failed this city. Yao Fei. Shado. Tommy. My father, my mother. All that I have ever wanted to do is honor those people.”

Felicity looked at the man she loved. The man she’d lay her life down for and knew what he was doing. Resigning to the fact that he failed. Well, she wasn’t going to let that happen. “You honor the dead by fighting. And you are not done fighting! Malcolm Merlyn, the Count, the Clock King, the Triad—everyone who is trying to hurt this city, you stopped them. And you will stop Slade.” She stopped in front of him.

“I don’t know how.”

There was tears in her voice when she spoke. “Neither do I. But I do know two things. You are not alone. And I believe in you.”

Felicity hugged him and then she pulled back and took his mouth in a very gentle kiss that had his blood singing. He lifted his hand to her face and deepened the kiss. She ended the kiss and put her forehead to his. “I love you.”

He smiled. “I love you.”

Lexy stepped forward. “We can’t give up now. You’re my father. You’re the strongest man I will ever know. What you’ve endured from the years on the island to now has made you the man that I am very proud….very proud to call my dad. And I will not let you give up this fight. You fought him once, we can do it again.” She walked to him and took his hand. “Together. Because in the end we draw our strength from each other.” She took her mother’s hand. “And if we all go down, then at least we’ll go down together….as it should be.”

He smiled and pulled her into a hug, kissing her temple. “Thank you, Sweetheart.”

She nodded. “However, I may cry again before this night is over.”

He laughed. “Then bring it on, Baby Girl.”

Awhile later, Sebastian Blood called him. Felicity held it out to him. “Oliver... This is your phone.”

The phone kept ring and he finally answered it, “What do you want?”

“Same thing you do, Oliver. To save this city before it’s too late.”

“It’s already too late.”

“You were right about Slade Wilson. I should have listened to you. But I’m here now and I can help you.”

“Why should I trust you?”

“Because, Oliver... I have the Mirakuru cure.”

They set up a time to meet and then he hung up. He looked at Lexy just John was bringing Roy back. “We may have a chance after all, Sweetheart.”
“What?”

“Blood says he has the cure.”

He tells them all what he said. They decide to go together, the 3 of them. They laid Roy down and John hooked him back up.

“How much venom do we have to keep him under?” Oliver asked.

“Two hours, maybe.”

“Let's go.” He grabbed his bow. He stopped in front of Felicity. “Hey. I need you to stay with Roy.”

She looked up at him. “Ok.”

He smiled and kissed her. “I love you.”

“Love you,” she said. She then looked over her shoulder. “Oliver, Lexy, John—um, maybe this is obvious, but are we sure this isn't a trap?”

“No,” Oliver told her simply.

“I'm just saying, if you guys don't come back alive, I'm going to be really pissed.”

Lexy and John snickered and Oliver smiled. He kissed her again.

They met Blood at his office. John and Lexy were on high alert, just in case it was a trap as all 3 of them walked into the office. “As a young boy, I was plagued by nightmares. Every night, I would wake up in a cold sweat, frightened and alone. It was my father's face that haunted me. And this is how I saw him. The embodiment of desperation and despair. I made this mask to conquer my fears. And remind myself why I fight, every day, to give this city's most desperate a chance. All I ever wanted to do was help people, Oliver.”

“Then help me believe. Where is the cure?”

“Slade Wilson will not rest until he honors the promise that he made you.”

“I won't be so easy to kill once we level the playing field.”

“He's not interested in killing you. Not until he's taken away everything and everyone you love.”

“After he murdered my mother, he said one more person had to die.”

“Whoever you love the most.”

Oliver looked at Lexy. She swallowed hard knowing that she was her father’s most loved.

Sebastian then said, “I hope you can beat him with this. For all our sakes. And when this is over, I promise you... I will do everything in my power to rebuild Starling City. And I won't just make it what it was. I will make it better. Like I always planned.”

She scoffed. “Do you really think that this City is going to let you back in this office after what
“Why not? No one knows that I’ve done anything except try to save this city. And if you tell anyone about my mask, I will tell them about yours.”

“Do what you have to, Sebastian.”

They got back to the clocktower and showed it to Felicity. She looked at the opened case of glowing blue liquid. “Why does every secret formula have to be a color? Whatever happened to good, old-fashioned clear?”

“All right, so if we inject one of Slade’s soldiers with this...” John said.

“According to S.T.A.R. Labs, it will counteract the effects.”

“Assuming they got the recipe right.”

Lexy looked at her father. And for several minutes they just looked at each other, talking silently. He then picked up the case and walked it over to where Roy was laying. “We need to test it.”

“We can’t,” Felicity protested. “Treat Roy like some kind of lab rat?”

“Felicity...”

“What if it doesn’t work? What if it kills him? What if he wakes up and kills us?”

“We need to know. We need to know one way or another,” Oliver told her.

Felicity still looked unsure. “Mama trust me. Roy would want it this way. He’d much rather have us test it on him to make sure it worked before putting others at risk.”

She exhaled. “Well, you and Roy have both said you know each other better than anyone, so if you think he’d be okay with this, then do it.”

Oliver filled the injector with the cure and then walked over to Roy. Lexy stopped him before he could do it. “Daddy, let me.”

“Lexy, I don’t—”

“Please daddy, if it doesn’t work....”

He nodded. “Okay, go ahead.” He passed her the injector.

Felicity’s phone rang. She answered, “Detective. Are you near him?”

“Yes.”

“Are you near a TV?”

“Yes.”

“Turn it on.”

She turned it on and they saw ARGUS truck assembling. “Oh, God....” Lexy gasped. “No....”
Oliver quickly called ARGUS director Amanda Waller and convinced her not to release anything yet. He hung up and looked at Lexy. “Do it, Baby.”

She stabbed it into his shoulder and released the cure. She looked up at her father. “What did Amanda say?”

“We have until dawn and then she’s gonna lay this entire city to ruin.”

“Now, what?” Felicity asked.

“Now we wait,” Lexy said as she paced, rubbing her arms. She did the one thing she hadn’t done since she was five years old, she prayed.
Chapter Summary

Slade finally goes down. Team Arrow is still standing and stronger than ever.

Lexy and Nick FINALLY have their first REAL kiss.

Chapter Notes

I know I said I had a couple more chapters before I ended this story, however, I have decided to add a few more chapters to the next story.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

They waited. Lexy was still pacing and secretly praying. While Oliver just seemed to be staring off into nowhere. “Oliver. Oliver, man, you ok?”

He turned to Roy. “The cure's not working.”

“Dad….”

Felicity looked over her shoulder at him. “We don't know that. He still has a lot of Tibetan pit viper venom in his system.”

An alarm started screaming at them. “What's that?”

“Proximity alarm. I rigged the tower with sensors just in case Slade's goons came here to kill us.”
She looked at her tablet. “Slade's goons are here to kill us.”

“Talk to me, Felicity,” Oliver demanded.

“They're inside, they're right underneath us.”

Roy groans, wakes up and stands up. “Where am I?”

Lexy had never been so excited someone so much since her dad came home from the island. She smiled. “Welcome back, RJ.”

One of the soldiers busted through the top of the tower and Roy jumped into action and hit him. Lexy winced when Roy realized that the Mirakuru was gone and his hand actually hurt. He tripped him. Lexy and Oliver walked over to the guy. She pulled her baton and hit him in the face and then Oliver kicked him.

She pulled Roy to his feet. She looked at him. “You okay?”

“Yeah. A warning next time, huh?”

She laughed. “Yeah, like I knew you were going to punch him as soon as you woke up, Smart ass.”

“They're inside, there's too many of them!”

Felicity started shrieking, as the soldier had a hold of her leg. “Felicity!” John shot at him and he disappeared.

Oliver shot a cable arrow out the window. “Down the cable!” he told everyone.

Lexy walked up to the window with Roy and handed him one of her batons. “What’s this for?”

“Rope burns are a bitch, my friend.”

He laughed. “Good to know.” He kissed her forehead. “But I’ll be okay.”

She nodded. She put it back and propelled down after him. He caught her so that she didn’t slam into the car. She looked up at the helicopter. “What the hell…?”

“What is that?” Roy asked looking up as John propelled down.

“That’s an ARGUS helicopter,” she told him. She looked at John. “I thought Amanda said she wasn’t going to do anything until after dawn.”

Oliver and Felicity propelled down together next. They looked up to see the helicopter go level with the clocktower, where some goons were hanging out. Lexy squinted her eyes. “Is that…?” The person on the landing legs shot a missile into the clocktower and blew it up. She smiled when she realized who it was. “Aunt Lyla!”

They got to the bunker and it was absolutely destroyed. Lexy gasped. “Oh, God….”

“Oh, my God!” Felicity said.

Roy was in shock too. “What the hell happened?”
“Slade's army,” John informed them.

“You were right about this place being compromised.”

Lexy sighed. “I liked it here too.”

Oliver turned on Lyla. “Lyla, your boss is going to bomb the city at dawn.”

“Yeah, Waller's never seen a problem she didn't think couldn't be solved with a drone strike,” John said sarcastically.

“Why do you think I'm here?”

“You knew Waller was looking to level the city and you came here anyway?”

“You're here.”

“You need to go back to A.R.G.U.S. You need to stop Waller or buy us enough time to stop Slade.”

“Not without me.” He looked at Lyla. “Till death do us part, right?”

“This time it might.”

“Guys? I need you to scrounge as many weapons as you can find, especially injection arrows. We're going to fill them with the cure—which clearly works—and this ends tonight, without killing. There's been enough death already.”

“You got it, daddy.”

“Lexy.”

“Yes?”

“Call Nick. Update him. I know you’re dying to.”

She took her phone out and called him. She smiled when she heard his voice. “Hey.”

“Hi. You okay?”

“Yeah. Roy’s awake.”

“Oh, Baby, that’s so great! Tell him I said hi. Getting any closer?”

“Yeah. We’ve got the cure and we’re looking for injector arrows as we speak to put the cure into.”

He nodded as he said, “Dad left for the precinct. Lance needed his help with something.”

She sighed. “Okay. Well, the force is helping us contain these guys, or trying to so I'll call you with another update soon. Promise.”

“Okay. Hey.” There was a pause. “I love you.”

She smiled. “I love you too.” She hung up and walked over to Roy and her mother. “Okay, before I do anything, Roy.”

He looked at her and smiled. “Yeah?”
She hugged him tightly, then slapped him. “You ever do anything stupid like that again and I will kick your ass myself.”

“Ouch,” he said, laughing. He looked at Felicity. “Well, it seems like I missed a lot.”

“Well, what do you remember?”

“Leaving town and heading to Blüdhaven. Was I out cold the whole time?”

She didn’t say anything.

“Felicity.”

“You were out. The whole time.”

“Slade has at least 50 or so of those human weapons. We’ll need a whole army if we plan on hitting ‘em with the cure.”

“I know.”

Everyone reacted and Lyla and John pulled their weapons, while Lexy immediately went for a bow.

“Which is why an army is what I’ve brought.”

Felicity walked around and looked at Sara. “Gee, Sara, you could have called before you invited... 5, 6, 7 assassins down into our top secret lair.”

Lexy walked up to her mother, grabbed her wrist and stepped in front of her.

“What is she doing here?” Oliver asked, coolly.

Sara walked to him. “I asked her to come.”

“I'm Nyssa, daughter of Ra's al Ghul. Heir to the demon.”

“Felicity Smoak. MIT class of '09.”

“I’m Alexandra. Daughter of Oliver Queen.” She straightened her shoulders. She glared at Sara and then looked at her father. “Dad?” She looked at Nyssa, watched her.

Oliver pulled Sara off to the side. “This is where you went? Nanda Parbat? The League of Assassins? These people are mercenaries, Sara. Whatever they promised you, it comes at a price.”

“You don't have to worry about it, because I've already paid it.”

He knew what that meant. “You agreed to go back.”

“Look, I'm not going to let Slade Wilson hurt Laurel or my father. And I'm willing to do whatever it takes to keep the ones that I love safe, and I hope you're ready to do the same. Especially after what happened. Ollie, I'm sorry about your mother.”

“That’s a low blow even for you, Sara.”

Sara sighed. “Do you even know why we’ve been fighting?”

“Because you won’t take me seriously for one,” Lexy answered.
Oliver looked at his former girlfriend. “I am willing to do whatever it takes, but that doesn't mean cold-blooded killing is the answer, Sara. We have the cure now.”

“To fight the unthinkable, you have to be willing to do the unthinkable.”

Lexy rolled her eyes. “Is that something Ghandi said?”

Sara smirked.

Nyssa stepped forward. “You may not want my help, Mr. Queen, but there's little question you are in desperate need of it.”

He didn’t say anything. At this point Lexy knew he was desperate. “First we need to find Slade's base of operations,” Sara told her.

“Slade Wilson and Isabel Rochev are using your former office building as their base of operations.”

Oliver walked away and picked up a black box. He walked to Roy. “How are you feeling?”

“Ready to serve up some payback.”

“Then remember your training. Remember everything that you've learned.”

He opened the box. Inside was a red mask like Oliver’s. “Are—are you for real?”

“Someone--a friend-- once told me that if you survive a crucible, you grow the stronger for it. This is to remind you of that.”

Roy picks up the mask and looks at it. “What happened to Thea? Is she...Ok?”

“She's fine. She was headed out of the city before this started.” He looked at Nyssa and the rest of the assassins. “We do this my way.”

“The league does not take prisoners.”

“It does tonight.” He started walking away then stopped. “Oh, and if my daughter gives you a command you follow it. No mouthing off to her about her being a child. She has been through more in her thirteen years then most people have ever seen in their entire lives.”

Nyssa just bowed her head. Roy called Thea.

They got to Queen Consolidated and stormed inside. They started taking out soldiers with the cure as they went. As they stormed the main area where Slade and Isabel were, they are all set, however, Slade went out one of the busted out windows. At the end of the fight and after Nyssa killed Isabel, Lexy exhaled. Sara looked at Lexy. “Should be easier to take the company back now.”

She rolled her eyes. “I’m not thinking about that right now.”

As they regrouped to come up with another idea, Quentin showed up to tell the Arrow that the masked men took Laurel. “Why does this Wilson guy have such a mad-on for the Queens?”

“I don't know. Good thing Thea and Oliver got out of town in time.”
“So they have to go after my family?” They walked into the executive office and he saw Nyssa, he pulled his gun. “What's she doing here?”

Sara walked toward him. “She's here to help. Just trust me, please.”

“I guess today I'll have to work with anybody who can help get my daughter back.”

“What?”

“One of these masked guys, they took Laurel. I--I couldn't stop them. Believe me, I—” he grunted, “I tried.”

“Oh, we have a new, big problem. Which, considering our other ones, is really saying something. I hacked a satellite and tasked it for thermographic imaging-- all of Slade's men are gathering at the Giordano Tunnel.”

“I thought these guys were trying to destroy the city, not escape it.”

“A.R.G.U.S. is going to level the city to stop them from getting out. That's what Slade's planning on. He knows Waller's tactics.”

“Fortunately, with Slade's men attempting to leave via the tunnel, all our targets will be grouped in a single place,” Nyssa said.

“We need to take it. Gather your men,” Oliver told her.

“What about Laurel? Wilson took her for a reason.”

“I know what it is. But the city comes first.”

“This is my daughter. This is your sister! You can't just leave her like this!” He looked at the Arrow. “Are you a father?”

“Yes.”

“Then you know what this feels like.” He paused. “Look, I know you said you were trying another way, and I respect that. But Slade Wilson? His men? They're monsters. And monsters, they need to be destroyed. You've killed before. Tonight, I suggest you get back in the habit.”

“He's wrong,” Felicity told him.

“He's right,” he said. “I've lost everything because I'm fighting Slade Wilson with one hand tied behind my back. The man murdered my mother. I have to kill him.”

“You told me you had a choice. That years ago, you could have cured Slade but you chose to kill him instead. This isn't happening because you're not willing to be a killer; it's happening because you were one.”

“You're right. That's how this started. It's how it has to end. The only move that he has left for me is to kill him. I can't cure him, I can't capture him, I can't even out-think him!”

“Then don't. Don't... Just make him out-think you.”

Lexy walked up to them. “And I think I have a way.”

“How, Sweetheart?”
“Make him think he took the wrong girl,” she whispered with a devilish smirk to her mother.

“Why are you whispering?”

She smiled. “Because I just figured out how Slade’s been one step ahead of us.” She pressed a finger to her mouth. She then pulled her phone apart and pulled the bug off. She covered the mic on the bug and then whispered, “Think about it, daddy. He wouldn’t normally know all this stuff unless he had tracked us somehow.”

He nodded. “You’re right. I found the same thing,” he told her. He kissed her forehead. “I’ve said it before and I’ll say it again, you my beautiful daughter, are way too good at this job.”

She smiled. “Thanks, dad.”

Oliver and Felicity walked into the Queen mansion. “Oliver. What are we doing here? The whole city's falling apart.”

“I know.” He sighed. “You need to stay here.”

“What?! Why? You can't just ask me to—”

“I'm not asking. I will come and get you when this is all over.”

“No!”

“Felicity—”

“No! Not unless you tell me why.”

“Because I need you to be safe.”

“Well, I don't want to be safe. I want to be with you. And the others, unsafe!”

“I can't let that happen.”

“Oliver. You're not making any sense.”

“Slade took Laurel because he wants to kill the woman I love.”

“I know, so? So, he took the wrong woman.”

“Oh...”

“I love you. Do you understand?”

“Yes.”

Team Arrow and the assassins stormed the tunnel, prepared to not go down without a fight first. “No kill shots. Let the cure do its work.”

The Mirakuru soldiers stormed toward them at a dead run. “Ready?” Lexy could feel her heart
pounding like a sledgehammer against her chest as she watched those 50 or so men storm toward
them.

“Ready!!”

They continued advancing on each other.

“Ready, fire!”

Everyone was fighting all the soldiers at once. Lexy took one down and stabbed in the heart with
an arrow. She stood. She saw one storming toward Roy as he fought off one. Remembering her
gymnastics training she leapt over the tall guy, then used one of her feet to spring off Roy’s
shoulder. She lunged toward the soldier, arrow going for his chest. She stabbed it in as she used her
feet to push him down. She rolled, then stood.

Roy turned and smiled at her. “Nice moves.”

“Thanks for the lift.”

He smiled. “Anytime.”

Moments later, the soldiers were all down and Oliver was getting a call. He tapped his chest comm
as he stood on the roof a cop car. “Go!”

“You've been busy, kid.”

“It's over, Slade! Your army is broken.”

“And I pity them. But once again, you miss the point. I have the one you love. You're going to
meet me where I say. Otherwise, I'm going to kill her.”

“No, you do what you have to. I'm done playing your games!”

“You're done when I say you're done! I was surprised. I thought you had a thing for stronger
women, but now that I've met her... I can see the appeal. She is quite lovely... Your Felicity.”

Oliver looked down at Lexy, who was breathing heavily looking up at him. He tapped his chest
again. He hopped down. “I’ll get her back, Sweetheart.”

“I know, but I hate that guy.”

He laughed softly. “I know, Sweetheart.”

“I’m coming with you,” she told him.

He nodded. “I know. So’s Sara.”
They got Laurel and Felicity from Slade and took them out of the building. But not before their plan worked and Felicity was able to get the cure into Slade before she ran to Lexy.

Lexy nervously started pacing. She hated knowing her dad was fighting Slade alone. The women watched her pace, the scoffing sound of her boots’ heels were the only thing that they could hear.

Lexy knew it was super late, but she did tell Nick that she’d let him know when it was safe to come out of the basement. However, she was really sore too. Battling Mirakuru took it out of someone. So, she turned her disguiser on and called her boyfriend. She smiled when he picked up.

“Hey, Nick.”

“Sparrow?” he asked. A little surprised that she went this route.

Nathan looked at his son. “How do you know the Sparrow?”

“She saved Lexy and her aunt earlier this year. Lexy introduced me,” he lied. “Is everything okay?” he asked.

“Everything’s fine. You can come out of your basement. Thank you for waiting for the call. And if you would, there’s someone who would like to see for herself that you’re okay.” He smiled. “We’ll be right out.” He hung up and looked at his family. “We can go back upstairs and survey the damage.”

They climbed the steps slowly and Nick walked to the front door, he pulled it open and Lexy immediately went into his arms. He tucked his face into her hair. “God, I was so worried,” he whispered.

“Me too,” she said. As she held him to her all she could think about was what she’d been waiting for. To kiss him. And not like she’d been kissing him over the last few months, but really kiss him. To feel his tongue intertwined with hers and know what a real felt like when both of them had feelings behind them that didn’t involve infatuation or any other words that people described her and Dylan.

Pushing Dylan out of her mind, she pulled back just a little and looked up into his eyes. They locked, the blue of their eyes darkened by the moonlight. Throwing caution to the wind, she rose up on her tiptoes and kissed him, pressing her lips ever so gently to his.

Nick looked to her eyes as he looked at her and his heart thundered in his chest. There was a different look than he was used to seeing in her eyes. Something mesmerizing and something that told him that she was ready. If anyone asked he wouldn’t be able to tell them how he knew it was true, but he did.

He gently cradled her face with his hands, staring into her darkened depths. He tilted his head at
the same time, same direction as Lexy and their noses collided. He chuckled softly. “Well, there went me being able to tell Chris this went smoothly.”

She giggled. She had read that her heart would jolt in her chest and that she would feel light-headed. But the light-headedness didn’t come. However, the body heat, the quickened pulse and the hammering heartbeat had. This time when he tilted his head, she let him lead. His lips teased hers, with a soft open-mouthed kiss.

He pulled back and their lips did a soft smack before he looked into her eyes again. He released the hold he had on her face with one hand and brushed her blond waves out of her face. “God, you’re beautiful….”

She smiled. This time her heart jolted and her pulse pounded. She tried to throttle the dizzying current racing through her as he lowered his mouth to hers—

“Nicholas! You get in here right now!”

The two of them immediately bolted apart like kindergarteners caught with their hands in the cookie jar after their mammies had told them no. Lexy turned her head and looked at past him. Standing in the glowing light of the porch was his grandmother. And she looked pissed.

She sighed and cuffed his wrists. “Never mind,” she uttered. She pushed his hands away gently. “I-I-I’ll talk to you tomorrow.”

Nick exhaled as he watched her walk away for a moment. Then something that he remembered Chris telling him popped into his head: *Forget what others think, do what your heart tells you.*

He jogged to her, took her hand and spun her around. She gasped as her hand went to his chest. “Nick, we shouldn’t—”

He took her face in his hands and looked into her eyes. “I don’t care if she sees or even if she stands there and watches.” He caressed his thumbs over her cheekbones. Without saying a word, he pressed his lips to hers again. He kissed her again and again….and again. His tongue rimmed her lips, in a way of asking for permission to kiss her so intimately.

She opened her mouth, eager for the taste and feel of his tongue stroking hers. Their tongues slicked together on mutual moans and then tangled together for a moment. His mouth was warm on hers, his tongue hot as it entwined with hers, over and over again.

He gently pulled back, lingering over the kiss. Her entire body was on fire. When he pulled back she actually felt a whimper leave her lips. He smiled and gave her a soft drugging kiss. “I promise there will be more of that.”

She sighed into him and held on. He kissed her chin, her cheek, her lips and then her forehead. “I love you,” he whispered.

“I love you. See you tomorrow?”

He nodded. “Absolutely.” He watched her go and then turned to walk back into the house. He resisted the urge to roll his eyes when he seen his conservative grandmother standing on the porch with her arms folded in front of her like she was waiting to lecture her.

He walked up the walk and onto the porch. As he walked past his grandmother he said, “Did you like the show, Old Woman?”
She turned and walked back into the house after him, slamming the door behind her. “Nicholas Daniel Jordan! What in the world was that?”

“That was me kissing my girlfriend—really kissing her—for the first time, grandmother.” He put his hands in his back pockets as he looked at her. “Did you enjoy it?”

Chris smirked and tapped his brother on the shoulder. “You kissed? Like *really* kissed?”

He nodded. “Yeah.”

Chris saw the deflation in his eyes. “What?”

“It wasn’t perfect,” he said softly.

Nathan smiled. “What do you mean?”

“We bumped noses.”

He smiled. “It’s better than foreheads,” he admitted.

Both of his boys turned and stared at him in surprise. “What?” they said in unison.

“First time I kissed a girl we bumped foreheads. I had the bruise to for four days to prove it.” He looked over at Jennifer. “Ten years later, I married her.”

Nick exhaled. “Well, I’m going to bed. I gotta put my electronics on their chargers.” He started up the stairs, calling over his shoulder, “Good night everyone.”

“Good night, Nicky,” mom and dad called after him.

He walked up to his room and shut the door behind him. He touched his lips and his mind seemed to flash back to the kiss. The way her lips felt. The sensations and everything. He didn’t care if it was girly or not. It was amazing.

Lexy ran all the way home on an adrenaline cloud of happiness. She could have never thought that kissing would feel that incredible! She knew she’d remember it forever. The press of his lips, the feel of his tongue. How much she felt in that moment.

She ran all the way upstairs to her apartment and walked through the door. As soon as the door closed behind her she let out an ecstatic squeal of delight. Inside the kitchen, Oliver dried his hands and looked at Felicity, they exchanged a look.

Oliver looked at her curiously. “What’s up with you?”

“Nothing,” she said practically bouncing to the couch. She then threw herself on the couch as she said, “Nick kissed me.”

Felicity smiled. “Honey, he’s been kissing you for mon…. the words died on her tongue when she realized what she had said. “You mean, the *real* kiss?”

“Yep,” she said nodding, laying back on the couch. She looked up at her mom. “And it was *amazing*. In fact, amazing doesn’t even begin to cover it.”
Oliver smiled. He was glad she was getting some kind of happy ending after the year they’ve had. He pressed his lips to her forehead. “You should get some rest.”

She nodded and sat back up. “Right. Good night, mama.” She kissed her cheek. She hugged Oliver and kissed his cheek. “Good night, daddy.”

She quickly changed into her pajamas and hopped into bed. Turning out her small lamp on her nightstand. She swiped up her phone and typed to Nick: **Good Night. I love you. Can’t wait to see you.**

Seconds later she received: **[From Nick]: Good night, Angel. Can’t wait to see you too. I love you.**

She smiled and laid back against her pillows. She let out a very long sigh and knew that her world was right again. Roy was alive and well and everything. And she and Nick were progressing nicely into an amazing couple. Life couldn’t have been any better.

Chapter End Notes

P.S., I have a lot of exciting things planned for this entire series. Like say.....a Flashpoint timeline ripple that effects not only Diggle, but a couple of people on Team Arrow (and no I don’t mean Oliver and Felicity). I hope you stay with me until the end (which will only be when Arrow ends)

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