Summary

Life in Starling City is going well for the members of Team Arrow. Oliver, Felicity and Lexy are now a happy family….that are now legally bound to one another. In fact, Oliver’s even decided that it’s time to make things official with him and Felicity.

While, Lexy and Nick are doing incredibly well together, sure they fight and high school’s difficult for the budding couple, but they are great together. Added onto that is her responsibilities as the Sparrow. Not to mention, he’s been going out in the field with them more.
Dig and Lyla are preparing for a little baby girl and Roy’s trying to move on from Thea’s Dear John letter….or is he?

Just when it seems that life couldn’t get any better, the vigilante life starts to get crazy. From copycat villains, to a whole new set of bad guys, to charming Billionaires, to the leader of the League of assassins who wants someone to pay for the death of his own, this year is shaping up to be an emotional one for Team Arrow. Can they come out the stronger for it? Or will fall in the end?

Notes

REMININDER: THIS IS A CANON-DIVERGENCE

Some events in the show have been rewritten to fit my storyline.
THE CAST
QUEEN

FELICITY'S BOYFRIEND & LEXY'S FATHER; LEADER OF TEAM ARROW

FELICITY SMOAK

OLIVER'S GIRLFRIEND/LEXY'S MOTHER (NOW LEGALLY TOO), AND TEAM ARROW'S EYES AND EARS
ALEXANDRA 'LEXY' QUEEN, 13
OLIVER AND FELICITY'S DAUGHTER; GIRLFRIEND OF NICK JORDAN AND CO-LEADER OF TEAM ARROW

JOHN DIGGLE
OLIVER'S BEST FRIEND & LEXY'S ADOPTIVE UNCLE AND MEMBER OF TEAM ARROW

ROY HARPER
OLIVER'S PROTEGE/LEXY'S BEST FRIEND AND TRAINING PARTNER AND A MEMBER OF TEAM ARROW
NICK JORDAN, 14

LEXY'S BEST FRIEND-BOYFRIEND/ROY'S FRIEND AND A MEMBER OF TEAM ARROW

LAUREL LANCE

OLIVER'S CHILDHOOD FRIEND/LEXY'S GODMOTHER/AN ALLY TO TEAM ARROW
QUENTIN LANCE

LAUREL'S FATHER/LEXY'S GRANDFATHER FIGURE/AN ALLY TO TEAM ARROW

DONNA SMOAK

FELICITY'S MOTHER/NOW LEXY'S GRANDMOTHER

steven-1022x475[1]
NICK'S BROTHER/FRIEND OF LEXY'S--He knows she's the Sparrow, but doesn't know anything else about the team.

RACHEL CARSON, 19

CHRIS' GIRLFRIEND/FRIEND OF LEXY--Doesn't know Lexy's secret.
Chapter Summary

Oliver's set to make Felicity his one and only....but a new baddie in town may have other plans.

The Arrow and the Sparrow get thanked for their Heroics. And the Queens are victorious and finally that much closer to getting everything that belong to them back.

John and Lyla have their baby girl.

Chapter Notes

Hey, all sorry the this first chapter took so long. I wanted to do it right. And I think I got it just about perfect.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Lexy Queen looked down into the glass display cases, row after row. She smiled when she found the one. “Daddy, I found it.”

He walked to her, placing a hand on her shoulder. “Which one?”

“That one,” she said and pointed down at it. He looked at the simple solitaire diamond on a silver band.

“Lex, we’re looking for mom, not you.”

She ha-ha’d him and then slapped his chest. “Funny, dad. Trust me if I am ever to get married I don’t know if I want a traditional diamond.”

He smiled and kissed her head. “Say that to me in about ten years when Nick proposes, Sweetheart.”
She smiled. Her and Nick were way off from ever being to that place, but she thought it was cool that both sets of parents thought it would happen.

He exhaled and looked down at the diamond ring. It was simple, but Lexy had said she didn’t want anything real extravagant. But was it too simple? He rubbed his forehead and exhaled. Why did shopping for an engagement ring for the love your life have to be so hard?

The saleswoman approached the case and smiled at Oliver. “May I help you, Mr. Queen?”

He smiled at her. “Yes, I’d like to see that one, please?”

She nodded. She pulled it out of the case and held out to him. “It’s a two carat diamond. The simplicity is what makes the ring so beautiful.”

He nodded. “It is very beautiful. I….I just don’t know if she’d—”

“Daddy, I love you to the moon and back, but if you were going to stand here for four hours trying to decide if it was the “right” ring then why did you have me subtly interrogate mom to get info on her dream ring?”

He chuckled. “You’re right.” He looked at the woman. “I’ll take it.”

The woman nodded. “Your daughter is very spunky, Mr. Queen.”

He laughed softly. “‘Spunky’ is putting it lightly,” he glanced at her nametag, “Elaine. Her mother says she’s outspoken. I haven’t decided.”

She asked about size and everything she needed to ask and he gave the answers. She signaled for him to follow her down to the end and he did so. “So, who do you think she favors—your soon-to-be fiancée or you?”

He smiled. “Well, um….my girlfriend isn’t her biological mother, but I’d have to say she resembles my ex almost to a tee.”

“Oh, I’m sorry. I assumed that since she called her ‘mom’ that she was….I’m sorry.”

He laughed to himself. ‘It’s okay. It’s fine actually. No, Felicity adopted her this year, but her mother is my old teenage girlfriend. We had Lexy very young.’ He looked over his shoulder at her as she looked at some necklaces hanging on a hook on a display case. He looked back at the woman. “I wouldn’t trade her for the world.”

Elaine, a middle-aged woman smiled happily. “Always good to see a father with that much love in his eyes for his little girl. It helps us grow up very well-adjusted.” She rang up the ring and smiled at him. “Will this be cash or credit, Mr. Queen?”

“Credit,” he told her and handed her the credit card that he used for Lexy’s emergencies. He’d easily replace it when the board agreed to sell the company back to him. Thanks to the things he was learning from Janine’s Godfather, Michael Stanford, he now believed he could run the company.

He just hoped he could balance being a CEO and the Arrow a little bit better than before.

He took the bag from her and thanked her. He walked up to Lexy as she pulled her cell phone out. She snapped a picture of the necklace she was looking at and then sent it off. “Whatcha doing?”

She smiled. “Nick’s asking about what I want for our one year anniversary. Thought I’d give a very
obvious hint.” She put the phone back into her pocket and looped her arm through his. “Don’t worry it’s not expensive, really.” She smiled up at him. “Ready?”

He nodded. “Wanna get something to eat?”

She nodded. “Sure,” she said, smiling. “How about nachos?”

He laughed and put his arm around her shoulders. “Nachos it is.”

Late that afternoon, Roy, Nick and Lexy were sparring on the mats. She was using the bamboo sticks that her father had trained her with when he taught her the batons she uses. Nick had asked to be taught to fight like they do just as a backup. So, for the rest of the summer, from the time that they got back from the lake until now she and Roy were teaching him to fight. While she and Roy were training and continuing to train to fight together as partners.

She blocked Roy’s punch so that his fist met the middle of the bamboo and then she swiftly turned and knocked Nick’s legs out from under him. His back slammed hard into the mat and she flinched. “Oops,” she said softly. She gave him a sweet, apologetic smile. She put one bamboo stick in the other, and helped him to his feet. “Sorry, Baby.”

He laughed and wrapped his arm around her waist. “Just be glad that I love you,” he said and kissed her lips. “If you were Chris I’d be getting pissed off right now.”

Oliver walked over to the mat and looked at Nick. “You have to anticipate your opponent’s moves before they make them.”

“How do you do that?”

Roy straightened. “Most combat fighters fight a certain way. Take Lexy, she combines the techniques Oliver taught her with her gymnastics that she learned….whenever. While I combine his techniques with my street fighter moves.”

Oliver tapped his shoulder. “It’s all about what you’re comfortable with. Developing your style.” He sighed and looked at Roy and Lexy. “It’s the one thing I’ve learned with teaching them.” He looked at Nick. “I know your dad taught you to fight, so use the cop fighting training he taught you and your brother and combine it with the moves they’re teaching you.”

Nick nodded. “Got it.”

Oliver then tapped his back. “And don’t be afraid to take her down,” he said smiling. “I won’t be pissed unless you do it deliberately.”

He laughed. “Thanks.”

“I’m serious. If you’re going to spar with her you can’t be afraid to take her down. She’ll be more pissed at you for being soft than she would be if you tried and ended up making her proud by taking her down.”

He nodded. “Right. What I’m worried about is—”

“You can’t be,” Roy told him automatically knowing what he meant. “Lexy’s not the type of girl to withhold affection because you kicked her ass in a sparring session, Nick.” His lips slid into a mischievous smile. “She might if you keep playing it safe though.” He closed the gap between them and lowered his voice. “She’s been up against some heavy hitters, Man. Sparring with her isn’t
gonna do her in, Nick. She can take a beating in a sparring session with you. I know you don’t want to hurt her and if you ever did off these mats I’d kick your ass myself, but on these mats she’s your teacher. She wants to see that you’re learning something. So, just buck up.”

Nick exhaled and turned to Lexy. “Wanna go again?”

She laughed. “Sure, Jordan.” She tossed the bamboo stick in the air and caught it. She nodded her head to the side. “Let’s do this.”

Later that night, they heard about an illegal shipment of RPGs and decided to stop them. Just like every night since taking down Slade, Oliver, Lexy, John and Roy worked totally in sync with one another. Working as a team without saying much to each other.

Lexy was running along the top a couple of factories and then hopped onto a connecting part of the building. She smiled when she seen her dad coming from the other direction. Together they hopped onto the semi-trailer of the truck and then moved up.

With Oliver’s arrows, they dislodged the trailer and John let them know he had the RPGs secure. Oliver stayed on the roof of the truck and said, “Roy, we’re coming to ya.”

Roy got in front of the truck and took out the front tires. One of the guys shot at Oliver and he fell to the ground while Roy took one down. Lexy saw the other guy start running into the alley. “Dad, I got ‘em.”

“Right behind ya, Lex.”

She chased the guy into a factory and Oliver got ahead of them enough to shoot one of his trick arrows that did a bunch ropes to stop him. He ran right into it and Lexy used her baton and clotheslined him too. Oliver looked at the guy laying on the floor and said, “Vincent Steelgrave you have failed this City.” He then punched him in the face, knocking him out cold.

She laughed softly. “Nice, daddy. Bringing out the old guns.” She then said into her comm. “Steelgrave is down.”

“Thanks, Sweetheart.”

They went back to the foundry where their hideout still was and walked into the cave. “Take another off the board.”

“We keep this up, there will only be two types of criminals left in Starling City-- the ones we put away and the ones that are running scared.”

“You know Uncle John with you bringing my cousin into the world soon you’d think you’d be happy about that,” Lexy pointed out.

He laughed and then gave her an affectionate smile. He loved the fact that Lexy kept calling his soon-to-be born daughter her cousin. “More than you know.” He kissed her hair. “And you’ve had a lot to do with that, Small Fry.”
She smiled and hugged him. “You haven’t called me that in a long time.”

Oliver looked at the green plant on the table. “What's that?”

“A fern. It thrives on the light.”

Lexy smirked. “Mom, you’ve been ‘sprucing up’ our entire place. Please tell me you’re not going to start here too?”

Oliver chuckled. “If your mom wants to that’s fine with me.” He took her face in his hands very gently and gave her a very passionate kiss. “It looks beautiful.”

She smiled. “Thanks.”

Lexy walked over to put her batons on their chargers as she said, “Oh, daddy, guess what?”

“What, Baby?”

She placed them on the charger and then pulled her gloves off. “Mom and I went grocery shopping yesterday—”

“Yes, I remember.”

“Dad, I wasn’t finished.”

“Right, sorry,” he said smiling.

“Anyway, we went grocery shopping and this married couple who had three young kids with them made the same assumption that the girl at the ice cream parlor had made about me and mom.”

‘Ice cream parlor’ was their own special code for where they went a few days ago. Oliver wanted to keep their trip to the jewelry store between them and made Lexy promise. As far as Felicity knew Lexy and Oliver had a father-daughter day just the 2 of them.

The sound of a text coming through broke into Oliver’s thoughts. Felicity looked at the phone and handed it to Oliver. “Another text from Thea.”

“Where is she now?” John asked.

“Amalfi coast. I keep telling her to send photos,” Oliver said.

“It’s gorgeous there,” Nick commented.

Lexy and Felicity looked at him in surprise. “You’ve been to Italy?”

He nodded. “My grandmother, Carolyn is Italian. We go every June for her family reunions.”

“You’re part Italian?” Lexy asked. It still amazed her that as much as she had learned about him, she was still learning a lot more.

He nodded. “Yes, ma’am. I’m also part Hispanic,” he answered.

“Really?” Felicity asked sounding surprised now. “With your coloring I would have never guessed.”

He laughed. “Yeah. Chris inherited the coloring and dad’s eyes. I inherited mom and grandpa’s
coloring with the blue eyes.”

Hearing them talk about Thea hurt Roy, so he did a quick exit. “I'm going to go do a patrol, clear my head,” he told everyone heading out.

“Hey,” Oliver said turning to him. “You did really good tonight.”

Roy shook his head a ‘thanks’ kind of gesture, and continued walking. Lexy looked at Nick and he nodded for her to go ahead. She kissed him and said, “Roy, wait up. I'll go with you.”

He opened his mouth to turn her down, but she stopped him. “And don’t tell me no. I'll just follow you anyway. And I’m not doing it as your teacher, but your friend and partner.” She lifted a well-groomed blond brow to him. “Is that okay?”

How could he deny her that? He smiled and nodded.

“Good.” She clipped her bow to her waistband and adjusted the strap to her quiver that was now always on her back now. Since the fight with Slade, she’d gotten into the habit of carrying both of her weapons. “I was going to anyway.”

He laughed and put his arm around her shoulders, kissing her temple. “I know.” Truthfully, since the breakup with Thea he wasn’t sure how he would have gotten through all of this without her.

They fell silent as they patrolled and then finally she asked, “So….how are you today?”

He nodded. “Better. Hey, thanks for talking me away from getting really plastered the other night.”

She smiled. “You're welcome. I know it’s tempting to drown all of what you’re feeling into the bottom of liquor, but it’s not going to solve anything. Especially not your broken heart right now.”

He nodded. “I know that. And like I said, thanks.”

She kissed his cheek. “You’re welcome. I’m just glad you’re letting me be here for you through this.”

“No one else I’d want here,” he admitted. He stopped and looked around from the top of the building. “How are you and Nick doing?”

She nodded. “Good. Really good. I’m a little nervous about letting him out here with us though.”

“Because he’d get hurt?”

She shook her head. “No. Not really that. Um…the other night I had a dream about him being out here with us and he, uh…went all caveman on me after I got hurt and actually told me not to go back out there.”

He laughed. “Ooh! If he actually does that beyond your dreams you’d fuck him up, Sash. There’s no way around that.”

She laughed. He was right about that. She may be a traditional girlfriend in a lot of ways but she refused to be the traditional one in the sense of having men fight her battles. She could fight her own battles thank you very much. “It’s just made me really nervous about it.”

He smiled. “I don’t think Nick would actually do that. That’s just your subconscious bringing your fears to life, honey. And it’s okay to have those fears.” He seen the look of disbelief in her eyes and said, “It is. I had them with Thea. I thought the fact that she was rich would have gotten in the way
of us, but it never did. Not really anyway.”

She just hoped that Roy was right because that just might be a deal breaker for her.

The next morning, Lexy was talking to Nick over the phone, letting him know that she wouldn’t be in school until late. “Sorry, baby, but Aunt Laurel wants me and daddy to see something.” She paused as she picked up her cereal bowl and put it into the sink. “No. That’s not until tomorrow, I think. I’ll have to check my planner to be sure.” She laughed. “Well, then I guess it’s a nerd thing, Jordan.” She laughed again. “I love you too. Bye.” She hung up the phone and placed it on the counter, muttering, “Jerk.”

“Problems in paradise?”

Lexy turned, still laughing a little. “No. Not at all. Nick’s making fun of the fact that I use a planner to keep homework and the other parts of my life besides the Sparrow straight.”

She laughed softly. “I had a boyfriend who did that to me once. Don’t let it bother you. Is it working?”

She nodded. “The planner is working great and I’m not,” she admitted. “Besides, he knows not to make fun of me for being a planner nerd when I could just as easily make fun of him for being a comic book geek.”

Felicity laughed. “God, I love you guys!”

Oliver walked out of the bedroom and into the living room and smiled when he seen Felicity and Lexy in the room already. He was dressed casually in a pair gray dress pants, a gray t-shirt and a blue plaid shirt. He looked at Lexy’s outfit. She wore a pair of black leggings and a maroon sweater, with a pair of dark gray knee-high high-heel boots. Her beautiful blond curls were pulled into a high ponytail. “You look great, Sweetheart.”

“Thanks, daddy.”

He walked to Felicity and kissed her lips softly. “So do you, as always.”

“Thanks. Just came by on my break to make sure you guys were up. Since Laurel wanted you both down at the courthouse.”

He gave her a long, drugging kiss. “You’re amazing.”

They got to the courthouse where Laurel waited for them. They watched the officers load Steelgrave into the DOC van. “Steelgrave took a plea for 15 to 20. His lawyer folded like a deck chair after I hit him with the evidence that the Arrow gathered.”

“Good work,” Oliver said, smiling a little.

“You catch ’em, I cook ’em.” Her eyes widened. “Did I say that too loud?”

“No, you’re fine.”
Lexy laughed a little. Sometimes it bothered her that people that knew they were the Arrow and the Sparrow didn’t seem to remember it when they were thanking her dad for doing it.

“Did you ever think that we'd end up as business partners?”

“Is that why you invited me down here, Laurel? To see Mr. Steelgrave sent off into his new life?”

“No. I have a surprise for you.”

They stopped behind a podium where the newly appointed Captain Lance stood all dressed up. Oliver looked from Laurel to Quentin. “What’s your dad doing here?”

“You’ll see. I'll be right back.”

They waited anxiously but patiently. Laurel walked up to them and they both looked at her curiously. “What’s going on, Aunt Laurel?”

“Your surprise.”

The screech of the microphone had them both watching. “Uh, thank you all--ahem, excuse me, thank you for coming. Five months ago, this city was under siege. And the SCPD rallied behind a duo in hoods—well, one in a hood and another in a mask. Well, I ended up with a captain's rank, and they didn't even get a thank you. But today, they do. 'Cause today, the Starling City police department is formally recognizing the individuals known as the Arrow and the Sparrow. And I'm using my new position to disband the anti-vigilante task force charged with capturing them.”

Oliver turned to Laurel with a very sweet smile on his face. “Thank you.” He looked at Lexy and saw an actual tear slip down her face. He wrapped his arm around her shoulder and whispered, “Don’t. Not yet, Sweetheart.”

She cleared her throat and blinked. “Sorry, daddy.”

He chuckled and kissed the top of her head. “It's okay, Sweetheart.”

Meanwhile, at school, Matt Reynolds walked up to Nick’s locker. “Hey, Jordan, did you see this?”

Nick looked at the kid’s tablet as he pressed play.

“Five months ago, this city was under siege. And the SCPD rallied behind a duo in hoods—well, one in a hood and another in a mask. Well, I ended up with a captain's rank, and they didn't even get a thank you. But today, they do. 'Cause today, the Starling City police department is formally recognizing the individuals known as the Arrow and the Sparrow. And I'm using my new position to disband the anti-vigilante task force charged with capturing them.”

He smiled. That was amazing. They could finally work without the fear of being arrested. “Yeah, so? So, I find it interesting that your girlfriend and her dad are in the background.” He pointed them out. “Right there.”

Nick shook his head. “I’m very well aware of what she looks like, Matt. What’s your point?”

“Why are they there?”

“Because ADA Lance and Captain Lance are her God family. Oliver grew up with Laurel and even
dated her for a little while. Laurel’s Lexy’s Godmother. And since Lexy no longer has a grandfather, she has dubbed Captain Lance as her grandfather.”

Lexy walked out of the head office with an excuse slip in her hand and headed straight for Nick’s locker. She deflated slightly when she seen Matt standing there talking to him. “If this is a serious conversation I can come back later.”

Nick looked from Matt to Lexy. “No, Baby, it’s not.”

“Cool.” She looked at Matt. “Hello, Matthew.”

“Hi, Lexy. Sorry to hear about your father losing the company.”

“He hasn’t,” she told him confidently. “But thanks.” She walked up to Nick. Matt left and Lexy rose up on her tiptoes, pulling his mouth down on hers. And kissing him passionately.

When they finally came up for air, they were both panting. “Wow…” he whispered. “What was that for?”

She smiled up at him. “I’m having a good day. Needed a kiss to make it even better.”

He smiled and kissed her forehead. “Glad I could help.” He shut his locker. “So, I see that the Vigilantes are no longer going to be hunted by the cops.”

She nodded. “Yeah. I saw that too. It’s very cool. I don’t think it should have started anyway, but….”

That night, Lexy and Oliver were riding their motorcycles weaving through the City streets. “Go,” Oliver told Diggle.

“Kelvin Nico just knocked over a liquor store. Nico's in Steelgrave's crew.”

“Send his photo to Roy. Get me Felicity.”

“You got it.”

“I can't talk right now. I'm at work. Could I ask you guys just to wait one moment? Someone's calling for tech support.” She took off to the back room. “Oh, you are going to get me so incredibly fired. Okay, I am hacked into the city's database. I am running facial recognition...N...”

“Do you like Italian?”

“What?”

“For tonight. You like Italian, right? Everyone likes Italian.”

“Oliver,” she looked over her shoulder. “You're in the middle of a high speed chase.”

“I'm multitasking,” Oliver told her.

“Yeah, mom, it’s a new skill he’s learned.”

“I got him. He's in the sewer. I'm picking up his cell phone underneath. He's at the corner of Grand
and Ames. And yes, I love Italian. Detective Lance—Captain Lance—is also in pursuit. You are welcome. I have to go.”

Lexy and Oliver caught up to him in the sewer like Felicity said he would be and also caught up to Captain Lance also. They thanked him for his words that afternoon and then they left, with Oliver telling him he had to be somewhere.

They got out of the sewer and Lexy looked at her dad. “Good luck, daddy. I’m meeting Nick to do our homework at our place. I know she’ll say yes.”

“How do you know?”

She smiled. “I just do,” she almost sing-songed over her shoulder.

When Lexy got to the condo from changing at the Foundry and grabbing Chinese on the way, Nick was waiting for her. They greeted each other with a kiss, he took the takeout bags and she used her key to get in. She pushed the door open with her foot and they both entered. He sat the bags on the coffee table as she pulled her jacket off.

“What did you get us for dinner?”

“All our mutual favorites,” she told him slipping out of her boots.

He pulled out the first item and smiled, “Nice. Beef fried rice…” he pulled the next one out, “….Kung Po Chicken….” He looked up at her and smiled. “Nice choice.” He dug in for the next one. “Let’s see….chow mein…..ooh, beef stir fry.”

She sat down on the couch, pulled the coffee table closer to the couch and flipped the television on. “Wanna watch Netflix while we eat? Mom and dad should be gone for at least a couple of episodes of one of our shows.”

“Yeah, that sounds good.”

She switched it over to Netflix and found their favorite show to binge. They each grabbed one of the boxes, then chopsticks and sat back. He grabbed her legs and draped them over his lap. She laid back a little and started eating the chow mein. “Let me know when you wanna switch,” she said as she dug in.

“Okay,” he said.

Oliver walked into the restaurant and looked at the host. “Queen, party of two.”

He stopped the moment he saw her. She looked gorgeous in her pink dress with her hair down. Finally coming back to reality, he followed the host. They greeted each other with nervous kisses. Oliver chuckled.

“What?” she asked.

“Nothing. I'm just—”
“Nervous?” she supplied.

“Yeah.”

“Line forms behind me,” she teased. She’d been nervous about tonight because she had a feeling it was going to be a big night for them. What was going to happen she had no idea, but she was nervously excited for it.

Their waiter approached the table. Oliver ordered, “Scotch. Neat.”

The waiter looked at her. She smiled and said, “Just the water for me, thanks.”

Oliver stopped the man before he walked off and then looked at Felicity. “Are you—are you sure? The booze might sort of help with the whole—”

“The alcohol is not going to mix well with the three benzos I took,” she admitted.

“Am I being crazy? I mean, what do we have to be nervous about?”

She smiled flirtatiously at him. “Well, we've already exhausted every topic that one would normally talk about on a first date and a second date and a third date, and every date, actually, and I’ve already seen you shirtless. Multiple times. Shirtless, all the time.” She blushed.

He knew what she was thinking about. Before he could respond the waiter brought their drinks. “Thank you.”

“Thank you.”

Felicity sipped her water.

“There are still a few things that you don't know about me.”

“Please. Name one.”

“The five years that I was away... I wasn't always on Lian Yu.”

“I thought so.” She smiled. “Where were you?”

“Hong Kong...for one.” He paused. “And I have been thinking a lot recently about... My time there. The choices that I had to make.”

“Those years sound like they were full of a whole lot of suck.”

“I'm sorry. I'm just a little out of my element.” He took a breath and tried again, “The entire time that I was gone, I could never... completely trust someone. And when that goes on for so long, you stop... seeing people for people. You see... threats. Or targets.” There was another pause. “And when I decided to come home, I... I just didn't know how to turn that part of me off. Then I walked into your office. You were the first person that I could see as a... a person. There was just something about you.”

“Oh, yeah, I was chewing on a pen.”

“It was red.”

Surprised, she just nodded with a smile. He dipped his hand into his jacket pocket and held the box in his hand. “Felicity, the year or so that we’ve been together… I never thought….” He smiled. “….I
could be this happy. I never thought I could be good enough for someone after everything I’ve experienced on the island and off—"

His words were cut off by the sound of a boom. He looked toward the window and saw the missile coming at them. He immediately stood, flipped the table and grabbed her to hide behind it. It exploded on impact.

Back at the condo, Lexy and Nick cuddling on the couch, watching another episode of *Scandal* when she heard the repetitive beeping coming from her jacket. Nick was gently caressing her leg, in that loving way he had, and she seriously didn’t want to get up. But she knew what the beeping meant. She immediately moved her legs off of him and ran to her jacket.

She pulled the phone out of her pocket and hit the button. The beeping stopped. Nick sat his soda on the table. “What is that?”

“It’s panic button, if you will.” She looked at Nick. “I installed them on mom, dad’s and uncle John’s phones.” She seen the surprise on his face and she shrugged. “Hey, what can I say? I have a fear of abandonment. I can’t help it.”

She looked at him. “Grab your jacket. We’re going to the bunker.”

He grabbed his jacket and ran to the entryway. She pulled her boots on and they both ran out of the house.

They got to the bunker just before Oliver did, carrying Felicity. He laid her on the light table. Lexy rushed to the table. “Mama!”

“She’s okay, baby. Just knocked out.”

Roy turned to Oliver’s bag and looked through it. Nick was the one that found it though. “Roy. Found it. It’s a tracer.”

Roy walked over to them holding the jacket and the tracer. “Hey, check this out. It’s a GPS. Nick found it on your jacket. It's wasted now.”

“You took out one of Steelgraves' crew earlier tonight.”

“It was a set up so they could plant that thing on me.”

“Oliver, I know what you're thinking.”

“No, you don't.”

“Listen, I'm not other people. I know exactly what's going on in your head, and you are wrong.”

“Diggle, somebody put a tracer on me and I don't notice? The only explanation...” He looked at Felicity. “I lost my focus.”

“Dad, stop,” Lexy told him. “I hate when you start talking like that. It usually means you’re thinking of breaking up—” she gasped, “You’re not going to break up are you?”
He shook his head. “No, baby, but I didn’t get to ask.”

“It’s okay,” she said hopeful. There are other times to do it.”

“No, Sweetheart, I don’t think so.”

“Daddy.”

“Lexy, leave it, please.”

She sighed and watched him for a moment, before walking over to her mom. Nick walked to the computers. He pulled up a chair and put his Bluetooth in.

Oliver and Lexy went to the building where they found Steelgrave earlier. Behind him he could hear footsteps and turned bow raised. It was only Lance though. “Got this handled, Detective.”

“These guys blew up a building. You think I’m sitting this out? Suspect's name is Werner Zytle. He's a real nutbar.”

“Keep your head on a swivel, then.” He looked at Lexy. “Both of you.”

They separated to find this guy. Oliver was the one to find him though. Hearing footsteps behind him, he turned only to be introduced to a guy with a very thick accent. “I'm Werner Zytle.” He stabbed him in the neck and Oliver screamed out. “You can call me Vertigo.”

“The Count's dead!”

“Some things never die. You, for example. It's frustrating. Just means I have to try a little bit harder.”

Oliver fought him off and then said into his comm. “Sparrow.”

“Coming,” she said.

Arrow fought the new guy who was calling himself the Count off, but he was getting to be very disoriented while doing it.

Zytle came toward him. “The Count might be dead, true... But his glorious narcotic lives on-- with a few enhancements that will reveal to you your greatest fear. Like gazing upon truth itself.”

“Get away from him!” came Lexy’s voice.

“Ahh…you brought your little girl.”

She put her batons together and started fighting the older man. The one time he got the better of her he tried to use the drug on her, but shots rang out and she heard Quentin’s voice say, “Get away from her or get put down!”

She used the Bo to knock his hand out of the way. She heard Lance gasping and grunting behind her and without thinking she went to him. “Quentin!”

Zytle came toward them, but Oliver stopped him by putting an arrow through his shoulder. He tapped his comm, “Nick, call an ambulance.”
“On it,” he said and electronically dialed to call 9-1-1.

When they got back to the bunker, Oliver and Lexy both grabbed a bag to change and headed to the respective bathrooms. Oliver came out first and then Lexy. Oliver was dressed in his usual suit and tie. Lexy however was dressed in a black midi dress, with capped sleeves. She had pulled her hair half up and reapplied her makeup. She had also put on heels that brought her to her father’s shoulder.

“Maybe we should reschedule the board meeting. I mean after all this….”

“We can’t,” Lexy told her. “They’ll for sure pass us and go to the next available bidder.”

Oliver looked at his watch. “It's in less than an hour. I've got this.”

They got to Queen Consolidated and Felicity began informing them of everything Ned Foster and Michael Stanford told her today would be. “And I just spoke to Ned Foster. He said the board is primed. You just have to go in there and wow them. Which I am pretty sure is a business term.”

As they rounded the corner, they were stopped by Ned. “I’m afraid we have a situation. Apparently there's another bidder for the company.”

“Really? Who?”

Lexy’s mouth dropped open when she saw who it was. The man was tall and dark haired. And was about $8 billion dollars richer thanks to her.

“Ray Palmer. Nice to meet you. Love your company.” He looked at Felicity. “Nice to see you again, Miss Smoak.”

Oliver looked curiously at her. “You two know each other?”

Ray saw Lexy. “Alexandra?”

“Hello, Ray,” she said put her hands on her hips. “How’s Bradford Global?”

“It’s doing well. How….?”

She smiled. “Aww….I’m slightly offended.” She held out her hand to the man. “Alexandra Olivia Queen,” Lexy answered. “This is my paternal family’s building.” She looked from him to Oliver. “And this is my father, Oliver.”

He looked generally shocked. “Really? Right, Olivia—feminization of Oliver. I should have…I guess, I just never….huh.” He walked into the conference room. “So sorry I am late. Heh, traffic was terrible. Which is why I took my helicopter. I parked on your roof. I hope that's OK.” He looked at Oliver. “You validate, right?”

Both men did their presentations and the board asked to discuss it and get back to them. They all began to stand and the female board member stopped Lexy. “Alexandra.”
“Yes, ma’am?”

“May I ask you a question?”

“Absolutely,” she said, smiling.

“If we were to accept Dr. Palmer’s proposal would you be willing to sell the other Bradford com—”

“Nope,” she answered, almost immediately. “If you want my companies then you’ll have to accept the terms that my father and I presented to you even before this meeting.”

They waited for a couple of hours. While they waited Lexy paced up and down the floor waiting. She hated decisions like this. The woman that had asked Lexy the question called them back in. Both parties walked into the room. The head of the board looked at Ray. “Mr. Palmer, that was a very impressive presentation you showed us,” he began. “However, we have decided to continue with the way this company has always been handled and with whom.” He looked at Oliver. “Congratulations, Mr. Queen.”

Ray’s jaw fell open in surprise. He couldn’t believe it. He lost? He never loses. So, how did….? He turned to Lexy. “May I speak with you for a moment, Miss Queen?”

She nodded. “Sure,” she said and looked at the board members and her parents. “Excuse me.” She walked out with Ray. “What’s up?”

“What did you offer them that they would have turned my proposal down?”

She shook her head. “Private proposals are private for a reason, Dr. Palmer.”

He eyed her suspiciously. “You are definitely smarter than people give you credit for, Alexandra.”

“Thank you, Doctor.” She folded her arms in front of her and lifted a brow in challenge. “Will there be anything else, Doctor?”

“No. Except….”

“Yes?” she said turning.

“I will get it, Miss Queen,” he promised. “You can count on it. I never lose.”

She smirked and turned on her 4” heels. “You did today, Doctor,” she called over shoulder, walking back into the conference room. When she walked back into the room there several pairs of eyes on her.

The woman whom Lexy had discovered was named Susanna looked at her concerned. “Did he threaten you?”

She shook her head. “No. Not at all.” She smiled. “I promise. He wanted to know what I offered to give the company for you to sway it in dad’s favor.”

“Well, Alexandra, I’d be lying if I said that your proposal wasn’t what swayed us a little.” She looked up at Oliver. “Mr. Queen, I can tell you have a passion for this company. It’s been in your family for decades. Your passion for it is what swayed us the most, however your daughter’s proposal of acquisitioning the rest of the Bradford companies to the QC umbrella helped.”

Ned Foster came forward. “Alexandra said in her proposal that if you were to pick them then she would give you a list of people she wanted to fill what positions.”
The man wearing glasses nodded. “Right.”

Ned slid the paper across. “As you can see, Mr. Queen has learned one thing it’s not to take the entire thing on himself. He’ll still stay CEO, but the very well-respected Michael Stanford has promised and contracted to become the COO until Alexandra is old enough if she so chooses to help her father run the company. If Alexandra doesn’t want to run the company, then Oliver and Michael have agreed to discuss it then.”

They looked at the rest of the list. Then another man looked up at him. “Mr. Queen, you’re okay with Mr. Stanford taking on the everyday duties as the COO?”

He nodded. “Yes. I trust him completely. The Bradfords have known Michael for years, and if James trusted him then I can too.”

Another man looked at Felicity. “Miss Smoak, you’ve agreed to become the head of the Sciences division?”

She nodded. “Yes, Sir.”

“And Mr…..Diggle?”

Oliver nodded. “Yes. He’ll be the head of security.”

The man sitting in the middle of the table looked at Oliver. “Mr. Queen, you need to be in the office more than you were last year. However, with Michael helping you run the company I don’t see why you couldn’t work out a schedule that could be beneficial to both of you so that you could be home with your daughter at night.”

He nodded. “Thank you, sir.”

They finished the meeting and then walked out of the building. Lexy felt like she was floating on cloud 9. She still couldn’t believe they had won it all. They got the company back in the family name and dad was CEO.

As they drove back to the bunker, Oliver told Felicity and Lexy what Werner said. “When Werner hit me with the Vertigo dart, he told me that his formula, it shows us our worst fear. And I saw myself.”

“You don’t really think you’re afraid of yourself, do you?” Felicity asked.

He sighed. “I think I’m scared of what would happen if I let myself be Oliver Queen. I mean, two years ago, I made the decision to put Oliver Queen aside and be the Arrow. It's not a choice I get to unmake.”

“Why not?” Lexy asked. “You were Oliver Queen before you became the Arrow. Heck, you were Oliver Queen even before you had me. So, what’s so different now?”

“I am. I don’t even remember what that Oliver Queen was like.”

“So, make a new version of him,” Lexy said as if it was just that easy. She sighed. “Daddy, everyone needs that moment of self-discovery. You just gotta find yours.” She touched his shoulder. “Even the best heroes in the world needed a life outside of their heroics. So do you. Be your own version of
yourself. Not the Arrow, but you. Be the you, you can be proud of.” She kissed his cheek. “Because I’m already proud of you.”

He sighed. He looked at her through the mirror. “How did you happen?”

She smirked. “Daddy, if I have to explain sex to you then it’s going to make when we have the talk very awkward.”

He laughed. “Funny, sweetheart.”

She smiled. “At least you laughed.”

They got back to the Bunker and walked inside. “What did we find out?”

“You know how we've got the number of crime bosses in Starling City down to three? Well, this new guy, Werner, he wants to make it zero.”

“Take out the competition. Mikhail Petrov, Luciano Costa, Shintawa Shimosawa,” Diggle reported.

“What are their locations?”

“I'm not getting anything off of last known addresses.”

“Werner could be moving these guys right now,” Diggle reminded her.

“I'm going as fast as I can!” she snapped.

Lexy touched her arm. “Mom. It’s okay.”

“It's not like these guys walk around with little GPSs attached to them. Unless they do. Petrov, Costa, Shimosawa, they're all on parole or out on bail.”

“Ankle monitors.”

“Can't be right. They're all in the same location.”

Lexy slapped her hand on the table computer. “But it is.” She looked at Roy and he smirked.

Roy looked at the screen. “Rockets Arena.” The heavyweight title fight's tonight. That's like Christmas for crime bosses. There'll be like 20,000 people there.”

“He was willing to blow up a restaurant to take down one man. He'll blow up a stadium to take down three,” Diggle said.

“Yeah, but an RPG won't do it. I need you looking for a large explosive device. Roy...Lexy….suit up.”

The 2 of them walked off to go get changed.

They got to the stadium and had decided on a plan even before they got there. Oliver took out one guy, while Roy took out another and Lexy ran after Werner and one of his lackeys. Oliver’s comm
beeped. “Go.”

“I’ve isolated a frequency spike consistent with an incendiary device. It’s in the maintenance tunnel underneath the stands.”

Roy walked up to him. “I’ll get the bomb. Get the son of a bitch.”

Oliver appeared on the roof with her just as Werner and his guy were coming around the corner. Lexy smirked. “Going somewhere, Boys?”

“Back for more?” Werner asked Oliver. He threw a dart at him and the vertigo went into his system. “It’s as if you’ve developed an addiction to Vertigo.”

As Oliver tried to focus he could see himself and then the arrow and back. Closing his eyes he remembered what Lexy said. Once he saw himself as Oliver Queen and the Arrow he knew that he could do both, but he’d have to find his own way. He opened them again. “I’ve made my choice.”

He and Werner began fighting as Lexy fought the goon. As Lexy fought the other guy out of nowhere she saw Sara land beside her. She was a little surprised, but kept fighting him. Finally they took him down and Lexy waited for her dad.

As Oliver and Sara caught up, Lexy’s phone buzzed. She pulled it out of her pocket and read it. She then let out a happy squeal. “Daddy!”

“What?”

“Aunt Lyla had the baby!” she said and then jumped around. “OOH! I gotta go see my cousin!”

Oliver chuckled. He grabbed her hand. “You can wait for me.”

“But dad—”

“No.”

“Dad—”

“Alexandra Olivia….”

“Okay,” she said nodding. “Sorry.”

All 3 of them started walking so that Oliver and Lexy could see the new baby. They met up with Roy and Lexy jumped into his arms. He almost lost his balance at the sheer force of it. “Whoa!” He exclaimed. “What’s—what’s going on?”

“Aunt Lyla had the baby!” she exclaimed and then kissed his cheek.

Oliver and Lexy both said goodbye to Roy and Sara and left for the hospital.

Oliver and Lexy walked into the room and John greeted them. Oliver looked at her. “Oh, she’s perfect,” he gushed. He smiled. “Congratulations.”
“Thank you, Oliver,” Diggle said.

“For what?”

“For being right.” He inhaled and then released it. “The second I looked at her....everything changed. The whole universe...changed. You were right.”

Oliver smiled. “Well, buckle up, Buddy, because being a father is the most action-packed adventure I’ve ever had.” He smiled at Lexy as she cooed with Felicity over the baby. “It’s also the most rewarding.” His eyes started to tear up as he started remembering back to fourteen years ago. “From the moment that I held her in my arms everything....” He looked up at his friend. “Your whole world is right there, man,” he told him, almost whispering. “Enjoy it, because sooner than you think and she’ll be thirteen going on thirty and all you’re doing is wondering how in the world you slept through it all. When in reality you really didn’t.”

John looked at his friend. “I never asked you this, but what was it like with you knowing she was here while you were....?”

“Terrifying,” he admitted. “I kept wondering if I’d ever see her again and if I didn’t would she remember who I was. And what kind of person would she be when she grew up.” He sighed. “I am so glad that I get to see her grow up now. I may not have been there for most of her childhood, but I’m going to be there for the rest.”

John nodded. Totally understanding.

Lexy looked at Lyla. “Can I hold her?”

She smiled. “Sure, Sweetheart.” She kissed the baby’s forehead. She gently passed her to the young teen. “Now use crook of your arm to cradle her head and then your hand of the same arm to help hold her butt.”

Lexy did as her aunt had instructed and then smiled. “Oh! She’s so cool!”

“If the next words out of your mouth, Alexandra Olivia, are you want one I’m locking you in your room until you come to your senses,” Oliver said standing over his daughter.

The group laughed. Lexy laughed too and then looked up at her dad. “No.” She looked at John and Lyla. “But I would LOVE to babysit. Could I?”

John and Lyla exchanged a look for a few moments, as if they were having a discussion without words. John smiled. “Sure, Small Fry. When me and Aunt Lyla are Jonesing for a date night you’ll be our first call.”

She smiled, excitedly. “Ooh! Thank you!” She turned her head back down to the baby. As she looked at the precious little human in her arms she couldn’t help but promise herself that she’d have one of these in the future. In about 15-20 years. Her inner self nodded. Yeah, that sounded about right.

She couldn’t help but wonder whom she’d share this moment with besides the people in the room. Would it be Nick or....someone else?

She smiled. The future was the future. There was no point trying to make it get here faster. It’d come when it wanted to. First she had to figure out a way to get her parents married, then she could worry about her own future.
**PLAYING A LITTLE GAME** There's a slight hint in this chapter to something that MAY happen in a future story....can anyone find it? HINT: It has to do with Lexy and Nick and it's in a conversation with Roy and Lexy. (IF it happens it'll happen AFTER Flashpoint--if you remember Team Arrow was affected too....trying to keep you guessing, while dropping hints.).

ALSO QUESTIONS: Do you think Oliver should propose? And if he does, should they get married before their canon wedding? Like say end of this story or beginning of next story?  
(Never did like that they stole Barry and Iris' thunder....sorry if you did)
Chapter Summary

Oliver finally proposes....but will the death of Sara put a damper on their celebration?

A glimpse into Nick and Lexy's Sophomore Year at Starling City High School. Plus, they make some new friends.

They find the archer that has been taking out businessmen...and possibly Sara too.

And finally, Oliver and Felicity have their own personal celebration

Chapter Notes

I'm so sorry that this took so long. I was really struggling with how to rework with this one to fit my storylines. I hope you like it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Oliver put his hand on Felicity’s shoulder. “Can I talk to you for a minute?”

She nodded. They walked out of the room and down the hall a little bit. Felicity sighed. “She’s beautiful.”

“She is,” he agreed.

“How little was Lexy?”
“Um….six pounds, nine and a half ounces and twenty-four inches long,” he recited as if it was engraved in his brain.

“You remember all that?”

He nodded. “I also remember the forty hours it took her to come into this world.” He smiled.

“Forty hours?”

He nodded. “Yeah. Janine was a trooper. I still don’t know how she did it.” He smiled at her.

“Women are amazing. The things you are able to do and then pick yourself up and do it all over again when you can…” he smiled.

She smiled. “Thank you.” She sighed. “I don’t know if I wanna talk about anything that happened on our date night, because once we talk it’s all over.”

“I’m so sorry.”

She closed her eyes and nodded. Here it comes.

“I thought I could be me and the Arrow, but I don’t even know what me I want to be anymore. But I am SO sorry you got hurt. I wanted last night to be special for you and not have Arrow business seep into it, because you deserve one night without me as the Arrow.”

She smiled up at him. “Oliver, honey, I don’t blame you for what happened the other night. It’s not your fault, however, it is the life that we’ve both chosen. And I mean we. I knew the risks of being with you were going to be huge because you are the Arrow, but I don’t care. I love you, Oliver. It was special because I was with you.” She smiled up at him. “Don’t you get it by now? As long as I’m with you then every second is special to me.”

He smiled and cupped her face with one hand, kissing her. He pulled back and then took her hands. “Felicity, I know we started out very unconventionally, but I think that’s what makes us so special. I spent my entire life wondering if I’d ever stop being nervous or scared to commit to someone the way that I’ve always wanted to be with someone, but with you it was just so easy. You have such a huge heart that I never felt like I deserved to even be in the corner of it.”

He cleared his throat. “You have become the light in the darkness, the reason why I fight so hard at the end of it all. I will always come home to you and to our daughter.” He put his hand into his pocket and then dropped to one knee. He opened the box and looked up at her.

Felicity felt her heart hammering in her chest. She couldn’t believe it. Oliver Queen was going to propose! The inner her was bouncing around like a little girl, while the grown-up her was trying to keep it together as he dropped to one knee.

“Felicity Smoak, will you make me the happiest man alive and become my wife?”

She had no idea when the dam had broken by the time he had finished, tears were streaming down her face. She looked down at the ring that sat inside the black velvet box. It was beautiful and amazing in its simplicity. It was just a simple solitaire diamond sitting on a silver band. Remembering she had to say something right now, she smiled and nodded. “Yes,” she said, her words choked by her tears.

“Yes?” he asked standing.

She nodded. “Yes.”
He slipped the ring on and straightened. He kissed her lips passionately. “I love you.”

She wrapped her arms around his neck. “I love you too.” As she held on to him she looked at her ring. She hugged him hard.

“Daddy? Mom?”

“Yes, baby.”

“I need to go home and take a shower so I can get ready for school.”

Oliver nodded. “Right. Forgot about school,” he said. “Let’s go.”

About 2 hours later, Lexy walked into Starling City High School, her bag on her shoulder and her heels clicking on the floor as she walked. She stopped at her locker, did the combination, opened it and shoved her bag inside. She unzipped it and put the notebooks on the top shelf. As she bent down to grab the rest of the stuff out of her bag, someone had walked by and slapped her on the ass.

She opened her mouth to say something when she heard Nick say, “Hey, Jacobs. Do that again and I’ll break your hand.” He glared at the guy. “Got me?”

“Geez, man, who’s she to you?”

“Girlfriend,” he answered his eyes never leaving his.

The guy raised his hands in an apology and Nick looked at her. “You okay, Babe?”

She nodded. She rose up on her toes and kissed him greeting. “Thanks, Romeo.”

He laughed and wrapped his arms around her from behind. “I know you could kick his ass, but it kinda pissed me off.”

She laughed softly. “It’s okay. It was kinda hot.”

He laughed and kissed her from her temple to her cheek, to her shoulder. “Glad you thought so. Thought maybe you’d be pissed at me.”

She shook her head. “Nope.” She smiled. “I had a really good day yesterday.”

The sounds of commotion coming down the hall had them both looking. They saw a pretty sandy-haired blond picking up her books about to cry and the Meanies surrounding her. She scoffed, shut her locker and walked to the group. She pushed her way through and crouched down to help her pick up her books. She handed them to her. She turned to Brittany. “That’s real mature, bitch, but it’s a little childish to be messing with the new people, don’t you think?”

“Emma? Are you okay?”

Lexy and Nick both looked to see a sandy-haired guy with a shaved head coming toward the newest target of the Meanies. Emma looked at the guy and said, “I’m okay, Ryan. Thanks to her.”

Ryan looked from Lexy to Nick. He held out a hand. “Thanks. I was being approached by football players—”
Nick saw a group of guys coming toward them. “Those guys?”

“Yeah. They—”

“They’re not football players,” Nick told them.

Hayden smirked at Nick. “Hey, Jordan. How’s it going?”

“Pretty good,” he muttered. “However, I think you’re overcompensating, Hayden, don’t you?”

Hayden stormed toward him and tried to intimidate him. “What did you say to me?”

Nick went to his full 5’9 height and towered over the shorter man. Nick looked down at him and said, “Bring it, Big Man. I’d cream you and you know it.” He glared down at him. “Do me a favor, Matthews and go find someone else to terrorize, huh? Leave the newbies alone.”

Hayden grabbed Brittany and walked away. Nick scoffed and Ryan looked at Nick and Lexy.

“Again. Thank you. Ryan Brooks. This is my sister, Emma.”

Nick smiled. “Hi, Nick Jordan. Welcome to Starling.”

“Thank you,” Emma said softly.

Lexy’s smile widened. “Lexy Queen.”

Emma froze before shaking her hand. “As in the Queens?”

She laughed softly. “That’s us. So, where are you guys from?”

“Um….Keystone,” Ryan answered. “Our dad just transferred from the fire department there, to here.” They started down the hall toward the lockers. “They gave him a Captain’s position.”

“That’s cool,” Lexy said. “So, what’s your locker number?”

She Emma handed her the schedule with the post-it attached. She read the locker number. “Ahh….that’s right here.” She showed them where their lockers were. “What’s your first class?” she asked them both. Ryan looked at his schedule. Mrs. Winston, History.”

“Me too,” Emma said.

“That’s our class,” Nick said. “If you want Lex and I can show you around until you get used to the place.”

Emma’s heart swelled. “Really?” She looked from Nick to Lexy. “You’d do that?”

Lexy nodded. “Absolutely. Nick was new last year and last year was my first year at this school, so we know what it feels like.”

Nick smiled. “Besides, Lexy knows all the pretty cool places to hang out too.”

Ryan smiled. “And I bet you can get into some other places by just saying your name, right?”

“Yeah, probably,” she muttered. “But being the Playboy Queen’s daughter doesn’t give me much pull in this town. Not to mention what my grandmother did three years ago.”

Ryan and Emma turned and put their books inside their lockers. They kept out their History books
and then closed the door. Emma’s jaw fell open. “Your grandmother’s Moira Queen? The woman that helped kill all those people?”

She nodded. “Yeah. Last year she ran for Mayor, would have won if she hadn’t been murdered.” She sighed. “That’s a long story for another time.” She looked at her phone. “We gotta get to class.”

They walked down the hall toward Mrs. Winston’s class, as they walked they instructed where everything was. Lexy pointed down a hall to the left of them and said, “That way is the cafeteria. The food here isn’t as bad as other schools.”

“If you want to sit with me and Lex we usually eat out there in the quad,” Nick told them. “So, if you can’t find us in here, we’re out there.”

They nodded. They walked into Mrs. Winston’s class. Mrs. Winston looked at the new students. “New students?”

Ryan nodded. “Yes, ma’am. Nick and Lexy were showing us around.” He smiled. “Ryan and Emma.”

She smiled. “They do that. You couldn’t have chosen better tour guides. Take your seats. There are seats next to Lexy and Nick’s seats if it’ll make you feel more comfortable.”

It must have because Emma sat on Lexy’s right and Ryan sat on Nick’s left. Her phone buzzed and she pulled it out of her pocket and noticed it was a message. She read it: [From Mom]: Come to the Bunker after school. We have news. “Huh.”

“What’s the matter?” Emma whispered.

She looked at Nick and then at Emma. “I gotta go home after school,” she told her. She showed Nick the message. “Wanna come with me?”

He nodded.

“All right, class, did any of you read Chapter five last night?” The teacher asked as she entered the classroom, closing the door behind her.

At lunch, Lexy sat outside where she usually did to avoid Brittany and her Meanies and the juvenile behavior that happened at lunchtime. She started to read the next chapter in her history book that Mrs. Winston told them to read. She saw a large square Styrofoam container that was placed in her line of vision. She smiled and looked up to see Nick smiling down at her.

She took the container and did a gesture with her finger that told him to ‘come here’. He bent down and she claimed his mouth and dipped her tongue inside when he opened his mouth on a gasp. She felt his hand rise and cupped the back of her neck as they both deepened the kiss. Moments later, they pulled back and she kissed him again soundly on the mouth. “Thank you.”

He smiled. “If you’re gonna kiss me like that every time I bring you something I’m getting you gifts more often.”

She giggled softly. “Sorry. Just realized I hadn’t kissed you since the other night.”

He smiled down at her. “I’m not complaining.” He watched a blush come across her nose and
smiled. He kissed her forehead. “Eat your food, Baby.”

“Does the offer to join you for lunch still stand or would you like to be alone?”

They looked up and smiled at Emma and Ryan. “No,” Lexy said. “Join us. It’s okay.”

They sat on the grass across from them while Lexy and Nick sat on the wall. Ryan smiled. “How long have you been dating?”

“Um…” Nick smiled. “A year as of last week.”

“That’s cool!” Emma exclaimed. “So, you’re pretty serious?”

Nick nodded. “Very,” he answered. “How’s your first day going?”

“Better,” Emma admitted. “Thanks to you two.”

“Thank you,” Ryan said with a smile. “We appreciate it.”

“Don’t mention it,” Lexy said around her food and then slowly. “Sorry.” She cleared her throat. “Like we said we know what it’s like to be new here.”

“And we meant it when we said if you need anything we’d more than happily help you,” Nick reminded them. The group fell silent and then Nick asked, “Baby, how’d yesterday go?”

She nodded. “Right. I didn’t finish. Um….You’re looking at the new fifty percent owner of Queen Consolidated. Dad still owns the other half.”

He smiled and kissed her lips. “That’s great, baby. Congratulations.”

“Wait, wait, wait,” Ryan said and held up his hands in a timeout sign. “You own half of a company?”

She nodded. She sighed. “Um….my dad is a billionaire. My mother was a billionaire also. When my mom and Uncle Ryan died several years ago, I became the sole beneficiary of the Bradford Family fortune.”

Emma hummed. “I wouldn’t have guessed. You definitely don’t act like a rich girl.”

She laughed. “Thanks. My mother would have killed me if I started acting that way. My dad too, now. And my stepmom, who just became my legal mom, would definitely kill me. Although I do pull the rich card when I have to.” She took a bite of her lunch. She pointed her fork at Nick. “And Uncle John and Aunt Lyla had their baby.” She turned herself and smiled at Nick. “A little girl who is just adorable!”

He laughed. “Cool.”

“Yeah. I asked if I could babysit and they said yeah, so, um….”

Nick laughed softly. “Babe, are you trying to tell me that sometimes when we have date nights in that we may have your cousin with us too?”

She nodded. “Yeah. You like kids, don’t you? Babies?”

He nodded. “Haven’t been around many of them, but what’s not to love?”
Emma and Ryan laughed. He looked at Lexy. “What would you have done if he said he didn’t?”

She shrugged. “Well, with my family comes first so…..”

“And trust me I have known that from the beginning. I love her family and she knows that.”

“So, you doing anything after school?” Emma asked.


“Well, Ryan overheard some kids talking about this place SC Jitters. Ever been?”

Nick and Lexy nodded. “All the time,” she answered. “Nick’s brother—who’s also a friend of mine—works there.”

“Along with his girlfriend, Rachel,” Nick added. “If you go try their, um, hot cocoa. I swear it’s the best in town. And tell Chris you’re a friend of mine and he’ll help ya out.”

“Cool.”

Lexy and Nick walked downstairs to the Bunker and she stopped dead. She felt her entire body going cold by the vibe in the room. “Wha….what’s wrong?”

Felicity sighed and wiped her tears. Oliver walked to her and looked her in the eyes. “Sara died,” he said roughly.

“What…?” Lexy said, totally dumbfounded. She felt the tears welling up in her eyes. “Oh, my God! Wha…wha….what happened?”

“We’re not sure,” Roy told her.

Lexy rushed to the table. Nick watched the tears stream down her face and he leaned toward Roy and whispered, “I thought she hated her?”

Roy shook his head. “Sasha doesn’t hate anyone.”

“No….!” she exclaimed, softly. She looked up at her mother. “She died….” She sniffled. “Thinking I hated her, mama.”

Felicity walked over to her and held her as she cried. “Let it out, Baby, it’s okay.”

After talking to Laurel, Oliver walked down and kissed the top of Lexy’s head. Felicity gave him an update on everything so far. He nodded slowly. “Okay.”

He turned and walked out.

“Where are you going, dad?”

“Where it happened.”

“I’m coming—”

“No. Stay—”
“No! That girl believes that I hated her and it was further from the truth. The least I can do now is help you solve her murder.”

He saw the determination in her eyes and knew there was no way he’d convince her otherwise. Besides the look in her eyes reminded him of when Janine was determined to do something. He nodded. “Come on.”

They walked along the gravel-topped roof and Lexy slowed and looked down. Feeling overcome by guilt and the urge to cry, she took a deep breath and walked to the edge. Oliver watched her and walked to her. “Sweetheart?”

“Daddy, I’m sorry,” she sobbed. She wrapped her arms around his waist and put her cheek to his chest. “Why didn’t you stop me from being such a brat?”

He chuckled and kissed her hair. He bent forward until they were eye level. “Princess, you know I would have, but I agree with you. She needed to see you as a team member and not just my kid.”

“I didn’t mean to make her think I hated her, daddy.”

“I know, Sweetheart, and I believe me when I tell you this she knew you didn’t hate her.”

“How?”

He smiled. “Just trust me, okay?”

She nodded. She quickly wiped her tears and took a couple of breaths. “Remind me of this when we get new people, okay?”

“Promise,” he vowed. “Okay. You go that way and I’ll go this way and walk myself to the middle. We’ll meet there.”

As she turned to go in the direction he had said, something caught her attention. “Wha….what is that?”

“What?”

She walked to where she saw the slight glare and knelt down. She picked up the piece of glass or whatever it was. “Daddy.” She showed it to him.

He did the motions of recreating what could have happened and he seemed a little shocked. Lexy heard John first. “Uncle John.”

Oliver turned and John looked at him. “Felicity told me.” He sighed. “You ok?”

“Killer stood there, loose gravel on the rooftop.”

“Oliver…”

“Sara was here. Scuff marks back to the edge.”

“You don’t have to do this right now, man.”

“It's the only thing that I can do,” his voice broke a little.

“I'm fine.”

“Well, I'm here for you just the same. Listen, Sara was my friend, too. And if you think you're going after the person who did this solo, you couldn't possibly be more wrong,” he told him.

Oliver’s cell phone vibrated. “Yeah?”

“Detective Lance called, he says it's important. Do you think he knows about Sara?”

He sighed. He walked off the rooftop with Lexy and headed to make the meet. They get there and Oliver quickly disguised his voice. “What is it, Detective?”

Lance realizes he doesn’t look good. “You ok? You look like someone peed in your cornflakes.”

Neither the Arrow or the Sparrow say anything. “That kind of day, huh?”

“What's going on?”

“Another archer in town. Dropping bodies. Seen this guy's work before?”

“I might have.”

“You know where SCPD’s finest might find him?”

“Who's the victim?”

“John Burke. Some corporate-financier from Qurac. Seems like he wandered into the wrong part of town tonight looking for a little local "entertainment." He ended up with an arrow in his chest.”

Arrow and Sparrow turned and started walking away.

“Hey,” Lance called.

They turned.

“You watch your back, all right? Whoever this guy is...”

“He's a killer,” the Arrow interjected.

Nick, Roy and Felicity are taking off Sara’s gear. As they do Felicity’s commenting mournfully. “Her hands are so small. I never noticed before.” She gave him a watery smile. “She was always so strong and brave.” She sniffed. “I always envisioned her as this sort of Amazonian warrior. Invincible. Something I could never be. I was so jealous.” She sniffled again.

Roy smiled and then happened to glance down at her hand. “What’s that?”

“What?”

“The ring on your hand,” he told her. He came around the table. He took her left hand and looked at it. “Oh....wow....he proposed?”
She nodded, smiling. “Yeah. He did.” She smiled, gazing down at the ring adoringly. She sighed. “Don’t tell anyone yet. We will sooner or later, just not now.” She sniffled.

Nick smiled. “Congrats, Fe. I think it’s great.”

Her cell phone began to vibrate letting her know of a phone call. She answered when she realized it was her boss from Tech Village. “Hi. I know I was supposed to come into work today. I--the--I'm sorry. There's been a death in the family.” She paused. “Thank you.” She hung up and heard a beep from her phone.

Oliver, Lexy and John walked into the Bunker. “You have any idea what other archer could have done this?”

He exhaled. “There aren’t that many of us. Maybe 10 that I know of, and most of them are in the League of Assassins.”

A thought occurred to John. “Oliver, you don't think...”

“No. No. They don't target their own.” He turned to Felicity. “Hey,” he said softly. A look passed between them that seemed to have changed the vibe in the room. Then he looked at her screens. “What'd you find out?”

“He hit again. An abandoned warehouse on the corner of Third and Lemire. Ninth floor. The victim was a construction foreman, Tim Kaufman. Security cameras can't get an angle.”

“Who's that?”

“Not any assassins that’s for sure,” Nick muttered.

Roy snickered. “Nick’s right. They’re just some low level dealers that set up shop in abandoned warehouses. Doesn't look like much of an archer to me.”

“He might be a witness.” He pulled his phone from his back pocket.

Diggle walked to him. “Where do you want me?”

“Will Lyla give you access to A.R.G.U.S.’s database?”

“To find out who did this, Lyla will give us access to A.R.G.U.S.”

“I need a list of everyone on their radar-- assassins and mercenaries who use a bow.”

“I'm on it.”

Oliver looked at his phone. Felicity turned to look over at him. “What?”

“Uh, Thea hasn't called back yet.”

“Want me to try again?”

He nodded. “Go ahead. Maybe she’d answer you.”

“Doubt it. I’ve been trying for awhile for to give me a commentary of her travels without reading it through email and she hasn’t done it yet. But I’ll try again.”

“Love you too,” she called and walked to the mats to make her call.

Oliver stopped at Felicity and took her face gently in his hands and kissed her softly. “I love you.”

“I love you too,” she whispered. He walked away.

Once the bunker was cleared out of Oliver, Felicity, John and Lexy. Lexy seemed to be in a hurry with some kind of an emergency. Roy walked over to Nick and asked, “Hey, Nick, can I ask you a favor?”

Nick turned to the guy. “Sure, Roy, what’s up?”

“If I told you something do you promise not to say anything to Sasha about it?”

“Depends on what it is,” he told him. “Why?”

“Because I was hoping you could help me look into where she is.”

“Again, I ask why?”

“Because I don’t think she is where she says she is,” he told him.

Nick pulled his chair up to the workstation and began hacking. He got into the FBI database fairly quickly. Nick typed in the info Roy fed him. They looked through some of it before they heard,

“That is a cobalt encrypted workstation. You better not be using it to Tweet.”

Roy turned and looked at Felicity. “Don’t be mad at Nick. I asked him to do it.”

She stopped behind them. “Accessing an FBI database? What...” She seen the person on the screen. “Roy, why are you looking for Thea?”

“Because I don't think she is where she says she is.”

“Why would she lie?”

He handed over the letter wrote to him five months ago. “Roy, Oliver needs to see this.”

“No. This is my fault. He's going to kill me.”

“What if she's in trouble?”

“What if she's not? What if she just needs space?”

Nick raised a finger above his head to remind them both he was still in the room. “Um....if my opinion counts—”

“It doesn’t,” Roy snapped.

Nick glared at him. “Too bad. You’re gonna get it.” He pushed away the station. “Look, Roy, what would you tell me if I was sitting in your place and Lexy disappeared on all of us.”

Felicity held her stomach. “Oh, God....”
He laughed. “Fe, it’s just a scenario. Our girl wouldn’t go missing unless she couldn’t help it.” He lifted a brow to Roy that said, ‘Talk.’

Roy sighed. “I’d tell you the same thing, but Lexy’s different—”

“No, she’s not. She’s still my girlfriend. She’s best friend. There’s no difference at all. So, tell me. What would you say?”

He exhaled.

Felicity pressed on. “She's had five months and thousands of miles of space. Oliver needs to see this.”

He sighed and lifted his to hers for a second and then looked at the note.

She held the note out to him. “You need to show it to him.”

He quickly snatched it from him. Felicity’s cell phone vibrated and chirped and she looked at the message. “You have got to be kidding me,” she said angrily.

“What—where are you going?” Roy asked after as she walked toward the exit.

“There's someone I need to kill.”

“Not Lexy I hope. She wanted to make it a surprise for Oliver,” Nick said.

She turned and started walking backwards. “No, I’m not going to kill my daughter. I just got her. Give me a couple of years and my view on that may change.” She exhaled as she turned back forward. “She is her father’s daughter after all.”

The harried thin man approached Lexy as soon as she made it to the CEO’s floor. “I’m so sorry, Miss Queen! He refused to leave until you and one of your parents showed up so that he could talk to you.”

She smiled at the young man. “Ben, don’t call me Miss Queen. Miss Queen is my aunt. Call me Lexy.” She tapped his arm. “I got it from here, thank you.” She walked into the executive conference room where Ray Palmer was aggressively pacing. “Man, my father was right. Billionaires are really sore losers.”

Roy turned to see the pretty blond girl wearing normal teen clothes. She wore a teal green t-shirt and a pair of jeans. “Wow.....you look different than you did in court. Gotta say I liked you better in the dress.”

She rolled her eyes. “Be careful, Dr. Palmer. Wouldn’t want anyone overhearing that and thinking you’re aiming for an inappropriate relationship with a minor.”

He sighed. “Where’s father or your mom?” He looked at his information on Lexy. “A Miss Janine Bradford?”

“Well, if you’re waiting for her, you’ll be waiting for a very, very, very long time, Doctor.”

“Why’s that?”
“Because my biological mother, Janine Bradford died over six and half years ago.” She narrowed her eyes. “However, if you or your people bothered to do their research you would have realized, Doctor, as of four months ago, my birth certificate changed to update everyone on who my legal mother is.” She folded her arms in front of her.

“Which is….who?”

“Me.”

Ray looked up and his jaw fell to the floor. “You? You’re Alexandra’s mother?”

She nodded. “Which you mind telling me why you’re stalking my barely teenage daughter, Mr. Palmer?”

“I’m not stalking her,” he told her. “I just asked anyone if they knew where—” he saw the no-nonsense look in her eyes and stopped. “I wanted to show you something that I think you’d be interested in, Miss Smoak.”

“Actually, I doubt it, but what?”

He held out a piece of paper to her. “Your daughter illegally obtained the company—”

“Actually, I didn’t,” Lexy told him. “I had a feeling you’d do something like this, so I had Ned Foster and my advisor, a Mr. Michael Stanford make quadruple copies of the documents just in case you approached either of us about something like this.” She pulled her purse around to her and flipped open the flap on the large bag. She pulled out a manila folder and held it out to him. “My receivership papers signed by my father and…..”

He looked at them and saw both Oliver Queen’s signature and Felicity Smoak’s giving Lexy full permission to buy the company. “Miss Smoak,” he said kind of deflated

Felicity nodded. “Oliver said you’d be a poor loser about the whole thing so we took steps to reassure you that everything is valid, Mr. Palmer.”

“So, you adopted Oliver’s daughter? Couldn’t he do it?”

“Actually he does amazing as her father and no I didn’t adopt her alone.” She lifted a brow to him. “We’re raising our daughter together.” She took the folder back and started ushering her daughter toward the elevators. She stopped. “Oh, and you can stop.”

“Stop what, Miss Smoak?”

“You can stop sending me flowers, and you can stop texting me and calling me and emailing me, because I spam them, anyway.”

“Oh, is "spam" a verb now?”

“Because I am never, ever, ever going to work for you.”

“Actually, you already do.”

Lexy looked from her mom to Ray. “What?”

“Not what you think, Sweetheart,” Felicity assured her. She glared at Ray. “Only because you bought the store that I work at!”
He walked into what is Oliver’s office. Lexy sighed.

“No, I didn’t.”

“Yes, you did! My boss just called and told me that you did.”

“Well, he’s wrong—” he smirked. “Kind of. I bought the holding company which owns and operates all 20,000 Tech Village stores. But I guess either way, yes, I am your boss now.” He walked back into the conference room. “So you can either work for me here in a big office with a big salary, or... you can work for me there, in that awful uniform.”

Lexy pulled her phone out of her pocket and smiled. “Hey, Billy, it’s Lexy.” She smiled. “Could you come up to my father’s office please? Mr. Palmer isn’t leaving.” She paused again. “Oh, he’s trying to convince my mother to come work for him at Palmer Tech.” She pulled the phone from her ear. “Which makes no sense as to why he wants two of them in the same town!” She smiled triumphantly. “Thanks, Billy. I owe you a hot chocolate tomorrow.”

Felicity took Lexy’s hand and started for the elevators. Just as Ray called out, “You know, most girls would be flattered that I spent $1.2 billion to hire them. Even if I do have a fairly genius plan for rebranding the stores.”

“In case you haven't noticed, I am not most girls. And I don't need this. Or you. Or any of this.” She slapped the button.

“Felicity, I--I piss people off on a daily basis. It's part of business, and, well, being the smartest guy in any given room. I own that. So I have enough experience with people being angry with me to know when they're really angry at something else. You right now are not angry at me. What's your something else?”

She inhales and then exhales. “Oh, money won't fix this problem.”

“Money won't solve most problems. Not the ones that matter. But talking helps. I know we barely know each other...”

“I'm going to leave now. With my daughter,” she told him.

“Listen, whatever happened, I'm sorry. It helps to remember that... It gets better.”

The elevator dinged and a tall muscular man walked off as they got on. Lexy smiled up at the man. “Hi, Billy.”

He smiled. “Hello, Miss Lexy.” He looked at Roy, just as the doors began closing.

Felicity glared at him. “Stay away from my daughter or the next time I see you anywhere near her I’m calling the police.” The doors shut with a quiet slam.

Later that night, Oliver went and got information from the low-life dealer that was a witness to Sara’s murder. He got a hold of John and asked if any of them wore a black mask, kind of like a hockey mask. He gave him one name: Simon Lacroix AKA Komodo. John sent everything to Felicity and Nick. Laurel was at the bunker too, where she was waiting for information.

“Oliver, I'm opening up the file now.”
Laurel saw the photo. “Is that him?”

“Simon Lacroix. Born in Saint-Sophie, Quebec. Raised by a single mom. Terrible credit score. Oh, and wanted for murder in seven countries.”

“I need his location,” he told her. “And my beautiful partner.”

Lexy smiled. She was already dressed to go out.

“One minute.” Felicity slid along the workstation to get the information he needed.

“Put him on speaker.”

“Ok, indexing all active burner cell phones within the city limits.”

“There's got to be 10,000 phones.”

“Yes, but how many are making calls to dear old mom in Saint-Sophie, Quebec?”

Lexy smirked as she stood, waiting for her dad’s go ahead.

“I got him. He's on the move.”

“Okay. Lexy.”

“Going now, dad.” She hugged her mom real quick and then kissed Nick’s cheek. “Love you both,” she called out as she ran to her where her bike was stored.

“How’s she gonna get there?” Laurel asked.

“She has a motorcycle,” Nick answered. “Her dad customized it her first year doing this.”

They heard Lexy’s voice. “Okay, mom. I’m on the move tell me.”

“Nicky,” Felicity called over her shoulder. “Our girl needs directions to Lacroix.”

He stood and walked to the computer. He tapped his Bluetooth. “Okay, Baby….” He began telling her directions.


“Get him away from whomever he’s pursuing Lexy. I’m right behind you!”

“Got it,” she said and sped her bike along the streets.

“I need to see what’s happening,” Laurel said to Felicity.

“Okay,” Felicity said and hacked the cameras on the street. “There you go.

They could see Lexy on her bike as she moved between the man in the car and the Komodo.

Laurel watched as the man in the mask pulled back the bow to shoot. “What’s he gonna do?! Why is she just sitting there?”

“Just watch,” Nick told her.
Laurel continued to freak out. Nick turned. “Would you keep it down?! I can’t hear anything!”

They all watched as Lexy caught the arrow in her hand and threw it to the ground. She then pulled baton and threw it at him, knocking him in the chest with it. Him and his bike stumbled back as the baton came back to Lexy.

“Why didn’t you guys freak out?” she looked at Felicity and Nick.

“Because it does neither of us any good,” Nick told her. “Oliver and Lexy have been doing this longer than either of us have been dating them. They’re going to continue to do it whether we freak out or not.”

He pulled his bow again and tried to shoot Lexy point-blank but Oliver shot it out of his hand. The Komodo then turned his bike and started following what he perceived as the bigger threat. Oliver and Komodo chased each other, daring each other to get the other with their arrows or by playing a game of chicken. However, when Komodo shot Oliver in the shoulder, he was done and fell and rolled off his bike.

Lexy took the alleyway that was right across from where her father fell and sped off. She stopped beside her father and then pulled her baton. “Turn the ears off,” she said to everyone at the bunker.

“What?” Laurel asked. “No! I have to hear—”

Nick hit his comm and then the speaker mute button.

She squeezed it in her hand and it emitted a very loud scream. Which sent Komodo to his knees. She then looked at her dad. “You okay?” she said over the scream.

He nodded. He got back on his bike and they both sped off. As they went, Lexy flipped the baton off. She tapped her comm twice. “Mom?”

“We’re here, baby. We saw it all on tape. Good job.”

They went back to the bunker and they sat around and waited for the search to continue. After a while, Oliver was getting antsy. “Why isn’t it working?”

“It is. It's running an NSA algorithm aggregating the victims’ personal information using every government database known, and unknown.”

“Well, it's taking too long. Sara’s killer is still out there, which means that every minute that we waste down here—”

“I know!” Felicity raised her head, and raising her voice. “You don't need to tell me as if I don't already know.”

“You're right. And I apologize. I just need your A game right now, Felicity.”

“I don't have it! My friend—our friend—was shot with arrows and fell off of a rooftop. Her body is upstairs right above us in a freezer because we don't know what to do with it— with her. So I am so sorry, Oliver, if I have feelings, but maybe if you did, too, we...” She exhaled. “Sorry. That was mean. But this is Sara we're talking about.” She looked at him. “How can you be so cold and rational?”
“’Cause I don’t have the luxury of falling to pieces. Everyone’s looking to me to handle things, to make the right decisions. Everyone is looking to me... to lead. If I grieve, nobody else gets to.”

“You're still a human being, Oliver. You're allowed to have feelings.”

“Dad, mom’s right. This me and mama we’re talking about. If you can’t be vulnerable around us then what’s the point?”

He looked at her curiously.

She sighed. “We’re your family. We’re supposed to see each other in our own very vulnerable states, daddy. And with family we’re supposed to support and pull each other up and help each other keep on trucking.”

Felicity walked to him. “I know sometimes that it's easier to live under that hood.”

“I'm not. Earlier today, I was looking at Sara, I realized something. One of these days it's going to be me. And this...” he sighed. “This life that I've chosen...it only ends one way.”

Felicity had no idea where this irrational anger was coming from. “So that's it? You're just going to spend your life hiding down here in this cave, waiting to die?” She looked into his eyes. “What about us?” she said and looked at Lexy then back at him. “Hmmm?” She held up her left hand. “What about us? Are we worth hiding from?” She exhaled, walking away from him.

Nick sighed. “May I say something?”

Lexy nodded softly, tears in her own eyes.

“I don’t think that was all for Sara or you, Oliver.”

“What?”

Nick sighed. “Man, this whole relationship thing is new to me. I may not be in it like you, but did you or did you not propose to her in the hospital where your best friends just had their baby?”

“I did.” He smiled at Lexy. “It was after I told her details about your birth.”

“Which from what Roy told me, he called you soon after to ask about a new phone hookup, right?”

He nodded. “Get to the point, Nick.”

“You haven’t celebrated. From what I’m understanding. The day that the man of her dreams proposes to her is one of the best days of her life. And now with this whole thing going on with Sara neither of you have celebrated the way that newly engaged couples are supposed to.” He frowned. “And now with all this going on neither of you is going to want to celebrate.” He looked at the man. “And to be honest you’re not exactly giving off vibes of ‘hey, we’re spending the rest of our lives together’ right now.”

She smiled. “So, mama, thinks you’re going to probably take it back by telling her that celebrating would be in bad form. And that you’ll have to plan the wedding on the down low.” She walked to her father. “And no girl wants to hear that. Doesn’t matter how understanding she is. Mama said yes to you, daddy. She wants to tell the entire world that the man of her dreams loves her just as much as she loves him. But...”

“I get it,” he said stopping them both. “I’ll make it up to her.”
They went into the building to stop the Komodo from killing Tom Weston. Roy cut the man’s rope which was dragging Weston across the floor. Oliver fired an arrow into his shoulder. While Lexy jumped in and started fighting the guy. Every hit she made her batons sang and she knew was causing pain to the man. Didn’t matter how much armor he wore.

A moment later, all 3 of them, Oliver, Roy and Lexy were fighting him. When he felt out numbered and about to be taken down, he shot an arrow out and it had a pulley on it and the guy went several floors down. Without even thinking, both Lexy and Oliver jumped out, Oliver using one of his grappling hook arrows and Lexy used one of her grappling hooks.

They bungied down to the floored and rolled through the window. Oliver looked at her. “Be careful,” he whispered.

She nodded. They followed him finally meeting up with him in the elevator bay. Both the Arrow and Komodo had their bows pointed at each other. After a failed attempt to take out the Arrow, Komodo was pinned to the window archway. “Nice,” she whispered, smiling.

As the Arrow attempted to get information out of him about who hired him, Laurel showed up. Both Oliver and Lexy tried to talk her down, but she attempted to take him out anyway, but the gun wouldn’t shoot.

The cops showed and arrested Lacroix. While Team Arrow checked out his alibi the night of Sara’s murder. He’s in the clear. Oliver tells Laurel and she’s upset that she almost killed him. That night, they properly buried Sara in her old grave and said their goodbyes.

Later that night, Felicity walked into the condo she shared with Lexy and Oliver. She was a little confused as to why it was so dark in the place. She put her purse and keys on the table by the door. “Oliver?”

She heard a slow, jazzy song beginning to play. She followed it through the condo and stopped when she saw Oliver standing in a pair of dress slacks, and a white shirt with candles surrounding him on the floor. He held one single red rose in his fingers.

Her heart swelled immensely at the scene. Oliver may not be overly romantic but he had his moments. She walked to him and held the rose out to her, then kissed her softly.

“I’m sorry,” he apologized.

“For….for what?” she asked him.
“For acting like the fact that I asked you to marry me didn’t matter. That I seemed cold toward you.” He sighed. “It’s hard to remember that I can be vulnerable with you sometimes.”

She dropped the rose onto the coffee table and wrapped her arms around his neck. He kissed her lips again. “I’m sorry if I made you think at all that I wasn’t happy or excited that you agreed to marry me,” Oliver said. “Because nothing, nothing could be further from the truth. I am beyond excited to finally call you mine.”

She smirked up at him. “I’ve always been yours, Oliver,” she told him. “I understood why we weren’t telling everyone, but when Roy saw the ring I…..” she sighed as she slid down on the couch cushion. She put her elbows on her knees. She put her chin on her palms. “I wanted to gush so badly about it, but it didn’t seem appropriate over Sara’s body.”

He walked to her and sat on the coffee table. “And you were right, Baby. It wouldn’t have been appropriate, but we should have given ourselves a moment to celebrate. To tell Lexy we had gotten engaged.” He sighed. “I just don’t want you to ever think that stuff involving the Arrow is more important than us, than you, because it couldn’t be further from the truth.” He stroked her face. “You and Lexy are the most important people in my life.”

She smiled, took his hands pulled him to the couch. She pulled him down to meet her mouth. She then straddled him. She pulled her shirt over her head. He did the same with his own. He wrapped an arm around her waist and stood with ease. He carried her upstairs to their room, his lips never leaving hers.

She felt her blood to molten lava and her heart thud hard in her chest. He opened the door without putting her down or anything and then kicked it with his foot. He walked them to the bed and laid her down on it. She straddled him, kissing him one last time and then moved down his body. She unbuttoned his pants, unzipped them and then slid them down his body. He lifted his hips to help her as she jerked them down, taking his underwear too.

His cock fell back against his abdomen and she licked up the underside like an ice cream cone. He made a smug sound of pleasure that her wet in seconds. She licked all the way up, kissing the tip with an open-mouthed kiss. She moved down, taking one of his balls in her mouth and sucking, hard.

He groaned out her name and pushed his head back against the pillow. She licked up him more time, before swirling her tongue around the tip. She gripped the base of his cock and lowered her head. She deep throated hi, then came back up. She looked up at him through hooded lashes, as she stroked and sucked him.

She moaned against the sensitive skin as she felt him getting bigger against her lips. She quickly sat up and climbed off the bed. She quickly undressed and crawled across the bed, straddling him. She took him in her hand again and this time angled it toward her opening.

She gasped as the head of his cocked cleared her opening and then continued to ease down, moaning when finally he was buried inside of her to the hilt. He looked up at her and moaned as she began rotating her hips and moving up and down in a fluid motion.

For a moment all you could hear was the sounds of moans, grunts and gasps as their bodies came together again and again. “God, Oliver…..” She moaned.

“Baby…..” He said as she rotated her hips, grinding into him with every twist, taking him deeper.

Her entire body shuddered with each slide and twist of her hips. The climax shook her, making her
insane. Instead of stopping, she continued to ride him until they came together, her with a scream and he with a growl, spilling into her. She continued to move her hips until her body convulsed with another orgasm and then she collapsed on top of him.

They laid like that in companionable silence for a while before anyone spoke. Finally he kissed her hair, forehead. “That was amazing,” he whispered.

“Incredible,” she said, completely sated. She kissed his arm. “I love you.”

“I love you,” he responded back. He kissed her again. “I’m gonna go put the candles out. Be back.”

She smiled and watched him throw on a robe and then walk out the door. God, he was amazing. And he was all hers….finally.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for the comments and all the love. I appreciate it beyond words. Please leave a comment and more love.
High School

Chapter Summary

Olicity smutty moment. And Felicity gets Lexy her first 'mom' gift......a puppy!

Chris and Nick get a surprise from back home.

A look into Nick and Lexy's Sophomore year. Also, Nick and Lexy discover that they're a power couple....Nixy?

And we get a little bit more insight into what happened with Chris and Nick back in Metropolis when their father was the MPD Scapegoat.

Chapter Notes

AUTHOR'S APOLOGY: I'm so SORRY about the delay of this chapter. As I had mentioned, I was having a problem with my internet with my laptop. The problem has been figured out so it's back to business on this story. Which I'm REALLY excited about!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

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 as he gently tugged her panties off.
"I want you inside of me, please...." she whined. "Seduce me later."

He laughed softly as he came back to look down at her. Her face was flushed with passion and she looked even sexier than she did 20 minutes ago. 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 the assault on her perfect breasts and leaned back on his feet as he positioned himself between her legs. He spread her apart and smiled when he saw 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 her blankets and 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 couldn't have stopped now if he wanted to.

It felt like forever from the last time they had been with each other and not just a little over 24 hours. 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 he remembered that they had found the night they had married.

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. At that moment all that was heard was grunts, pants, the thumping of her bed hitting the wall 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 against her as he tried to even his breathing. Never had he felt completely surrendered to a woman before. But Felicity Smoak had totally done him in.

Somewhere around rounds 3 and 4, Felicity finally surrendered. "All right, I'm done. I can't go on anymore." She blew out a breath. "You've done me in."

He laughed and pulled her into his arms. He kissed her shoulder. "Told you you'd be the first one to throw in the towel."

She laughed as she brushed her curls out of her face. "I had a gazillion orgasms!" she argued. "I think that deserves a break."

He laughed again and kissed her deeply. "If you say so."

She smiled and snuggled into him. "I've always loved this part of sex."

"What part?"

"The cuddling afterwards," she said sated by incredible sex.

He smiled into her shoulder. "Well, I enjoy cuddling with you with or without the sex."

She rolled to her other side and put her head on his shoulder. "There was something I wanted to ask you, but you have to promise to not get mad."

"What?"

"Promise?" she asked looking up into his blue eyes.

He smiled and kissed her lips. "I promise."

"How do you feel about dogs?"

"Dogs?" he questioned, suspiciously.

She shrugged. "Well, puppies actually,"
“I like them,” he said cautiously. “Why?”

“Well, I got Lexy one.”

He pulled back and looked down at her. “Wha—what?”

She sighed. “I got Lexy a golden retriever puppy.” She sat up and looked down at her fiancé. “You said it was a good idea when we talked about it over the summer.”

He nodded. He remembered that conversation. She wanted to get Lexy one for her birthday, but the puppies weren’t ready to be separated from their mother yet. “How old are they?”

“Um….just over three months.”

Oliver looked into her eyes and he could see that this was something that Felicity wanted to do for Lexy, but she was anxiously waiting for his response. He sat up, leaned over and kissed her. “When can we pick the puppy up?”

Felicity’s heart swelled happily. “Really?”

He nodded. She smiled, squealing happily. “Thank you!” She hugged him tightly. “You’re amazing.” She sighed, relieved. “Um….we can pick her up this morning.”

“Her?”

She nodded. “I thought she’d like a girl more than a boy.”

He chuckled and kissed her. “You’re amazing, you know that?”

She nodded and kissed him back. The muffled musical notes from a sad song filtered into their little world. Felicity smiled and kissed him again. “Take a shower with me?”

He nodded and kissed her again. They picked out their outfits for the day and as they walked into the bathroom across the hall from their bedroom, Oliver asked, “Isn’t Lexy’s sleepover tonight?”

She nodded. “Yes, sir. And I promised her despite Arrow business she’d be a normal kid tonight.”

He wrapped his arms around her waist and kissed her shoulder as he kicked the door shut. “You’re amazing, you know that?”

She leaned into him. “Well, we did promise her that she’d have opportunities to be a normal teenage girl.”

“And she will be. Despite the fact that she helps me, John, you, and Roy save this City, I want her to be totally normal.” He kissed her neck. “So, who’s all coming?”

“Um….Nick, Ryan, Emma, Chris, and Rachel.” She shrugged. “Not sure if anyone else will be here. So, we’ll see.”

He nodded. “I’m okay with Nick and Chris being here, but I don’t know Ryan well and it makes me a little nervous to have him here with Lex and the girls.”

She laughed softly. “We’re gonna be here all night, dad,” she reminded him as she flicked the water on for the oversized shower. It was one of the selling points for the apartment when they saw it. “The kids will be fine, despite it being co-ed.”
“Did we get phone calls from the other parents?”

She nodded as she pulled her robe off. “We did. Emma and Ryan’s dad is cool with it, then again he’s doing a seventy-two at the fire station.” She shrugged. “Whatever that means.”

He laughed and stepped into the shower with her. “It means that he’s gonna be gone until probably Monday morning.”

She nodded. “Right.”

Meanwhile, at the Jordan house, Chris was preparing breakfast when he got a video message. He looked at who had sent it and his heart and stomach dropped to his feet. He opened the message and pressed play.

“Hey, Chrissy! It’s me!

You’ll NEVER believe it or guess, but I got transferred to SCU!

Daddy got transferred to the SCPD and I wanted to surprise you. Can’t wait to see you!

Love you.

“Who was that?”

Chris jerked and spun around. Standing there in his pajama pants and t-shirt was the girl he was seriously madly in love with. And he had promised himself that he would always be really honest with her, even if said honesty hurt her emotionally. He sighed. “My old girlfriend. Apparently, she got a transfer from CCU to SCU.”

Rachel’s heart literally stopped beating. “Oh,” she said softly. She turned to get a mug from the cupboard and got herself some coffee.

Chris took the pancakes off the griddle, put the spatula down on the counter and then walked to Rachel. He wrapped his arms around her waist. “Baby, I love you.”

She nodded. “I know,” she said softly.

“But…?” He asked turning her to face him.

She exhaled. “But you told me you were in love with her and Chris, you don’t get over the first one —”

He silenced her with a kiss. “How I felt about her doesn’t even close to how I feel about you.” He took her face in his hands and kissed her again. “You’re my entire world, Rach. You know that, right?”

“I do,” she said softly. “But…”

He smiled. “Correct me if I’m wrong, but we’re planning a life together, right? We’re moving in together this weekend after Lexy’s sleepover, right?”

“Right,” she said smiling. “But pointing out the fact that you and that girl—”

“Ava,” he replied.

She nodded. “Ava. You and Ava weren’t old enough to live together, the so….that point is moot.”

He exhaled softly. “You’re right. However, I’d like to think we’re in the pre-marriage phase of our relationship….am I wrong about that?”

She shook her head again. “No.”

He sighed. “Rach, Ava and I dated for a year. She was the first girl I had sex with, yes, and I did say, ‘I love you’, but nowhere during that time did I ever feel like I do with you. What I feel for you is way different than anything I’ve ever felt before which is why I know you’re it. I want a life with you and no one else. I want to come home to you after a hard day on the force with the SCPD—”

She kissed him passionately. “You can stop now.” She sighed. “I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be,” he told her. “It’s okay. Really it is, but, Baby, you have nothing to worry about. She will never have me because I belong to you.”

“What’s wrong?”

They both turned their heads to see Nick walking into the room. Chris smiled. “Ethan’s moving to Starling.”

Nick’s brow furrowed in confusion. “Why?”

Rachel looked between the brothers. “Is Ethan Ava’s brother?”

Chris nodded. “Yeah. Ava and I met through Nick and Ethan actually. They grew up together from the time they were in Kindergarten.”

Nick walked to where Rachel stood and put a hand on her back as he reached over her head to grab a mug. “Why is Ethan coming to SC?”

“Apparently Grant got transferred to the SCPD,” his brother answered.

Nick rolled his eyes. Shaking his head in disbelief, he picked up the carafe and poured some of the coffee into his mug. “Whatever,” he muttered.

Rachel prepared her coffee. “I thought you’d be happy that you’ll be seeing your childhood best friend, Nicky. What am I missing?”

“The fact that even though he was my best friend he never liked that I had other friends. People that I’d hang out with other than him. Plus, I’m not into the things he’s into anymore.”

Chris smirked. “Ten to one he doesn’t have a girlfriend to this day.”

He smirked over the rim of his mug and muttered, “Probably not.” He sipped his coffee. “Imagine how pissed he’s gonna be when sees Lexy.”

Chris laughed and Rachel smiled, shaking her head. “I think you two are going to have too much fun with this kid here.”
Knock-Knock! Knock-Knock! Knock-Knock!

“I got it!” Rachel exclaimed throughout the house. She walked to the door and pulled it open. Her heart literally gave a lurch when she saw who it was. Ava and Ethan. “Hi.”

“Hi,” the boy said. “Does Nick Jordan live here?”

She nodded. “Come on in,” she said, sizing up the beautiful blond as they both walked into the house.

Ethan smiled happily when he saw Nick typing away on his phone. “Nicky!” he exclaimed and ran to the other guy.

Nick looked up and almost groaned. He so wasn’t looking forward to today. “Hey, Ethan,” he said and went back to texting Lexy. He was telling her that she’d get to meet his childhood friend, Ethan. “How’s it going?” he asked as he shoved his textbooks into his bag.

“Pretty good,” he answered. He heard the ping, but before Nick could pick it up, Ethan did. He looked at the text message. “Who’s Lexy?”

“My girlfriend,” he answered, taking his phone back.

“Huh. She loves you, huh?” he teased.

“She better,” Chris said walking into the room. “They’ve been together for a year now.”

Ava squealed and launched herself into Chris’ arms. He stumbled and almost knocked a bunch of pictures off of the table behind the couch. He put his hands on her hips and pushed her back and then ducked his head under her arms. “Hey, Ava.”

She put her hands on her hips and narrowed her eyes to slits at her boyfriend. “I surprise you by transferring to your University and all you can say to me is ‘hey, Ava’?”

“Well, if you had bothered to run it by me before you did it I would have told you don’t,” he told her.

“Why?”

“Hey, Chris, do you want me to drop you off at the university?”

He smiled at Rachel. He looked back at Ava as she turned from glaring at Rachel and looked at Chris. “That’s why.” He looked at Rachel. “Yeah. What time do you work today?”

“Until two,” she answered. “Then I have a class from three to five. What about you?”

“Filled with classes. Working from four to close,” he told her.

She nodded. “Ready?”

“Whenever you are,” he said and looked at Ava. “Come on, Ava.” He called over his shoulder, “See you tomorrow, mom!”

“Bye, Chris. Bye Rachel,” she said and then stopped when she saw Ava and Ethan. “Hi,” she said cautiously. She never liked Ava when they were together. “What are you guys doing here?”
“We live here now,” Ethan told her excitedly. “Isn’t that cool, Mrs. Jordan?”

“Yeah,” she said apprehensively. She looked at Nick and then at Chris, then back at Nick. She was a little weirded out by the fact that Ava and Ethan were standing in their foyer. “Nate, honey, come see who’s here.”

Nathan walked out of the kitchen and walked through the living room into the foyer and slowed to a stop. “Uh….Ava….Ethan, um….what….are you doing here?”

“We moved to town,” Ava said, smiling. “Isn’t that great, Detective Jordan?”

“Uh…..yeah…..I guess,” he said feigning enthusiasm. He looked at his watch. “I got to get to the precinct. Captain Lance wanted to have a meeting with me before my shift started, so….” He kissed Jennifer goodbye and then looked at his boys. “Remember you have Lexy’s sleepover tonight.”

“Ooh!” Rachel exclaimed. “That’s right! I promised to make brownies!” She took Chris’ hand and started heading for the door. “Let’s go.”

“Okay, but, baby, remember don’t put nuts in it or we’ll be spending the night in the hospital like we did when your mom didn’t mention that there was nut….” His voice died as the door closed behind them.

Nick chuckled. “Come on, Ethan, we gotta go or we’ll be late.” He looked at Ava. “Come on.” He leaned down and kissed his mom’s cheek. “Bye, mom. I’ll be stopping home before I head over to Lexy’s for the night.”

“Okay, sweetheart. Talk to you later.” She smiled at the Perry children. “Bye, Ethan and Ava.”

“Bye, Mrs. Jordan,” they said in unison.

Nick, Ethan and Ava were about 2 blocks from the high school when Ava asked, “So, how long has
Chris been seeing what’s her name?”

Nick rolled his eyes, laughing wryly. “Her name is Rachel. And they’ve been dating for a while. Um….not exactly sure how long. My girlfriend would know that better than me.”

“I’d know what?”

Nick’s heart jolted and he smiled as he turned. His stomach flip-flopped and his heart hitched at how beautiful she looked. She wore a blue and white floral dress, white strappy heels and a blue denim jacket. On her shoulder was her black messenger bag. Her curly blond hair was pulled all to the side and braided in a really cool way. She wore a little makeup, just enough to make her beauty pop. “Hey, baby.” He came to her and kissed her deeply.

She returned the kiss and then her eyes dropped to the blond haired boy and girl. She looked up at Nick. “So, what do I know?”

The blonde haired girl smiled. “Hi, Ava Perry. I dated Chris in Metropolis.”

Lexy’s heart stopped beating for a minute. Perry….Grant Perry was Nathan’s partner back in Metropolis. He was one of the guys who turned his back on Nathan when the scapegoat thing was going on. She slowly nodded in recognition. “Ahh….yes.” She turned to the blond haired guy. “So, you must be Ethan, right?”

He nodded. He smiled. “I gotta say, you’re really hot.”

She scoffed. “Well, it’s genetics.” She exhaled. “I’m Alexandra Queen.”

Ava’s head spun almost completely off her neck. “Queen? As in…..?”

She nodded. “Oliver Queen is my father.” She shifted the bag on her shoulder and folded her arms across her chest and watched as both Perry kids reacted in shock.

“Oh, wow…..” Ava gasped. “Your father is really hot!”

She rolled her eyes. “And on that note, I’m going to school,” she said and started walking.

Nick shook his head. He did a long nod and looked at Ava. “You have amazing timing as always, Ava.” He exhaled. “Hey, Baby, wait up.”

Ethan caught up to his friend, Ava following behind.

“Alexandra.”

She stopped and turned. “Yes?”

“How long has Chris and Rachel been seeing each other?”

“Um….almost eight months, I think. They’ve been living together for about seven.” She walked to the blond. “And yes, it’s serious and no you don’t have a chance in hell.” She turned on her heels and walked to her boyfriend.

Ethan caught up to Nick as he headed to his locker before meeting Lexy, Ryan, and Emma for lunch. “Hey.”
“Hey,” Nick said with a small smile. “How’s your day going?”

He nodded. “Pretty good as first days go. So, you and Lexy—”

“What about us?” he asked looking at him before opening his locker.

“How long have you been seeing each other?”

“Um….almost thirteen months, why?”

Ethan’s mouth fell open. “You’ve been together for a year?”

He nodded. “Best year of my life,” he said and closed his locker.

“Can I eat with you guys for lunch?”

“Sure, but we usually eat in the quad until it gets too cold.”

“That’s fine,” he said. “So, you and she are pretty serious, huh?”

He nodded. “Extremely,” he said.

“Hey, Nick!”

Nick turned to see his science lab partner, Noah Robertson and Lexy’s lab partner, Stephanie Dillon heading toward them. As always Stephanie had her laptop. “Hey, guys. What’s up?”

Ethan looked at Noah and Stephanie. Noah was a light-skinned African-American kid with thin black-rimmed glasses. While Stephanie was a brunette with silver eyes and who seemed very nervous.

“So, um…” Noah looked at Ethan and then at Nick.

“Oh, sorry, No. Um…Ethan, this is Noah and Stephanie. They’re friends of mine and Lexy’s and also our lab partners in science. Guys, this is my friend from Metropolis.”

“His best friend,” he interjected. “Hi.”

“Hi,” Stephanie said and then looked at Nick. “Anyway…um, I was surfing the gossip blogs with Mikayla before school this morning and you’ll never believe this.”

“What?” He asked as they walked toward the side quad door.

“You and Lexy have become a noun.”

“A what?” he asked looking over at them curiously.

“You and Lexy are known as ‘Nixy’ on the blogs,” Stephanie told him.

He laughed. “You’re kidding?!”

They shook their heads and Stephanie showed him the screen as they walked through the doors to outside. He laughed. “Baby, you gotta see this,” he said and took the laptop from the smiling brunette. He sat behind and put the laptop in front of her.

Lexy popped a carrot into her mouth and looked down at the screen. She read the words on the screen and then laughed. “That’s kinda cool,” she said smiling. “However, whoever wrote that has
the events of that evening wrong.”

Stephanie looked over their shoulder. “What events?”

“What happened at our bowling night with Chris and Rachel,” she answered. “There was never a fight. And to say that Nick and Chris almost came to blows is a major exaggeration.” She put a carrot between Nick’s teeth.

Ethan climbed over the fence and sat down next to Ryan. “Hi, Ethan. I’m Nick’s best friend. I just moved here from Metropolis.”

He nodded. “That’s cool,” he said. “I’m Ryan and this is my sister, Emma.”

Noah looked at his friend. “You didn’t fight that night?”

He shook his head and then bit into his carrot. He passed the other half to Lexy. “No. Chris and I hardly ever fight. And I mean hardly ever fight.” He looked at Ethan and knew his next words were going to start a fight. “He’s my best friend. Always has been.”

“Really?” Ethan said accusatorily to his friend. “I thought that was me?”

Nick rolled his eyes and exhaled loudly. “I’m not going to argue with you about this, Ethan. We’ve been doing it since junior high when you heard Chris say it and I agreed.”

Lexy felt him tense behind her shoulders and she tilted her head up at him. He smiled and put his lips over hers. The kiss was slow and thoughtful. He pulled back and kissed her forehead.

Emma smiled. “You guys are adorable.”

They laughed. “Thanks,” Nick said. “So, who’s all going to be at the sleepover again?”

“Um….you and me,” she said smiling. “Um….Ryan, Emma…” She looked up at Stephanie. “Oh! Steph, I was going to say something to you in science, but Mrs. Gibson is a tyrant about talking in class. Would you like to come over to my place for my sleepover?” She smiled at Noah. “You’re welcome to come too, Noah.”

Both teens mouths dropped open. “Seriously?!” they asked in unison, shocked.

She nodded. “Emma’s bringing her friend, Mikayla. So if it’ll make you feel better you can bring someone too. Just let me know before school gets over so that I can let my mom know.”

Ethan tapped Nick’s knee. “Dude, you’re gonna be staying in the Queen mansion?”

He shook his head. “No. Oliver and Lexy sold the mansion a few months ago and split the money three ways. The Queens no longer stay in a mansion.”

Emma shook her head. “No. Lexy’s parents have a two-story condo in the city.”

“You call Oliver Queen by his first name?” Ethan asked as Stephanie and Noah sat down in the grass next to Emma.

He nodded. “Yeah. I tried calling him Mr. Queen when I met him but he informed me very emphatically that ‘Mr. Queen’ was his father and that I could call him Oliver, especially since my parents insisted that Lexy and Rachel call them Nathan and Jennifer.”

“I’ve known you for nine years and your parents won’t even let me call them by their first names.”
He looked at Lexy and then looked at Nick. “And there would be no way that Detective and Mrs. Jordan would let you spend the night at your girlfriend’s house. Unless they don’t know that she’s your girlfriend and that you touch her like that.”

Nick followed where his eyes went and they were looking at his hands on her upper thighs, just resting there in a cuddling gesture. He rolled his eyes. “Well, to answer your first inquiry Ethan, my parents have let me stay the night at Lexy’s house even when her parents weren’t home yet. And besides, she spent two weeks with us at the lake house and we shared a room with Chris and Rachel the entire time and yes before you ask we slept in the same bed.”

“And no, before you ask,” Lexy said. “We haven’t had sex yet. Unlike some guys, I know Nick doesn’t think with just the one limb that has a life of its own.”

He laughed against her shoulder. “Thanks, baby.”

“It’s true,” she said. “And besides, we’ll all be sleeping in the living room at my place anyway. Dad’s moving the living room furniture for tonight so that I can pull out my large bean bags for headboards so we can watch movies.”

Stephanie smiled. “Your parents are so cool!”

She laughed. “They’ll still be there the whole night. So, it’s not like we’re going to be alone or anything.”

“Yeah, but, not everyone’s parents would let them have a co-ed sleepover,” Emma informed her.

She shrugged. “Well, my best friend, pseudo-uncle and big brother will be there with us too.”

“Roy’s coming?” Nick asked.

She nodded. “Yeah. I don’t like the fact that he’s by himself, especially since he and Aunt Thea dated for almost two years.”

“Which having Roy there is code for what exactly?” Ryan asked.

“Well, either of us touches a member of the opposite sex without their permission then he’ll personally kill you,” Nick said smiling. “He’s very protective of Lexy.”

“So, how are you able to do that without getting your ass kicked?” Ethan asked pointing at Nick’s hand that was caressing Lexy’s right leg.

“Uh….easily,” he said. “I know the no-cross zones.” He rolled his eyes when he saw the shocked look. “Dude, I’m fourteen. Trust me when I tell you I’m not ready to have sex yet.”

“And I’m a year younger, so I’m definitely not ready,” she said.

“You’re only thirteen?” he asked, surprised.

She nodded. “Yep. I skipped a few grades last year.”

“Me too,” Nick said. “Lex and I are in the same grade.”

Ethan’s mouth fell open. “You’re a sophomore?”

He nodded. “I am.”
“What grade are you in?” Stephanie asked Ethan.

“What….ninth,” he answered. “What a normal fourteen-year-old is supposed to be.”

Changing the subject, Ryan asked, “So, do you want us to bring anything for the sleepover?”

“Um….oh, I remember what I was going to ask. My mom insisted. Is anyone allergic to anything food wise?”

Stephanie, Emma, and Ryan all raised their hands. “Nuts,” the answered.

Nick shook his head. “That you don’t have to worry about. My brother just discovered he’s allergic to nuts too.”

“Babe, he’s got an intolerance to nuts. It’s different than a full-blown allergy,” Lexy told him. “But he’s right. You don’t have to worry about that either. With Chris intolerant of them there won’t be any there.”

“Good,” Stephanie said with a sigh. “I’d like to come. I’ll ask my mom.”

The bell sounded for the end of lunch and they all stood. Lexy gathered up her stuff and looked at Ethan. “You’re welcome to come if you want.” She tossed her trash into the basket outside. She turned to Nick and cupped her hand behind his neck and pulled him down to meet her mouth, which wasn’t that far with her wearing heels.

Unlike everyone else that was standing around, Ethan was surprised by how intimate the kiss seemed as he couldn’t seem to keep his eyes off of it. His mouth fell open when he realized that it was a full-on tongue kiss as he seen Nick’s tongue come out of Lexy’s mouth and licked her top lip before gently sucking on her bottom lip. She moaned, then placed a soft kiss to his lips. “See you later,” she whispered.

He nodded. He kissed her again. “I love you,” he whispered.

“I love you too.”

The group walked back inside and Lexy, Emma, and Stephanie went one way while Nick, Ryan, and Noah, with Ethan, went the other. Ethan moved in front of them and looked at his friend. “Dude, since when have you ever kissed a chick like that?”

“First, Lexy’s not a chick. She’s my girlfriend and my best friend,” he told him. “And two we’ve been doing it for a while now.” He exhaled. “Ethan, I told you on the way to school that I’m not the same kid you remembered in Metropolis. I’ve matured in the last year a lot more than you would think. Lexy and I are very serious about each other and our relationship. And no, not sex serious. Although, we will get there someday. Now, there will be times where you’ll hear us talk about future stuff, but mostly we are the way we are at lunch.”

“I can concur,” Ryan said. “The only two things I’ve ever seen them do is cuddling and kissing.”

Nick smiled. “Hey, Mr. Vaughn.”

“Hey, Nicky,” he said and smiled at the blond haired kid that looked shocked. “Who’s this?”

“This is my friend from Metropolis, Ethan Perry. Ethan, this is Mr. Vaughn. He’s my geometry teacher.”
Hey, Ethan,” he said. “Nice to meet you.”

Ethan couldn’t believe how much Nick had changed in a year. It was like he was a completely different person. Nick used to be awkward and a little nerdy and now it seemed that he was cool and kind of a jock. He had the muscles for it now that was for sure. The kid was fourteen years old and could stand muscular wise with a varsity football player. He watched as Lexy walked to her locker talking to Stephanie and Emma. She opened it and he glared at her. She had to be the reason that his best friend had totally changed.

He stormed to her. “Okay, what did you do?”

Lexy looked at him. “Excuse me?” she asked.

“He’s not the guy I remember in Metropolis so what did you do?”

She looked up at him, befuddled. “What in the hell are you talking about?”

“He’s a completely different person, Lexy. Completely different.”

She couldn’t help the confused expression that seemed to be etched into her features. “Ethan, I have no idea what you mean. The guy I know is the guy that has been here. I don’t know what kind of guy Nick was back in Metropolis. He’s told me enough to know that I probably would have dated him if we were in Metropolis together too.”

Nick stood at his locker when Stephanie and Emma approached the group of guys standing around him. He smiled at them. “Hey, Ladies, what’s up?”

“Uh….Nick, you may want to go to Lex,” Emma told him.

“Why?”

“Ethan’s confronting her and demanding to know what she did to change you,” Stephanie told him. “Apparently you’re different than you used to be back in Metropolis.”

He sighed. He grabbed his English textbook and said goodbye to the guys. He walked to Lexy’s locker as he heard Ethan say, “I know he’s different and that has to be because of you!” and then he closed the space between them causing Lexy to forcefully move against the closed lockers.

“Get out of her space, Ethan.”

He looked at Nick. “No. She changed you somehow—”

“She didn’t change me,” Nick told him. “What changed me was realizing that my friends back home were never my friends.”

Ethan’s eyes darted to his. “I’ve always been your friend.”

“Not always. Not when my father was being accused of being a dirty cop. Your entire family never came to our defense, Ethan. Never!” He took Lexy’s hand and moved her away from Ethan and toward Ryan and Noah. “Your dad—who was supposed to be my father’s partner and best friend—allowed them to plant evidence against him, Ethan. Your sister was dating my brother and never defended us either. I depended on you to be there when all the shit hit the fan, Ethan. But you weren’t.”
“Do you really think that rich, spoiled bitch will be there for you when the shit hits the fan again?”

Nick had no idea what came over him but he shoved his childhood friend up against the locker and growled. “Don’t you **dare** talk about Lexy like that! She’s been there for me in ways I could never tell you.”

Lexy took his hand. “Nick. We got to get to English,” she said softly. She gently pulled on his hand. “Baby.”

He blindly threaded their fingers and looked at Ethan. “Kids in Metropolis….my so-called friends and you treated me like I had the plague. I thought we were really close and there was a time I called you my ‘brother’, but then the accusations started and I quickly discovered that my childhood best friend couldn’t even be there for me when my entire world was falling apart.” He glared at him. “So, yes, I’ve changed, Ethan. Lexy’s changed me for the better, and so has her family and my friends here have changed me for the better. I finally have people that I know could be in my corner.”

“What about us?”

“After what you did if we could ever be friends again it’ll take a while for me to trust you again.”

“Nick, I’m sorry that I wasn’t there when everything was going down.”

“I know you’re sorry, Ethan, but that doesn’t get rid of the feelings of betrayal or sadness. I needed you and you believed everyone else but me. I don’t know if I can…."

Ethan nodded. “Okay.” He looked at them both. “Can I still come for the sleepover?”

Lexy nodded. “Yes, Ethan. You can still come to the sleepover. However, my dad won’t tolerate the confrontations. If you back me or Nick into a corner your ass will be walking home before you could say Metropolis.”

Chapter End Notes

Next....Lexy gets her gift from her parents. And the sleepover happens. Will Ethan stir up more trouble?

Comments and kudos are always welcomed.
Lexy's sleepover...hits a little snag, but along the way, Nick realizes his family will always have his back.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: Sorry this took so long. I've written it and rewritten it so many times trying to decide which way I wanted to go with the conversation between Nick and Ethan. I hope you like it, because I'm actually proud of it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Lexy walked into the condo and flipped through the mail as she dropped her keys on the table by the door. “Mommy! Daddy!”
She heard a scuffle in the room and she turned, gasping. She went to her knees and held out her arms to the beautiful golden fluff as it pattered toward her with a pink ribbon through a heart around her neck. “Oh! You’re so pretty!” She tucked her into her arms and stood. “Mom! Daddy!” She seen the darker pink heart around her neck and read it out loud:

**WILL YOU KEEP ME?**

She looked up as her parents walked into the room. She looked down at the puppy and then back up at them. “She’s…she’s m-mine?”

Oliver smiled as Felicity nodded excitedly. “If you want her,” Oliver replied.

She smiled widely and started squealing as she ran to her parents. “Thank you!” she said excitedly. As she hugged them, the puppy whimpered in her arms. She jumped back. “Oh! Sorry!” She hugged her. She smiled. “You two are amazing!”

Oliver laughed. He loved seeing her that happy. “She’s your responsibility, Lex.”

She nodded. “But what about when we’re doing Team Arrow stuff?”

He smiled and kissed her forehead. “We’ll figure something out. We went to the pet store and asked about puppy training. And I don’t mean command training, however, I looked into that too.”

“We bought her puppy potty pads for the apartment,” Felicity told her. “I know you’re gonna want her with you so we suggest you put one in your room, but I would put one out here for the night too. She may get scared or a little excited by everyone being around.”

She nodded. “Okay, cool. Does she have a name or do I pick one for her?”

“You can pick it,” Oliver told her. “The breeder never gave her one because she knew mom wanted you to have her.”

“Cool,” she said smiling. She took her phone out of her bag and took a selfie of herself, with the puppy and sent it to Nick. **What should I name her?**

At the store, Nick tossed a big bag of Hershey Kisses into the basket and then went to where the sodas were. He grabbed a bunch of boxed 12-packs of different verities. He then walked to where the popcorn was.

“Hey, Nick, how far does Lexy live from here?”

Nick looked over his shoulder at Ethan. “Um….about five minutes,” he answered. “Don’t worry. Roy said he’d pick us up on his way to the condo.”

“Cool. So, who’s this Roy guy?”

“Exactly who Lexy said he was. Her best friend, protector, big brother and uncle.”

“That’s where I’m confused. Uncle?”

He sighed. “He dated her aunt Thea for almost 2 years, plus, he’s close to Oliver. He’s been friends with Lexy for about six years I think.” His phone buzzed in his pocket and he pulled it out. “Oh. It’s
my dad.” He answered. “Hey, dad.”

“Hey, buddy. I’m calling to ask how your day went with Ethan?”

“It was okay,” he answered honestly. “I’ll text you details later. Ethan’s here with me right now. Lexy invited him to her sleepover.”

“Okay. Do me a favor then?”

“Sure, dad.”

“While camping out on the floor keep him away from Lexy, okay? I don’t trust him around her. He’s always been extremely possessive of you ever since you were kids.”

“Promise, dad.” His phone buzzed and he pulled it from his ear to see that it was a text message. “We’ll be heading over after I get the stuff Chris told Lex he’d get for the party.”

“Cool.”

“So, what happened at the meeting with Captain Lance?”

“Oh, he wanted to know if I’d be okay with Grant working for the department now.”

“What did you say?” he asked, irritation biting at him.

“Um….that as long as I’m not partnered with him I’m good. That I couldn’t trust him to have my back and my family would be very pissed if we were partnered again.”

“Damn right,” Nick muttered.

He laughed as he said, “Nicholas.”


“Okay. Have fun tonight, okay?”

“Promise.”

“Tell Lexy that mom and I say hi. Love ya, Bud.”

“Love you too.” He hung up the phone and opened the message from Lexy just as Roy approached them. “Hey, Man,” he greeted.

“Hey, NJ. So….is this Ethan?” Roy asked.

“Yeah. Ethan….” He gasped softly. “Oh!”

“What?” Roy asked looking over his shoulder in case it was Arrow stuff.

“Oliver and Felicity got Lexy that puppy Felicity’s been talking about all summer.”

Roy laughed and tapped his shoulder. “Congratulations, dad.”

Nick laughed and playfully shoved the guy. “Shut up.”

“Dad?” Ethan asked. “Dude, that just sounds weird.”
Roy laughed and looked at Nick. “Just watch, man. Ten to one says that the puppy gets attached to you like she will Sasha.”

“Who’s Sasha?”

“Roy’s nickname for Lexy.” He looked at his friend and then at Roy. “Roy Harper, Ethan Perry.”

Roy slowly pulled back his hand when he heard the last name. “As in….?”

“That’s him.”

“Did you tell everyone you know about me?” Ethan asked.

“Only the important people in my life.”

“And your girlfriend’s friend is important?”

He nodded. He quickly texted Lexy back: We’ll talk about it when I get there. I love you. Then he put his phone into his pocket. “He’s Lexy’s family. Which makes him important to me.” He looked at Roy. “Um….there’s one more thing that Chris wants me to get for Lexy before we leave.”

“What?”

“Um…” he read the list. He looked at the name again. “It’s at checkout, so let’s go.”

After thanking her parents repeatedly for the new puppy, she had placed puppy pads all over the condo—well, actually just 2. One in her room like mom had suggested and another in the living room where they would be. She had taken her into her room with her while she changed really quick. She quickly changed into a pair of black leggings, green tank top and an oversized zippered hoodie. She took her hair out of her braid and threw it into a ponytail at the top of her head.

She went to her vanity and sat. She took all her makeup off and then put on some moisturizer and face cream and then called it good. If no one liked the fact that she didn’t wear makeup after school then they weren’t her friends, are they?

“You took all your makeup off.”

She shrugged. “I don’t wear makeup to bed, daddy.”

“I know, baby. I just thought you’d wait until it was about bedtime.”

She shrugged. “If they’re gonna stop being my friends because I don’t wear makeup past a certain time then they aren’t my friends, are they?”

Oliver nodded. “Very true. So, anything fun happen at school today?”

“I met Nick’s childhood friend.”

“Oh, yeah, how’d that go?”

She shrugged. “He seems okay. Immature, but okay.”

He chuckled. “Are you sure his immaturity isn’t because you’re so mature, Sweetheart?”
She shrugged again. “Maybe. But I also got the feeling that he *really* hates it that Nick has friends that aren’t him. At least more than just him, but according to what Nick’s told me Ethan and him must not have been very good friends if when the accusations about his dad started flying the Perrys didn’t bother to defend them.”

“He’s right, Sweetheart,” Felicity said as she walked into the living room. “From what Jennifer told me the Perrys weren’t very good friends to either of them if accusations flew they sided with the department and not their friends.”

She shrugged. “He confronted me in the hallway, at my locker today about ‘changing’ Nick.”

“Confronted you how?” Oliver asked defensively.

She smiled. “Don’t worry, daddy. Nick came to my rescue. Nick told him that he had changed. That I had changed him, we had changed him….for the better. And so, had our friends.”

Oliver leaned against the archway between the kitchen and the living room. “God, I love that kid.”

Felicity laughed. “And I’m sure the feeling’s mutual.”

“Oh, guess what?” she said smiling. “Apparently Nick and I are a Starling City Power couple.”

“What?” they said in unison.

She smirked and grabbed her mom’s tablet. She did the design code to open it. She opened the browser and typed in the name of the blog that Stephanie showed them. She found the article, which was last weekend’s double date. She showed it to them. Oliver took the tablet and began reading while Felicity did the same.

Felicity looked at her daughter. “Nixy?”

She nodded. “Apparently, you’re not a power couple until you’ve been mashed.”

They laughed. Felicity looked up at Oliver as Lexy put the puppy on the floor. “Curious, are your father and I a power couple?”

“Um…I don’t know,” she said. “Let’s find out.”

______________________________

“Hey! We’re here!”

“Ooh!” Lexy said smiling happily. “Nicky, don’t let the puppy out, baby!”

“Roy’s got her,” he replied as he and Ethan came into the condo and put the stuff down on the dining table. He smiled at Lexy, kissed her real quick and then walked back out with Ethan to get the rest of the stuff.

Once the last of the stuff was on the table, Nick walked up to her and kissed her properly in greeting. “Hi,” he whispered.

“Hi,” she said back.

Ethan looked at her and did a double take. “Whoa! Way different look than at school.”
Roy smiled. “She still looks like Sash to me.” He walked over to them, with the puppy tucked into him. “She’s beautiful as always.”

“Thank you.” She turned to her dad. “Daddy, this is Ethan Perry. Ethan, my parents, Oliver Queen and Felicity Smoak.”

Felicity smiled. “Hi, Ethan. How are you?”

He nodded. “I’m pretty good, Feli—”

“Actually,” Oliver said. “Um….I would prefer if you’d address my fiancée as Ms. Smoak and myself as Mr. Queen.”

Roy, Lexy and Nick all looked at him a little surprised. “Wha….what?” Roy asked a little stunned. “Oliver, you never let anyone call you ‘Mr. Queen’.”

Oliver looked at Nick. “Have you forgiven him for what he did to you in Metropolis?”

“Um….not completely no,” he answered, wrapping his arms around Lexy. “Why?”

“Because Nick you’re in this family and I don’t appreciate anyone disrespecting a member of my family. So, until you, your brother and your parents forgive them Ethan will address me as ‘Mr. Queen’ while in my home.”

Roy nodded. “All right. That’s a first,” he muttered and handed the puppy to Lexy. “That beautiful girl needs a name, guys. Get to it.” He smirked at Nick. “If you’re with her I think that beautiful girl will become your responsibility too.”

Ethan smirked. “Aww….Nicky, you’re a daddy!” he gushed with fake happiness.

Nick laughed wryly, while rolling his eyes. “Don’t be a dick,” he told him. He looked at the puppy. “Let me see her,” he said and gently took her out of Lexy’s arm. He smiled down at the dog and then chuckled when the puppy licked his face. “Yeah, I like you too, Pretty Girl.”

Roy smiled. “Got any ideas….dad?” he teased.

Ethan looked at Nick and seen a smile crease his features while he looked at the puppy. Then he announced. “I got it.”

“What?” Felicity and Lexy said in unison.

“Bella.”

Lexy smiled and wrapped her arms around Nick’s torso. Oliver watched the scene playing out. Nick wrapping his arm around her shoulders, kissing her hair and then tucking the puppy into his side. He was so happy that she hadn’t fallen for a guy like he used to be at their age. He wasn’t sure he could clean up the spectacular break ups he had.

“Hey! Where is everyone?!”

Ethan looked at Lexy and then her parents. “Who’s that?”

“That is Rachel,” Oliver said with a smile. “Hey, Rach, we’re in the dining room, Sweetheart.”

“I need a little help, please!”
Nick passed Lexy the puppy, and he and Roy rushed to help Rachel. Roy slowed. “Wow….you are really going for this whole sleepover thing, huh?”

She laughed. “Not funny, Roy.” She passed him the 2 bags and the blanket she had loaded on her left arm. Then passed Nick the sweets. She then turned to go back to the door. She opened it and picked up the pillows and the air mattress that Chris needed to sleep on because of a back injury he got over the summer.

Ethan smirked when he seen the air mattress. “What your brother suddenly can’t sleep on the floor like the rest of us, Nicky?”

Nick rolled his eyes. “No, Ethan. My brother hurt his back over the summer and had to have surgery at the end of September. He’s still recovering. Part of that recovery is not sleeping on a hard flat surface.”

Ethan winced. “Oops, sorry.”

Nick exhaled. “Don’t start any crap tonight, okay? Lexy put in a lot of time to plan this night perfectly and I refuse to let it fall apart because you’re jealous of the fact that I made another life without you in it.”

“Really?”

“Yes, really,” Nick snapped. “I have a life here, Ethan! A life that I love with people who love me for the real me.”

“The real you? This isn’t the real you, Nick!” he exclaimed. “I know the real you! The Star Wars Nerd. The comic book Geek! All of it.” He pointed at Lexy as he asked, “Does your precious girlfriend know any of that?”

Nick narrowed his eyes and looked at the kid that had hung out with him when he had chicken pox. Helped him through just about every cold that he had. But right now it was like he didn’t even recognize him at all. “How in the Hell did we stay friends for so damn long?”

“Probably because you didn’t have a rich girlfriend who could distract you from all the comic cons we went to.”

Nick rolled his eyes. Lexy looked at him and realized Nick was angry, very angry. He took a breath. “Well, at least I know I can count on her to have my back if shit hits the fan.” He raised a brow at him. “Could I have ever said the same for you?”

He groaned. “Are you ever going to let that go?”

“No! My father went to jail, Ethan!” He waved his arms out in front of him and then tapped his temple with his left hand. “Think about that. JAIL. And all because your dad was too much of a damn coward to stick up to all those jackass cops that were dirtier than half the bad guys that the Arrow’s ever taken down.” He exhaled. “You kept saying that you’d have my back until all the accusations started flying, then suddenly you and your sister and your mom were nowhere to be found to help support me, my brother or my mother.”

He exhaled. “Do you know how much it hurt to know that the kid that helped me through the chicken pox and my broken leg didn’t have my back when I needed it the most?” He exhaled. “Ethan, going through what I did has forced me to grow up because I was the only one that was going to pick myself up and carry on.” He sighed and heard the door open and close.
Chris walked in and stopped. “What’s….going on?”

“Your brother’s telling Ethan every pent up emotion,” Roy told him.

“Nick, I couldn’t have said anything—”

“Yes you could have,” Nick argued. “Your dad could have. My dad almost lost his career because of your father’s cowardice, Ethan. I needed you and you weren’t there.” He exhaled. “I’m not the same guy that I was then. I’m more mature both physically and emotionally. And yes, I am all those things that you said and I even design websites and make money from it.”

He scratched his forehead. “I love my life here, Ethan. I love the people that I’ve associated myself with now. And I love the fact that the people in this room—including you—accept me for the sometimes nerd that I can be and they love me even more for it.” He sighed. “They have made me see what real friends are. What it means to have an extended family.” He looked over his shoulder to Oliver and Felicity and then looked back at Ethan. “I thought I could have said that about you and your family, but I guess I was wrong about that.”

Ethan exhaled. “You’re serious?”

He nodded. “This is me. Take it or leave, because either way I’m not going to stop doing what I’m doing. Like I said, I have a life here. I’m always with these guys.” He pointed at Lexy. “She’s my entire world and unlike you, she doesn’t get jealous with the fact that I make plans with my brother and go off to watch the Rockets game.”

Chris laughed. “She usually doesn’t let you in unless you got her something at the game.”

He laughed softly. “True.” He looked at Ethan. “I spend all my time with her. And my parents absolutely adore her and yes, she’s spent the night at my house and my parents didn’t mind it. Never in my room with me, but my parents aren’t the same parents that I remember. What dad went through forced him to realize that Chris and I are growing up because we did grow up. We had to take care of mom while he was in jail.”

Chris smiled. “It did force one thing with us, Nicky.”

“What’s that?” Nick asked.

“We’re closer than ever.”

He nodded, smiling. “That was the only bright side to any of it.”

“So, what are you saying?” Ethan asked.

“I’m saying, Ethan, I don’t think I can ever forgive your father for what he did to my family. And in turn I can’t forgive you for not being there when I needed you the most. And I would appreciate it if your sister didn’t attempt to stir up shit with my brother and future sister, okay? Because if she forces them apart you best believe whatever we were and are to each other will end then and there.” His eyes narrowed. “I won’t let your family fuck with my family again,” he promised.

Lexy looked at Ethan and said softly. “Maybe you should go home,” she said, standing next to Nick.

Ethan nodded. He had created this problem and he knew it. He thought they could just go back to the way they were, but maybe Nick’s right. Maybe their friendship died the day that his dad stood behind the MPD. “I think….I will,” he said softly. He picked up his bag and pillow. “Um….,” he cleared his throat. “I’m sorry, Nick.”
“Me too,” Nick said.

Ethan walked out the door and started heading home.

Lexy looked at the guy she loved and smiled up at him. “Are you okay?” she asked softly.

He smiled and kissed her forehead, pulling her into his body. “As long as you’re right here, I’ll always be okay, Baby.”

She wrapped her arms around his torso and held tightly. “Not going anywhere.” She rested her chin on the top of his chest and looked up at him. “If you want to….whenever, I’m here to listen, okay?”

He nodded and bent his head down, taking her mouth softly. “I love you.”

She smiled and said, “I love you too.”

Roy sighed. “All right, who’s paying for the pizza?”

The group laughed and Nick held Lexy as he looked around. This group was absolutely amazing. The entire time he was talking to Ethan he felt their presence and knew they had his back without even saying a word. And knowing that gave him an amazing sense of peace. They were his family. His Rock.

Chapter End Notes

You guys are amazing! Comments and Kudos are always welcomed.

And no this isn't the last time you'll see Ethan Perry or his family, but it is the end....for now.

And what do you think.....should Nick become daddy to Bella? ;-) :-D
Chapter Summary

Lexy looks at the finished product of the remodel of newly named Queen Industries.

Oliver, Roy, and Lexy go to Corto Maltese to get Thea home. Dig tags along to find an A.R.G.U.S. agent that has gone dark....but it's not what it seems.

Nick gets a glimpse at what it's like to be an OFFICIAL Team Arrow member. Laurel takes justice into her own hands and when it goes wrong she asks Oliver for help, but he turns her down. She turns to Lexy to get the name of her old teacher.

Chapter Notes

AUTHOR'S NOTE: I feel I should say this. I know some may not agree with the way I have portrayed Lexy or Nick as characters or as a couple. Just so you know, I have carefully plotted them both out. And their relationship. And you may not agree with the PDA or the endearments, but I like them and I think they're fine. And when they get there as a couple I will tag it appropriately for underage whatever, but for now as I've said before, the portrayal of Nick and Lexy are from my own experiences, family members' experiences or friends' experiences that they told me about, and from my favorite TV prodigies and teens from one of my favorite shows. I know some may feel uncomfortable about that and for that I'm sorry, but as I've said, I've planned, plotted and carefully thought about everything with these 2.
Lexy walked into the headquarters of the newly minted Queen Industries. She looked around the lobby and smiled. The contractor really did listen when she said she wanted it to be brightened up in there. It looked really good and so did the furniture.

She and Felicity had told the designer they wanted bright, airy and modern and it's exactly what it looked like. She walked to the lobby desk and touched the black marble top to the wooden desk. She smiled as her fingertips touched the smooth surface. “Perfect.”

“Come on, I'll show you Mr. Diggle’s office and the security officer's office,” the contractor named Jason said.

She smiled. “Okay. Let’s go.”

They went down the hall and turned left to another hallway, but this one was short. He unlocked what was now going to be the security offices for the security officers. He pushed the door open and flipped the light on. She smiled when she seen all the cameras and TVs. She happily squealed and jumped up and down. “It looks great!”

“And here’s Mr. Diggle’s office,” he said and unlocked another office door. He pushed it open and flipped the light on.

On the front wall near the door was a large screen TV. She had insisted on it so that he could watch newscasts or whatever for the team while still working. She then looked around and there was a large desk with 4 monitors on it, a phone with several connections and a black console that moved the cameras at his will so that he could see everything.

She smiled. “It’s perfect. Uncle John’s going to love it.”
“Great!” he said happily. “Wanna see your mom’s office now? She’s right next to your dad, at your insistence, of course. Some of my employees tried to convince me otherwise, but I promise I did as you asked.”

“Thank you,” she said and tapped the call button on the elevator.

They went up to the corporate floor and she stepped out. It was so great to see so much light pouring through the large floor to ceiling windows. He stopped at ‘crossroads’ in direction. “There’s your dad’s office and there’s your mom’s and then straight that way is the conference room.”

She nodded and walked to her mom’s office. She pushed the door open and flipped the light on. It was originally supposed to be Isabel’s office but she insisted on going somewhere else. So, they put her below her father. She looked around the room and seen the full wall of windows that looked out at the city skyline and then the full desk of computer screens. Then a workstation with 2 monitors. Then there was just a regular desk with file drawers. And behind that desk and along the wall was about 6 file cabinets and then a green one that only Felicity would deal with.

She smiled. “Looks great. Thank you.”

“You’re welcome.” He directed her toward Oliver’s office. “As promised and agreed upon between your parents they’ll share an assistant and she’ll go here. And here’s your father’s office. He flipped the light on and she smiled.

It was perfect. A desk in the corner, a sitting area in front of the large floor to ceiling windows. And a small conference table against the far wall. There was 2 large screen televisions on the far back wall near the entrance. She smiled. It looked amazing and perfect. It looked businesslike and sophisticated enough to be a CEO’s office, but it had elements of her father in there too. Like the gray and tanned marbled pillar behind the desk and the dark colored walls.

“I love it,” she told him. “And so will my parents. Thank you.”

“You’re welcome, Ms. Queen.”

She smiled. “Please, call me Alexandra. Miss Queen is my Aunt.”

He nodded. She smiled and glanced at her phone. “Ooh! I gotta go. Continue the great work, Jason. And if there any problems you have my number.”

“Yes, I do, Alexandra.”

Lexy came downstairs to the bunker about 20 minutes later and pulled her jacket off as she watched her best friend flatten her boyfriend into the mat. She folded her arms over her chest and watched them. “Guys, wait a minute,” she said. She knelt behind Nick. She tapped his left calf and said, “Slide this one back.”

“What?”

She smiled and pulled her heels off. “Here, Nicky, let me show you.” She bumped him and stretched her legs for a second. She stood the way he was. “If you keep standing like this, it’s easier for him to knock you down.” She then moved her left foot back. “But if you stand like this then your foot is planted to help keep your balance. That way you can do this.” She nodded.
Roy came toward her and she caught his arm and then playfully punched him in the chest. “See?”

He nodded, in awe a little. “How are you so good at that?”

She laughed. “Daddy says it’s because I was meant to be doing this.” She shrugged. “It just seems to come easy. Just remember what daddy said. Make it your own. He doesn’t want you out there—if you go out there—fighting like him or me or even Roy. He wants you fighting like you.”

He nodded. “I know.”

“Lex, come here.”

“Ooh! Did anyone go check on Bella?”

“I did,” Roy said as he attempted to take Nick down and smiled when it was more difficult this time. “She was fine, mom. She was asleep on your bed.”

Lexy nodded. “Good.” She walked over and slid into what was usually Nick’s chair and wheeled toward her mom. “Is that dad?”

“Yes. He found the guy from the fingerprint ID I gave him.”

Awhile later, Nick went home to have dinner with his family and hear about his dad’s promotion, which he had noted he wasn’t sure what could be higher than Detective when the Captain position was already filled.

Oliver came downstairs and placed the piece of glass between Roy and Lexy as he said, “Another dead end.”

Lexy’s jaw fell open. “You can’t be serious….”

“It took me a week to get a hit off that print. I had to reconstruct the partial using a predictive indexing algorithm. Appropriate, since it was his index finger…” the look on Oliver’s told her not to be cute and she said, “Not particularly relevant now.”

Lexy glanced at Roy and then at Nick before exhaling. She hated it when her father got like this. He put blinders on to the rest of the world and focused totally on the task at hand. She was still trying to figure out what kind of hold the Lance sisters had over her father. One would think it’d be his daughter and fiancée that would have that hold, but even after dating mom for almost 3 years, he seemed to still go balls to the wall for Laurel.

He walked to John and rubbed his temples.

“Don't worry, Oliver, we'll find him. He's out there somewhere.”

“No, he's not,” he said tightly. “Trail's gone cold.”

“Um….daddy, at the risk of forever being banned off of the team and all that may I ask you a question?”

“If it’s the same one you’ve been asking for the last week or so, then. I told you I owed it to Laurel —”

“No you don’t,” she argued. “You don’t owe her anything. The guilt of Sara being on that yacht should have went away the moment that Sara finally came home, dad. Besides, it’s like you keep telling me, I’m a big girl I can make my own decisions. Sara’s a big girl. She knew what she was
getting herself into by having that affair with you, she knew what she was getting herself into by being on that boat with you. She made those decisions, dad. Not you. But you shouldn’t feel guilty anymore for whatever decisions that the two of them made.” She folded her arms in front of her. “Besides, I’m not entirely convinced that it wasn’t someone in the league.”

He sighed. “Alexandra, what is your problem with the Lance—”

“My problem is, dad, that for some reason you’ve got yourself tethered to those girls and you won’t explain why. Every time Laurel’s hurting in some way you’ve gotta be her hero and rescue her.”

“What’s your point, Alexandra?”

“My point, father, is that sooner or later Laurel Lance is going to have to figure out a way to rescue herself. Have you ever thought that maybe Sara pissed off the wrong person.”

“What?” he asked in disbelief.

“Dad, she was an assassin for the League. She’s probably killed a lot of high profile people all because Ra’s Al Ghul told her to do it. Maybe it’s another government retaliating for whatever she did.” She saw the look in his eyes and knew he wasn’t believing her. “Never mind,” she exhaled. “Just do me a favor.” She looked into his face. “Remember whose finger you put that ring on, father and allowed to adopt me.” She grabbed her coat and walked out.

He exhaled. Whenever she called him ‘father’ it was never good. Roy looked at him. “I knew she was moody, but what the heck was that? Her and Nick?”

He shook his head. “No. me coming dangerously close to breaking a promise to her.”

“What promise?” Felicity asked.

He shook his head and then looked at Felicity, his expression softened with love. “Have you figured out where in Italy Thea's staying?”

“Yeah, about that—she's not in Italy.”

“Hmm?”

“Or Europe. Or, well, she's—”

“Where is she?”

“I had to ping her cell phone to find out where in Italy she was texting from. Turns out, came back Corto Maltese.” She tapped his shoulder. “Now, if you’ll excuse me, I’m going to go check on our daughter.”

“Corto's an island off of South America. What's up with your family and islands?”

“Felicity.”

She turned and smiled. “Yes?”

“Tell her that we’ll be leaving for Corto Maltese. I would like her to come with us.”

She stopped. “Are you sure?”

He nodded. “I think she and I need it.”
She nodded. “Okay.”

“Wait, Oliver. Thea's letter said not to come find her,” Roy reminded him.

“That letter was addressed to you, not to me. I’m watching Laurel go through losing Sara. It’s time for my sister to come home.”

Roy walked over and grabbed his bow. Oliver stepped forward. “What are you doing?”

“Thea’s gone because of me. Because the lies that I told her. So I owe this to both of you to make things right.”

“No—”

“He’s not talking about the reason you’re going. He’s talking about why you’re holding the bow in your hands.”

He looked past Oliver and realized that Lexy had been crying. Oliver looked at her. “Hey.”

“Father.”

He winced. He looked at Roy. “You can't travel with that.”

“I’ve actually never been on a plane before.”

He chuckled softly and walked off to change. Lexy smirked and shook her head. “Never would have guessed.”

He chuckled. “Shut up.” He walked to her and leaned on the table in between them. “You okay?”

She nodded. “I’ll be fine. I should remember that when it comes to the Lance sisters my father will always break a promise despite whether or not it’ll hurt me or mom.”

“What was the promise?”

“That he’d put us first before any of his ex-girlfriends or ex-lovers in Sara’s case.”

“Okay. But there’s got to be more to this than just that what is it?”

She shook her head and he stopped her by putting his hand over hers. “Sash, talk to me. You’ve always been able to talk to me. So, talk to me. Why are you really upset?”

She sighed. Maybe it was stupid. “It’s probably stupid.”

“Say it,” he told her.

“Um…..two nights ago was 3 years since dad had told grandma to shove it and revoked the guardianship papers. I wanted to celebrate.”

He nodded, listening intently. She took a deep breath, her eyes filling with tears. “Three years ago, I got my dad back. And he was finally going to be my dad. Mommy and I were always close and mom and I are very close, but I always thought that dad….”

“Sash, what happened?” he asked coming around the table.

She brushed a tear from her cheek and said, “The other night, I had asked him to meet me at the
restaurant—our favorite—and that we’d have a father-daughter night.”

Roy knew where this was going. He sighed. “But he canceled because he got a lead on Sara’s killer.”

She nodded. “Normally, I wouldn’t care, you know that.”

He nodded. “I know.”

“But I was there waiting for him. Sitting there looking like an idiot. This was important. This was what I considered to be an extremely important moment in my life, because by him doing that I finally got someone who cared about me. Who loved me. I got my dad, you know?”

He nodded. “I get it, Sash. I really do.” He pulled her into his arms and held her. “I’m sorry,” he said into her hair.

“I just…..thought it was important to him too.”

Roy exhaled softly. He had no idea what to say to her, he just held her and soothed her. After a few minutes as he heard Oliver walking out of the back, he pulled back. “Let’s go home and pack. Whatcha gonna do with Bella?”

She shrugged. “Mom’ll be here. Do you think….?”

He smirked. “Why don’t you see if Bella’s dad will take her for a few nights?” he teased.

She rolled her eyes laughing. “I think you and Chris enjoy that too much.”

He laughed. “You two make it easy with how easy going your relationship is. It really wouldn’t surprise me if ten years from now you announced to me and your dad that you were getting married.”

They stopped at Roy’s place first and he quickly packed a bag. They got into town and to the condo in now time and Roy smirked as an evil plan formed in his head. He took Lexy’s phone from her back pocket and took a quick picture of Bella and sent the text: Daddy, mommy’s leaving for a few days with grandpa and Uncle Roy. May I stay with you?

Lexy turned and gasped when she read the message. “Oh, Roy….why?”

He smiled. “It’s funny.”

She rolled her eyes. She quickly texted back. [To Nick]: Forget about it. I'll have my mom do it. Sorry, Roy took my phone and decided to be dumb.

However, the text she got back wasn’t what she was expecting. She expected him to say something like, ‘Oh, Good. I thought….’ Or something along those lines, but instead she got: [To Lexy]: Lex, I told you before if at any time you want me to watch her I will.

[To Nick]: You don’t have to. She’s my responsibility. I can….

[To Lexy]: Lexy, honey, don’t do this. Don’t him-haw around it. Do you want me to or not?
[To Nick]: Please?
[To Lexy]: Then bring her over before you leave. Where are you going?
[To Nick]: To get Aunt Thea to come home.
[To Lexy]: Where is she?
[To Nick]: Corto Maltese.
[To Lexy]: Why is she there?
[To Nick]: I think I know why. See you in a few.

After saying their goodbyes, Oliver promising Felicity to get into their daughter’s good graces again, and several long hours later, they landed in Corto Maltese. Lexy stepped out of the cab and looked around, smiling. “Daddy, this is amazing!”

“So, it’s daddy again?”

“Oliver, don’t,” Roy warned.

Oliver looked from Roy to Lexy, then back again. “Is there something I need to know?”

Lexy rolled her eyes. “If you can’t remember important milestones in your only daughter’s life, daddy then I’m not going to tell you.” She smiled at the cab driver. “Muchas Gracias, Senor.”
De nada, Senorita."

Roy laughed. “Why doesn’t it surprise me that you know Spanish?”

She laughed. “Personally I knew a little, but Nick’s been helping me with the rest. His grandmother’s from Madrid and he said something about when we graduate he’ll take me.”

“Cool. I keep forgetting he’s Hispanic.”

She nodded. “I know me too.”

Roy looked at Oliver. “So what’s the play with Thea?”

“Do you mind if I talk to her alone first?” The guys and Lexy nodded. “It’s been a while.”

“Felicity able to pin her down?”

“She gave me an address.”

Lexy nodded. “All right then,” she said. “Talk to you later.”

“Lex.”

She turned and walked to him. He looked down at her. “Baby, what’s going on with you?”

She sighed. “Really dad? You don’t know?”

He shook his head. “Are you and Nick fighting?”

She groaned and rolled her eyes. “You know my crappy moods don’t always have anything to with Nick. Nick and I don’t fight. At least we haven’t had a reason to yet. And Roy and I don’t fight. At least not in a while. Uncle John and I don’t fight at all. So, that only leaves one man in my life.” She raised her eyebrows and said, “You.”

“Okay. What did I do?”

She sighed loudly. “Dad…”

“I can’t fix it until you tell me.”

“You missed an anniversary.”

He straightened and stared down at her. “What? Your mother and I’s anniversary—”

“I’m not talking about you and mom. Dang it,” she said as her eyes welled with tears. “I’m talking about us.”

“What?”

She wiped her tears and sighed. “God, I told Roy it was stupid. I mean, why would you remember something like that? There’s no reason for you to know how much it meant to me.”

His heart literally shattered. “Sweetheart, talk to me. What did I miss that was important to you?”

“The day you told grandma to shove it with the guardianship and decided to raise me yourself.” She exhaled hard. She looked into his eyes and closed her own. “I knew it was stupid. For—forget it.” She turned quickly and practically ran into the hotel.
Oliver sighed. He looked at John and Roy. “I hadn’t….I didn’t realize she thought it was something significant.”

“I don’t think it totally was the anniversary,” Roy told him. He seen the continue command in Oliver’s eyes and sighed. “She made reservations at your guys’ favorite restaurant. She wanted to make it a date just the two of you and then you got that stupid lead on Sara and canceled on her. Her feelings are hurt, Oliver. She sat in that restaurant waiting for you to show up and then you called her and canceled.” He exhaled. God, he was going to friendship hell, he just knew it. “She told me it made her feel like an idiot. That she should have known that the Lance Sisters would have come first.”

John looked at his friend and he could actually see the tears in his eyes with that revelation. He opened his mouth to say something, but Oliver cut him off. “But she’s not. She’s hands down the most important person in my life…well, now Felicity too.”

John nodded. “We know that, but you have to admit when it comes to the Lance Sisters, either one of them you’ve got some kind of sense of duty with them that I don’t think Lexy feels with herself. I mean, Oliver, your daughter wanted to spend time with you, wanted to have dinner with you. No one else, just you.”

“I know.”

Roy looked at his friends. “She may seem all grown up, Oliver, but she needs you. She wants time with you. She spends all her time with Felicity, she’d done that for five years—where it was just the two of them—now she wants that with you and you’re going to put an ex-girlfriend ahead of her?”

He exhaled. “I never….I never meant for that to happen,” he replied, his voice choked with tears. He sighed. “I gotta…Thea….”

They nodded and he walked off.

Oliver went to the address that Felicity had given him and he walked up to the front door of the home. However, no one seemed to be home and a landscaper showed him to the café where she worked and was going by the name ‘Mia’ now. When he got to the café, he thanked the man and then watched Thea as she delivered food to a table. “Thea.”

Thea turned and smiled.

He smiled back. “Good to see you.”

She walked to him and hugged him. “You, too. How--how did you—”

“Well, it's not exactly the Amalfi Coast.”

She sighed and said to the waiter, “Voy a cerrar, Ernesto.”

“Didn't you flunk Spanish?”

“More like skipped it altogether.” They laughed.

Keeping his smile in place he said, “Well, you look good. I like your haircut.”

“Thank you. Yeah, wanted it short, you know. Gets hot down here.” Feeling bad for the lie she
apologized, “I'm... I'm sorry I lied to you about it, Ollie. I just needed some space.”

He nodded. “It's ok. You've had five months of it.”

She knew what that meant. “This isn't just a visit.”

He pulled an airline ticket out for her. “Got one for you, too. After mom, I understood why you left Starling. But Thea, I miss you. Lexy misses you... a lot. And I would really like it if you came home.”

The sadness set into her eyes and her features as she said, “I miss you, too. And I love you... so much. And you have no idea how much I miss that girl of yours, but I'm never coming back to Starling City.”

After the talk with Thea, Oliver headed back to the hotel where he met up with John at a food cart. “Where’s Lex and Roy?”

“Um...sightseeing. Neither of them have been here before and they wanted to get in a couple of hours of sightseeing before we left. Roy insisted after...”

Oliver nodded and exhaled. “I can’t believe I did something so stupid,” he muttered. “I mean, from the moment that the doctor put her in my arms she’s been my entire world.”

John nodded. “I know that feeling. However, you have to admit you have some kind of hero thing with the Lance sisters, right?”

He nodded. “And I don’t know why. I have no idea why I get so laser focused on helping them. I mean, Sara was murdered and I feel like it’s my fault. Like I should have done something. That guilt from the yacht comes back.”

“Look, man, I get it. But Lexy’s right. There should be no reason why you should feel guilty and if Laurel’s making you feel that way or playing on that guilt because she knows it’s still there then that’s not fair either. You have nothing to feel guilty about. You have a daughter to raise and a beautiful fiancée to plan a life with, man. You need to think about them first now. I know this isn’t going to be something you’d want to hear, but to hell with Laurel and Sara. Felicity and Lexy should be your first priority and right now Lexy doesn’t feel like she even comes close. You canceled dinner with your daughter, man.”

Oliver winced. “Yeah, not exactly one of my finer ‘dad’ moments.”

“Make it up to her. Roy and I can stay an extra night after we get all of our business sorted. Take her to that dinner you never had. I think she’d really like it.”

He smiled. “Me too.”

John pulled his phone out to shoot a text to Lyla. As he did he looked at Oliver. “This is Lyla's busy work, man you didn't have to tag along.”

“Well, I don't know how to vacation like a normal person, Diggle. And no offense to Roy, but the only one I would want to vacation with is off with him, so... what's the plan?”

“This spot's his usual dead drop. Lyla sent me over this file photo.” He showed Oliver the photo of
the man they were looking. “Just gonna make sure he's all right.” He looked out into the courtyard and saw said man walking along the sidewalk. “Got him.”

“I got you,” Oliver said firmly.

“He’s a friendly, Oliver,” John reminded him and walked down to talk to him.

Roy and Lexy came back to the hotel and walked into the room Lexy was sharing with Oliver, laughing. “Did I actually tell that woman she smelt like a wet dog?”

She burst out laughing again as she said, “Yep.” She tilted her head to the side. “I gotta say, I’d never seen a woman slap someone so hard.” She smirked, “Is your cheek okay?”

He nodded. “Yeah.”

Oliver walked into the room and smiled. “Hey, you’re back.”

“Hi!” she said excitedly. “I got you something while down in one of the shops.”

“Cool, thanks,” Oliver said and kissed the top of her head.

“How’d it go with Thea?”

He shook his head. “It didn’t. She’s stubbornly decided to not come back.” He looked at Roy. “You can go ahead and try, but I think we’re going to go home empty handed.”

He nodded. “I think I will, but first I’m taking a shower.”

“Good luck,” she said with a smirk. “And please don’t insult my aunt—”

He laughed. “Shut up.”

She laughed. Oliver chuckled, enjoying the fact that she looked so happy. “You look like you had fun.”

“I did. I always have fun with Roy.” She looked up at him. “Daddy, what’s up? You’ve got that ‘I want to ask you a favor’ face.”

“Well, first after all our business is concluded, I would like to take you to dinner. Will you come to dinner with me?”

She nodded. “Yes.”

He hugged her and tucked his face into her hair. “I’m sorry, Sweetheart. I hadn’t realized that you thought that me telling your grandmother I wanted to raise my own daughter was so significant to you that you actually thought about it.”

She nodded. “I know. Roy talked to me about it. It’s just, daddy, whenever a Lance Sister is involved you push everything and everyone aside. Me and mom shouldn’t have to feel like we come second to your ex-girlfriends, daddy.”

“You’re absolutely right,” he said without hesitation. “And I’m sorry you’ve felt that way. I promise to do better. However, how would you feel about spending the rest of the day with me?”
“Absolutely,” she said happily, her eyes sparkling. “What are we doing?”

“Helping Uncle John, who’s also helping Aunt Lyla. One of her agents went dark and she asked Uncle John for help in locating him. We found him, but Shaw convinced John to come with him to the buy so that they could take the guys down who are trying to buy and sell the ARGUS operatives list.”

She nodded. “I’m there,” she said. “Being that we don’t have our weapons, this is going to be hand to hand combat, right?”

He nodded. “Right.”

She nodded. She grabbed a pair of jeans and a pair of boots and went into the bathroom. She quickly changed, leaving her tank top on and pulled the jeans and boots on. She walked back out. “Then let’s go.”

They got to the designated buy spot and Oliver let John know that he and Lexy were in position. They crouched down as they watched. John was getting suspicious of Mark Shaw. And Lexy had to admit that something didn’t feel right herself. She winced as she saw Shaw taser John.

She reacted immediately and did a gymnastics flip over the balcony, landing on her feet. Just as she landed, Mark began shooting at them both. She rolled to the ground, waiting for the bullets to die down. Once the bullets died off, both her and Oliver went to find John.

She crawled to John. “Uncle J, you okay?”

“Yeah, Small Fry, I’m good.”

“Can you stand?”

He nodded. She helped him up and then let go once he was steady on his feet. “What did he take off of you?”

“My ID drive. To prove to him I wasn’t one of the bad guys. He told me that I helped him decode the Actual.”

“The Actual?” she asked.

“It’s a list of names, codenames, covers and even the addresses of family members who work for A.R.G.U.S.,” Oliver explained.

She pulled her hand through her long blond curls. “You…can’t be serious?”

They nodded. She sighed. “I thought this was just going to be a trip to convince Aunt T to come home and then we’d leave and go back to our normal lives.”

“This is our normal lives, Sweetheart,” Oliver reminded her.

She sighed. “I know. I just thought we could go a few days without saving the world or humanity in this case.”

John and Oliver chuckled and then went back to the hotel. They told Lyla everything and she told them to stay out until back up arrived. But John refuses to stay out of it, so they come up with a plan.
Felicity sat in her newly renovated office, enjoying herself immensely. She had told Oliver that while he was gone she was going to go over some possible applicants for her division and their assistant. However, she got distracted by Iris West’s Blog about The Streak.

“Uh….Miss Smoak?”

She looked up, blinking at the man in the flannel shirt and jeans. “Yes?”

“A Dr. Palmer would like to see you.”

“Oh…send him in….?”

The man smiled. “Jason. I’m the contractor your daughter hired to get this place back into tiptop shape.”

“Oh, right!” she smiled. “Of course, I’m sorry. Send him in.”

Dr. Palmer walked in in a tailored suit and tie. He smiled. “The offices look good. So does the lobby downstairs. You should really get security—”

“The building’s not been housed with staff yet, Ray. What do you want?”

“One more chance to convince you to come to Palmer Tech.”

She smirked at him. “You can’t be serious….” she seen that he was actually very serious. She shook her head. “Nope,” she said slowly, emphasizing the word. “Not going to happen. Besides, as you can see I have a job at my fiancé’s company.”

“Fiancé?” Ray asked. “He proposed?”

She nodded, flashing her hand. “A few weeks ago. And no you didn’t know because we haven’t made the announcement.”

“So, what are you his assistant?”

“No. The president of the Science division of the newly named Queen Industries.”

“Queen Industries?”

“My daughter came up with it,” she replied, picking up her cell phone as it vibrated on her desk. “Speaking of my beautiful amazing daughter.” She answered, “Hey, Sweetheart. What’s up?”

“Hi, mom. Where are you?”

“QC—I mean, QI, why?”

Lexy smiled in Corto Maltese. “You in your office?”

“No….” she said slowly, trying to evade.

She laughed. “Mom?”

She shook her head. “All right, yes! But what’s up with you? How’s your trip with your dad going?”

“Good. We’re going to dinner later. However, we have a problem that you can only solve.”

“Um….Lex, Sweetheart, my love, could this wait?”
“No,” she said cautiously. “Mom, who’s there?”

“Ray,” she muttered.

She exhaled. “Okay. Well, this can’t wait. Uncle John emailed you all the information we have on a
guy named Mark Shaw. He’s a former A.R.G.U.S. agent turned bad guy. We need you to find him.”

“Um….okay. I’ll call—” she got cut off as the phone call dropped on Lexy’s end, but Felicity got a
call from Laurel too. She needed her to do a favor for her. To find someone.

The office phone started ringing and Felicity stared at it for a second. “I didn’t even know those were
up yet.” She answered, “Hello?”

Lexy smirked. “Not exactly office etiquette, mom.”

She laughed. “Did we get cut off?”

“Um…yeah. Not very many cell towers on this island.”

Ray just stared at her, in awe. “Is this how your day usually is?”

“Honestly, this is a pretty tame day.” She put her cell phone to her ear and said, “I’ll call you back.”
She then put the phone to her ear for Lexy. “Sweetheart, ask your dad if he would mind if I got Nick
to look for him?”

She nodded. “Hey, daddy, mom wants to know if you’d mind if she got Nick to look for Mark?”

He shook his head. “No. Is she okay?”

“She’s flustered. Ray’s in her office. No doubt trying to offer her a better deal than us. And then she
got another call on her cell phone asking—”

“It was Laurel,” Felicity interjected. “She wants me to help her find someone too.”

Oliver nodded. “Okay. Well, um….get Nick on Laurel’s problem and you can concentrate on
Shaw,” he said into Lexy’s phone.

“Did you hear that?”

She nodded. “Yeah. I’ll call Nick now.” She hung up as Ray slinked out of the office, and she called
Laurel back. “Sorry, I was on the phone with Lexy.”

“It’s okay,” she said.

“Who’s the guy? I’ll get Nick on it for you.”

“Nick? As in Lexy’s boyfriend?”

“Yeah. Trust me, if Oliver didn’t trust him he wouldn’t know anything about anything.”

“Okay. Why don’t you give me his number and I’ll call him,” Laurel said.

She smiled. “Perfect.” She recited Nick’s number to her and then hung up.
Nick was sitting through a very boring history lesson when his cell phone buzzed. He quickly looked at it and his brow furrowed as he declined it. It buzzed again. He looked at the teacher. “I’m so sorry. It’s my mom. She wouldn’t call unless it was important.”

She nodded. “Take it outside.”

He smiled. “Thank you.” He pressed accept and said once he was outside, “Hello?”

“Nick?”

He looked at his phone again. “Who is this?” he asked once the phone was to his ear.

“Laurel Lance. I’m Lexy’s—”

“I know who you are. What do you need, Miss Lance?”

“Um…do you think you could find someone like on Google or something?”

“You mean pinging his GPS?” he asked.

She smiled. “Wow….you and Felicity do think alike.”

“Thanks,” he said. “Let me grab Lexy’s tablet,” he muttered. He opened her locker and pulled out the Team Arrow specialized tablet she kept there for just these type of emergencies. He gained access to her tablet and then said, “Give it to me.”

They got Shaw’s location and Lexy texted Oliver where to meet them. As they waited for Shaw to show up, Lexy looked at Dig and Roy, “I’ll be back.”

“Where are you going?”

“I’ll be back,” she repeated. She walked toward the building they were standing in front of and smiled when she found a metal rod. She picked it up and tested it. “Perfect.” She flipped it into her hand as she walked back to her guys.

Oliver showed and they watched as Lyla’s name appeared in the list of agents. Her stomach flopped. He looked at Lexy. “Did you find another one?”

She nodded and showed him. He smiled. “That’s my girl. Here’s the other.”

She smiled. “Thanks, Daddy.” She took the broken shower rod from him.

As they gathered more of their weapons and Oliver finished passing out the makeshift bows and arrows he made, they saw a jeep pull up with militia soldiers. John mentions that it could be A.R.G.U.S.


“That’s a hired militia,” Lexy said as they began firing on them.

“Let’s go,” Oliver told them and they began firing their arrows.

As Oliver, John, and Roy started taking down the soldiers, Lexy took one of the guns from them and
started firing on the men. She then used her other weapon and knocked the guy who wasn’t quite
dead yet, out cold. Roy stared at her in awe. “How did you learn to use….?”

“Nick taught me,” she told him. She tossed the gun down. She notices some of the soldiers are running. “Dad, their running.”

“Let’s go!” he said and they ran after them.

Roy and Lexy snuck up on the rest of the militia soldiers. She knocked 2 on their asses as she used her makeshift batons like clotheslines. They continued to fight. She took down one of the men. Roy took down one and they took down the other together.

She smiled and high-fived him. “Told you we’d get in sync like Uncle John and daddy.”

He laughed and tapped her lower back. “Let’s go.”

She got there before Roy did. She did a front flip and used her legs to power kick the one henchman in the chest. He groaned. She then took her baton and smashed it into his leg, hearing the crunch, she walked away. Oliver had wiped out the other guys and taken the computer. He looked at her. “Did you just break his leg?”

She shook her head and smiled as she walked backwards. “Nope. Shattered it.”

He chuckled and kissed her hair. “So, where do you want to go for dinner?”

“The Red Dragon.”

He stopped and looked at her. “The Red Dragon? The Red Dragon’s in Starling—”

She nodded. “I know. I wanna go home, dad. By what you said and what Roy said, this trip has been a bust. Which means, I’m not going to be very good company at dinner if we do it tonight. Besides, I miss mom. I miss Nick and Bella. I wanna go home.”

He smiled. “Then we’ll go home,” he said. “Come on.”

At the airport, they waited for their flight. John came back with 4 drinks. 3 of them coffees and the other one cocoa. He handed the cocoa to Lexy and then handed the other coffees to Roy and Oliver.

“You ok?” John asked.

Oliver looked toward the door. “She’s not coming.”

“I'm sorry, Oliver. You did everything you could, man.”

Lexy sat down next to Roy. “You both did.”

Lexy looked up and gasped, Roy followed her gaze and said, “Oliver…”

To their amazement, Thea was coming toward them wheeling a suitcase. Lexy felt her eyes well up with tears. Thea smiled and Lexy stood. The 2 women hugged. Thea smoothed out her hair. “I missed you,” she said softly.

“I missed you too,” Lexy cried.
They ended their hug and Thea sat next to Oliver. Oliver smiled. “I'm glad you changed your mind.”

“Still not sure about flying commercial, though.”

They chuckled. A man stood and bumped an older man, forcing the older man to spill his coffee on Thea’s hand. They all watched in shock as the liquid obviously burned her hand, but she didn’t flinch or anything. Just took the napkin that Lexy held out and wiped her hand down.

“Thea, are you ok?” Oliver asked as Lexy just stared at her.

“Yeah. I'm fine.”

Lexy looked at her father, bewilderment setting in her eyes. She looked at Roy and he looked just as confused. What in the world was going on with her aunt now?

Back home, Lexy was suffering from major jet lag. She felt like she was dragging as she rode the elevator up to their apartment. She unlocked the door and walked in. She dropped her keys on the table and called out for Felicity. “Mom! You home?!”

No answer. She walked to the kitchen and smiled when she saw a note hanging on the fridge. She read it to herself:

**Oliver and Lexy,**

**Welcome home! Sorry I wasn’t there when you got home.**

*I'm at the office. Oliver, if you’re feeling up to it you have to come check it out. Our daughter did an amazing job!*

*I hope despite the reasons that the trip ended up being, that you all had fun. And Lex, if you’re tanner than me when I see you at dinner I’m going to be pissed. (Just kidding)*

Don’t worry about school. They think you’re coming back later today. So, Sweetheart, sleep in and I'll bring home takeout on my way home.

*I love you both.*

She loved her mom. She sighed and walked up the stairs to her room. Instead of carting the bag with her, she left it at the door, so when she got to her room and to her bed, she face planted and was almost asleep in an instant.

Oliver went to the Bunker to drop off some stuff he had taken on the plane—electronics when he saw Laurel sitting on the stairs waiting for him. I saw she was all beat up and instantly came to her, she told him she was fine and he backed off. He asked more firmly. “What happened?”

She took a shaky breath. “I tried to do good. It didn't work out.”

Frustrated he said, “Oh, Laurel.” He put his hands on his hips and looked at her.
“I know that it probably sounds insane. It probably is, but... Sara. She gave me this. And when I wear it, it makes me want to help people like she did. Like she's alive again.”

“I get it.” He sighed. “Sara had training. She had years—”

“Oliver, I know. Which is why I need to start, and I need your help.”

He had a feeling that was coming. In that moment, he realized what Lexy and John had been trying to tell him. He did do what they said. “No.”

Oliver! No! No,” he said, standing his ground. “I... I want you to consider what would happen to your father if something happened to you.”

“Oliver, ever since it happened, I have had this fire inside of me that I can't get rid of with booze or pills. I need another way! And the other night, even though it went wrong it was the first time since Sara died where I haven't felt that fire.”

I'm sorry, but I can't. And even if I could, Sara would never forgive me.....and neither would my family.”

“Your family?” Laurel questioned. “You'll train your thirteen year old daughter but you won’t help me?”

“No!” He exclaimed. “I trained Lexy, because she’s MY daughter and with what I do and my enemies finding out I had to know she’d be safe. And besides, I didn’t need to teach her much. She was already taking kickboxing classes and boxing and um....karate. So, there really wasn’t much I needed to teach her.” He looked at her. “But there’s a big difference between me teaching my daughter to do this and me teaching you.”

“Which is?”

“You're not my daughter,” he said. “You’re my friend. I won’t train you. I’m not very good at it anyway.” He sighed and started downstairs. “If you’re really that determined then call Lexy and ask her who her teacher was for her classes, because honestly, whoever taught her, taught her well. She’s can take me down without breaking a sweat. So, call her and ask, but I won’t be the one doing it.”

“Fine.” She walked out and pulled her phone from her pocket and dialed Lexy's number.

“Hello....?” She said groggily.

“Hey, Lex. It’s Aunt Laurel.”

“Laurel....?” She said softly. “Wha....what’s wrong? Dad’s not—”

“I know, honey, I need a favor from you.”

“What?”

“Who was your fighting teacher?”

“My fighting teacher?” she asked. Laurel could hear rustling as she asked, “What do you mean fighting?”

“Your dad told me that you had taken kickboxing, boxing and karate. Who was your teacher?”

“Um....for karate, um....Sensei Riyu. And um....for boxing and kickboxing—Ted Grant.”
“The guy who owns the gym downtown?”

“Yeah. Um….Roy started paying for my classes with him after I almost got raped about three years after I moved in with grandma at the mansion.”

“What? You were raped?”

“No. Thanks to Roy and his friends they never got that far. But Roy thought that I should take some self-defense classes afterwards and apparently Ted owed him a favor or something. I’m not exactly sure.” She exhaled. “Just, uh….tell him I sent you and you should be okay.”

“Okay. Thanks, Lex.”

“You’re welcome. Bye.” She hung up and put the phone back on her nightstand, falling back to sleep.
Chapter Summary

Felicity and Lexy come visit Barry to actually see if he's okay.

Leonard Snart pays a visit to Central City and puts Team Flash to the test.

With Felicity and Lexy there, Grace begins to realize some revelations about herself when it comes to the Team.

Chapter Notes

This is a Chapter from my Flash has a sister story: The Allen Family: When Lightning Strikes. This introduces Grace to you. Grace is Barry's younger sister, by 2 years.

You DO NOT have to read this chapter at all, you can skip right to The Magician if you would like.

However, I will be crossing over chapters like this for the crossover in a few chapters. :-D

"So, did Barry look okay when you and your dad saw him?"

Lexy Queen snickered at her mom's question. But it was only the 100th time she'd asked it. She
closed required English reading assignment on her thumb and forefinger and looked up at her mother. They were riding the train into Central City from their hometown of Starling to see their friend, Barry Allen and so that Felicity could meet Grace. "Yes, mom, he looked absolutely fine. He looked totally like Barry, but different too."

"Different how?" Felicity Smoak urged.

"I don't know," she said. "The lightning bolt changed him. He looked physically different, but he was the same ol' Barry."

Felicity exhaled. "I'm badgering aren't I?"

She nodded. "Which according to you, you picked that up from grandma."

Felicity smiled. Lexy liked being able to say 'grandma'. She finally knew she was going to have one that was going to dote on her the way a grandmother should. That part Felicity didn't mind, she hated to admitted it, but her adopting Lexy would finally get the fussing off of her. She nodded to her daughter. "Right. I'll stop now. Sorry."

Lexy smiled. "It's okay, mama. Really. It's just that you've asked the same question like ten times."

She nodded. "I know, I'm sorry. I'm just worried that our friend will be different."

She laughed softly. "He's not though. He's still the same old Barry. I promise." She smiled at her. "You know I'm intuitive about people."

She nodded. "I know." She reached into her large purse and pulled out her tablet. She opened it and started working on her proposal for her very first project meeting. That was another thing she was really excited about. She finally had a job that exercised her expertise. "I'm just going to get some work done on my proposal in front of your dad and the executives on Friday."

Lexy smiled. "Good. You do that." She opened her book and began reading the required reading assignment again. "I'm gonna try to get my homework done. The other night's activities has um...put me a little bit behind in my English class."

"How much behind?"

"About three assignments." Knowing what was coming next she instantly said, "Don't worry about it. I'm going to use the trip productively and get them in and my other homework when I go into school Friday."

She nodded. "Sounds like a plan."

Lexy smiled. "I have good ones sometimes."

Grace walked into S.T.A.R. Labs, dressed in jogging gear and earbuds inside her ears. She stopped as she entered and watched as her brother quickly went from station to station. Caitlin was seated at the Operation Game table, Dr. Wells was staring at a chess board and Cisco was playing ping-pong.

She gently pulled her earbuds from her ears and shoved her iPod into her pocket. She stood and watched the fun. However, she couldn't keep her eyes off of Cisco. Ever since their date--which is what he was calling it too--they've been pretty inseparable since. Then again, they were inseparable
before the date last week, now they were even more inseparable than ever and sometimes they'd kiss. And they'd cuddle— that was her favorite. But nothing had changed with their dynamic really or their friendship.

The sound of Caitlin's voice pulled her out of her thoughts of the handsome dark haired scientist. "This isn't even remotely anatomically correct."

"That's not the point, Dr. Snow," Barry said leaning over the table to extract another body part.

"Then what is the point?"

He started playing ping-pong with Cisco again. "To have fun."

"And to continue your ongoing training by testing the speed of your mind by pushing your ability to multitask," Dr. Wells reminded him.

Barry raced to him and moved a chess piece. He looked up at the older man. "I'm waiting on you, Dr. Wells."

The games were winding down, when Wells called, "Checkmate."

"Wait... checkmate?"

The older man smiled. "Checkmate."

Grace smiled as she folded her arms over her chest and leaned on the wall. "Aww... Barry, you found someone who could kick your ass at chess."

He smiled. "Hey. Are you still mad because you can't?"

She scoffed, waving him off. "Please. I'm not mad about anything. If I didn't find chess even remotely boring you know I'd kick your ass at it."

"Very true." He kissed her hair. "Good run?"

She nodded. "Yeah. Did you know they're doing a remodel on the stadium?"

"Yeah, I read about that in the paper," Barry said. He looked at Cisco who seemed to be itching to greet his sister the way he was supposed to. He leaned down and whispered, "Kiss her."

"What?" he almost jumped.

"Kiss her," Barry smiled. "Hey, if I can watch Eddie and Iris suck face all the time, watching you and my sister shouldn't gross me out too bad."

Grace laughed. "Funny." She walked up to Cisco and kissed him firmly on the mouth. "Hi."

He brought her back against him and kissed her deeply. "Hi. You're all sweaty."

She laughed. "That's what happens when you run eight miles."

"Eight miles?!!" Cisco and Caitlin said in unison.

Caitlin made a grossed out face. "Why?"

She laughed. "I needed to work out some stuff."
"What kind of stuff?" Cisco asked.

Barry shook his head telling Cisco to not ask. She touched her brother. "No, Cisco, it's okay. It's the week of what mom and I used to call 'Shopaholics Anonymous Ditch Day."

"What?" Caitlin asked.

"Sounds like an excuse to spend ridiculous amounts of money," Wells said, smiling.

She laughed. "It was. Mom was always one for great deals. That's how she got Barry and Dad's Christmas gifts every year. And me too."

Caitlin smiled sympathetically. "I'm sorry, Grace."

She shrugged. "It's okay. I'm going shopping with Iris this weekend for Christmas anyway, so she'll definitely make up for it."

Barry laughed. "Oh, yeah."

The steady beeping alert had both Barry and Grace looking to Cisco who was in the control room. He looked at the screen. "Armed robbery at 4th and Collins."

Grace quickly went into the other room to change, while Barry parted with, "For the record, I crushed it in Operation and ping pong."

Grace came out a few moments later, laughing. "See ya there?"

"Yep," he called from the other room.

She nodded and flew off. While Barry quickly changed and sped out of the building.

They got there only seconds apart from each other and quickly jumped into action. They both took out the robbers, and Grace was look out as she watched one remove it's mask and watch them. She glared at him right before he took off. She then knelt down on the other side of him. "You're okay," she said softly. "You'll be okay."

"Where's the nearest hospital?" Barry asked into his comms.

"St. Andrews. Seven blocks north, two east."

"Call the ER, tell them they have an incoming GSW." He looked at Grace.

"I'll wait for dad," she said smiling.

Eddie approached the armored truck where Joe sat in the back trying to figure out what the perps took. "Tow truck was stolen. Driver of the armored car is in a stable condition at St. Andrews, and no one's exactly sure how he got there," Eddie said stopping at the end of the truck.

"Did you check the security cameras?"
"Camera's storage drive was stolen. Guys are pros."

"Actually theoretically speaking no one's that good."

Joe turned as he rose to get out of the truck. "Hey, my other beautiful daughter. How are you this lovely day?"

She smiled. "Pretty good, dad. Pretty good. I was wondering if I could talk to you for a second." She gave him the look she'd perfected over the last few weeks to tell him that it was superhero stuff.

"Can I ask you something?" Eddie asked.

"Sure," Grace said smiling.

"How come you call Joe 'dad'? I mean, Barry calls him by his name, but you never seem to. Why is that?"

She smiled. "That, Detective, is a very long story." She exhaled. "However, cliff notes version is that technically Joe West is my father. I mean, I love my dad more than anything, but I don't really know him like Barry does. I was almost nine years old when my mom was killed. Daddy's been in prison for fourteen years. And I'm only twenty-three," she smiled. "Joe's been there longer, so he gets the privilege."

Joe smiled. "And it's never been one I've taken for granted," he said and kissed her hair.

"Everything's still here, including what I think they were after. The Kahndaq Dynasty Diamond. It was on its way to Central City Museum for exhibition."

They started walking together. Eddie knew what he was talking about. "Right, Iris is trying to talk me into going."

"You're not going to?"

"I don't know. Are you?"

"Yeah, my boy--" she cleared her throat. "Um...the guy I'm seeing is as a big a nerd as me, so we're both really excited to see it."

Eddie nodded. "Oh, that's nice." He exhaled. "I'm not much of a museum guy, but when she really wants to do something..."

Joe gave him the icy stare that could even stop her and Barry in their tracks. He quickly scampered off. "I'm just going to walk away now."

She snickered and put her hands in her back pockets of her jeans. "Don't you think you should ease up on him a little bit. I mean..." he gave her the same stare and she stopped. "Fine."

"So, who's this guy you're seeing? Boyfriend?"

She winced. "Oh, God....we haven't even established we're in a relationship. We're just hanging out."

"Do I know this kid?"

She nodded. "It's Cisco."

"As in the Scientist at S.T.A.R. Labs."
His jaw dropped slightly and then he nodded. "Right." He looked up just as Barry showed up.

"Sorry, Captain," Barry said rushing in. "I was at the hospital visiting a friend."

"I'll see you later," Grace said quickly making herself scarce.

"Oh, Gracie, what did you want to talk to me about?"

She smiled. "Barry's got it covered," she said with a smile.

Joe turned to Barry. "There's nothing missing. It looks like someone interrupted a robbery."

"Guard says there was three of them," Captain Singh added.

"Actually, there was four. I mean, that's how many I would bring if I were doing a robbery of this nature. That's definitely a four guy truck. A driver, two more to cover the guards, and..." he looked at the door. "Somebody used liquid nitrogen to crack open this door, so four bad guys."

"Thank you, Mr. Allen, for your brilliant insight."

Singh walked away and Joe walked up to Barry and said under his breath, "For somebody so fast, you're a little slow on the improvising. Did you see anything that could help us catch these guys?"

"Yeah, me and Grace did."

"What's with your sister by the way?"

Barry smiled. "It's the anniversary with mom. She's a little bummed today, so...." Reminding himself he was at work he continued, "One of them lost his mask. We saw his face."

Joe smiled. They got back to the precinct a few hours later and Joe said, "So look through these mug shots of Central City's most wanted, and see if you can find our guy."

Barry quickly flipped through the pages as Joe talked and then seconds later, "That's him."

Joe was surprised. "Damn." He took the mugshot book from him. He looked at the guy. "Leonard Snart."

"Leonard?" Barry said "That's almost as bad as Bartholomew."

"Snart ain't sexy, either," Joe told him. "Snart's father was a cop... Was a bad cop. Took his anger out on his kids until he went to prison."

"Snart's dad's in prison too? We should start a club."

"Ooh! Can I join?"

They both turned and smiled. "Hey, Gracie," they said at the same time.


"He shows up, like, every six months. He cases a job for weeks before he makes his move. Then, he does the job... Gets away."

"That's before The Streak and Gaia were around," Barry said with a smirk.

Joe leaned into him and said, "Did you just refer to yourself in the third person?"
"I referred to The Streak, which I'm pretty sure I can top. I've been thinking of a new name. What do you think about The Fla..."

Grace cleared her throat loudly.

"Coffee break," Iris announced. She smiled at them. "Thought I would bring Central City's finest java over to Central City's finest."

Barry gladly took the cup while Joe dismissed it. "Thanks. I'm off caffeine."

Grace smiled sympathetically at her. "Do you mind if I take it?" She yawned. "Didn't get much sleep last night."

Iris smirked naughtily. Grace seen it and rolled her eyes as she climbed the stairs with her brother. "Trust me if I had one of those nights I would call in the next day and spend it in bed doing two things, one of them being sleeping."

They laughed as they walked toward Barry's lab. "My dad's been mad at me every since I told him about me and Eddie."

"No, you mean he's mad at you because you didn't tell him."

"Uh, first, that sounds like you're taking his side, and second, do you know how he does this whole, "I'm not talking to you, but I have a whole bag full of judgmental looks I'm gonna try out on you later""

"Yeah, I've been on the receiving end of those a few times."

"Me too."

"Yeah, did you tell him about you and Cisco yet?"

She nodded. "This morning. He took it quite well too."

"Darn, I thought he'd go all 'protective dad' on you too."

"He probably will at some point," she reassured her. "And I warned Cisco about it too."

"Speaking of communications, or lack thereof, after all of these journalism classes, I got an idea."

"Huh."

"I started a blog."

"That's cool," Grace said sipping the coffee.

"All right, what's it about? Your brownie obsession? 'Cause, you know, you probably shouldn't broadcast that," he teased as Grace laughed.

"No, something important. Something that Central City needs to know about, The Streak. And his sister."

"Wha...?" Grace looked at her. "He has a sister?" She looked at Barry and then Iris. "Is that the weird thing I've been seeing flying around the city?"

She nodded. She seen the look on Barry's face. "He's out there, Barry. Rumor has it, they stopped an
armed car robbery earlier. I was hoping that I could take a look at the file, and--"

"Oh, my God...." Grace laughed as Barry gave him Iris the 'Don't even think about it look.

"What?" Barry said. "I'm not at liberty to discuss an ongoing police investigation with you."

"Since when, Mr. Blabbermouth?"

They walked around her and headed for Barry's lab, as Barry said, "Take it from someone who's been investigating the impossible since they were 11. Blogging about this is only gonna bring the crazies to your front door."

"I agree with Barry," Grace said hurriedly. "I mean, Iris--"

"My blog is anonymous."

"All right, well, anonymous or not, it's not safe," Barry insisted. "You never know what kind of weirdos are out there trolling on the internet."

"I can vouch for that."

Grace gasped and tipped her cup back toward her, spilling it on her. "Damn it!" she hissed.

Barry launched himself at Grace to help her as Felicity continued, "The internet is full of weirdos and nerd rage... Lots and lots of nerd rage." She smiled at Barry.

"Yeah, mom, you would know."

Barry perked up even more when he heard Lexy's voice. "Lex! Hey!"

Lexy smiled, flapped the file she was reading on his desk, picked up a few napkins from the desk and walked to him, hugging him hard. "Good to see you again, Barry." She handed them to Grace. "Are you okay?"

"Yeah, um...I'll be fine." She looked down at her dress and sighed. "However, my dress will not." She exhaled slowly. "I should probably call Cisco and cancel our lunch plans."

Felicity smiled at Iris. "Hi, Felicity Smoak," she held out her hand to Iris.

"Iris West," she said shaking her hand. "Who's the girl that definitely perked Barry up the moment he heard her?"

"Oh, that's my daughter, Lexy." She smiled at Lexy. "Sweetheart, meet Iris West."

She smiled. "Hi, Alexandra Queen. Call me Lexy."

"Queen?!!" Iris exclaimed. "As in....Oliver Queen?"

Lexy nodded. "That's my dad. One of the seven best men I know."

"Wow...." Iris said.

Barry interjected, "Felicity's the--"

"The girl that you met in Starling City, the Computerer, right? You two worked on one of Barry's unexplainable cases."
"Which, long story short, was definitely explainable," Felicity threw in. She pointed at the ceiling. "So the lightning came through here?"

"Uh...yeah."

"Can I ask you one question it's for my best friend and then I promise I will never talk about it again?" Lexy asked with an innocent smile.

He chuckled. "Miss Lexy, you can ask anything you want."

"Did it hurt?"

"Did what hurt?" he asked.

"When the lightning struck you? Did it hurt or did you immediately pass out?"

He smiled and put his arm around her shoulders. "You're adorable. Um...I don't really remember if it did or not. I'm sure it did. It was lightning."

"Oh, I know that and that's what I tried to tell Nick, but..."

Felicity smiled. "Nick's a nerd like the rest of us...especially about unexplained phenomenon."

Grace laughed. "Aww...Barry, you may have found a nerd boy." She smirked. "I told you you'd never grow up, Big Brother."

He laughed. "Shut up."

Lexy smiled. "He's the cutest nerd I know."

Barry laughed. "Felicity, this is my younger sister, Grace. Grace, Felicity."

Grace smiled. "Hi. It's good to meet you. Barry's told me so much about you and Lexy I feel like I know you already."

She smiled. "I wish I could say the same for you. Barry never mentioned he had a sister."

Grace rolled her eyes. "Of course not."

Barry turned to Grace. "I wasn't there long enough to mention family members. You know you are usually the first one I bring up."

Grace laughed softly. "Liar."

"Grace--"

She kissed his cheek. "I still love you, B, but I gotta get going and see if I can find another outfit in my closet before my lunch date with my own cute nerd." Grace looked at her brother. "By the way, go to the CCNP's website."

"Why did you make the front page again?"

She smiled. "No, but someone else in your inner circle did."

He walked to his computer and typed in the website address. Right there on the front page was:

**OLIVER QUEEN TO MARRY!!**
Barry smiled when he seen the engagement photo. He looked at Felicity. "You look beautiful."

"Thank you," Felicity said.

Iris walked over and looked at the photo, then gasped. She looked at Felicity. "You're marrying Oliver Queen?!"

Felicity nodded. "I am." She held up her hand to show her the ring.

Iris looked at it and then at Barry. "Wow...I expected flashy."

Lexy laughed. "My dad doesn't do flashy anymore, Miss West."

"Call me Iris."

"Thank you," Lexy said, putting her hands behind her back.

Iris looked at the necklaces around her neck. "Oh, those are pretty."

She smiled. "Thanks." She held up the zodiac one and said, "Nick got this for me and then this one," she held up the arrow necklace, "was from mom and dad on Valentine's day last year."

Iris smiled. "Very pretty." She looked at Felicity. "I think it's adorable that she calls you mom."

Felicity nodded. "She's been doing it for almost two years now, but now I'm legally her mom, so..."

"Oh....so Oliver let you adopt...."

She nodded. She put her arms around Lexy's shoulder and smiled. "Best decision I ever made." She kissed the top of Lexy's head. She looked up at Barry. "Wanna walk with us?"

"Sure," he said. "Grace, you coming. Maybe we'll run into Cisco."

She sighed. "Oh, yeah, that's an impression I wanna make."

He laughed, with Iris and Felicity. The 4 of them left, leaving Iris to go to work.

They walked through the park at a leisurely stroll pace. Barry stopped his sister and looked at her hand. "It healed."

She nodded. "I blew cold air on it," she explained. She smiled up at her big brother. "Promise I'm fine. Remember, fire and water can't hurt me anymore, Big Brother."

"Why not fire?" Lexy asked, genuinely curious.

Grace smiled. "Tell you later."

"Iris seems very nice. And really pretty. Like, super pretty," she said and smiled up at him. "Congratulations."

"Well, Iris isn't my girlfriend. She's just a friend who actually has a boyfriend."
"Oh, that's... Interesting, I guess."

Grace nodded, then shook her head. "It's really not." She smiled up at him. "I keep trying to tell him to show her he's interested, but...."

Lexy smiled. "Rejection's not as difficult as you think."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because I had a crush on a guy who's about the same age as my Aunt Thea and he turned me down." She smiled at Barry. "Sure, I was upset, but now he's still my best friend, and now he's like an Uncle and big brother." She stopped. She looked at her mom. "Okay. I didn't realize how dysfunctional that actually sounded until now." She rubbed her forehead. "Oh, God...."

The adults laughed and Grace put an arm around her shoulders. "I like you, Lexy Queen."

"Thanks, I like you too."

Barry smiled. "Not that I'm not enjoying the company, but what are you really doing here? Both of you. Shouldn't Lexy be in school?"

"Lexy's school work is fine," Felicity smiled.

"I mean, it's good to see you, but do you and Oliver need something, or..."

"No, no, I came, we came because we wanted to see you. I heard you were out of the coma. Didn't call, didn't write, didn't race over..." she implied.

Grace's eyes went wide and Barry looked at her and then at Felicity. "Oliver told you?"

"Honestly, I heard you four talking on that rooftop in Starling City that night. I want to see it. Both of you," she looked at Grace. "If you don't mind."

She shook her head. "Um...it's up to Barry," she said.

He looked at Grace, then back at Felicity. "Uh...okay, you see that building?"

Felicity nodded. "Uh-huh."

"Keep your eyes on it."

He took off and they saw the lightning racing up the building, then go in a quick circle and then come back down. He reappeared next to her holding his phone, facing her.

"Whoa." she gasped. She took his phone. "You took a picture of me? From the top of that building?"

"Yeah. Don't instagram that," he told her.

Still in awe, all she could say was, "Unbelievable."

He chuckled. Grace looked down. "B, your shoes are smoking."

Felicity looked down too. "Oh, gosh!"

He stomped his foot. "That... that's fine. It's... it happens sometimes. It's why I have a friction-proof suit." He smiled at Felicity. "Gracie'll have to wait to show you her abilities. But Lexy already saw
Felicity looked at her and she smiled. "The glass Sparrow," she answered.

Felicity nodded. "Right. That was beautiful."

"Thank you. It was something that Cisco and I discovered one night while watching um...." she saw the eyes on her. "Never mind."

He laughed.

"Where did you get the suit?" Felicity asked.

He smiled at Lexy and then looked at Felicity. "I'll show you. Both of you."

"That'll give me enough time to change too."

Barry, Grace, Felicity and Lexy walked into the main operating part of S.T.A.R. Labs. "And this is where my team monitors the police bands for criminal activity. We can track anything that's happening in the city. Check this out. We've got our own satellite."

"I know. I've hacked into it from time to time," she muttered looking around.

"Rude," Cisco said eating a stick of licorice.

Caitlin anxiously rushed to them. "It is, of course, so wonderful to see you again, Felicity. I'm just wondering how much of our operation she needs to know about, especially with Oliver Queen's daughter here."

Felicity smiled. "I'm really good at keeping secrets and so is Lexy."

"That may be....."

Barry interjected. "They work with The Arrow."

"Sweet," Cisco said excitedly.

"And you apparently are not."

"Now it's all making sense. You know who The Arrow is." He paused and looked at Barry and Grace. "Wait, do you know who The Arrow is?"

"Uh..." they hedged.

Cisco looked at his girlfriend. "I'm hurt."

She exhaled. "Cisco."

"Let's just say that my team has a similar set up, but with...more pointy objects," Felicity said trying to deflect.

Cisco stood back and thought about the Starling City Vigilantes that everyone was talking about.

"Welcome, Ms. Smoak."
"Dr. Wells?" She looked at the man in the wheelchair and then at Barry. "The Dr. Wells?"

"Please, call me Harrison, Felicity."

"Oh, you know who I am?"

"Ranked second in the national informative technology competition at age 19," he motored into the operations room, "graduated M.I.T. With masters degree in cyber security and computer sciences. I know who you are, I keep an eye out for promising talent in scientific fields. It's what brought me Cisco, Caitlin, and I foresaw great things from you." He turned to Lexy. "And I see great things for you too, Miss Queen."

She nodded. "Thank you, Sir."

"Call me, Harrison please." He eyed her with that smile in place. "We'll be seeing more of each other I'm sure."

"Speaking of great things, want to see something cool?"

They stood in the observational room as Barry ran at about 400 miles an hour and counting in the next room, on a treadmill. Cisco then snapped his fingers and said to Lexy. "You're the Sparrow!"

She immediately jerked and then whirled around on him. "What?!" she said, trying to evade. She laughed wryly. "Yeah, right, Cisco. My dad would kill me if I did anything that dangerous."

Trying to deflect attention from her daughter, Felicity asked, "How fast can he run?"

Harrison's eyes never left Barry as he said, "He hasn't reached his top speed yet, theoretically speaking."

"So is he really okay?"

"His heart rate is within normal range for him," Caitlin said.

"No, I mean, the lightning bolt changed him. Do any of you really know how much?"

"We know a fair amount," Cisco answered as Grace put a hand on the back of his chair and stood.

Felicity turned to them. "If everything about him is sped up, is he going to age faster? What would happen if he ran too fast? I mean, would he just be running, and then, poof, he's dust in a red costume?"

Lexy laughed. "Mom, breathe."

Harrison smiled. "Everything we do here at S.T.A.R. Labs is to protect Barry and Grace Allen. Trust us, Felicity, he is in very good hands here."

"Besides, I can honestly say if we weren't I would bitch about it until they left us alone." She put a hand on Cisco's shoulder. "But I trust these guys with our lives." She nodded in Barry's direction. "And he's one of the four most important people in my life. So, trust me, okay?"

"Want to see how fast I can run backwards?" Barry's voice filled the room before there was a loud crash. Both Lexy and Felicity outwardly flinched, while Grace made a face. "I'll get the ice," she
said as she headed out. "After a change."

"Don't worry. He heals quickly too," Caitlin added.

"Change?" Cisco asked.

She turned and showed him the stain. "Just curious, what are you looking at when you see me?"

He smiled. "You are aware that I don't always check out your body when I see you, right?"

She smirked. "Right." She turned on her heel and walked out. "Be back in ten."

After Grace changed and Barry healed, the 4 of them headed out. Lexy left them as they headed for Jitters to go get a jumping start on her English Chapter Summary for the Scarlet Letter and finish up the rest of her homework. They walked into Jitters and Iris approached all 3 of them. "Hey, you 3."

Iris seen Grace's outfit. "Oh, you changed."

"Had to, remember?"

"Oh, right! That was a really cute dress too." She looked at her concerned. "Is it ruined?"

She shook her head. "No, Caitlin said she'd take it to the dry cleaners for me."

"Oh, good," Iris said. "Where's Lexy?"

"At the hotel," Felicity answered. "Oliver and I agreed that the only way she'd come here is to catch up on her homework. She's missed a few days because of appointments and needs to catch up."

"Oh, that's too bad." She smiled. "She's beautiful."

"She is," Felicity said.

"I know she's not yours biologically, but has anyone ever told you that you and her look a lot a like?"

She nodded. "A few people have said they see similarities, but..."

She smiled. "Well, you do."

"Thank you," she said, smiling from ear to ear. "I'll take that as a compliment because her biological mother was gorgeous."

"Really?"

She nodded. "Like Grace Kelly pretty."

She smiled. "Has Barry been showing you some of the sights in Central City?"

"Yes, I have seen some pretty amazing things."

"Really?" She turned and started walking to a back table. "Well, if you've got some time, maybe we can show you some of Central City's night life."
"Oh, no. I get plenty of night life in Starling City."

"Oh, this is something that I don't think that you're gonna want to miss." She smiled at Grace. "Trivia night at Jitters. Eddie's not really excited about it, I admit. But it could be our night, guys." She looked at Grace. "Bring Cisco and we'll make it a triple date."

"Right," she said laughing. "Can't tonight. Cisco's got dinner with his family."

Barry looked at his friend. "Oh, yeah? Our night to win $75 worth of cappuccinos."

"Uh, yum," Felicity snatched flier from her.

Iris smiled. "So, Gracie, are you going to the dinner?"

She shook her head. "Strangely enough he doesn't want me to meet his family."

"What? Why?"

"Um...I'm not exactly sure."

Iris nodded. "So, Felicity, when's the big wedding?"

"Summer," she answered. "Haven't exactly settled on a month or date yet, but we know it'll be the summer."

"You know what, I'm gonna go call work, check in, make sure everything's okay. And see if my fiance wants to Skype later when I get back to the hotel. I'll be back in a second."

Grace knew that look. "Oh, God....Iris don't."

"Why are you doing this?"

"Doing what?"

"The trivia night with you and Eddie, forcing this whole double date thing."

"Because that girl is great, and she happens to come from your very rare species of adorable nerds." She looked at her friend. "Why didn't you tell me more about her?"

"There's nothing to tell. She's engaged. She's just a friend. Did I mention she's engaged?"

"Barry, girls don't just hop on trains and travel hundreds of miles to see someone that they don't like." She looked at him. "Besides, do you really think that Oliver Queen is actually going to marry her? It is Oliver we are talking about here."

"Well, I'm going to try and not take offense to that."

They both turned to see Lexy standing behind Barry. Iris gasped. "Oh, Lexy, I'm sorry."

She shook her head. "But you're not." She held up a hand. "Could I get a triple chocolate hot cocoa, please." She seen the apologetic look in her eyes and sighed. "Look, I know my father doesn't have the best reputation in the world. Heck, I can go on the internet and figure it out. But, I would like to believe that having me around and taking care of me has changed him."

"Of course," Iris said.
Barry looked at Lexy. "She was going off rumors, Lex."

"I know. As I said, I'd like to think he's changed." She slapped a $5 bill on the counter. "And besides, you really shouldn't say anything about anyone unless you know them." She turned and walked out.

Iris sighed. "She's right. I made the assumption that Oliver wouldn't have changed--"

Grace shook her head. "I don't think that's all that was. She's thirteen and Sophomore in high school. It probably gets pointed out to her just how much of a manwhore her father used to be." She shrugged. "She probably just reacted."

Iris sighed and looked at Barry. "You should bring Felicity anyway. She could use a night to not be 'mom' while visiting a friend." She smiled. "We'll have fun."

"Yeah, fun."

Grace walked into S.T.A.R. Labs and was a little surprised to see Cisco still there. She slowed and walked to him. "Hey, I didn't expect to see you here."

"What?" he blinked at her.

She smiled softly. "Baby, what are you doing here? I thought you had dinner with your parents tonight?"

"Um...yeah. I told them I wasn't coming."

"Why not?" she asked. She could tell that something was wrong. "Cisco?"

"Um...Gracie, I think I messed up."

"What do you mean?"

He took her hand and pulled her into the hallway and then down another dark corridor. She seen an empty caged locker. "What was in here?"

"A cold gun," he answered. "I created it in case Barry went all dark side like the others who was hit with the--"

"Stop," she said. "I get it. I'd hate to see what you made for me in case I went dark side."

He smiled. "Yeah, it's probably best for our relationship if you never find that out."

She laughed. She sighed and ran a hand through her dark wavy hair. "Okay. Well, we gotta tell Wells."

"We? Why we?"

"Because we're a team." She smiled. "And I'm not talking about the whole team. I mean you and me." She closed the gap between them and put her arms around his neck. "We're in this together. If you go down, then I'll be there to pick you up."

He sighed. How in the hell did he get so lucky? "You're amazing, you know that?"
She smiled. "I do, but it's been a very long time that someone besides my family has said it, so thank you."

He reached up and kissed her deeply. She kissed him again, this time quickly. "I'll get Wells."

A few minutes later, Wells and Grace came back with Caitlin in tow and Cisco told him everything. Wells didn't look happy, in fact he looked livid. "How long has it been missing?"

"I don't know."

Frustrated Wells tried again, "I'm gonna ask you again, Cisco. But when I do, I expect a more specific answer than "I don't know."); now, how long has this weapon been gone?"

"A day, maybe two. One of the janitors didn't show up for work this morning. He was probably the one who took it. I didn't think that..."

"You didn't think, because if you had, you would have discussed with me first your desire to build something that could, in theory, hurt anyone, and in particular, Barry Allen."

"Hey, ease up a little," Grace defended.

"I'm sorry. If you just let me explain..."

"You know how I feel about weapons, Cisco. They do not belong in S.T.A.R. Labs." He looked at Grace. "I expected you to be a little more angry about this than that."

She shrugged. "Well, after everything I can see--"

"Now, you are gonna figure out a way to locate this gun, and you are gonna do it right now." Wells left.

"This thing you built, what can it do?" Caitlin asked.

"Bad stuff," he simply answered.

The echoing beep from the control room had them all rushing down to check it out. Grace got to the computer first. She typed quickly. "Someone spotted Snart," she said. She exhaled. She looked at her phone when it beeped too. "And Barry's on his way..." the whoosh of air had her sighing. "Never mind. He's here." She looked at Cisco. "One of these times I'll beat him."

He laughed. "Highly doubtful, Gracie."

She smiled and kissed him, dragging it out. "We'll find it. I promise, okay?"

He nodded. "But Wells was mad?"

She waved him off. "I wouldn't worry about it, Baby. He'll get over it. He seems to be overemotional when it comes to Barry anyway."

She quickly changed and rushed out. Caitlin smirked. "Pet names now?"

He rolled his eyes. " Shut up. I noticed, I just don't think she wants me to. And I actually kinda like it."

She laughed. "Of course you do."
As Joe chased Snart through the City, he used the cold ray gun to freeze the road to distract Joe. Grace and Barry got there and rushed in after Joe. Barry pushed Joe out of the way, but got hit with the ray. Noticing what it was, Grace stepped in the way of it and it froze her for a moment and then seconds later she busted through.

Snart looked surprised. "How....?"

She smirked. "You've got your secrets. I got mine."

He fired again at Barry and she turned. She pushed her hands out and deflected the ice off of the building and threw it back at him, but he dodged. She smiled. "It's not any fun when they fight back, is it, Snart?"

To keep them on their toes, he started firing at the random people still left in the building and Barry and Grace started getting them out of harm's way. However, there was one man they couldn't get out, one of the guards.

The man died.

Grace sighed. "Barry, come on," she said. "We gotta go regroup or something and get you checked out."

He nodded.

"It's still numb," he said, hissing as he attempted to touch it.

"It's presenting itself like third degree frostbite."

"I thought he had hyper healing," Felicity said.

"It's been slowed. If your cells weren't regenerating at the rate they are, your blood vessels would have frozen solid and the nerve damage would have been permanent. You're lucky to be alive."

"Snart wasn't another meta-human. He has some kind of gun. It froze things, slowed me down...enough that I wasn't in time to save someone."

"Barry..."

Lexy stood, in a pair of yoga pants and a S.T.A.R. Labs sweatshirt. "That doesn't make any sense."

"Why not?" Barry asked.

"Because Leonard Snart didn't even finish high school. With some of the people I've had to deal with I can see why. But anyway, I digress." She exhaled. "So, how does someone without even the most basic of knowledge build a cold ray gun?"

"Just curious, were you in bed before your mom brought you here?" Barry asked.

"No. I was Skyping with Nick."
"S.T.A.R. Labs built the cold gun," Wells said, still angry.

Cisco piped up. "Dr. Wells and Caitlin had nothing to do with this. I built the gun."

"You did? Why?"

"Because speed and cold are opposites. Temperature is measured by how quickly the atoms of something are oscillating. The faster they are, the hotter it is, and when they are cold, they're slower on the atomic level. When there's no movement at all, it's called..."

"Absolute zero."

"Yeah. I designed a compact Cryo engine to achieve absolute zero. I built it to stop you. I didn't know who you were then, Barry. I mean, what if you turned out to be some psycho, like Mardon or Nimbus?"

"But I didn't. Did I?" He said, getting angry.

"We built the entire structure you're standing in to do good, and it blew up. In the wake of that, you can understand why Cisco would want to be prepared for the worst."

"I can understand that, but what I can't understand is why you didn't tell me what you did. I mean, after all we've been through, I thought you trusted me. I thought we were friends."

"We are, Barry."

"I mean, if you would have just told me, I could have been prepared. But instead, someone died tonight."

"And I have to live with that," Cisco said simply.

"No, Cisco. We all do."

Grace exhaled. "I'll be back."

"No, Grace, leave--"

"He's my brother," she reminded Wells. She walked off. She found him in the treadmill room, running. "Did that make you feel better?"

At first he ignored her, acting like he didn't hear her. She sighed. "Don't act like you can't hear me, Bartholomew."

He sighed, stopping. "Grace, not now."

"Yes, now!" she exclaimed. "Barry, come on! We both know we could have gone either way with these powers we have."

"But we didn't!"

"You're right we didn't. And I'd like to think that's because of Joe and Iris, because trust me when I tell you this I was angry when I first discovered them. I was pissed."

"Why?"

"Because I would never be normal again, Barry. The elements no longer affect me the way they will
with you, Joe, Cisco or Iris. I will never feel the cold of the snow the way I used to. I can generate a
seismic event with one of my footstomping tempers. Nothing's the same for me. I will always run
hotter than the usual human. Which is part of the reason why I'm afraid to have sex with Cisco."

He whirled around. "What? Why?"

"Because what if I run so hot during....that I implode or something else happens?"

His face softened. She was afraid to hurt him. She exhaled. "But this is our lives now Barry. We
have to live with it. And they have to live with us. I understand his fear of the unknown, because I'm
there with him, Big Brother. We could still go dark side."

He shook his head. "No." He walked to her and took her face in his hands. "Because we won't let
each other. We've always had each other's backs and--"

"We'll continue to have each other's backs."

"Your sister's right."

"What are you doing here?" Barry asked. "You should go back to your hotel. Get some sleep. Put
your daughter to bed."

"You should too," Felicity said.

"I can't. Every time I close my eyes, I see that man's face." He sat down. "I watched him die. I have
to go faster."

"Barry, it's not about speed."

"She's right, Barry, it's not your fault. And it's not Cisco's, either. Barry, I know you're upset, but you
have to look at this from his point of view."

"No, I get it. He didn't trust me."

"It's not about trust!" Grace almost yelled.

Felicity looked at her and then at Barry. "Barry, when you met us... Me, Oliver, Lexy and Dig...we
were this well-oiled archery machine," She said climbing the stairs to the treadmill. "But it didn't start
out that way. And unlike you guys, we weren't tossed together overnight. We came together one at
a time. Believe me, it took much more than watching Oliver do the salmon ladder to make me trust
him."

Barry scoffed, attempting to say something, but never finding the right way to say it.

"I've seen firsthand what this life can do to people. It's a lonely path. Don't make it any lonelier than
it has to be."

Awhile later, Lexy fell asleep and was asleep on the bed Barry used when he was hurt. While
everyone else was standing around trying to figure out a way to stop Snart. Grace wished she could
help both Barry and Cisco, but at the moment they were both shutting her out. So, like with one of
Joe's silent treatments, she'd wait them out.

"I figured out a way to track Captain Cold."
"Captain Cold?" Grace asked.

"You gotta stop naming these guys," Caitlin told him.

Barry didn't seem enthusiastic about it. Grace sighed. "Barry."

"Barry, listen to him."

Grace exhaled. "Hear him out, please?"

"How?"

"The cold gun is powered by an engine control unit, a microcomputer that regulates air-to-fuel ratios so the sub-cooled fluid in the chambers don't overflow and--"

"Explode," Felicity interjected.

"Right. This E.C.U. was receiving updates wirelessly from my tablet. If I boost the signal using Central City's network and send a false update, we'll get a ping back, and then..."

"We can locate Snart," Wells said catching on.

"How long will it take?"

"First I have to hack into the City's network, so I don't know, 30 minutes, maybe?"

"Oh, I could do--"

"I can do it in less than one," she said rushing to a computer.

Grace nodded. "And it happens again," she muttered. She turned to walk into the room where her suit was.

"When it comes to hacking, I'm the fastest woman alive," Felicity said, then cracked her knuckles. "Ow! That was not as badass as I pictured." She got down to work and in seconds she was in. "All right, I'm in."

"Are you kidding?"

"All right, I'm sending the updates. We're connected."

"Network is triangulating the location."

"We got him. He's heading west on Nelson toward the train station," Caitlin said.

"If he's leaving, it appears Mr. Snart may have gotten what he came for."

Barry took off into the suit room and came back out, dressed.

Cisco smiled. "When we put our minds to it, dude, nothing can stop us. Oh, you turned your ear piece off. How are we gonna talk to each other?" He asked, a little surprised.

"I don't feel like talking right now."

"Stop!"

They all froze in their place at the sound of Grace's yelling command. Cisco turned to look at her.
"Gracie?"

"I don't know if any of you noticed but Snart can slow Barry down."

"Right," Barry said. "What's your point?"

"My point is, Barry. I'm resistant to it. It doesn't slow me down or anything. So, as much as this will be a stab to your ego, Streak, maybe let me take the lead on this?"

"No, Grace, you'll get hur--"

"No more than you will!" she almost yelled. "Come on, Barry. I'm not a kid anymore. And it's bad enough you all have a place..." she sighed. She was not going to go there. "Look, I'm going to do this whether you like it or not. I thought I'd let you still feel like the team leader with my decision, but I'm doing it." She then flew off.

"What was that?" Caitlin asked. She looked at everyone in the room. "Was it me or did it look like she was going to cry?"

"That was a team member feeling like they don't have a position on the team."

They all turned to see Lexy standing. "What?" Barry asked.

"It's the same thing that happened with mom when the Canary showed up. The Canary could do everything she could and she started to feel inadequate to everyone."

"But Grace--"

"Grace right now is your sidekick, Barry. She's not your teammate. She's not your equal." Lexy pointed out. "And she has nothing to do with this this team at all. She comes and goes when there's meta to deal with and then she goes back to work and the whole thing starts again." She looked at the team. "And soon you won't only see her as just Barry's sister, but as Cisco's girlfriend. She has no identity on this team. I mean, think about it. Caitlin takes care of you. Cisco builds all your tech. Dr. Wells oversees the entire thing. You're the team leader, but what does Grace get to do, huh?"

The entire team fell silent.

"Right. She's not here as a member. She's basically a novelty piece to deal with. If you want her on this team, then you're all going to have to let her find her place. Find her position. And Barry, if you want her to be your partner, then you're going to have to trust her. If she's stronger in an area than you are, let her take the lead and for once you back her up." She looked at everyone then at Barry. "You better go."

Grace landed inside the train car and stared down Snart. She smirked. "I was wondering when you'd show up."

"Oh, were you waiting for me?"

Barry showed up. "There's nowhere to run!"

Snart looked at him. "I didn't see you before. Does your mom know you're out past your bedtime?"

Barry smirked. "If you wanted to get away you should have taken something faster than a train."
Snart did a devilish smirk. "That's if I wanted to get away."

Not caring whether she'd get yelled at about it later, she stood between Barry and Snart. "If you're going to freeze anyone, Snart. It'll be me."

"Oh, Pretty Girl, I don't want to hurt you."

He reached his hand out to touch her face, but she batted it away. "You're not my type, Jackass."

"I've seen your weakness," he told Barry. "First at the armored car and then the museum. While you're busy saving everyone, I'll be saving myself." He fired the gun, creating ice that seeped through the floor and went to the wheels, causing the train to slide.

Grace looked at Barry. "Get everyone off the train. I'll go after Snart, then you can meet me."

He nodded. "Hurry."

She flew off and landed in front of Snart. She smiled. "Going somewhere?"

"I thought you'd help get everyone off like your partner."

"He'll be fine by himself."

She looked into his eyes and he seen them turn to an icy blue color. "Wha...what are you doing?"

"See while you've been messing around with that ray gun I discovered the one weakness with it."

"What's that?"

"You can't...." the snow suddenly appeared and started picking up speed like a blizzard. "....aim and fire if you can't see your target."

"What in the hell are you?!" he said above the roaring of the blizzard.

She smiled as she moved her hands out in front of her and blast icy cold air hit Snart. She heard him roar in pain. "It's not so much fun now is it?"

Snart saw Barry land and fired the gun into his back. Grace gasped. "NO!" she yelled and shot him with another blast. This time it was ice, but he dodged it and it hit the ground. She sighed. "Sonofabitch!"

"Thank you," Snart said pointing the gun at Barry.

"For what?"

"You forced me to up my game, not only with this gun, but with how I think about the job. It's been educational."

"Drop it." Cisco fired up the gun he held in his hands.

Grace stood next to him.

"Do you really want to press your luck, man? With Gaia and this prototype cold gun, four times the size, four times the power. You don't stand a chance."

"I was wondering who you were talking to."
"Hey, unless you want a taste of your own medicine, I'd back the hell up."

"Your hands are shaking. You've never killed anyone."

"There's a first time for everything, Captain Cold. I will shoot you."

"You win, kid. I'll see you around."

"Hey, leave the diamond."

"Don't push your luck."

The machine powered down. Cisco smiled. "Couldn't shoot him if I wanted to. This is actually the S.T.A.R. Labs vacuum cleaner with a lot of L.E.D's."

"Let's get you warm," Felicity said coming to him.

Barry looked at Cisco. "Thank you." He looked up at Grace. "Why didn't you do more?"

She shrugged. "I..." she fell silent.

"Come on. We gotta get you warm."

Barry looked up at Grace. "Could you do it?"

"Do what?" she asked.

"Get me warm?"

"Um...I don't--"

"Barry, do you really think that's a good--"

"I trust her," he said and looked up at her again. "Could you?"

"Probably, but I've never done it before and I don't want to hurt you."

He sighed. "Just try."

She exhaled. "Okay." She knelt down in front of him and placed one hand at his chest and the other at his legs. "Hold still," she told him. "You move and I will hurt you."

He nodded. "Promise."

They all watched as faint red came from her hands and the ice and frost began to melt. She then stood and backed up. "You should be able to run now."

He smiled and held her.

Back at S.T.A.R. Labs, Cisco was frustrated. And Grace wasn't exactly feeling up to doing anything. She knew what was wrong. She was a stupid sidekick and no one considered her teammate, because she was just Barry's sister to them. It was like school all over again. And she wasn't sure she had the energy to fight like that again.
"We've been trying to track Snart, but he must have disconnected the signal somehow."

"We'll find him, Cisco, together."

"You have a great team here, Barry. Speaking of teams, I should probably get back to mine. Plus, I gotta get her home to her dad." She smiled at her daughter. "The one thing about their relationship that I will always envy is that they can't be without each other for very long."

Lexy smiled. "You won't go away long enough for me to miss you, mom."

All of the adults laughed. "Not a chance," Felicity promised her.

"It was nice meeting you, Ms. Smoak. Please extend a hello to The Arrow for us," Wells told her.

"I will."

"Good-bye, Felicity."

"Bye, Barry."

Grace smiled. "I'll walk out with you."

"Wait," Lexy said. "There's one thing I wanna say."

They nodded. She looked at Cisco. "You were right earlier."

"About what?"

She smiled. "I'm the Sparrow."

"Alexandra!"

"I knew it!"

She rolled her eyes, laughing. "Mom, he already figured it out. It's not like I'm telling him any new information." She smiled at him. "And yes, if you put it together you'll probably be right on who the Arrow is too."

He smiled. She smiled back. "However, if she's going to be a member of this team--"

"I'm not sure I am," Grace interjected.

"What?" they all said in unison.

She sighed. "Lexy was right. I'm not a member of this team. You guys don't see me that way." She looked at Caitlin. "You just see me as Cisco's girlfriend--the girl with the camera. Dr. Wells...well, besides, Barry's sister I'm not sure he sees me as anything. Barry still sees me as the little girl in pigtails who wanted to follow him around. I fought to find my identity as more than 'Barry's sister' in school. I'm not exactly sure I have the energy to do that now. You're either going to see me as a member of this team or you're not. And it's obvious you don't."

She felt the tears coming and hoped they stayed back long enough for her to get out what she needed to. She looked at Cisco for a moment and then forced her eyes away. "Heck, the only one who's ever seen me as more than anything is the one who knows me."

"That's not true," Caitlin tried.
"Really? Then explain to me why you won't let me anywhere near any of these devices? Explain to me why every time I approach a computer you hold your breath like you think I'm going to blow it up? And explain to me why you even bother to call me when a Meta shows up if all you're going to do is let me decorate the set so to speak?"

Everyone fell silent. Grace nodded. "That's what I thought. I'll have you know I was decoding websites and hacking into things way before you even discovered what you wanted to do with your life. And I helped my brother build his projects. I even helped him study for all those college exams. Learned some things along the way. I have five degrees and yes, I decided to follow the one that made me the most happy, because if I'm not happy then the achievements mean nothing." She wiped her tears. "You don't need me and I refuse to live in my brother's shadow any longer." With that she walked out.

"Gracie..." Barry said softly.

She shook her head. "No, Barry. You know I'm right. It's the same way with you when Iris is in the room. I don't exist." She shook her head, this time letting the tears fall. "I can't.....do it....anymore," she said her voice cracking as she tried to keep it together. She picked up her jacket and her bag and walked out the door.

Barry sighed. Lexy smiled. "She'll be okay."

"I've never....seen her so upset," Barry admitted. "She was really upset."

She nodded. "She was, but now it's up to you guys to show her that you want her on this team. That she deserves to stand with you through whatever you face. I know this because I've been through it too. I basically had one of those epiphanies with the Arrow. And now he no longer sees me as a kid, but as his partner. But you guys have to make the effort. She can't think you want to do it just so that she's not upset. She wants you guys to show her that she's needed. If she's good at hacking then let her do it. If she can build computer systems like no one's business then let her do it. If she's like you, Barry and she can run something in forensics then let her do it. But remember we're human and our number one need in life is to feel wanted and needed, like we belong. Team Arrow didn't always run as smoothly as you think it did. It took a few tries. Trust me when I tell you that Arrow didn't know how to be a leader anymore than you do. You gotta find your niche with it, Barry. And once that happens then you know you'll run smoothly."

She hugged him good bye and started walking out with her mom. "And remember, your family should always, always come before some girl, even if said girl has become your family too."

Barry nodded. "Right. See you later, Lexy."

"Bye, Barry. I promise everything will be okay and you and your sister will be as close as ever."

He smiled. He wasn't entirely sure about that. But he'd take hope wherever he could find it.

After everyone went home, Wells went into the secret room where he housed the futuristic tech from his world. He stood from his chair and fired up the AI. "Good evening, Dr. Wells."

"Good evening, Gideon. Can you bring up all the media for May, 2024?" he asked.

"Bringing up everything from May, 2024."

"Bringing up everything from May, 2024."
Sad day in Central City as it's been nine days since The Flash has disappeared. We've been trying to get an interview with his sister and partner, Gaia, but no word yet whether the co-leader of Team Flash will speak with us....
Chapter Summary

This gives everyone a glimpse into what had happened while Felicity and Lexy were in Central City visiting Barry and Co.

Oliver and Nick do a little bonding. Nyssa has come to bring Sara back to the League.

When Thea's kidnapped by Nyssa, 2 unlikely allies come together.

Chapter Notes

Author's Note: Sorry that you haven't heard from me for a few days. I took the time and caught up my brand new (fleshed out) The Flash has a Sister story. If you want the link for that inbox me, because you'll be seeing a lot of Grace Allen with her older brother Barry, especially during the crossovers.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.
no idea what he was going to do with himself for that long.

When Oliver walked down the stairs and entered the command center part of the bunker he was a little surprised to see him sitting there. He smiled. "Don't you have a home?"

Nick laughed. "I could say the same for you."

He laughed. "My place doesn't feel the same without Felicity and Lexy in it."

"Yeah, but everyone's working late tonight." He sighed and laid his head back and then looked at his friend. "Give me something to do."

He smiled. "Wanna train?"

"Sure," he said a little cautious, but I thought that Roy and Lexy were training me?"

"They are, but you need something to do, so....""

He smiled. "Thanks, man, I appreciate it."

He smiled and shrugged it off. "Don't worry about it. The next time we go to Central City you'll come with us, okay?"

He nodded. "Thank you."

He smiled. "You're a member of this team. No need to thank me. However, if something goes down are you confident enough with Felicity's system?"

He nodded. "Yeah. We'll be good. And she even promised me she wouldn't totally freak out if I changed things to help myself."

He smiled. "Good." He waved him over. He tapped the wooden structure. "Do you know what this is?"

"The Salmon Ladder. Lexy uses it about three times a week."

He nodded. "Yeah. Now you are."

"What?"

He smiled. "Relax. I've seen you do chin-ups. If you can do those then you can do this."

"Do you wanna get changed?"

"Uh...yeah. I brought workout clothes in case I wanted to punch something or something."

"Go ahead and change and I'll get you set on this thing."

About ten minutes later, Nick came out dressed in pair of black pants and shirtless. Oliver turned and realized one thing he'd never noticed before. The kid was ripped for his age. "You workout, right?"

"Yeah. With Chris. Why?"

"No reason," he said. "So...you remember how Lexy taught you right?"

"But I couldn't get that far."
"Try it now. You're stronger now. It should be easier."

He nodded. "Okay."

"Remember, you don't have to go all the way across like Lex or I do. Just go as far as you're comfortable."

"I remember, but thank you."

He jumped up and grabbed the bar. He adjusted his hands and then started. When he got 3 rungs up he looked down at Oliver. "Hey, this is easier."

He laughed. "Told you." He tapped his leg.

"So, what's the job of the week while Felicity and Lexy are in CC?"

"Um...Nyssa's here."

"Nyssa? As in the League of Assassins Nyssa?" He went up two more before Oliver answered.

"Right. Do you want to be in on the meeting between us and Nyssa?"

He dropped down. "Can I?"

"Yeah. Like I said, we're a team. You need to know this stuff."

"When is she coming?"

"In about an hour. Um...do you think you could upload the pics from Sara's camera onto our system?"

He nodded. "Yeah," he said and picked up his shirt. He flipped it on and walked over to the table with the computers. "Can I see the camera please?"

Oliver nodded. He handed him over the camera. And Nick got to work downloading the pictures. He looked through them as they downloaded. He stopped. "Oliver, I thought he was dead?"

Oliver looked. "He's supposed to be."

"Merlyn was a member of the League of Assassins," Nyssa said as she walked around a table inside the Bunker. "My father released him from his obligation to us with the understanding he would abide by its code of conduct."

"You have a code of conduct?" Nick questioned.

"You guys are professional killers. That is a pretty low bar," Roy pointed out.

"Merlyn's Undertaking violated the League's principles," Nyssa stated.

"The League has principles?"

She looked at Nick. "We do." She looked at Oliver. "Who is this child?"
"He's a team member, Nyssa. If you can't work with him then we won't help you either," Oliver told her simply."

"Fine," she said. She looked at Oliver. "When you killed him, we considered the matter settled. But then we received word from a reliable source that Merlyn faked his demise."

"What source?"

"Oliver's mother."

"How would Mrs. Queen know that?" Nick asked.

"Yeah, well, Oliver's mom wasn't exactly known for her honesty. No offense," Roy said. "I just can't believe that a guy everyone thinks was dead suddenly...isn't."

"Neither did I." Oliver nodded to Nick.

He clicked a few buttons on the screen.

"Then Nick found these. Sara took them two weeks ago."

"Didn't the police, you know, find his body?"

Nick scoffed. "That doesn't say much for the rich." He looked at Oliver. "No offense. But if you throw enough money at a problem they can make it go away pretty quickly." He exhaled. "I saw that enough in Metropolis with Lex Luthor."

"You know Lex Luthor?"

He shrugged. "Not really. He tried buying me off once to go wash his Porsche."

Oliver smirked. "Nick's right. Merlyn had resources all over Starling. I'm willing to bet one of them was in the coroner's office."

"Since learning Merlyn was alive, the League has hunted him all over the globe. Running down every rumor, following every whisper."

"And one of those whispers put Merlyn back in Starling," John said.

"But why?" Nick wondered.

"She tracked him here. We are going to retrace her steps."

"You said you found evidence on her person?" Nyssa requested harshly.

"Yes. Roy," Oliver said.

"We found a blank piece of paper in Sara's boot, but why would she be carrying a blank piece of paper?"

Nyssa smirked at Oliver. "Do you have a flame?"

They got the piece of paper. Oliver unfolded it, lit the torch and put it under the flame. They watched as the writing came up on the screen.

"Oh cool!" Nick exclaimed. "It's like what Chris and I used to do when we were younger and didn't
want mom or friends to know what we were saying to each other."

He smiled quickly at Nick. "Unbelievable," Oliver said simply. "My father had a notebook with hidden writing just like this."

"The notebook he received from Merlyn, I imagine," Nyssa added. "This is ghost ink. One of the means the League employs for concealing secrets."

"It's Sara's handwriting. Notes from her surveillance of Merlyn."

"Oliver, there's not much to go on here," John said.

"There's a couple of things. Jansen, question mark. Dad help, question mark. Sara reached out to Lance."

"If Lance knew Merlyn was alive, don't you think he would have told you?"

"Only if she told him."

"What matters is what he told her."

"And how do we find that out?" Nyssa asked.

"Well there's two ways to do this. I could hack into the SCPD's system and see if they have any Jansens with international ties."

"Why international?" Nyssa asked.

"Because you don't piss off the League of Assassins by being a local," Nick said firmly.

Nyssa sized him up. "Who are you exactly?"

Roy answered, "As Oliver said he was."

She zeroed in on the necklace he wore. "Alexandra wears a necklace like that."

"I'm aware," Nick said.

"So my conclusion is you're more than just teammates."

"Brilliant deduction, Scooby." He gave her a smile, but it didn't have his usual joy in it. "Want a cookie?"

Roy snickered. "Nick."

"Sorry." He straightened in the chair. "As I was saying, I could find info on Jansen, but I have a feeling that may not tell us why Sara wanted him, so we could send in our super secret friend to see if she could get any information from our mutual friend."

"Good. Do you still have her number?"

He nodded. "I do."

"Call her. But I also want you to see what information you can get on this Jansen guy."

He nodded. "Will do," he said and turned to the computer screen.
Nyssa looked up at Oliver. "Does he not like me?"

"He doesn't like that people ask dumb questions. You were asking dumb questions."

"So, the plan is for me to be here monitoring you guys while you're at Jansen's?"

Oliver nodded. "It's exactly what Felicity does." He seen the look set into the young man's features and sighed. "Nick, I promise, when I feel you're ready you'll go out there with us, but right now--"

He nodded. "I know. This whole thing is just weird," he admitted.

He nodded. "I get it. Everything will go back to normal by tomorrow, okay?"

He nodded. "All right. Go. Don't get dead. Either of you. Lexy would kill me."

They went to the monastery and started talking about a plan. In Oliver's ear he heard, "I'm getting several heat signatures from inside the monastery."

When they got back to the Bunker, Laurel was there waiting for them, while Nick looked pissed and was listening to his iPod. Roy looked at Laurel and then walked over to Nick. He tapped him and then motioned to his ears. The kid pulled his headphones out. "Yes?"

"What's up?"

"Ask the almighty Princess," he mumbled. "She stormed in here like she owned the place and demanded to know where you guys were."

Laurel looked at Oliver. "What's going on? Did you find Sara's killer?"

Oliver stood in front of her. "We have a suspect. Malcolm Merlyn's alive. Sara was here looking for him. We think he found her first."

"And where is he now?" She demanded to know.

"We're working on that. He got away from us earlier tonight. But not before I hit him with an arrow laced with particulate nanotechnology. Felicity wrote a program that tracks the nanites using GPS."

"The tracer arrow."

"Yeah."

Laurel couldn't believe what she was hearing right now. "You had a shot at Merlyn and you didn't kill him?"

"I tagged him."

"With a flesh wound!"
He's marked." He stood. "There's nowhere in the world he can go where I can't find him."

"And when you do?"

"I'm not a killer anymore, Laurel."

"Merlyn is. He killed Tommy and 502 other innocent people. How many more people are going to have to die before you put him down?"

"Do you think that's what your sister would want?"

"Yes. I do."

"Let me speak with her," Nyssa said. She walked out to go after Thea.

Roy stepped in front of Oliver. Oliver said, "Merlyn may try to contact Thea."

"I'm on it."

Nick looked at John and Oliver. "May I say something, please?"

"The floor's open, Nick," Oliver told him.

"If I'm a member of this team then it I would appreciate it if allies of the team treated me with respect."

Oliver looked at him a little surprised. "What do you mean?"

"Your precious little Laurel, all but accused me of having no other use than being Lexy's boyfriend for this team." He looked at both guys. "I am a helluva a lot more than that. And if you can't see that then I have no reason to be here."

Oliver stood quickly and stopped the young man. "Whoa, whoa, whoa." He eased him to facing him. "I'll talk to her, okay?"

He nodded. "I like being able to help, Oliver. That's also the minute reason as to why I was so accepting of what you do here, because I knew if you let me join that I'd help people. And if given the chance, I'd be good at it."

Oliver smiled. "You're already good at it, Nicky. I enjoy having you around. I think when it does happen, you'll be a great addition to the team. So I promise that I will speak to Laurel. However, you should know that she's grieving--"

"I know she's grieving," Nick told him. "But even if it was Lexy I would never let her talk to me the way Laurel had."

"What did she say?" John asked.

"She called me a Spoiled Little Rich Girl's Boytoy."

Oliver nodded. "Okay. I'll talk to her. I swear." He sighed. "Will you help us and run the tracer program please?"

"I'm on it," Nick said.

"I'll be on the streets. Talk me in when you have his location."
“Copy that,” Nick and John said in unison.

“Where's Oliver?” Nyssa demanded to know coming downstairs.

“Out, taking care of some family business,” John told her.

“As if there weren't more pressing matters at hand.”

“He's not doing nothing. He tracked down Merlyn last night,” Roy told her.

“Did he kill him?”

“No. He swore to me he didn't kill Sara.”

“And you know all of his words are lies.”

“I believe him. Because he swore to me on his daughter's life.”

“We had heard rumors Merlyn fathered another child. We couldn't confirm them. You know who it is.”

“I do.”

“If you put me through the effort of finding out on my own... I might have to exact a price from whoever it is you're protecting.”

“It's Thea. My sister is Merlyn's daughter.”

She scoffed.

“And that is the reason he came back to Starling City. Because she did. He's protecting her.”

“And that is why you spared Merlyn. Twice!”

“It had nothing to do with that. He explained to me-- in his own twisted way-- that he loves her. And then he swore to me on her life.”

“And I swore an oath of my own that I would see Sara's killer brought to justice.”

She stormed off.

“Nyssa... Nyssa!”

“Oliver, wait.”

“We have to stop her!”

“Do we? Listen, I understand why you can't kill Merlyn, all of the reasons. Maybe he killed Sara, maybe he didn't.”

“He didn't.”
“Either way! The world is a better place without Malcolm Merlyn in it. You made a vow not to kill. Nyssa didn’t.”

Nick raised his hand. “Devil's Advocate: It certainly isn't going to solve anything. Having Merlyn dead isn't going to solve anything. Nyssa's still hurting. So's Laurel and Captain Lance has no idea whatsoever that his daughter is dead. So, how is knowing that Merlyn is dead going to help any of them if he didn’t do it? That means that Sara's killer is still out there, but Nyssa's so set on revenge that she's just thinking because the League kicked him out that it has to be him.” Nick walked to the table. “What if it's not?” He looked at John. “Do you know how upset Thea's going to be that her father's dead? She lost one dad, do you really think it's fair that she loses this one too?”

John sighed. “You're good at that.” He smiled. “Almost as good as Lexy.”

He laughed. “Lexy's an expert at laying a guilt trip. Doesn't matter how long we're together I'm still not going to be at her level.”

He laughed. “True.”

Out of loyalty to Sara, Nyssa kidnapped Thea to draw Malcolm out. Oliver and Malcolm both fought Nyssa. Malcolm strapped her to a conduit with arrows and pleaded his case. Oliver let him go for Sara's murder, but he wants to get him for others. However, Oliver knows he can't. Cause as he points out he'd escape anyway.

They go back to the Bunker. “Is Thea OK?” Roy asked.

“I just spoke to her. She's fine. Doesn't know who took her or why.”

When he turned, Nyssa punched him hard. “I may have deserved that.”

“You deserve worse,” Nyssa spat.

Everyone else was confused. “Um, what's going on?”

“Merlyn didn't kill Sara. Which means whoever did is still out there.”

“You're a fool who insults the memory of a woman he once loved.”

“I will honor Sara's memory by finding and punishing the person who did this. The real person.”

She walked away.

“Nyssa. So as long as Malcolm Merlyn is in my city, the League will make no move on him. He's under my protection.”

“You would incur the wrath of the League of Assassins?”

“I would do... what I have to in order to buy the time necessary to find out what really happened with Sara.”

“You have made an enemy tonight. One with a long memory.”
She stormed off and started up the stairs.

“Oliver. Are you sure?” Laurel asked.

“If I wasn't sure, I never would have let him go. I promise.”

Lexy and Felicity came downstairs and Lexy looked at everyone. Felicity pointed toward Nyssa. “What did we miss?”

Oliver exhaled and walked up to Felicity. “I will tell you, but first....” he kissed her, dragging it out. “I missed you.”

Felicity's eyes fluttered open. “I missed you too.”

Nick jogged over to Lexy and lifted her off the ground as he hugged her. “Mmm! I missed you!”

She hugged him back. “Missed you too.” She leaned forward and pressed her lips to his in a chaste kiss. “More than you know.”

“How was Central City?” Nick asked.

“Cold,” they said in unison and then laughed.

Her whole body was on fire with pleasure as he penetrated deeply, burrowing into her molten core. She moaned into his mouth as he took it for a deeply erotic kiss. She arched her hips into his and met him thrust for thrust. He rolled onto his back and situated her on top, pushing into her almost immediately.

She arched upward, pressing her center down on him, moaning loudly. “Oliver!”

“Ride me,” he ordered gruffly.

She thrust her hips, gyrating, grinding on top of him. He moved his hand up and down her torso, brushing his thumbs over her hard rosy nipples. She groaned again and put her hands on his pecs as she started grinding harder down on him.

“Oh, God....Oliver!” she yelled. “Fuck....” she moaned. “That feels so....”

He gripped her hips, and helped as they both got closer and closer to their orgasms. “Fuck....Fe...Felicity....” He felt her clench around him and he began thrusting upward as she ground her hips into him. “Yes, baby!”

Friction on friction, they pummeled each other to edge. Finally taking over, they came hard, each fueling each other's climax. Spent, Felicity fell against him and the only sound filling the room at that moment was their breathy sighs as they tried to find their bearings again.

After a few moments of silence, Felicity lifted her head and whispered into his skin, “That was amazing.”

He smiled. “Definitely in our top ten.”
She giggled into his abs. She kissed up his abs, then kissed each pec and then rolled off of him. “I could make love to you all day long and into the night, I swear.”

“And I would so love you to,” he said. “However, we'd never get any sleep and I for the first time in my life am ready to show the board that they didn't make a mistake with me at my first board meeting tomorrow.”

She smiled and kissed him, deeply. “You're amazing you know that?”

“So you've said,” he whispered against her lips before kissing her, slowly, druggingly. “Soon to be, Mrs. Queen.”

She smiled and kissed him again, then his peck. “I love the sound of that.”

“Me too,” he said. “I can't wait.”

She exhaled. “What do you think of June?”

“For what?”

“The wedding. It's not too hot in June....not that the weather actually affects you, but....”

He laughed and rolled on top of her. He kissed her. “June sounds great. Okay. Pick a number between one and four.”

“Why?”

“Just do it,” he told her.

“Um....two,” she said smiling.

“Congratulations, Ms. Smoak, you've just picked the week of our wedding.”

She giggled against his mouth. She kissed him hard. “I love you.”

“I love you more,” he said, sliding inside of her.

She gasped softly at the amazing invasion.

Life couldn't get any better.....

Chapter End Notes

If you want to know what happened with Felicity and Lexy in Central City let me know and I'll add that chapter in between this one and Chapter 6.
Lexy walked out of her bedroom, completely dressed for the day and headed for her parents' room when the sounds of a workout filtered upstairs. “Mom?” she called out, curiously.

“Down....three.....here....four....sweetheart,” she grunted.

Lexy quickly moved down the steps and stopped short when she saw her mom with an exercise mat on the floor, trying to do crunches. She knelt down beside her. “Mama, what are you doing?”

“She smiled. She walked to where Felicity's feet were and smiled at her as she held them down. “If you're going to do it, then you're going to do it right.”

“I'm done,” she said, half on protest.

Lexy laughed softly. “Okay. Ready for a total mom question or is it too early?”

She smiled. She loved the fact that her daughter was considerate of the fact that she needed her coffee daily. “No, I'm good. What's up?”

“My hair,” she said and stood for her to see the outfit.

Felicity smiled. “Ponytail,” she said smiling.

She smiled and kissed her cheek. “I made breakfast when I got up.”

“You're amazing.”
She laughed softly. “Thank you. Dad and Roy are training at the Bunker with the bamboos this morning.”

“I remember, but thank you.”

“You're welcome,” she said as she walked upstairs. “The coffee's still on. Daddy fired it up this morning.”

She smiled. “One of the many reasons I'm marrying him.”

She laughed. “I know. Be out in ten,” she said and walked into her room.

Felicity looked at the clock in the condo and quickly got up. She walked upstairs and walked into the room she shared with Oliver. She quickly got into the shower and then got out and began brushing her teeth when there was wild knocking on the door. Felicity stared at her reflection in the mirror with a perplexed expression etched into her features.

She stepped out of the bedroom just as Lexy had, dressed from head to toe. Lexy looked at her mother. “What the heck?”

“I have no idea.”

Lexy carefully went downstairs, with her mom following behind her, dressed in just her dress for the day, but she was barefoot. Lexy lifted herself to the peephole and peered through it, just as the knocking started again. She eased back down to her feet and looked at her mother. Then back at the woman standing on the other side of the door. “Um....mom, I think grandma's here....?”

“What?!?” she exclaimed. She so didn't need to be embarrassed in front of her own daughter and she knew that any minute Nick would be over. “Oh, God....”

“You never told me that grandma was coming?!” she exclaimed in a hushed tone.

“I didn't know!” she said back in the same tone.

Lexy exhaled slowly and unlocked the door and opened it. “Hi.”

“Um...is this 1401?” the beautiful blond in the blue dress said.

Lexy looked at the woman. Was she wearing a dress slip or whatever they called those? “Yes, this is 1401,” she answered.

Felicity came around and the woman began squealing like a college sorority girl who hadn't seen her roommates all summer and hugged Felicity.

Lexy flinched. “I am officially deaf.” She shut the door behind Felicity's mom and watched them.

“Mom....what are you doing here?”

“Honey, I came to see you. For a visit. Meet that handsome man I saw you on the internet with in your engagement announcement.” She looked at her. “Look, look, look. Didn't you get my text?”

Lexy watched the woman. She was a little flaky, but she was actually really adorable. Lexy realized that her new grandma had never sent the text. She giggled behind her.

Felicity smirked at Lexy as her mom looked at Lexy. To her attention back on her, Felicity said, “Mom, to send a text, you actually have to press "send" on the text.”
“Oh, OK, not a big deal, I'll do it right now.”

Lexy laughed again as she pressed send on the phone and Felicity's phone chirped. The older Smoak pointed in Lexy's direction and asked Felicity, “Honey, who's that gorgeous little girl right there?”

Felicity smiled. “Mom, that's my beautiful daughter, Alexandra Queen. Lexy, meet your grandmother, Donna.”

Donna turned and looked at Lexy and Lexy seen tears immediately come to her eyes and her heart lurched. “Oh!” she said and rushed to Lexy, hugging her tightly. “I'm going to get a granddaughter!”

Lexy laughed as Donna bounced up and down happily. “Hi, Grandma.”

“You already told me she could call me 'grandma'?”

Felicity smiled. “Mom, I adopted Lexy. She's legally my daughter.”

“But I thought to adopt you had to have her father's perm--”

Lexy laughed. “Grandma, it's a maternal adoption. Which means, that daddy stays my dad and the only thing that really changes is the fact that instead of me always introducing her as 'mom', she actually is and is on my birth certificate as mom.”

“Oh.” She smiled. “That's so great!” She hugged Lexy again. “You're so pretty!”

She laughed softly. “Thank you.”

Knock-Knock! Knock-Knock! Knock-Knock!

Lexy smiled. “I'll get it. It's probably Nick.”

“Who's Nick?” Donna asked.

“Boyfriend? What? What is she, eleven?”

She laughed. “No, mom. She's thirteen. She and Nick have been together for a year.”

Lexy opened the door and as predicted it was Nick. She smiled at him. “Hey.”

“Hey,” he said and leaned in for a kiss, but then dropped his head when he saw the older blond. “Baby, who's that?”

She smiled. “My grandmother. Wanna meet her?”

“Is she dressed appropriately for me to meet her?”

Lexy laughed hard. She pulled him inside. “She is. Grandma, meet my best friend and boyfriend, Nick Jordan. Nicky, this is my grandmother, Donna Smoak.”

“Nice to meet you, Ma'am,” Nick said and shook her hand. He smiled at Felicity. “Hi, Fe.”


She smiled. “There's eggs, bacon and toast or you can have waffles,” Lexy told him.
“As wonderful as waffles sound. I couldn't possibly. My mom made pancakes this morning.”

Lexy moaned. “If they're blueberry you and I may actually have our first official fight.”

Nick made an 'oops, sorry' face and she gasped. “Nicholas Daniel Jordan!”

Donna looked at Lexy and then Felicity curiously. “They're going to fight over the fact that he ate blueberry pancakes without her?”

Felicity laughed. “Just watch. I'm telling you, mom. This kid can deflect Lexy's mood swings like no one I've ever seen.”

He walked toward her saying, “Lexy, honey, come on.”

“No!” she exclaimed. “You know how I feel about your mom's blueberry pancakes!”

“Which is why.....” He fished into his messenger bag and pulled out a Styrofoam container. “....I got you a couple.”

Felicity smiled. “And the fight is officially over.”

Donna watched as they hugged it out and she looked at Felicity a little surprised. “Oh, my God....”

Felicity laughed. Nick followed Lexy into the dining area and said, “Babe, can I ask you something?”

“Sure,” she said, sliding onto the dining table. “What's up?”

“I've been thinking about this and do you remember before you left for Central City and I had asked you what you thought of me having a nickname that is just mine for you? You know like Roy has Sasha. Your dad calls you 'Lexy-O'. And Dylan called you 'Aly.'”

“Uh-huh,” she said, her eyes not leaving his. “What about it?”

“I want one.”

She nodded. “We established that, Nicky. Which one?”


“Oh! Lex, it's like in your dream!” Felicity said excitedly.

“Mom!” she exclaimed in the tone that said, 'Shut up! You're embarrassing me!'

“You dreamt about me?”

Lexy sighed. ‘I'll tell you about it later,” she muttered. She looked at the clock on the cable box. “We gotta get going.”

They said their goodbyes to everyone and walked out the door. They got about a block and half from Lexy's house when Nick asked, “Will you tell me about it?”

She sighed and stopped him. “Okay, but if I tell you you have to promise me, promise me that you won't freak out.”

“I swear.”
She sighed. “When I was in Central City I had this dream. I chalked it up to because we fell asleep while Skyping,” she told him. “But, uh....” she sighed. “It was sort of a sex dream....I think.”

“Sort of a sex dream?”

She exhaled slowly. ‘You know how we were talking about our next birthday we’d try out the whole ‘make out session’ thing?’

He nodded. “Yeah, what about it?”

“I dreamt about it and in the dream between kisses you....called me ‘Aly’.”

Okay, this could be promising. “How did you feel about it?”

She sighed. “You know why I always said I hated it? Because Dylan--”

“Right. But....”

“I actually liked it,” she smiled. “It felt nice.” She looked up into his blue eyes. “Like you were supposed to, were meant to say it.”

He smiled and cupped her face in one hand. He looked down into her blue eyes and said, “I love you, Aly.”

Joy overwhelmed her as love filled her heart. She actually liked it better coming from him than when Dylan said it. They were two different tones. She looked up into his eyes and smiled up at him. “I love you too, Nicky.”

He kissed her softly and then pressed their foreheads together. “Thank you for allowing me to have it.”

She smiled at him. “Baby, I love you, you know that right?”

He nodded. “I do.”

“Now this might sound weird when I say it, but I'm gonna try anyway.” She sighed at his nod. “It's the different ways you both said it. Dylan's tone was just weird. Like he was trying too hard. While yours, it just seems to kind of roll right off. Plus there's this slight affectionate tone when you say it compared to him. And I think that's why I love it so much when you say it.”

He kissed her again. “Me too.”

At about dinner time, Felicity and Donna walked into the condo with Big Belly Burger. “Lex? You home?”

Lexy scampered down the stairs, talking on her phone, she laughed. “Nuh-uh. She didn't say that did she?” She laughed. “Just a second, Chris.” She kissed and hugged both women. “Did you get my chili cheese fries?”

“In the bag,” Felicity said. “What's going on with Chris and Rachel?”

“He let slip last night while they were out, a fantasy moment of when they were married.”
Felicity winced. “Did she not take it well?”

“Not how you think,” she cleared her throat. She went back to her call with Chris and then hung up. “Chris had mentioned to her that he could see them in about six to ten years beginning to have kids and he thought she’d freak out about that.” She shook her head. “She didn’t. Then he mentioned how many he wanted and now he's a little scared.”

“Why?” Donna asked pulling her jacket off.

“Because he said two and Rachel wants four and she happened to say that multiples run in her family.”

“Ehh,” Felicity cringed. “They'll have to sort that out.”

“Yep,” she said smiling. She popped a very sloppy chili cheese fry into her mouth. She began chewing. After a few minutes, she said, “Oh! Um...Nick and I talked about the nickname thing on the way to school and, um...you'll be hearing the nickname 'Aly' again.”

Felicity smiled. “Good. I liked him saying it better than Dylan.”

“Me too.”

“Who's Dylan?” Donna asked.

“My ex-best friend. Him and his family moved to Gotham City almost two years ago.”

“Oh,” she said smiling. “So, Lexy, tell me about yourself. I wanna know everything about my new granddaughter.”

“Everything?” she asked.

Donna nodded. Lexy smirked. “Well, Chris thinks I'm getting a zit on my back.”

Felicity snickered then choked on her soda. “What?”

She laughed. “It's not what you think,” she said. “I was at yoga with Nick, Chris and Rachel and I was wearing a sports bra. Chris happened to see this,” she showed them, “on my back. He thought it was a zit.”

“You wore a bikini all summer and he's just now noticing your birthmark?”

She nodded. “I know, right?” She smiled. “Nick looked, because I started freaking out and he laughed and said, “Stupid, that's her birthmark. How did you not see that?”

Donna smiled. “What's it look like?”

“It's shaped into a heart blob like thing.” Lexy smiled. “Okay. About me. Let's see, um....dad was sixteen when I was born. I was born on July 4, 2001 in Starling City Memorial hospital. My biological mother's name is Janine Bradford. I'm a sophomore in high school.”

“You're a sophomore in high school?!”

She nodded. “Yes, ma'am. I'm five-foot four right now. Um....I workout religiously.” She winked at her mom. “Almost every day.” She cleared her throat. “I'm getting straight A's. Nick's my first real boyfriend. We've been dating for over fourteen months.....”
Just then the entire condo went pitch black. “What in the world.....?” Lexy muttered. Lexy stood and walked to the large floor to ceiling window.

“Careful, Lexy,” Donna told her.

She looked out the window. “The entire city's out,” she said. She pulled her phone out of her back pocket and pressed it on. The screen lit up, but she had no service. “No service,” she said. “Can't call daddy.”

Donna smiled. “Oh, baby, mom and I are here.”

“I know, it's just that dad's so good with....”

Felicity smiled. She was acting pretty good. “Lexy doesn't do too well with disasters. Thunderstorms, power outages, stuff like that. Never has.”

Donna smiled. “It's okay, Sweetheart.”

Lexy walked back over just as the television popped on and a voice said, “We are Brother Eye. Judgment has been rendered against this city. A sentence carried out. An earthquake. A siege. This is what comes next- a new life you will live on your knees, and it will take nothing more than a push of a button. We are in control now. And this is all just the beginning. Let there be light.”

The lights instantly came on. Lexy pulled out her phone about to call her dad when there was a knock at the door. She looked at her mom and grandmother. She sighed. “Stay here.”

“What?”

Felicity smiled. “Sweetheart, who is it?”

“Uh....” she peeped through the peephole. “It's uh, Roy.” She opened the door and launched herself into his arms. “You okay?”

“Yeah. I'm fine,” she said carrying her inside. “You okay?”

“It seems that Lexy's afraid of spontaneous disasters,” Donna said.

“Oh, um....” Roy looked the woman up and down. “Who's....”

“This is my new grandmother. Grandma, this is my best friend, Roy Harper. Roy, my grandmother, Donna.” She smiled up at him. “And this one wants to be my grandma.”

“Right,” he laughed and kissed her hair. “Nice to meet you, Miss Smoak. And I knew she was afraid of....spontaneous disasters. She's always been afraid of them.”

“I'm not afraid of them,” she protested. “I just get anxious with them.”

“Right,” Roy said. “Well, Oliver, needs you two down at the club. He needs your help rebooting the system after the outage.”

They grabbed their coats and started for the door when the door opened to Nick. Lexy grabbed Nick's hand and they walked out together. He staggered after her. “Where are we going?”

“The club. Dad needs help rebooting the system.”
They got to the club and walked inside. They stopped to drop Donna off, while Nick and Roy headed downstairs. Just then Oliver walked through the door. “Hey, any luck tracking—” he halted. “Hello,” he said smiling.

Donna gasped. “Oh, my God! You are so much better looking than your picture in the paper!”

He laughed. “Thank you.”

“Mom, this is my fiance, Oliver Queen. Oliver, this is my mother, Donna Smoak.”

“Oh, hi,” he said smiling.

She smiled. “Oh!” She grabbed his face with both hands. “You are so pretty! I can see where Lexy gets her looks.” She smiled. “She has your eyes.”

He laughed. Adoration for his daughter in his eyes. “She does. And my mouth. The rest was Janine’s.”

“Was?” Donna asked.

“My mother died about seven years ago in a plane crash.”

“Oh, I'm so sorry.”

She shrugged. “It's okay. I got a new mom. And I just know that my mom would have loved her.”


John smiled. “Mom.”

“Hi,” Donna said, smiling.

“Very nice to meet you.”

“Nice to meet you, too,” she said. She saw baby Sara and gasped. “Oh! Hello! Who is this little nugget?”

“This is my daughter Sara.”

Donna instantly started gushing over the baby. Lexy smiled. “Oh, dad, why couldn't Grandma Moira be like that?”

He laughed. “Baby, grandma Moira wasn't even like that with me and Aunt Thea.”

She sighed. “Well, that sucks.”

Felicity pulled her away from the baby. “We have to go downstairs.”

“Oh, I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to stop you. I'm so sorry. Little baby moment. So sorry.”

Oliver shook her hand. “It's great to meet you, finally.”

“Yes, yes, definitely. We'll definitely be seeing a lot of each other.”
Oliver laughed softly. “Yes.” He caught up to Diggle. “Why is Sara here?”

“Lyla's on on assignment in Santa Prisca and the nanny called in sick.”

“But--we can't bring her down there.”

“Why not, Oliver, who's she going to tell?”

Lexy smiled at the baby. “She talks to me all the time, but I already know.”

John laughed. “Remind me later to talk to you about next Saturday night.”

“Why? What's happening Saturday night?”

“Date night. Me and Lyla. Alone time.”

She smiled. “Yay!” she squealed. “I've been waiting weeks to babysit!”

Oliver brought the conversation back. “I'm not comfortable with her down there.”

Felicity closed her eyes. “God help me. My mother loves babies. Just...”

“Oh, grandma, don't forget too.” She pulled out a green frog. “If she gets fussy, hand that to her. She should quiet right down.”

“Thanks, Sweetheart.”

“You're welcome.”

“Whoever this Brother Eye group is, somehow got access to the city's protected network and uploaded a system-wide virus.”

“A while later, Felicity and Nick are still trying to figure out the virus and where it came from when another message came up:

“We said this was just the beginning. Electricity is not the only power in this city. Consider money, for example. The banks are next to go dark. Your beloved dollars wiped away as your accounts will finally all be equal, at zero.”
“Felicity...” Oliver said.

“I'm working on it. I set up some trace IP packets before Brother Eye's last broadcast. As soon as he opened up the channel, I scooped up the bread crumbs.”

“Bread crumbs we can follow?”

“I hope so,” she said uncertain.

What's going on?” Felicity asked as she walked over.

“SCPD just dispatched a riot squad to Starling National,” Oliver told her.

“It's like fighting a fire with gasoline,” John explained.

Oliver looked at Lexy and Roy. “Suit up.”

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They quickly jumped on their bikes and started riding toward the bank. “Oliver, the riot is getting out of control. You need to hurry up.”

“Dad,” Lexy said. “What if I use my batons?”

He nodded. “You might have to, Sweetheart.”

They get to the bank and climbing up to a high level. Lexy tapped her comm. “Nicky?”

“Yes, Als?”

She smiled. “Call your dad and tell him to have his men cover their ears.”

“On it.”

Oliver tried a bungee arrow but that didn't seem to do anything. He tried to yell for them to back away, but that didn't seem to work. So, he and Roy tried tear-gas arrows. It started breaking them up, but not enough.

“Oliver, let her do it,” Felicity told him.

“Nicky?” Lexy said.

“They're ready, Aly. Go."

She pulled her batons and put the right amount of pressure on them and they started singing almost instantly. After a few seconds of the loud singing of her batons she shut them off and yelled, “GET AWAY FROM THE BANK!”

Roy smiled. “Good job, Lex.”

The crowds started to break up. Felicity cut into their comms, “The trace led me to the virus they're using. It is a mile past complex. I'm combing through now.” She attempted to comb through the data and code of the virus when they heard, “No, no, no, no, no!”

“What's wrong?”

“The virus...”
“Mom?”

“I can't stop it!”

“How do you know?”

“Because it's mine. I wrote it five years ago.”

Lexy's heart literally dropped. “Oh, daddy....”

He nodded. “Let's go.”

They got back to the bunker and Felicity spun her chair around and instantly went into explanation mode. “OK, OK, before you say anything, just know that I never imagined the virus being used for something like this. I mean, sure, I could have imagined it. I actually have a very vivid imagination.”

“And she's off,” Lexy muttered.

Nick put an arm around her waist as they listened to her mom stammer through an explanation.

“Like cronuts! I had a vision of them before--”

Oliver stepped forward immediately wanting to calm her down. “Hey. Relax. Take a deep breath.”

She did as he requested.

“Good. Now, first, I'll say this. Whatever you say will not and I mean will not make me not want to marry you in June. And it will not make me stop loving you.”

She smiled and he kissed her.

“Now start at the beginning.”

“I was in this, I guess you could call it a group, in college. We were "hacktivists." For lack of a better word. Civil disobedience via the World Wide Web. I created this. This...super virus. That could give us root access to any infected server. We could expose government fraud and start virtual sit-ins and digitally deface criminals. I guess you could say it was my first attempt at being a hero.”

“Felicity.” He put his bow down and walked up behind her as he said, “Why didn't you tell me about any of this?”

She turned out of his arms. “Do we even know a fraction of what happened to you the five years that you were away?”

“Who else had access to the program?” He said instantly changing the subject.

“Myron Forest. He was my... I had a boyfriend in college, and Myron was his roommate.”

“And he was a member of this hacktivist group?”

She nodded.

“What about the boyfriend?”
“Oh, he couldn't have done this. He's... not in the picture, but Myron always had somewhat of an edge.”

“Mom, don't say that. I didn't think that Dylan would turn out the way he did and do the things he did, but he did.

She nodded. “I know.”

Oliver looked at her. “Can you get me an address?”

“Sure.” She looked at the cameras. “Just one small problem-- not small, necessarily, but short.”

Oliver looked at the screen and saw Thea in the club.

“Take the alleyway entrance.”

“Okay,” he said softly.

Lexy walked up to her mom and hugged and kissed her. “I love you.” She kissed her cheek.

“Always remember that. If you can have unconditional love for me and not actually be my mom for that then I can have unconditional love for you. Nothing in this world and nothing you've ever done in the past, present or future will ever make me love you any less.”

Felicity smiled. “Thanks, Baby.”

“Any time,” she said.

They found Myron and the team goes to his office. “Myron Forest!”

He turned. Oliver and Roy shot out his computers. “You have failed this City!”

“Tell him he has to retract all the infected packets from subsystem mainframes within the city,” Felicity told him.

“Tell me how to shut down the virus. Do it now.”

“You think I'm behind the cyber attacks?”

“Sounds like a Brother Eye to me.”

“I swear to God, I'm not. I head up the IT department of an accounting firm. I drive a hybrid. It's blue. I'm one of the sheep lunatics like these guys hate. Why would I do this?”

“His digital fingerprints are all over this code. There's an x-axis bio-numeric algorithm.”

“The code's an x-axis bio-numeric algorithm that you've used before!”

“In college. My roommate and his girlfriend. Yeah, yeah, sure, we developed it. We called it a super virus, but that doesn't mean I'm the eye guy!”

Roy and Lexy exchanged a look.

“Have you tried Felicity Smoak?”
“She didn't do this,” Lexy told him.

“Then it's got to be someone else. After we graduated, I might have showed the code off to a few people.”

“Who were they?!?”

“I don't remember. It was five years ago. I didn't think it was a big deal. We were just kids playing with matches.”

I am running out of expletives!” Felicity was getting frustrated.

“We need to track down whoever Myron shared your code with.”

“I hacked all of his emails and all his text messages from five years ago and all I got was depressed.”

“OK. What about your ex?” Oliver asked.

“I already told you, he didn't do it.”

“Why? Because he's your ex-boyfriend?”

“Because... My senior year of college, Cooper and I did a stupid thing. He got arrested and he went to prison.”

“So he went to prison. Maybe he got out.”

“He didn't.”

“How do you know?”

“Because he's dead. He hung himself before sentencing.”

Oliver sighed. “Felicity, I...”

“I just really need to be alone right now.”

“I'm coming with you.”

“No, Lexy--”

“Mom.”

“No, Baby.” She turned and started walking out.

“Mommy.”

Felicity stopped and turned. She could see Lexy's eyes watering with unshed tears. She sighed. “Come on, Baby.”

Felicity and Lexy went to QI where Felicity began to sob and Lexy waited, comforting when Felicity would let her. She knelt down in front of her. “Mama, we'll figure this out, I promise.”
“I know, Sweetheart.”

“I just don't know where to start to figure out who Myron could have given the code to.”

“Can I ask you a question without you blowing up at me?”

“Sure.”

“Are you absolutely positive that Cooper's dead? I mean, everyone thought that dad was dead, and Sara and Merlyn. And look—”

They heard the angry click of heels on the floor and Lexy hung her head as Donna said, “Of course I'd find you here.”

“Could you just wait one second?”

“Wait?” She scoffed. “I'm sorry; I've already waited two hours for you at your apartment, and before that, it was two hours in that club.”

“Mom, I don't want to do this in front of my daughter.”

“I'm sure she's heard you and Oliver—”

Lexy stood and looked at her grandmother. “Actually, you'd be wrong about that, grandma. Mom and dad haven't had a full-on blow up around me, ever in the entire time that they've raised me together.”

Felicity exhaled. “Lexy, baby, it's okay.”

“I'm going to go wait over....” she pointed to Felicity's desk. “...there.”

Felicity smiled. “Thanks, Mom. That wasn't the least bit mortifying. Only half as bad as parents' week in freshman year.”

“Oh, I'm sorry. I'm sorry I've been reduced to stalking my own daughter.”

“Because you can't seem to comprehend that I can't make the whole world stop because you decided to show up on my doorstep. I have responsibilities!”

“Yes, I know, Felicity. You have work. You have work, work, work, work.”

“No, no, no, you don't understand. It is so much more than work. I have a thirteen year old daughter that I have to make sure is making the right choices and going down the right path in her life. But all you care about it my love life or how much cleavage I don't show.”

“That is not true!”

“That is completely true! Well, guess what, mom? I got all this,” she held up her hand and pointed at Lexy, “without any of that! So, I'm sorry that I have a family. I'm sorry I have an actual job. I'm sorry that I don't dress like a porn star! Which I realize is a compliment to you. So I'm so sorry that I am such a disappointment to you!”

“I'm not as smart as you, Felicity, or your father. I know that. Even when you were only six years old, I could barely keep up with you two. And... Maybe I wasn't always the mother you wanted, but I was always there. I stayed and I tried. He... He left me. He left us. But when I look at you, all I see is what he gave you. There is nothing of me... in you. You know, it's so funny. I was-- I was always
so afraid that one day, you were going to leave me, too.” She chuckled softly. “But now I finally realize... You already did.” She turned and walked out.

They go back to the Bunker and Oliver tells Felicity to go talk to her mom, because she’s family and they need each other. Lexy smiled. “Mom, I'll go with you. I can be the buffer. Grandma loves me already.”

She smiled. “How could she not.” She sighed. “Okay.” She walked up to Oliver and kissed him. “Thank you.”

“You're welcome. I love you.”

“I love you more,” she said and walked out, Lexy following behind.

Felicity and Lexy walked into the condo to see Donna packing.

“Where's Sara?” Lexy asked.

“The nanny came to pick her up. Said he was from a company called A.R.G.U.S. I don't know, I've never heard of it.”

“I think that's the point,” Felicity said. “Well, I'm glad you're still here.” She sat on the couch.

She scoffed. “You are a terrible liar, Felicity. Might be the only thing we have in common.”

“I have blonde hair.”

“You dye it.”

Lexy playfully gasped. “No! Mom, really?”

Felicity and Donna laughed softly. Felicity looked at her mom. “You're right. We're different, and it's always going to be that way. And it's not easy--”

“No, you know what, it's-- it's totally my fault for just showing up here uninvited. Seriously. I think I just got so excited about this free flight.”

“What free flight?” Lexy asked after exchanging a look with her mom.

“I got an email that said I'd won some contest. Free first class round trip to Starling.”

“Email?” Felicity asked.

Donna exhaled and continued packing.

Felicity stopped her. “Mom. Mom. Someone wanted you to be here.”

“What?” Donna asked, just as men burst into the condo.

They threw Donna to the floor and Felicity and Lexy screamed.

“MOM!”

“GRANDMA!”
Lexy knew she could have taken the men out, but that would be giving away her secret so she went down to her knees and let the men put a bag over her head as the other put a bag over her head.

The men pulled the sacks off their heads and Felicity and Donna looked at each other as they were being tied to the chairs. Felicity looked around. “Where's Lexy?”

“I...I don't know.”

Felicity fought the man tying her to the chair. “Where's my daughter?!”

“Mom!”

Felicity turned to see Lexy being pushed into the room. They knocked her down to her knees and another man brought a chair to her. They tied her to it just like Felicity and Donna. Felicity looked at Lexy. “Baby, are you okay?”

“Yeah.” She stomped her foot on the floor as the man tied her feet to the chair. “I'm okay.”

Suddenly the disguised voice they’d been hearing all day came into the room, “Felicity Smoak, just the woman I wanted to see.”

“What the hell do you want from me?! Who are you?”

“You really don't know? I thought you'd never forget your first love.”

Lexy looked at her mother and could see the utter surprise there.

“You died. They told me--”

“That I committed suicide, right? The NSA needed a hacker with game for cyber espionage, and I needed to not be in prison for the rest of my life. Because of what the NSA wanted me doing, it was... advantageous for me to be dead.”

“When I found out you died, I was devastated. I loved you.”

“I loved you, too.”

Lexy rolled her eyes. “So, now, what are we going to do? Sing Koombyah? Cuz I gotta say, campfire songs aren't my specialty.”

Cooper walked over to her. “Shut up!” He turned to Felicity. “After I finished my time with the NSA, I was going to find you. To let you in on this. And then I discovered you'd become this corporate lap dog. That broke my heart. You changed.”

“If you ever thought I was capable of doing something like this, you never really knew me at all.”

“When you wrote this virus, Felicity, you knew exactly what it was capable of. All I'm doing is unleashing the true potential of what you made.”

“Why?!?” she demanded. This isn't who you are!”

“Five years with the NSA, you learn a lot about how the world works. How we can't be saved or salvaged. How it's every man for himself. You also learn that when a city bank goes under, say,
financial cyber attack, the mayor will reach out to the Treasury Department and request an influx of fresh cash. Cash which is transported by armored trucks navigating according to a closed-end GPS system, which directs them to City Deposit. If the drivers deviate from the route, the trucks are shut down. But you're going to hack into the system and direct the cash to come here.”

“It was about money, and I'm the sell-out?”

“No. No, babe. You're the one who's going to help me. See, breaking into the treasury's asymmetric encryption is beyond even my capabilities.”

“I'm going to politely decline.”

He pulled a gun and pointed it at Donna. Felicity screamed, “Don't!”

“That's why I flew some motivation into town for you. However, I wasn't expecting you to take in orphans.”

“She's not an orphan!” Felicity screamed. “She's my daughter and if you touch even a single hair on her head the wrong way so help me you're going to wish you died that day in prison!”

“Your daughter?!” Cooper screamed. “Really? Last I checked, she's billionaire Oliver Queen's motherless child.” He walked over to Lexy and looked at her. “I wonder how much of your daddy's billions he'd actually give up to have you back, Princess.”

Lexy gave him a very defiant stare. “When it comes to me whatever amount money you ask for wouldn't even come close to what I'm worth to him!”

“You really think so, Princess?”

“I know so.”

“She's been MIA for over an hour,” Oliver worried.

“Well, you did tell her to go home. I just had an A.R.G.U.S. agent pick up Sara there. I could have them go back, check things out,” John reassured him.

“Yep,” Oliver agreed.

“OK.”

Oliver sighed and tried calling her again. “Felicity's never more than five feet from her phone.” He sighed again. “Something's wrong.”

“Call Sasha,” Roy told him.

He hung up and called Lexy. But it went to voicemail and he hung up. Nick heard a weird beeping sound. “Wait a minute. Do you hear that?”

“What?” Roy asked.

“Listen,” Nick commanded.

Oliver turned and listened. He started to hear it. “What is that?”
“It sounds like a tracker,” Roy commented.

Nick followed the sound to his messenger bag and he flipped it open and found his tablet turned on. He pulled it out and looked at it. His eyes widened. “Oh, dios mio,” he said.

“What?” Roy asked.

He turned his tablet to face the others. “I think this is Lexy's tracer that she puts in her boot.”

“Of course!” Oliver exclaimed. “She made those! She insisted we put them in our boots, but I never asked why.”

“I think we know now,” Roy said. He looked at his young friend. “Can you find them?”

He nodded. “Yeah.” He walked over to one of the drawers of the case of drawers in the bunker and pulled out one of Felicity's laptops. He opened it, turned it on, typed in a password. He then took the tablet and connected it to the laptop. He began typing.

Meanwhile, where they were being held, Cooper watched as Felicity's cell phone rang with Oliver's picture on it and then Lexy's phone started to ring with ‘daddy’ lit up. He dropped them both and stomped them until they died. Felicity quickly made the hack happen and then Cooper strapped her to the desk.

Lexy waited for them to leave and then said in a hushed tone, “Mom!”

“Lexy, honey--” Donna began.

“Grandma, I love you already, but please.” She looked at her mom. “Mom!”

“What, Lex?”

“I activated my tracer!”

“What?”

“My tracer,” she whispered. “The one that Mr. Diggle had put in the bottom of my shoe because I kept disappearing on him a couple years ago?”

Felicity knew that was code speak because her mom was here. She smiled. They then heard a weird beeping sound. Lexy looked at Felicity and Felicity asked, “What's that?”

“Huh?”

They hear it again.

“Oh, that, that's the watch. It's the watch Mr. Palmer gave me. It chimes on the hour, and I guess when we're about to be killed.”

“We're not going to be killed. We're going to get out of here.” She began typing quickly. “It basically replaces your computer.”

“You know I don't know what that means.”
“It means it has Wifi.”

“Really?”

While they waited for the team to show up, Cooper attempted to point the gun at Felicity to scare her, but Donna piped up. “Hey. You want to wave that gun at me, fine, but don't you dare threaten my daughter.”

“Here I thought you were all nails and hair.”

“Try single mom who's worked 60 hour weeks in six inch heels for tips in order to raise that genius child you see right there. I may not understand all this cyber whatever, but I know without that gun, you wouldn't last 10 seconds against my girl.”

“Too bad she doesn't have 10 seconds.”

“I disagree!”

Lexy felt a sense of relief wash over her. Not that she would have let her mother get shot, but still. She'd always known with her dad by her side she could get through anything.

“Put the gun down.”

He smiled mischievously. “You were always good, Felicity. So good. But so am I.” The guns started to move and he smirked at the Arrow. “Motion sensored. They can hit most any target.”

The guns started firing and Lexy started fighting to get free. Cooper cut Felicity free and dragged her off. Lexy sighed. “Arrow!” she screamed.

He stood on one of the gun platforms and fired an arrow in her direction. He sliced through the ziptie. It came loose and she let them drop. He disabled both guns and then aimed an arrow at Cooper.

“This is all your fault,” he said before pointing the gun at her.

Lexy smiled at her mom. “Mom. Mom. Look at me.”

Felicity looked at her. She waited for the signal that they'd been going over. When she saw Lexy nod, Felicity quickly disarmed him and knocked him to the floor. Lexy smiled. “Great job, mom!”

Arrow walked to Lexy and cut her free. He then whispered, “Get to the bunker.”

Lexy stood and went to her mom and grandmother. Lexy went to the bunker as Oliver told her and suddenly found herself swept into a monstrous hug. “Ugh!” she exclaimed as she found herself in Roy's arms. “Roy....can't....breathe......”

He loosened up and just held her. “God, Lex. You have no idea how happy I am that you're as smart as you are.”

She held on to him. “Me too.” She held him tighter. “Where's daddy?”

“Right here, Baby.”

She immediately went into his arms and he lifted her up and held her. She began to cry. “I never knew how much it would crush you to feel helpless.”
He soothed her. “It's okay, Baby. Mom and grandma are just fine.” He put her on her feet. “And that's because of you and that chip you put in our boots.” He hugged her again. “God...I've never been so worried.”

Lexy saw John walking in, looking relieved. “Uncle John, please tell me Sara's okay?”

He nodded. “Sara's fine. The man that picked her up was really an A.R.G.U.S. Agent.”

She sighed. “Oh, thank God.” She walked to the man and hugged him. She heard a gasping sound and turned her attention to in that direction and she saw Nick. “Oh, Nicky....”

She rushed into his arms and he lifted her off the ground and held her. “Aly,” he said softly. “God, Baby....”

She sighed into his neck, smelling his cologne. They stood there for a quite awhile and just held each other.

Awhile later, Felicity walked into the bunker and went into Oliver's arms. “Thank you.”

He held her. “Don't thank me. Thank our daughter.”

She laughed into his chest. “God...I thought I'd never see you again.”

He kissed her lips. “I'd never let that happen. Felicity.”

“Hmm?”

“I want you to know that whatever experiences you had to go through, I'm glad that you did. They shaped the person you are today. And you know how I feel about her.”

She smiled up at him. “Come home with me and show me how you feel about her.”

He smiled. “Gladly.”

They walked out of the Bunker and headed home.....
Lexy's old boxing coach, Ted Grant is accused of murder and it's going to take every ounce of persuasion for her to convince everyone he didn't do it. And when Roy thinks he killed Sara and everyone begins turning their backs on him, can Lexy convince her father to stay by his side?

Plus, when Laurel finds out that Roy (possibly) killed Sara, her conviction for revenge brings out all of Lexy's sour feelings towards her father's friend. But it also forces Oliver to make his choice known if ever given one.

The entire team stood outside. They were about to pounce on the Culebera Cartel. Nick and Felicity were the eyes to the whole operation, while Oliver, Lexy, Roy and Dig were awaiting further instructions on what to do next. Roy seemed zoned out. Which Lexy had realized that he'd been doing a lot of lately. And he was looking very tired.

“Roy!”

Hus eyes shot open.

“Where'd you go?”
“Sorry.”

Lexy watched his eyes flutter shut and her stomach dipped. What was going on with him.

“Get your head in the game. We're in position.”

“So is the Culebra cartel and their gajillion pounds of heroin. They all showed up about 30 minutes ago and they haven't moved from your location.”

“Got it.”

“No sentries outside. If we're going to do this, we need to do it now.”

“I've got north entrance, Dig's got south. Roy...”

“East,” he replied.

“The roof,” Oliver corrected. “You're on overwatch.”

“Daddy.”

Oliver shot her a look and said, “Lex, you got East.”

“The Culebras get their weapons from the Bratva. All military grade.”

“I've got your backs.”

“Let's do this.”

Lexy slapped her hand on Roy's arm. “Hey, when we finish this you and I are going to talk, okay?”

He nodded.

“And you will tell me what's going on with you. And I don't want to hear nothing. And if you're going to lie you better hope you're a more convincing liar than me, Harper.”

He nodded again. She took off to her position.

“South is clear. Nobody's home,” John said.

“Roof's clear,” Roy said as he stalked the area.

“North is empty, too.”

“I'm clear too,” she said.

“What...?” Nick said and hunched over his computer.

“That doesn't make sense. They all showed up half an hour ago and never left. They are in there somewhere.”

“Okay, let's go in together,” Oliver said.

They walked into the building together, weapons drawn. John's got his gun, Oliver has his bow at the read and Lexy's holding her batons in the ready stance ready to react when need be. She gasped when she seen the men hanging from the ceiling. “Oh....my....God....”
“Looks like somebody beat us here.”

“There's at least a few million dollars worth of heroin.”

“Well that means only one thing, they weren't here for the drugs.” She exhaled. “They wanted them dead.”

John pointed a gun at the floor when a hand came out and latched on to his leg. He said something in Spanish and then looked at them. “He took Paco.”

“Good job, Dig,” Nick said into the headphones.

“Lexy’s right,” Oliver said. “Whoever did this ignored the drugs and took a gang member. This was personal.”

“Yeah, more than that. Whoever did this was trying to send a message.”

“I think I know what it is.” They looked up and Roy pointed at something down below in front of him.

They walked around and seen it. Written in blood, in huge letters was ‘GUILTY’.

“What the hell?”

They got back to the bunker and Felicity and Nick looked over the picture that Roy took. “Guilty. Well, yeah.” She walked to her computer. “The Culebras are the bloodiest gang in Starling.”

“Who's the second bloodiest?”

“Culebras have a long standing rivalry with the Los Halcones.”

“Thought you said this was personal, not business,” John said.

“And Paco?”

“There are only 86,000 Pacos in Starling, give or take 5,000 for a few nicknames.”

“If you want I can give SCPD a call. See if the Captain or my dad can see me and see if they know a Paco who's a part of the gang,” Nick offered.

Oliver nodded. “Go ahead. Is your dad aware of your association?”

He nodded. “He knows that Lexy and I are friends with the Sparrow. So as long as I say I'm helping her he won't get too suspicious. And if he gets suspicious at all I know how to deflect. He is my dad after all.”

Oliver chuckled. “Right. Go ahead. Make your calls.”

“Something tells me that the Culebra's long standing rivals will narrow that down for us.”

“You know, when we find Paco, he'll be too dead to say anything.”

“I'm not looking for him. I'm looking for whoever did this.”
Roy started toward him and Oliver stopped him. “I will handle this. Take the rest of the night.”

“I'll back you up.”

“Not dead on your feet, you won't.”

“I'm sorry. I know I've been a little out of it recently.”

“Don't be sorry. Be rested. I wouldn't be much of a teacher if I let you get killed because your reaction time is slow, ok?” He put a hand on his shoulder and said, “Talk to Lexy. She offered, use her.”

He nodded.

Oliver then said, “Dig.”

“There are a lot of Halcones members in Starling City. How about I take the ones north of Tenth Street.”

The 2 men walked out. After a few minutes, Roy said to Felicity, “Hey, can I ask you a question?”

“You just did,” Felicity teased and then looked over her shoulder at the young man. “Kidding. What?”

“You know how to do a blood test, right?”

“I know just enough to make me dangerous. And, well, me holding a syringe, well, that makes me more dangerous. Why?” She asked walking to another table, where a computer sat.

“I need you to test my blood.”

“For what? And don't say STDs, because that would be crossing a line.”

“For Mirakuru.”

“I don't need to check you for traces of Mirakuru. You were cured.”

“I know, I--”

“If this is about your sleep problems, Mirakuru makes people crazy strong and crazy crazy. It doesn't make it hard for them to get 8 hours.”

Lexy watched as he floundered. She glanced at Nick and he looked concerned too.

“Could you just...”

“Are you okay? I mean, besides the whole not sleeping thing.”

“Totally. I'm fine. I'm just looking for reasons to help me sleep, you know?”

“Oh okay,” she said, smiling.

Lexy knew when he was lying. She stood and walked into the other room. “Roy, come talk to me.”

“While you do what?”

“Change.”
“Um...” he eyed Nick and then said, “I'll wait here.”

“Oh, Good Lord. Dad put a partition back here for me. I stand behind the partition, you talk. Come on.”

He exhaled. “I'll be back.”

“Good luck,” Nick called over his shoulder.

“Good luck?” Roy scoffed. “Your girlfriend is about to interrogate me and all you can say is good luck?”

He scoffed. “Pfft! Yeah! I've been on the receiving end of those interrogations, man. No thank you. My girl may be beautiful and incredibly sweet, but she's an expert at getting information out of people.”

Roy snickered. “Right.”

She walked behind the partition and began changing. “So, is the new craze nowadays to sleep while standing up?”

He smiled. “No.”

“So, why haven't you been sleeping?”

He shrugged. She sighed softly. “Roy, you know I can't see you when all you do is shrug your shoulders. Use your words.”

“How...how did you know?”

“Please,” she scoffed. “I've known you for five years. We've been best friends for just as long and whether you believe me or not you're one of the most important people in my life right now. Tell me something I don't know about you.”

“I killed Sara,” he announced as if he was saying he got a new job.

She came out from behind the partition, her shirt open just a little, her jaw slacked. “Come again?”

“I killed Sara,” he said a little more simply.

“Are you crazy?!” she exclaimed, coming toward him, blindly buttoning her shirt the rest of the way.

“Maybe.”

She exhaled. “Roy, why do you think you killed Sara?”

“Because I'm dreaming about it.”

“What do you mean you're dreaming about it?”

“I mean, very vividly. I'm dreaming about me throwing the arrows and watching them go inside her. I had that same look on my face as you described when I was on the Mirakuru.”

She couldn't seem to feel her legs and her heart hammered in her chest. “Oh, God...you're positive?”

He nodded.
“But it's been over five months since the Mirakuru was in your system, why would it affect you now?”

“I don't know,” he muttered. “Lex, what happens if I did kill Sara? Will the League be after me? Will Oliver throw me out?”

She opened her mouth to answer, but couldn't, she closed it again. Then tried again, closing it again. “I...I don't know, Roy,” she answered honestly. She pulled her eyes to his and said with conviction. “But I promise you I'll help you figure it all out.”

“How?”

“Well, first we have to find a way for your dreams to come out. That way we can tell if you really did it or if you're subconsciously feeling guilty about it.”

He nodded. He knew to trust her. And he knew when she put her mind to something she always achieved it. No matter what it was. “What do we do first?”

“Tell my mom.” She saw the defeated look and sighed. “Roy, mom will be able to help.”

He sighed. “Fine. Let's go.”

“Mom.”

She turned. “What's up?”

“Roy has something to tell you.”

“I want you to test my blood please.”

“Well, that's ten minutes of my life I'm never getting back.”

Nick looked up at the guy. “You have nothing in your system. However, you may want to cut back on the hamburgers and fries, buddy. Your cholesterol is high.”

“Yeah, thanks, Nick.” He exhaled. “It's--it's stupid.”

“You just had me test your blood for a serum you were cured of six months ago. I already knew it was stupid.”

“The reason I haven't been sleeping is 'cause I've been having dreams, and not normal ones. It was like I was remembering the time I was out, you know? When Slade ODed me on the Mirakuru.”

“What do you remember?” She questioned.

“Nothing much. Just a feeling. A feeling of being... not me. And being strong and out of control, but here's the thing-- in those dreams... I killed Sara.”

“This really had you worried?”

“Because the dreams, they didn't feel like dreams, Felicity. They felt like memories. I actually remembered throwing arrows into her. Crazy, right?”
“Yeah. Crazy.”

Alexandra!

Lexy scampered off Nick's lap and looked at her dad. “Yes, father.”

“Ted Grant. What do you know about him?”

“Um....he used to be a professional boxer,” she answered. “He trained me to throw a punch from eight to eleven when you came home. Um...I've run into him every now and again. Why?”

“One of those bodies turned up in his gym. What else do you know?”

“Um....not much of a personal life. Um....he caters to a lot of people in the Glades. Self-defense classes and whatnot. But he also has trained a few guys who have joined gangs or whatever.” She looked into his eyes. “Daddy, Ted wouldn't have done this.”

“What makes you so sure?”

“Because after what had happened to me he helped me find my confidence again. He helped me see that I could be a lot stronger than I ever thought I could be.” She narrowed her eyes at him. “I have a gut, an intuition just like you and I can tell you I feel, no, I know he didn't do this.”

“Okay.” He exhaled. “Then someone wants us to think he did.” He looked at John. “What do you know about Ted?”

“Yeah, I saw his title fight a few years back on pay per view. They call him Wild Cat. He's the real deal.”

“Body in his gym was strung up the same way that the bodies in the warehouse were. Like punching bags.”

“What if Laurel vouches for him?” Roy asked.

“I don't think that Laurel is seeing clearly on this one.”

“If Grant's our doer, he's more than a boxer.”

“I hacked CSU's files on the warehouse murders,” Felicity said. “The Culebras were armed to the teeth, but the killer, the psycho mass murder guy, never fired a shot. They were beaten to death by brass knuckles.”

“It's a pretty specific M.O.”

“It matches one murder from six years ago. Same as tonight, Culebra drug dealer. Blunt force trauma, consistent with brass knuckles worn by a left-handed assailant.”

“Let me guess-- Ted "Wild Cat" Grant's a lefty,” Roy said.

“They called him the Starling southpaw.”

“Well, SCPD never put that together, because Ted was never arrested.”
Lexy sighed. This wasn't the guy she knew. This wasn't the guy that let her hit him until she was on her knees sobbing because she was trying to understand why people would do what they tried to do to her. This wasn't the guy that held her as she cried. She stood and looked at everyone. “I can't....”

“Lex?”

“I can't do this,” she said more clearly. She looked into their eyes and they saw she was teary-eyed. “This wasn't the guy I knew!”

“Okay, Lex, I get it,” Oliver said walking to her.

She batted his arm off of her. “No, dad, you don't! You don't get it because you weren't there for my training sessions. That man there wasn't the man I knew.” She patted her chest as she said, “The man I knew let me use him as a punching bag!” She stormed to the computer and brought up the pictures of the dead men. “The man I know would never do this! He let me hit him until I was on the floor of the ring in a disgusting sobbing mess because I was trying to understand why any grown ass man would want to rape a little girl!” She wiped her tears. “The Ted I knew was kind to me.” She exhaled and looked at her dad. “I guess you could say he was my you, before you got here.” She released a shaky breath. “He was understanding and sure he got a few bad apples in his classes, but who hasn't,” she looked at her dad. “Right, dad?” She turned and started walking out, but stopped when she heard footsteps behind her. “Don't. No one follow me.”

“His name is Albert Mancini. No criminal record, aside from a few unpaid parking tickets.”

“Grant says he doesn't know who this guy is,” Oliver thundered.

“Oh, and now you believe him?”

“I haven't decided yet! Do you know that you're training with a vigilante?”

“Former, apparently. And no, I didn't. I didn't!”

“So you also didn't know that six years ago, he beat someone to death?”

She didn't say anything.

“How many more reasons am I going to have to give you before you stay away from this guy?”

“Ok, you know what, are you guys just about finished with your little private chat?”

“The guy from your storage unit, he has no criminal record. He was a magician. Magician's assistant, more accurately. He worked with a local act before getting cut loose.”

“So, what happened to him?”

All 3 of them turned to see Lexy sauntering up to them. Ted stepped forward. “Lexy?”

She smiled. “Hey, Ted.”

“Lexy, what have I told you about coming to the Glades by yourself?”

She smiled. “I know, but I followed her here,” she said. “You should really teach her about being aware of her surroundings.”
He smirked. “We hadn't gotten there yet in our training.” Ted looked her up and down and smiled. “You've definitely gotten taller since the last time I saw you.”

She smiled. “Yeah. I'm also in high school since the last time you saw me too.”

“Wow....” he looked at the Arrow. “Can I hug her or are you going to kick my ass for that?”

He stepped back and Ted walked up to Lexy and hugged her tight. “You have got to stop being such a stranger, Kid.”

She smiled. “I know, but I've been busy.” She cleared her throat. “So, what happened to this guy, before the Arrow found him strung up in Ted's storage locker?”

“Mancini hasn't worked since.”

“Culebra cartel, magician's assistant. What's the connection?”

Ted took the file Laurel handed him. “Their act was at the Sansa bar.” They all looked confused. “The Sansa bar's where's the drug dealer was murdered.”

“You mean the person you beat to death?”

“I told you--”

Lexy slapped the Arrow's arm. “Hey! Lay off.” He glared at her and she glared right back. “And like you haven't been accused of murder before? In fact, I think it was her who was doing it 2 years ago, right?”

He clamped his mouth shut. She sighed. She looked at Ted. “Sorry.”

“Don't apologize. It's the first time I've seen a grown man shut up to a little girl before.”

She smiled. “Could we?”

“Right. Whosever's doing this is leaving me a trail to follow.”

“Then we follow it.”

“We're gonna need another minute.”

“How do you know each other?”

“We used to date,” Laurel told him.

Ted was surprised. Lexy nodded. “Yeah.” She leaned toward her dad. “Remember, what I said about letting Laurel be her own hero.”

“Stay there,” he snapped. “Don't move.”

She blinked at him a little surprised. He never used his Arrow voice on her. However instead of sticking around for him to tell her to go home, she took off.

When she got back to the bunker Roy was telling everyone that he killed Sara, “I killed Sara.”
“No, Roy!”

“That doesn't... You're not making any sense,” Laurel stammered. “Why would you kill Sara?”

“It was the Mirakuru. Roy had no memory of the attack. No real memory, at least. But he's been recalling fragments of his Mirakuru exposure last year. That, and suppressed memories often resurface in dreams.”

“No...” she said. Her world spinning out of control. “Roy....”

“This is insane.”

“Laurel, I am so sorry. I'm really--”

“Don't!”

He tried to walk past Laurel, but John stopped him. “Wait, Roy, where do you think you're going?”

“Let him go.” Roy left. Oliver walked to Felicity. “I thought he was cured.”

“What we know about Mirakuru is vastly outweighed by the things we don't know.”

“What does that even mean? That Roy killed my sister and it's not his fault?”

Lexy couldn't seem to process what the hell was going on. How was one supposed to process the fact that everyone in her life was disappearing. That everyone in her life before her father came home was disappearing. Ted's been arrested and now Roy more than likely won't pick up a bow again.

“The arrows that killed Sara, we pulled DNA off of them, didn't we?”

“I tested it against the sample of Roy's blood. It was the first thing I did.”

“And?”

“The results were inconclusive.”

“I can't do this,” Lexy said softly. “I...I...can't do this.”

“Lexy--”

“No!” she screamed. “My entire world is falling apart, dad!”

“Alexandra!”

She stormed toward him and screamed, “No! You don't get to use your Arrow voice on me! I'm your daughter!” She felt her chin beginning to quiver and bit down on her lower lip. She took a couple of deep breaths and then continued, “Those two guys were here for me when you couldn't be. When no one was there for me and now I'm supposed to be okay with the fact they won't be anymore.”

“I know....” he said softly.

“No, you don't,” she said. “I thought you were dead and I was living in a house that had no life in it at all. With a woman who didn't even want to see my face because I apparently reminded her that her 'perfect son' wasn't perfect. And don't even get me started on how she used to treat me.” She glared at Laurel. “But according to everyone I wasn't supposed to be sad or upset that she used to call me some very mean names.”
She took a deep breath and screamed, “What about me?! Huh? What about me? When do I become a priority, huh? Why wasn't I supposed to grieve? Why wasn't I supposed to tell off the girlfriend who was looking me in the eyes and basically telling me I was probably conceived from a drunken one-nightstand? Who had all but told me that my father—a man who I had no idea had died until I stepped foot into that house—was the biggest manwhore that ever lived?” She looked at Laurel. “But please, don't let me get in the way of your revenge.” She glared at Laurel. “That is what you want, right? That's why you want to strap on those boxing gloves and learn to fight? You want to get the guy who did this.” She pointed to the stairs. “So, go. Go get him, but don't come crying to my father when he kicks—oh, wait, never mind. That's exactly what you're going to do, because that's what you always do. And just like all the times I've seen in the last three years, my father will go save you. He always does.”

She walked away, but stopped at a table. She unhooked the necklace he Oliver and Felicity had given her on Valentine's day and sat it on the table. She then grabbed her jacket and walked out. She then dug into her bag and pulled out her extra batons and sat them on the table. Then she walked out the side entrance.

Laurel looked at everyone. “What in the hell was that?”

Nick scoffed. “Please. Like you don't know what that was? You really expected her to forget everything you used to say to her? That everything was going to be okay because she painted a smile on her face and pretended it was? Let's see what were some...Oh, that she was a bastard child. That her mother was a slut. That if you knew Oliver as well as you thought you did that he didn't even want her.” Nick looked her in the eyes. “Shall I go on?”

“No,” she said softly. She looked at Oliver. “I was angry--”

“So you took it out on a five year old girl!” Oliver boomed. “She was five, Laurel! She didn't need to hear any of that stuff even if you thought it in the moment.”

“I'm sorry. I was so angry and hurt and sad. You died--”

“You're right I was dead. And instead of letting an innocent child grieve and deal with her pain you took yours out on her. She didn't need to hear any of what you said to her.” He closed the gap on her and glared down at her. “I did know about her! I did want her! And I still do! That girl is my entire world! I would pick her over you any day!”

“Ollie--”

“No, it's true! It doesn't matter, Laurel. I don't care that you were hurting. I don't care that you were pissed off and angry. I don't care about any of it. But what I do care about is the fact that my daughter had to grieve in private because no one in my fucking life would help her! All you people wanted to do was pretend she didn't exist!” Angry and hurt he ended up sweeping some stuff off of one of the tables. “You know, I defended you to my daughter because I didn't understand why I figured was irrational anger toward you, but now I completely understand why she acts the way she does around you.”

“Oliver....”

“If you can't accept the fact, Laurel, that you're not my number one anything anymore then we don't have anything more to say to each other.”

“You can't be serious? You'd throw away almost 2 decades of friendship--”
“You don't get it!” He yelled. “I'd give up anything in my life right now if it didn't make Lexy happy. Because her happiness is everything to me.”

With Roy gone because of his confession, Laurel with Ted, and John following Roy or was he following Ted? It only left Oliver and Felicity in the bunker. Lexy walked downstairs and both of her parents turned. “Don't get excited, I'm just grabbing my necklace.”

“Lexy, wait.”

“Don't you mean Alexandra, dad? And where's the big booming Arrow voice, huh?”

He sighed. “Okay. We need to talk. Sit, please.”

She looked both of her parents in the eyes and sat down. Oliver pulled up one of the chair in front of her. “You know I love you, right?”

She nodded. “Yeah.”

“And you know that hands down you are the most important priority in my life, right?”

“No,” she said softly.

“Why not?”

“Because I don't feel like I am. I'm important to mom, but I don't feel important to you.”

“Okay....”

“Let me throw out a scenario to you, okay?”

He nodded. “Okay.”

“Let's say Roy and I are fighting two baddies in this town. He gets separated from me for one reason or another and I'm fighting this guy alone. I call for backup, but Laurel gets in trouble. Who're you going to save, dad? Your flesh and blood or the woman who used to call your only daughter a bastard child....and other choice names I don't care to repeat?”

“Hands down, you. It'll always be you.”

She exhaled. “I'm sorry I screamed at you.”

“It sounded like something you needed to get out. Did that really happen?”

“What, me not being able to grieve you or mommy?”

He nodded. She nodded. “Yep. There was one time I remember very vividly, well, this one leads into another, but uh, I was flipping through those old photo albums of yours and I saw a picture of you that I absolutely loved. I had asked grandma if I could have it. And she snatched the book away from me and told me that I was to never touch her stuff again. I went outside and started to walk the grounds. That's when I found your grave—yours and grandpa's. So, I talked to you that way.” She sighed. “I poured everything out to a gravestone.”

“Did it make you feel better?”
She nodded slowly. “But I still wanted stories of you. I still wanted memories. And I wasn't allowed to have any of those because your girlfriend accused me of being the product of an affair. Um...bastard child. And then the one that still sticks with me... “If I know your father, he wouldn't want anything to do with you.” She sighed. “I knew that couldn't be true, because I have this,” she pulled it out of her bag and showed it to him. It was a picture of her when she was 3 and Oliver was playing with her. The look on his face told her everything she needed to know. “That is not the face of a man who was faking it for the camera.”

He smiled down at the picture. “No. That was not.” He took the picture. “I remember that day. That was the day that your mom let me take you to the park and play with you. We played on the swings.” He laughed. “You used to love it when I'd jump out of the swing. You used to laugh so hard.” He looked up at her. “And you have the most adorable bubbly laugh.”

He sighed. “Tell me how to fix this.”

She sighed. “I'm not mad at you, dad. Not really. I'm mad at the fact that I'm supposed to pretend that nothing Laurel has ever said to me has hurt my feelings. I'm mad at the fact that the guy that was here when you couldn't be—I'm not blaming you—is being forensically linked to her sister's murder and that everyone's okay with abandoning him because of it. Well, that may be fine for the rest of you, but I can't abandon Roy like that. I won't.”

He exhaled. “I'm not going to abandon, Roy. I trust your judgment and I trust him.” He smiled. “I've trusted him with the most precious thing in my world since the day I knew you two were hanging out.”

She sighed. “Do I have to apologize--”

“No,” Oliver and Felicity said in unison. “But don't let it all bubble up like that again,” Oliver told her.

“Would you have listened to me otherwise? I mean, it's Laurel, dad.”

“It is, but your my daughter. Hands down--”

The buzzing of Felicity's cell phone had them both looking. “It's Laurel.” She put it on speaker.

“I hated you so much for that.”

“But that's not, Laurel,” Lexy said as she stood and walked to her father's side.

“That voice, that's him.”

“I was just a kid. Ok? You were supposed to know better.”

“Call's coming from Laurel's cell. Moving fast, 45 miles an hour. They're in her car. They're headed north on Route 17.”

“Keep that line open.” He stopped and looked at Lexy. “You coming?”

She smiled. She took her bag off and her coat and rushed to get changed herself. “Always.”

“Okay, Lex, can you hear me?”
“I'm here.”

“Okay, remember how we discussed it?”

“Yeah. We got you.”

Oliver sped toward Laurel's car. Isaac fired at him through the back window and then the side window, shattering them both. The Arrow hung back and fired an arrow through the now shattered back window. Isaac leaped forward and took the wheel forcing Laurel to run into him and knock him off his bike.

Like clockwork, Lexy and Roy came up on them and Ted looked in the side mirror. “More vigilantes. We started a movement.”

Isaac opened the door and started firing at them both. Laurel took that opportunity and jerked the wheel forcing Isaac out of her car, however, she lost control of the car and crashed into grouping of cars on the side of the road. Lexy came to a rolling stop and got off her bike. She pulled out her batons and put them together, as Roy approached with her.

Roy did a flip and knocked the gun out of Isaac's hand, but not without firing it first. Lexy felt it go across her hip and she winced, hissing through her teeth at the pain. She and Roy fought Isaac, he punched Lexy in the face and she was dazed. While she was dazed, Isaac got the upper hand on Roy and attempted to choke him. Lexy snapped her baton and threw one of them down on the ground. She took the other and turning the voltage up to the one that would cause maximum damage she charged toward Isaac putting it at his back and pushing hard. The batons caught charge and electrocuted him.

Roy coughed. “Thanks.”

She smiled. “Anytime.”

Isaac turn and swung, slapping Lexy across the face. She flew, landed hard and rolled. He got Roy again and started filling him with what Oliver was going to do to him. Throw him away like garbage. Just like Ted did to Isaac. However, Roy was already angry he flipped Isaac and punched him, sending him to the ground. “I'm not you.”

Roy turned and Oliver was fastly approaching. “Don't abandon me,” Roy told him.


“Dad....”

Both guys ran to her as she was standing up. Oliver grabbed her around the waist and that's when he felt the wetness. “Lexy?”

“I got shot....” she said and then passed out.

“Sasha!” Roy exclaimed.

At the same time, Oliver said, “Lexy!”

Lexy came to, moaning. “Daddy....”
“Hey, Baby,” he said walking to the table. He kissed her hand. “You'll be okay.”

“How bad was it?” she asked sleepily.

“Just a flesh wound. A deep one, but the bullet didn't go in,” Oliver told her.

“Good….Laurel?”

“She'll be okay. She's a little upset she can't use pain meds, but she'll be okay.”

“Good.” She smiled when she heard the sniffling. “Mama.”

Felicity walked to her and hugged her. “Hey, Sweetie. You scared me.”

“It's been about three years since I've been shot,” she muttered.

“You scare about ten more years onto my life and you're going to state the fact that it's been three years since you've been shot?”

“Nicky?”

He smiled and kissed her forehead. “Hey, Aly.”

She started to sit up very slowly. She looked down and noticed she was wearing a buttoned up shirt. She recognized it. “Dad….?”

“It's an old one. Don't worry about bleeding on it.” He smiled. “We had to get you dressed, Sweetheart. You don't wear anything under your suit except the essentials and I figured Nick or you weren't ready to see you that way.”

“No,” she said and eased off the table, wincing.

“Maybe you should take it easy, Babe,” Nick said. “You were just shot and sewn up a few hours ago.”

“That's futile, Nick. She's a Queen.”

They all turned when they heard Laurel's voice. She smiled “Queens are extremely stubborn.”

“Hey,” Lexy said. “Whatcha doing here? I figured after my outburst you'd steer clear of me?”

She laughed softly. “I had thought about it, but then your dad mentioned you'd been shot so I thought I'd check on you.”

She smiled. “Thank you.” She exhaled slowly, wincing when her side twinged. “I apologize for being a brat.”

“You were allowed to be, Lex. In the beginning I wasn't very nice to you and I apologize profusely for that. I said things to you that weren't true at all. Your dad pointed those out to me very well.”

She looked at her dad, “Really?”

“Oh, yeah, Lex,” John told her. “You should have seen him….you would have been proud.”

Nick smiled. “He had basically told her if given the choice, he'd choose you every time.”

Felicity smiled and hugged her around her shoulders. “As it should be.”
Oliver came to her and kissed her temple. “You know you may have come about unexpectedly, but I would never trade you in for anything in the world. You forced me to not be selfish. You forced me to grow up.”

“Since when?” Laurel asked. “You were still a jerk.”

“All a facade,” Oliver admitted. “I had to do that because of mom and dad's stupid rule and clause in their wills about legitimate children. I had to keep her a secret so that I didn't get disowned and couldn't help Janine take care of her.”

After everyone had left, and it was just Roy, Lexy and Oliver, Roy looked inside his glass case and said, “I'm really going to miss this. I feel like I was just starting to get good at it.”

“You are getting good at it.”

“That guy? He said I was just another weapon in your arsenal.”

“Then so am I,” Lexy said.

Oliver sighed. “Well, maybe that's what we should call you, then. Arsenal.”


“I don't know why you would ever let me suit up after what I did. Doesn't matter anyway, because... I'm going to be turning myself in.”

He sighed. “Ok.” He walked to the chest he's had for years as he said, “There's something you need to know, Roy.” He walked back to him with a red candle in his hand. “Something that your mind has been trying to tell you. And I think it best if you help me let it.”

“With a candle?” Roy asked in disbelief.

“With meditation. Clear your thoughts. Find hidden truths.” He motioned for him to take a seat. Lexy walked over and sat down across from the candle and in between Oliver and Roy. She folded her legs, or attempted to. “Nope. Not going to happen.”

Roy laughed softly. “This is weird.” He said as Lexy repositioned on her knees. “Do you do this?”

She nodded. “Every day. And when I'm feeling stressed. Where do you think my blow up came from?”

He smiled. “Thanks for going to bat for me like that. Sorry it brought everything else up.”

She shook her head. “You're welcome, but Roy I'll always go to bat for you. I'll always be by your side. No matter what. I'll always defend you. Just like with daddy. I'll stand by him, I'll go to bat for him and I'll defend him. We're a team and the only way that this team works if we know we got each other's backs.”

Oliver smiled. “She's right. And right now you're hurting. But it's not for the reasons that you think. And I've been afraid that if I just came out and told you, it would only make the hurt worse. Do you trust me?”

“Always.” Giving him a 'duh' look.
“Good. Close your eyes. Now focus on your breathing. In through your nose, out through your mouth.”

Lexy did it with him.

Oliver said softly, “In... Out. Floating along, weightless. And the only thing that exists is your breath. Now your thoughts are like clouds. They just drift away.”

After a few minutes Roy gasped and opened his eyes. “I killed him. The police officer. Why didn't you tell me?”

“Because you were overdosed on Mirakuru, you didn't remember, and I was hoping that you never would. But then Felicity told me you had the dream that you killed Sara, and I realized...”

“It was a memory.”

“I think because of the way Sara was murdered, the fact they used arrows... brought it to the surface.”

“So I didn't kill Sara. No. But I am a murderer.”

“Roy...”

“No, Roy,” Lexy said, trying to go to him.

He stopped her. “No, I just need to be alone for a while.”

Lexy sighed. “What now?”

“We give him time and space. And we get you home and in bed.”
Penance

Chapter Summary

Nick has a decision to make about spending Winter Break in Metropolis with family...and possibly Lexy. He talks to her about it while at lunch at school.

Later that night, Lexy takes Roy with her and shows him another way to pay his penance.

Chapter Notes

Sorry. I wanted to post this one this weekend, but I got a cold over the weekend. I'm finally posting this with feeling about 80% better. It's a filler chapter, but I like how it came out.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Nick walked out of his room and into the living room when he heard his mother ask, “Nicky, honey, how would you feel about going to Metropolis for winter Break?”
He halted right as he was about to shove his laptop into his bag. “What?”

“Would you like to go to Metropolis for Winter Break?”

He turned to face his mother as she walked into the living room. “No disrespect, mom, but why in the hell would we go back there?”

She shrugged. “I thought it would be something fun for you to show Lexy and maybe you'd come to terms with what had happened.”

“What's to come to terms about, mom? The entire city all but turned their backs on us once they thought dad was dirty.”

Jennifer exhaled and looked at her son. He matched her in everything except his rugged good looks. He got those from his father. “Baby, I know you're still angry over what had happened a year ago, which is why I think we all need to do this and I thought we could bring Lexy with us.”

“No,” he said firmly. “She's not going to step anywhere near that city.”

“Watch your tone, Nicholas.”

He sighed when he heard his father's voice. “I'm sorry, dad. But I feel like if Lexy sees that town and sees how they see us it'll taint her view on me or something.” He sat down on the ottoman.

“Oh, Nicky,” Jennifer said as she came to him. “I don't think that could happen. That girl sees you as her hero.” She cupped her hand on his cheek. “You don't get that often. I think this could be good for you,” she said. “Please just think about it, okay?”

“And talk to Lexy about it. You never know you might have fun,” Nathan added.

He nodded. “I promise I'll think about it. And I'll talk to Lexy about it too.”

At lunchtime that day, Nick met Lexy where he always did, outside on the quad. To his relief none of their usual companions were there. His heart leapt at the pure joy he saw come across her features when she saw him. “Hi!” she said, smiling. “I haven't seen you much today.”

He nodded and kissed her greeting. “I know, I'm sorry.”

She smiled. “No reason to apologize. Are you okay?”

He nodded. “Mom landed something on me while I was getting ready for school.”

Her heart dropped. He wasn't leaving was he? “What?”

“They want to go to Metropolis over winter break.”

“Ahh,” she said feeling somewhat relieved. “And you don't want to go?” she asked holding out her fork to him.

He dropped his eyes to what was on the fork and he smiled. Scalloped potatoes with ham was their favorite. He took the bite. He chewed for a few seconds and then said, “Thank you.”

“You're welcome. Do you not want to go? I heard they do a tree lighting ceremony there like in New
York City.”

He nodded. “They do,” he said, a small smile on his lips. He moved up on the grass and moved his legs into a V. He then gently pulled her closer to him. “I always had this…fantasy, I guess you could call it of kissing my girlfriend there while the tree lit up.”

She smiled, her blood thrumming and her heart hammered. “Really?” she teased. “Would your girlfriend be coming with you when you go?”

“I want her to,” he said and took another bite from her fork. “But I'm not exactly sure of her family traditions.” He took another forkful.

She smirked. “I could talk to my parents and see if they would let me go all the way on the other side of the country. I’ve never actually been on the East Coast before.”

“Really?”

She nodded. “I was born and raised in Starling City, and only traveled in the mid-US or here on the West Coast.”

He smiled and let his eyes dropped to the necklace he got her last year. He linked his forefinger through the chain and ran it along the chain. “Do you ever take this off?”

She shook her head. “Nope. Except to take a shower, other than that nope. Do you take yours off?”

He shook his head. “No.” he dropped his finger and rest his hand on her knee. “I'm scared to have you come to Metropolis.”

“Why?” She asked stabbing the fork into the rest of the potatoes and sitting to the right of them.

“Because I was a completely different person when I was there. What if….what if you don't like that person?”

She smiled. “Nicky, I've always known you were a nerd.”

He laughed softly. “You're lucky I love you, Queen.”

She laughed. “You know what I mean. How much different could you be? I mean, I know that when I get there—if I get there—then people will probably watch and whisper, but they did that here when my grandmother was on trial.” She kissed him long and soft. “I promise whatever, whoever I meet there will not tarnish or taint the great man I'm becoming to love on so many different levels.”

He sighed. How in the world did he get so lucky? He cupped his hand behind her head and pulled her to him. His mouth claimed hers, but just enough to scrape his teeth across her bottom lip. “I love you, you know that?”

“I do.”

He took another bite from the scalloped potatoes and then asked, “Got any plans tonight?”

She nodded. “Showing Roy how he can pay penance. He thinks he should turn himself in and I'm hoping to show him another way.”

“As the Sparrow and Arsenal?” he asked using the code name that Oliver and Lexy pretty much decided on.
She nodded. “I think it's the best way for him to see it.” She took a bite of the potatoes. “How about you?”

“Um....dinner with the family. My uncle Jake's in town. He's my mom's older brother. He wants us to meet his new partner.”

She smiled. “Partner as in…..?”

He nodded slowly, smiling. “Yep. My Uncle is very much gay and he’s my mom’s best friend. I don’t think they’ve gone a day without speaking to each other.”

“Would I meet this fabulous Uncle if I went to Metropolis?”

He smiled. “Probably, since we’ll probably be staying with him while we’re there. So, you may want to see if your parents will have a problem with that?”

She nodded. “I will, but I don’t think they will.”

“Some people do,” he said. “You should have heard my grandmother Jordan when she had heard my uncle was gay. She actually tried to ‘change’ him. Like he chose it or something.”

She laughed. That really didn’t surprise her with his grandmother. She was a beautiful woman, but her traditional attitude sucked. “Well, my parents are still trying to figure out how she hates me since according to my mom she fell in love with me from the moment I opened my mouth.”

He chuckled. “So, did I.” She kissed him. “So, me, Chris, Rachel, mom and dad are meeting him, Kevin, Uncle Jake’s twin daughters and Kevin’s three kids.”

She nodded. “Good luck.”

He laughed and kissed her. “Thank you, but I don't need it. If it was my aunt Kate, then yeah I'd need it. She's a lot like grandma Jordan.”

Lexy cringed. The few days she spent with the elder Jordans was enough for her. She definitely didn't like that Chris, Rachel, Nick and her camped out in one of the rooms all together. She'd tolerate them if she had to, but if she didn't she'd avoid them like the plague. “Okay. Still, good luck.”

“Thank you. Can I call you later?”

“You better.”

The bell rang to signal the end of lunch and they uncurled themselves from each other and headed to their next class.

That night, Lexy came downstairs of the bunker and looked at the team. She smiled when she seen Roy. “You're gonna have to do it without me and Arsenal tonight.”

“Arsenal?” Felicity asked.

“I think Sasha's decided that's my new code name,” Roy said. He turned in his chair. “Why?”

“Because I'm going to take you somewhere. There's something you gotta see and there's something I
want to talk to you about without mom, dad and Uncle John around,” she walked to where the
comms were turned on, “and where they can’t hear us.” She looked at all 3 adults. “Don’t turn it
back on or I’m taking back all your Christmas presents.”

They went out through the alley-side entrance and she flipped her leg around her bike and sat.
“Come on, Harper, move it.”

He got on the back of the bike and she handed him a helmet and put hers on. She started the bike and
then pulled out of the hiding spot carefully. Peeling out right before going out in traffic. She went to
the left and headed down the street, dodging through traffic like her father does.

About 10 minutes later, she pulled up to an abandoned building and parked the bike. She took her
helmet off and he took his off. “Where are we?”

She smiled. “You’ll find out.” She opened the flap on her bike bag and pulled out a Starling City
Police Department file. “Come on.”

She started going up the fire escape. She jumped over the little wall to get on the roof and Roy did
the same. She opened the file and looked at the address and then looked across the street. Finding the
apartment she was looking for, she walked to the edge and sat on the ledge. She looked over her
shoulder. “Come on. Join me, Roy, please.”

He straddled the ledge and looked at her and then across the street to a woman who was placing
dinner foods on a small table with two boys sitting at the table, waiting. “Where are we?”

“We are looking into Officer Brandon Parker’s entire world, Roy.”

“What? Who’s Brandon Parker?”

She smiled and turned, straddling the ledge now. She opened the file and showed it to him. “He’s the
Officer you killed while overdosing on Mirakuru.”

He looked at the file and then looked up at her. “Wha…where did you get this?”

She leaned forward and then looked through her lashes at him. “Nick got it. He hacked the database
and found it.” She pointed into the window. “That’s his wife, Ashley and their two boys—Brady
and Peyton.”

“That’s….” he looked through the window. They looked like a wonderful family. “That’s his
family?”

She nodded. “It is,” she answered. “Roy, I’m not showing you this to make you feel worse than you
do. I’m doing it to make you feel better.” She tapped the folder. “Now, please hear me out before
you reject it, okay?”

He smiled. “Always.”

“I know you feel bad about what you did while you weren’t in your right frame of mind, Roy. And I
hope what I tell you will bring you the comfort that I know you you’re missing. What had happened
wasn’t your fault. If you want to blame someone then blame Slade. Everything that happened was
his fault. No one else’s but his.”

She sighed. “Hell, if you want to blame me and dad.”

“What?”
“He wanted revenge on daddy for Shado dying—”

“That wasn’t your father’s fault or yours.”

“Neither was what happened to you. You would have never done anything like that. I know you wouldn’t have. Despite your rebel and street kid personality, you have a level of respect for police officers that is very strong. And now with you both fighting on the same side, it’s gotten even stronger.”

“I like having you out there with me. We’re finally getting in sync with each other and all 3 of us are working so well together. Don’t break up the team, please.” She smiled. “Because I’ll just come visit you in prison everyday and I know you and your protective nature with me, you don’t want me visiting a prison.”

He laughed softly. “No, especially if it’s Iron Heights.” He sighed. “Laurel’s right though. Why shouldn’t I turn myself in? Just because I was hopped up on Mirakuru?”

She sighed. “Roy, please, whatever you do, don’t listen to Laurel. She has no idea what she’s talking about. Besides, she’s a bitch.” She seen his jaw drop. She nodded. “Yes, you heard me right. A bitch. When I first met her—remember I was five going on six—she decided to inform me on how big of a manwhore my father was. That he couldn’t be faithful to save his life, that my mom was probably an easy slut who spread her legs for anyone, that if my dad was here he wouldn’t want me anyway and that I was just a bastard child created from an affair that he probably had on her.”

His jaw really fell open, but she watched the side of his mouth twitch with anger. She nodded. “Yeah. Which then dad informed me that he hadn’t started dating Laurel until after he and mom had decided for him to keep up appearances and all that. Which was well after he had turned sixteen. I think he said I was almost six months old. So, Laurel’s not right. She’s angry, hurting, grieving, and pissed off. Which she has every right to be—even if I couldn’t grieve my parents—she needs to grieve her sister.”

“I’m sorry that no one in your life allowed you to do that,” Roy said softly.

She shook her head. “Don’t worry about it. Ted helped me with that. Using him as a punching bag—even if it was LOTS of fun—helped a lot.”

He laughed. “I’m glad. It makes washing those dishes at that restaurant worth it then.”

She smiled and kissed his cheek. She sighed again. “Please, just think about what I said. I love you and I hate that you’re hurting. You don’t deserve to feel the pain that you’re feeling, because you’re an amazing guy and person. There is no one else I know that would get a second job to make sure a random eight year old girl learned to defend herself. You have always been my savior, my protector. Let me help you. You weren’t in your right mind.” She sighed. She looked into his eyes. “You don’t have to hang up what I know you love, Roy, to make your amends. You can make your amends by also being the hero that I know you want to be, by standing next to me and daddy. If you want to make things better. Make things better for them. True it won’t bring their husband and father back, but you’ll always know that they’re protected. I know that’s the most important thing to you. Do your penance by watching out for the three of them as Arsenal. Make your amends to the City by being Arsenal with me, daddy and uncle John.” She shrugged and then smiled. “Besides, I’d miss you too much.”

He moved closer, tucked the folder under his leg and hugged her tightly. “I’d miss you too, Kiddo.” He turned into her neck and said, “I love you. I never thought that the same little girl who was so frightened and scared would also become—just like with her parents—the center of my world, but
you have, Sash. I don’t just love you like a friend. I love you like you’re family. I never thought my source of strength would be you, but it’s true. And I will really think about what you said. I promise.”

She hugged wrapped her arms around his back and held tight. “I love you too.”

He smiled and looked through the window at the family inside. Maybe Lexy was right. Maybe he didn’t have to stop defending the City after all.

Chapter End Notes

What did you think of Lexy's speech to Roy?

And would you like to see Christmas in Metropolis and see how the City would treat the Jordans now?
Oliver through in a dash of sage on the chicken he was cooking up in the pan. “Hey, Lex, how’s the salad coming?”

“Getting there. Chopping the last of the veggies up,” she threw over her shoulder. She still hadn’t talked to her dad about Metropolis yet and she was getting nervous. She finished the chopping and dropped them into the bowl. She tossed them around inside and then sat it on the table. “Daddy, can I ask you something?”

“Lexy, honey, you know you can ask your dad anything.”

“Well, it’s actually about Winter break,” she said, biting her lip nervously.

He looked up at her and smiled when he seen her biting her lip. He leaned forward and gently pulled her lip from under her teeth with his thumb. “What about it?”

“Um…. Just spit it out! Nathan and Jennifer want to go back to Metropolis for the holidays and I’ve been invited.”

He laughed softly when he heard her exhale almost as quickly as she spat the words out. “Are you okay?”

She nodded. “I’ve just been really nervous with asking you if I could go.”

He smiled and kissed the top of her head. “Why? You know you can tell me anything.”

She nodded. “I know, but this isn’t going a couple of hours out of the City, but actually getting on a plane and flying halfway across the country.”

He nodded. “You’re right. I’ve been there,” he commented absently as he walked over to flip the steaks over. “It’s a really beautiful city. I think you’d like it.”

“Does that mean I can go?”
He chuckled. “Let mom and I talk to Nate and Jen okay and I’ll let you know our final decision in enough time for you to get ready, okay?”

She nodded. “Yeah.” She hugged him from the side. “You’re the best.”

“I know,” he said and kissed the top of her head. “I love you, Sweetheart.”

Oliver pulled up to the curb of Starling City High School. Lexy sat in the back, Felicity sat in the passenger seat, looking down at her tablet. Ever since he got the CEO position he’d gotten himself in the habit of dropping Lexy off at school every morning. And he was finding himself really enjoying their on the way to school conversations.

Even before Lexy could open the door, the door opened to the Mercedes. She looked up and smiled when Nick held out a hand to her. He leaned into the back door. “Good morning, Oliver, Felicity.”

“Morning,” Felicity responded distractedly, her eyes never leaving the tablet.

Oliver chuckled. “Morning, Nick. How are you?”

“Good. Mom wanted me to apologize for missing your call last night. Um…my aunt—dad’s sister, Kate is in town and she attempted to cook last night and almost burnt down the kitchen.”

He laughed. “Tell her not to worry about it. I’ll call her after dinner tonight. You know the time.”

He nodded. “I’ll let her know.”

Lexy walked around the back of the car and leaned into the driver’s side door. She kissed his cheek. “Love you, daddy. See you later.”

“Bye, Baby. Have a good day. Both of you.”

They nodded. Lexy kissed Felicity’s cheek. “Promise to try,” they said in unison over their shoulders. “Bye, mom.”

“Bye, Baby,” she said still distracted.

Sparrow and Arrow cautiously approached the crime scene that Captain Lance had called them too. Lexy was actually very nervous by the fact that they were standing there with the police. The Captain bent down and pulled back the man’s green hood. “Who is that?” Lexy asked in her disguised voice.

“Isaac Stanzler. Looks like the two of you got the same taste in outfits,” Lance told him.

“I thought he was in custody,” Oliver said in a disguised voice.

“Yeah.”

“So, how’d he get out?” she asked.

“Corrections was transporting him to Iron Heights when he got pin-cushioned.” He stood from the
“By who?” the duo asked in unison.

“Your guess is as good as mine. But whoever it was went to a lot of trouble. Dressing him up and dumping him like this? I’d say our doer’s definitely trying to get your attention.” He nodded toward Lexy. “And your partner’s.”

“Well, he’s got it. Any leads yet?”

“No. The only physical evidence other than the body is this.”

He hands the arrow to the two of them. Oliver looked at it and then handed it to Lexy. She looked at it, especially the arrow tip. “Hmm…” she muttered. It did look like a spade, but there was something else….

“Shaped like a spade. What’s that all about?”

“I don’t know. I’ll look into it.” He looked at Lexy. “Let’s move.”

The next morning at about 6:45, Lexy’s cell phone rang. She groaned as she pushed half of her face into her pillow and padded around for her cell phone. She looked at the caller ID, but didn’t recognize it. She answered, “Alexandra Queen.”

“Good morning, Miss Queen.”

She sat up in bed. “Dr. Palmer?” she asked, pushing her covers back. She swung her legs around. “Uh….you’re not still sore about us winning—”

He laughed. “No. Um….I was wondering if you knew a Ted Kord.”

“Um….briefly. My grandparents knew him more than me. He’s been to my maternal grandparents’ house more. Why?”

“Well, since I just tried to call every Bradford in the city. No luck. You are literally the only living Bradford now.”

She smirked. Sometimes she loved being right. She pushed her hand through her curly blond hair. “Told you. What do you need me to do when it comes to Ted Kord. I would think you guys know each other, being that you’re billionaires.”

“Does your dad know Bruce Wayne or Lex Luthor?”

“Yes, Sir,” she answered. “Trying to get KI to by one of your inventions, Doctor?”

“Yeah, but when I brought up knowing the Bradfords by association, he told me to have one of you call him.”

She rolled her eyes. “Hold on a second.”

“Alexandra, I’m really—”

“If you want the number, Doctor then you’ll have to hold on a second. I have my grandfather’s
rolodexes in boxes in my closet.” She put the phone on her nightstand and walked to her closet. She pulled down a couple of file boxes and crouched down to go through them. Finding the one she needed, she walked back to her phone. “Give me a second again. I can three-way and talk to Mr. Kord myself for you.” She punched the button that would three-way with Ted and dialed the man’s number.

“Kord Industries. Ted Kord’s office.”

“Hi, um…I’m not sure if you’ll know me, but um, my name’s Alexandra Queen. My grandfather was James Bradford of Bradford Global. May I speak with Mr. Kord, please?”

“Let me see if he’s free, Young La—”

“Alexandra.”

“Excuse me?” the woman said, sounding put out.

“As opposed to you calling me ‘Young Lady’. It’s Alexandra. If you’re going to call me anything call me by my name.”

“Of course, Alexandra, I’m sorry.”

Moments later, Lexy heard Ted’s big booming voice greet her and she laughed. “Good to hear your voice too, Mr. Kord.”

“How have you been?”

“Good. Really good. You?”

“I’m great,” he said. “What do I owe the pleasure?”

“Um….” How the hell did she do this? “Um…Mr. Kord I have Dr. Ray Palmer on the other side of this call and he’d like to talk to you about an invention.”

“So, you do know Mr. Palmer.”

“Partially. We’re acquaintances. He tried to buy Queen Industries about a month or so ago.”

“Oh, right! I’m glad your family was able to hold on to it.”

“Me too,” she said smiling. “Okay, patching you into Doctor Palmer so that I can get a few more minutes of sleep. Good night, Mr. Kord. It was so nice to speak with you, Sir.”

“You too, Alexandra.”

Assured that the two businessmen were talking, she hung up her phone and crawled back into bed for another 45 minutes.

Lexy looked through the magnifying glass. “Daddy, I’m confused.”

“What’s up, Princess?” He asked walking back over to the table.

“Well, it’s this arrow.”
“What about it?” he asked looking through the glass with her.

“It’s not a spade,” she said simply.

“Huh?”

She held it up and said, “What’s it look like to you?”

“Hey,” John said coming downstairs.

Oliver held up the red arrow.

“Last time I saw a spade that lethal, it cut up a pretty good royal flush I was holding,” John teased.

Lexy snickered.

“Hand-soldered out of high-carbon steel.”

“Where’d you find it?”

“Isaac Stanzler's chest,” they said in unison.

“Ted Grant's psycho sidekick.”

“Was murdered while being transferred by the SCPD.”

“By an arrow. Think this is the same archer that killed Sara?”

“No,” Lexy said. She shook her head. “The killer who killed Sara was a professional, they’ve done it before. This archer hasn’t been doing it long.”

John smirked. “How can you tell by looking at the arrow?”

She shrugged. “It’s a gut feeling. Not to mention, you can usually tell by the way that arrow penetrated the chest.”

John looked at Oliver a little confused. “Do we have a CSI on our hands?”

Oliver shrugged. “If she wants to do it, she can.”

She laughed. “Thanks, daddy.” She walked over to her bag and pulled out a blank brown file. “However, when you’ve got friends that work at the SCPD who can look at an autopsy report….”

“Point taken. What did Nathan find out?”

She smiled and walked the file to her father. “The two kills are way different. These bodies were staged, dressed up to look like—a copycat archer. Not to mention, whomever this is doesn’t have much upper body strength. The arrow penetrated enough to kill but that was about it.” She pulled her fingers through her hair and said, “Nick and I were talking about it and we think that whoever this copycat is is trying to get your attention.”

John looked at Oliver. “Guess all that positive publicity you’ve been getting has a downside.”

Oliver sighed. “But why?”

Neither of them answered. “Well, whatever the reason, we need to find him. I would like Felicity to do a work-up on all of this ASAP.”
“Copy.”

“Mom can’t, daddy. Remember? She’s got development meetings all day. She’ll be in the office. But I could call Nick and ask him?”

He smiled and nodded. “I don’t care which of our resident computer geniuses do it, as long as it gets done, Sweetheart.”

She smiled and pulled her phone from her back pocket. She hit his contact and smiled. “Hey, Nicky….whatcha doing?” She smiled. “Wanna do some investigating? Daddy’s got an arrow that needs a full workup and mom’s gonna be busy in meetings all day.” Her smile widened. “Great. See you in a few. Love you.”

Lexy picked up the arrow and studied it as Ray’s press conference played in the background. She noticed something. “Daddy.”

“Yes, Beautiful?”

“Um….what do you think that is?” She pointed to the weird anomaly in the arrow.

“Huh? I have no idea.” He walked over to a table and looked through the magnifying glass. “There’s a space, like a locket.”

She handed him a hammer. He hammered the arrowhead and it came open. She seen the piece of paper and pulled it out. She un folded and unrolled it. “What is…this?” she whispered.

“What is that?”

They looked through the magnifying glass. “It’s an address,” Oliver told him. “15 Baron Street, apartment Seven.”

“Whoa. Who ticked you off?”

They all looked up to see Nick coming in, taking his bag off his shoulder. Oliver smiled. “No one. It’s a clue.”

“To what?”

“To our mystery archer.”

They went to the address provided and the 3 of them went into the apartment. Lexy’s got her batons out and she walked in first, John right behind her, then Oliver. “Nobody’s home,” John said.

She continued through the apartment. “They may not be home, but they are definitely obsessed with saving electricity.” She stopped at the doorway of a room and gasped. “Oh….my….God…..”

“Lex?”

“Daddy!” she exclaimed and the adults hurried into the room.

Decorating the walls were articles about the Arrow. Anything that mentioned the Arrow alone, the fan seemed to cherish, while articles that seemed to mention both the Arrow and the Sparrow seemed to put them into some kind of rage. She halted and covered her mouth when she came across an
article while her father was on the island that talked about just the Sparrow. It was crossed out with an arrow through the small mount of her head that was in the photo.

“Daddy….I-I-I don’t think this fan likes the fact that you have me for a partner.”

He turned to where she stood and saw what she seen. He pulled her into his chest and held her. “It’s okay, Sweetheart. I promise.”

“These are all articles about the Arrow. This isn’t just a copycat; this is a fan. And from the looks of it, a pretty dedicated one.”

He saw the matching arrow to the one that they have back at the bunker and he pulled it from the mirror. “And this isn't a spade. It's a heart.”

The sound of a cell phone going off caught their attention and Lexy wiped her eyes as she walked to the table and picked it up. She handed it to him. He put it on speaker:

“It's you,” the mystery woman said breathlessly. “I can't believe it's really you. Did you like your present?”

Lexy looked at both men and mouthed, ‘Present?’ She motioned to her dad that this chick was crazy with her forefinger. He smirked slightly as he said, “Do you mean Isaac Stanzler, the man you killed?”

“I see the way you take care of your city. Makes me wonder...who takes care of you? I want to help you—to fight with you, to kill for you. But first….I think I need to get rid of the blond standing next to you. Mr. Stanzler was just the first.”

The phone beeped and a picture of some man with charges connected to him was seen in it. Oliver showed it to John and Lexy.

“He might be the second.” There was a pause, “I thought we could punish this one together.”

Lexy could hear the tone the woman’s voice took when she spoke again and she shivered, “However, I think I’ll kill your little sidekick last. It'll be more fun that way.”

“You won’t touch her!” he exclaimed. “I'm going to find you.”

“Oh, that's the idea. But you'd better hurry, I don't think he's got very long.”

Awhile later, Felicity and Nick were both working away, while Roy was looking at an article on the officer he killed. Lexy exhaled. “Roy.”

He quickly switched the screen. “Sasha, hey.”

“Don’t hey me,” she said as she folded her arms in the exact same way as her father. “We talked about this. You seemed pretty good. Why are you torturing yourself?”

“Every single time I put on that mask, I feel like a fraud.”

“You—” she sighed. “Daddy?”

Oliver smiled softly and then looked at Roy. “You have to give this time.” He exhaled. “If you want
to talk about it—"

“I don't. I appreciate the offer, though. Lexy and I talked about it. I'm fine. Really.”

Felicity walked in and stopped. “Oh, sorry, am I interrupting?”

They shook their heads.

“I was just leaving. I got to help Thea get the club ready for the opening.” Roy said and then walked out.”

“What’s up?” Oliver asked.


“Miss you too.” Oliver smiled. “Secondly?”

“Second, what’s your favorite flower?”

“My favorite flower?” he questioned. “I don’t really have one.”

“Really?” Felicity asked, a little surprised.

He nodded. “Why?”

“For the wedding. I thought if they go together that we could combine them.”

“Oh, I don’t have one, but you should talk to Lex. She does.”

Felicity looked at her. “You do?”

She nodded. “Lilies,” she smiled. “The white ones or the ones with a little purple in them. I really like those.”

Felicity smiled. “I could work with that.” Her smile widened. “Besides, if it wasn’t for you we wouldn’t have met.”

Lexy laughed. “Smooth, mom.”

“I got an ID on your not-so-secret but very crazy admirer’s hostage,” she said as she walked to her computers.

“Already?”

She nodded. “Your boyfriend did most of the work.”

“Who is it?” Joe Gravano, local mob boss, wanted for 39 counts of murder, racketeering, and drug smuggling.”

“One of the most heavily protected men in Starling City,” Oliver pointed out.

Not anymore.”

They looked at the picture and Oliver asked. “What's "N.P.P.?"”

“I don't know. I can definitely find out.”
“Where are we with the cell phone from her apartment?”

“I can help with that, Sir.”

Oliver laughed. “Nick, no sir…ever….again.”

He smirked. “I was actually just teasing. However, Cuckoo for Cocoa Puffs herself encrypted the SIM card. I can crack it, but it's going to take some time.”

He sighed. “Which we don't have, neither does he.” They glanced at Gravano on the screen. He looked at Felicity. “I need 100% of your focus on finding Gravano.”

“And I will work round the clock on it, except for tonight.”

“Why?” Oliver asked.

“My mom’s in town to go over some wedding planning stuff. I’m not particularly thrilled which is why I didn’t say anything.”

He smiled and kissed her. “Go. Try to have fun.”

“Daddy?”

“Yes, Princess?”

“May I go check out the DJs that Aunt Thea’s got upstairs.”

He smiled. “You, my Beautiful Girl, can do anything you want.” He kissed her hair. “Go. Have fun. Tell her I said hi.”

She smiled. “Thank you.”

Lexy heard the scratching of the DJ’s records and winced at the sounds. She put her hands into her pockets and walked in. “Oh, please, tell me you won’t choose this one.”

Thea smiled hugely and stood. “Oh!” She hugged her tight. “I’ve missed you.”

She hugged her tight. “I’ve missed you too. Sorry. Been helping mom with wedding stuff.” She slipped into the chair next to the pretty brunette. She wrinkled her nose and shook her head. “Aunt T, no.”

She laughed and crossed the man’s name off the list. She looked at the DJ. “Great, uh, thank you. You were terrific.”

“Auditions are over.”

Lexy and Thea both turned to look at the guy in a baggy jacket with long blond hair. She looked at her aunt and they both stood as the guy said, “Thanks for coming, guys. Hey, peace out.”

“Wait, what are you doing?” Thea asked.

Lexy looked at the DJs. “Auditions are not over.” She smiled at them. “Just hang on a second.”

The Shaggy haired guy looked at Lexy. “Trust me, I'm saving you from wasting your day here.”
“Well, first, neither of us need you to save us from anyone. We can pretty much do that ourselves.” She folded her arms in front of her. “And secondly, you’ve seriously got some balls, man.”

Thea looked at the man. “My niece is correct. I don’t need saving from anyone, and if you’re really as good as you say you are, then you can just wait in line and prove it like everyone else.”

“I don’t audition.”

Lexy smirked. “Aww…too bad for you.”

Thea snickered. “Then you don’t work. For me or for my club. So… the exit's that way.”

“Later, Princess.”

Lexy looked at him. “By the way, what’s your name?”

“Chase.”

Lexy nodded as she pulled out her phone. “Thank you.”

He stopped. “What are you doing?”

“Checking you out for one thing. And if you’re good then I may convince my aunt to let you audition, because I hate to break it to you, Buddy, but bursting in here like you were the Hottest thing alive really didn’t do it for you.”

He smirked. “Really?”

She nodded. “Yeah. My dad tried pulling it off for years and it just made him look like a douchebag.”

He laughed and then frowned. “Queen….” He looked at Lexy. “You’re Oliver Queen’s daughter. The Billionaire Playboy’s teenage daughter.”

She nodded. “Nothing gets past you, Slick. Congratulations, you’re not as dumb as your surfer haircut makes you look.” She quickly dialed a number. “Hey, Marcus, it’s me. I need a favor….”

“I got her,” Felicity announced as Lexy came back downstairs. “The user registered to the encrypted SIM card, Carrie Cutter, she's former SCPD. She was the first woman SWAT team member.”

“I’ve seen her before,” Oliver muttered.

“Well, she's not unpretty for a whacko, if you're into the whole red-headed vixen-type thing.”

“She was a police officer, that might be why she looks familiar,” he said.

“No, she left the force once year before you got back from the island.” She clicked on something in the computer. “But there's another very good reason she looks familiar.”

“Is that Ted’s gym?” Lexy asked leaning forward.

“Why was she at the crime scene at Ted Grant's gym?”

“I don't know, but it's not just there. Apparently stalking isn't her only hobby, either. She's a member
of a gardening group, too.”

“Which is where the NNP comes in,” Nick said as he walked into the comms area.

“What?” Oliver asked.

“NNP,” Nick said again.

“What about it?” he asked.

Nick sighed. “I love you, man. I really do, but you gotta keep up. Felicity and I divided and conquered.” He clicked a few keys and then said, “The bag in the Gravano hostage photo. N.P.P.—stands for nitrogen, phosphate, potash. It's the chemical formula for fertilizer,” he said and winked at Lexy when she smiled.

It clicked with Oliver. “So what if she's keeping Gravano in a greenhouse?”

He smiled. “Thought you’d ask that. So I found the closest one in the area of her apartment, Sherwood Florist, Seventy-eight, eighty-four Hauser.”

Oliver smiled at his daughter’s boyfriend. “Great job, Nicky. You’re getting really good at this.”

He smiled pridefully. “Thanks.”

He looked at Lexy. “Gear up, Beautiful.” He looked at Felicity. “Have Roy gear up and meet me there.”

“Ok.”

They got to Sherwood Florist and Oliver broke the chain on the fence. They walked in. He looked at Roy and Lexy. “We're splitting up. Roy, find Gravano. Lexy, help me find Cutter.” He looked into her eyes. “You find her, don’t engage…yet.”

She nodded and they split up.

A couple minutes as she walked through the greenhouse, she tried to get a hold of Roy. “Hey, I was going to say I think it’s cool that you put the mask back on.” Radio silence. “Roy?” Nothing again. “Roy!” she said with a little more feeling. She tapped her chest again and said, “Daddy?”

“Yes, Baby?”

“I can’t get a hold of Roy. Can you try?”

“Yeah. Hold on.” He looked through one of the greenhouses and then said into his comm. “Arsenal, there's no sign of Cutter. Arsenal. Arsenal!”

“Hello, lover.”

“If you hurt him...”

“I didn't touch him, boyfriend. I'm a one-guy woman. But I am a little disappointed you brought your wing man and your Sidekick.” She smirked. “Oh, well, it just means it’ll be easier for me to kill her.”
Lexy sneered. “You can certainly try, Crazy Pants. But I’m not that hard to get rid of.”

“Tonight's not about him or her. It's about us. Together against the world. Just like we were meant to be.”

“There is no "We."

“We're more like one soul, you're right. You and I are more alike than you think.”

“Carrie, listen to me. You're not well.”

“If I'm out of my mind, it's because that's what love is. Our own little slice of insanity.”

They found her. Gravano was hanging with explosives strapped to him and Roy was on the ground. Lexy pulled her batons. Carrie looked at Arrow. “Make a wish. Mine's already come true—for the two of us to be together forever.”

“Please help me. Don't leave me with this psycho!”

“Quiet!” She yelled at Gravano.

“You don't want to do this.”

“Sure I do.”

Oliver raised his bow to cut the rope where Gravano hung.

“Oh, I wouldn't do that. That rope's laced with a trip wire that's hooked up to a little thing on his chest that goes, Boom!”

“So what do you want, then?!”

“Not much. Just... You.”

Lexy rolled her eyes. “Aww….not gonna happen. He’s not up for grabs.”

“You’ve already had him!” she yelled at Lexy.

She almost shivered with the implication of that. “And I’m gonna keep him.”

Carrie kicked the chair and Gravano hung there. Lexy dove to the ground to help Roy while her dad freed Gravano and blew up the explosive. She freed Roy and pulled him to his feet. Oliver knocked out Gravano and they all walked away.

When they got back, Roy went to blow off his mad by hitting the shit out of the practice dummy. Oliver walked up to him. “Roy.” The young man continued hitting the dummy. “Hey!"

He stopped.

“You go home, man. It's been a long night.”

“She took me out. It shouldn't have happened.”

Oliver sighed. “You're not at your best.”
Roy glared at him. “I'm fine.” He walked away.

Lexy sighed. “I got him. Look at what Uncle John found. It’s enlightening, to say the least.” She jerked her head. “You definitely attract a type.”

She caught up to him at the changing rooms. “Harper!”

He sighed. “Not now, Sash.”

“Roy,” she said as she walked to him as he pulled the top of his suit off. “You’re not okay. I didn’t tell you about that officer to make you feel worse.”

“Well, too bad, I do!” he yelled.

She jerked. She’d experienced his temper before, but sometimes it threw her off how angry he could get. She glared at him and raised her hand to punch him. He blocked the punch, but then she took his legs out from under him and he was on his back on the concrete. She glared at him and said, “Now, you listen to me you stubborn jerk. And you listen good.”

She kept standing, but straddled him, as she held his hands above his head. “You are off your game, because it’s never that easy for me to take you down, Jackass.” Her eyes narrowed. “And you will not speak to me like that. We’re teammates and partners. You will respect me as such, understood?”

He nodded.

“Good. Now, you need to get over this ‘blaming yourself’, crap. You weren’t yourself when you killed that officer, Roy. Stop thinking it’s your fault.” She let go of his wrists with a shove and stood. “And if you can’t keep your head in the game when out in the field, then you won’t be out in the field.”

He looked up at her, shocked. “What?”

“You heard me, Harper. I didn’t stutter.” She moved out of his way and said, “Now, get your ass off the floor and get dressed.” She headed in the other direction to the other changing room.

They get a call from Lance about Cutter’s current victim. One of her former CI’s. He looked at Lexy. “Suit up, Sweetheart. We're going out.”

“Just you and me?” she asked, probably a little more hopeful than she needed to be.

He smiled, his heart breaking a little. Note to self: A little father-daughter time on the schedule. “Yes, Sweetheart. Just us.”

She smiled. “Cool! Be back in five.”

He sighed. “Well, that was unexpected.”

“Her excitement at getting to spend time with you?” John asked.

He nodded. “I figured with her being thirteen now and having a boyfriend and all that, that I wouldn’t be very high on the list of priorities for her right now.”

John laughed. “Shows what you know….dad.”
He laughed. “Yeah.”

They raced through the streets of the city, but couldn’t find Cutter, when their comms went off. They stopped and tapped their chests. “Yeah,” Oliver said.

“I spoke with Felicity. I got her to remote access that laptop. The last thing Cutter was looking at was a map. And Oliver, Verdant was marked on it.”

Lexy’s heart dropped. “Oh, God….Aunt Thea.”

“Felicity was also able to retrieve Cutter’s phone signal from the laptop.”

“Ok, patch me through, and then get upstairs and do not take your eyes off of Thea, do you understand?” Oliver said.

“Copy that.”

Lexy looked at her dad. “What about me?”

He smiled. “Do you remember when you were four?”

“Um….most of it, why?”

“Do you remember your favorite game?” He smiled, the nostalgia of the memory making his heart flip. His little girl wasn’t little anymore.

She smiled. “Hide and go seek.” She tilted her head slightly, innocently. “I could never keep quiet enough for you not to find me.”

He smiled. He remembered always waiting for her bubbly giggle to tell him where she was, but he’d play along for a little while before finding her. “Right. Do you think you could do better now?”

“Absolutely,” she said, confidently.

“Good, because I don’t want Carrie to suspect you’re anywhere near wherever we meet, okay?”

She nodded. “Promise.”

Oliver called Carrie. She answered from inside Verdant. “Hello?”

“It’s me.”

“I have to admit, I didn't think a club would be your kind of scene. You're always surprising me.”

“I'm not there.”

“Why don't I believe you?”

“You want to meet me, fine. I will meet you anywhere but that club.”

“So you're asking me out.”

Feeling impatient he asked again, “Where do you want to meet, Carrie?”
“I know a place. Our special spot.” She laughed flirtatiously. “But you listen to me, lover. I've been burned before. And if you're playing me, I promise you, I'll come back here and kill everyone in this place.”

He hung up and they both swung their bikes around and sped off.

At the special spot, Lexy hid out of Carrie’s sight, but close enough to jump in if she had to. “Dig, you there?”

“And me. Me being Felicity,” Felicity said. “We’ve got things about the wedding to discuss.”

“My opinion if it counts?” Lexy said.

“Of course, Sweetheart.”

“Elope,” she said simply. “Grandma’s gonna go crazy weird with all the planning. I may not know the lovable nut as well as you, but I do know that.”

Felicity laughed. “We’ll take it under advisement, Sweetheart.”

“What's your 20?”

“Subway stop downtown.”

“Why there, dad?”

He remember the night with the Mirakuru soldiers and the redhead he saved. “Because this is where I saved her.”

Carrie came out from behind the stop depot and said, “Hello, lover.”

“Not your lover.”

“No, you’re mine,” Felicity said and then winced. “God, did I say that out loud?”

Lexy heard Nick burst out laughing and she bit her lip hard to prevent her laughter.

“Well, maybe not yet, but after one night with me, that'll all change. I promise.”

“Carrie, I'm here to help you, because you're not well.”

She gave him a soft smirk. “Don't ever say that again. You sound like that shrink that they sent me to.”

“I spoke to her.”

“You talked to that psycho? She just wanted me to take pills, pills, pills. She thinks that love is a disease. But it's not. Love is the cure.”

She sauntered to him. “Well, I'm not the man you think I am. You're a hero...you saved me.” She reached up to touch his face.

He stopped her, grabbing her wrist. “I understand that you're hurting. And I know what it's like to want someone...but not be able to be with them. How you wish things could be different, but they
can't. I can't be with you. I can't be with anyone. I have to be alone.”

“No, you don't. You're a liar!” She fired an arrow at him.

Oliver dodged it and fired one of his own, this one shooting the bow out of her hand. “I don't want to hurt you!”

“You already have.”

She tried to punch him, but he blocked it and tried to dissuade her from pursuing the actions she was taking. He didn't want to hurt her. Lexy came out of hiding and swung smacking Carrie in the face.

“Ow!” She slapped one of the batons out of her hand, she tried to kick Lexy, but she went into the splits and then bent back. She grabbed her foot and flipped her onto her back. Carrie screamed in frustration.

Lexy came out of the splits and held out her hand in the direction of her baton and the boomerang feature on it activated and brought it back to her just in time to slap her in the chest.

“You can't have him!”

Lexy swung and hit her in the chest. “I don’t want him!”

Carrie laughed. “Whatever, Bitch.” She got Lexy on the ground. “I’ll kill you.” She started taking the baton that Lexy held up to protect herself and attempted to press it into her throat. After a struggle, Lexy flipped her onto her back.

“He’s my father, Bitch!” Lexy exclaimed, coughing.

Oliver and Carrie fought again. This time, Oliver got her on her back and Lexy caught up to them just as Carrie loosened the pin in the subway grate and all 3 of them fell. In the Bunker all they could hear was Lexy’s screaming.

Nick looked at the screen. “We lost their comms.” He tapped the button to talk to her. “Lex!”

No answer.

“Oliver!” John said as Felicity frantically tried to get them back online. “Oliver!”

“Lexy!” Nick screamed again.

In the old Subway, Lexy hit the ground and felt her shoulder pop. She mentally cursed herself as she felt the pain shoot through her shoulder. She looked over and watched her father and Carrie fight. Then she noticed that Carrie handcuffed him to the tracks. She stood, ignoring her shoulder and the pain and fought Carrie herself. She pulled her batons and began fighting her like she was trained to do. Finally, she got the upper hand with the crazy nutball and shocked her with the end of her baton. Carrie passed out. Lexy groaned in pain.

“Lex, you okay, Sweetheart?”

“Dislocated my shoulder in the fall,” she said. She looked around for his bow and found it. She then pulled an arrow from his quiver just as they heard the horns from the subway train. “Don’t move.”

Oliver looked at the train as she set herself, and he didn’t like the speed at which was traveling and
he made a split second decision. He snapped his thumb and slid his hand out of the cuff. He then grabbed Lexy and lunged to the side, rolling with her. He heard the painful grunt when she landed on top of him. “Are you okay, Sweetheart?” He asked, sitting up.

“Yeah,” she said. “Daddy, it hurts.”

He looked up into her matching blue eyes and his heart shattered when he saw tears slowing coming down her cheeks. “Oh, baby.” He held her. “I know it hurts.” He sat up and held her in his lap and cried himself.

It was these moments that he hated having her in the field.

They got back to the Bunker and Oliver looked at everyone. “Get me ice, pain killers, a sedative and a sling.”

They all stood there, kinda seeming dumb. He sighed. “NOW!”

Immediately Nick and John jumped to get him the items he needed. He looked at Lexy. “You’re gonna have to take this off, Sweetheart.” He looked over at Nick and then at his daughter. “Do you want Nick to go?”

She thought about it for a moment and nodded. He looked at Nick. “Nicky, go home, bud. I gotta take her top off and she’s not feeling comfortable about that with you in the room.”

He nodded. He walked over to Lexy and kissed her lips softly. He tasted the salt from her tears and knew that it must hurt if she was crying about it. “Call me, okay?”

She nodded. “Promise.”

“I love you.”

“I love you.” She kissed him again. “Tell your mom I said hi.”

He smiled. After he left, Oliver began gently taking the top of her suit off. He looked at her shoulder and winced. It looked bad, but he’s had way worse. Felicity gasped. “What happened?!”

“Fell into a subway tunnel after daddy’s psycho admirer popped the grate she was laying on.”

Oliver exhaled slowly. He kissed her hair and then her forehead. “I love you to the moon and back.”

She laughed softly. “You’re pulling all the nostalgia out today.”

He laughed and kissed her forehead again. “Have to remind you that I do remember when you were my little girl.”

She smiled up at him as John prepared the sedative. “I’ll always be your little girl, daddy. Even when I’m fifty and you’re a grandpa.”

He smiled. “Just don’t make me grandpa too soon, okay?”

“Promise,” she said.

“I know I probably should know this, but how much does she weigh?” John asked.
“Um…” Felicity should know this too.

“One-oh-eight,” Oliver said without even thinking about it.

“How…do you do that?” Felicity asked.

He smiled. “It’s a parent thing.” He kissed her. “You’ll get it, I promise.”

John got the right amount for her weight and looked at Oliver. “You wanna do it, or me?”

“You,” Oliver said. “I’m already going to be in tears with the fact that I have to pop her shoulder back.”

John chuckled. “Do all dads get mushy with their little girls.

“Her shoulder’s out?!” Felicity exclaimed.

Lexy laughed. “Mom, it’s dislocated. What do you think it means?”

She didn’t answer, but Oliver answered Dig. He smiled at Lexy and kissed her forehead. “If they’re any kind of father they do.” He smiled at his friend. “You will, trust me. Baby Sara will have you and Lyla wrapped around her fingers before you know it.”

Lexy smiled as she said, “Imagine how mom feels knowing that space on those fingers go to me first and then her.”

John laughed and kissed her temple. “I love you, Small Fry. Remember that. This might hurt.”

“The dislocated shoulder hurts, Uncle…” the needle went in, “…John.” She smiled. “That was nothing.”

Giving it a couple of minutes, Oliver then walked up to his ‘feeling no pain’ daughter and put her arm in position to pop her shoulder back into place. “Okay, Baby, this will hurt. And you may feel it through the sedative, but there’s no way around that. Just know that I—”

“Dad, I know you…love me, but if…you don’t do it I’ll make…Unc…le John do it.”

He pulled on her arm hard and felt the shoulder pop back in place. He looked at Felicity. “Sling.”

Roy came downstairs, ignoring the fact that Lexy was just in her bra. To him she was family and as inappropriate as it was for him to see her like this, he didn’t care. “What happened?”

“Dislocated shoulder while fighting dad’s Psycho Stalker,” Lexy told him.

Roy smiled as he realized she wasn’t feeling any pain. “You’re high right now.”

She laughed softly. “Oh, yeah! For feeling no pain, it’s great! But knowing I’m vulnerable that sucks.”

“We’re family, Kiddo,” Roy reminded her. “Where’s your clothes?”

“In the changing room I use,” she answered.

“We gotta get a shirt on you,” he told her. “You’re getting cold.”

“You’re the best, Roy. But you really do gotta stop blaming yourself for his death. You weren’t in
“Your right mind,” she told him, flying pretty high.

“I know. You made that abundantly clear,” he said walking back up to her with her button-down shirt with him, “when you took me out and I landed on my back.”

“I was trying to make a point that Dad was right. You’re not all in.” She poked his chest.

Oliver laughed softly. “Okay, Sweetheart, let’s get you dressed so we can take you home.”


“I know, but you’re too high on that sedative to care. I’ll text him when we get home. I promise.”

They said their goodnights to everyone and Oliver, Felicity and Lexy left the building. Both parents relieved that tonight was over.
You Have A Son

Chapter Summary

Oliver breaks the news of William to Felicity and Lexy.

Samantha tells William about Oliver and Lexy. Oliver and Lexy meet their new addition.

With the meta-human taken down and locked away in the accelerator prison of S.T.A.R. Labs, Team Arrow said their goodbyes to Flash and his team, then headed into town to get coffees for the road.

Oliver, Felicity, and Lexy walked into Jitters. Felicity ordered some coffees and a triple chocolate hot cocoa for Lexy. Lexy looked at both her parents and said, “Be right back. Gonna use the restroom before we go.”

Oliver smiled. “Okay, Sweetheart.”

Oliver and Barry talk about Iris and the rage he guessed he felt more of than he realized. Felicity walked up and handed his coffee to him. “Ready?”

“I am, but we need to wait for Lex.”

They stood.

“Oliver.”

Felicity and Oliver both turned to see a beautiful brunette with dark eyes standing in front of them. Oliver was stunned. “Hi.”
“Hi,” she said.

“How are you?” Oliver asked, still surprised.

“Good, good,” the woman said. “It’s been a long time.”

Oliver’s face crumpled. “We never spoke after, and I’m so sorry.”

“No, I’m sorry. I heard about your mother…she loved you very much.”

“She did.”

“Hey, daddy, you’ll never believe it, but they have a couch in there…” her voice trailed off when she saw the woman that her father was talking to. She looked from the woman to her dad. “Daddy?”

“This is your daughter?”

He nodded, pride shining through. “Lexy, Sweetheart. Come here.” He draped his arms around her shoulders.

“I never knew you had a daughter. Did you not know?”

“No, I knew,” he said. “Not a lot of people knew about Lexy because of my father’s views on illegitimate children. So her mother and I decided to keep her a secret.”

Her heart beat increased at the unexpected surprise. Her stomach dropped and it started swirling with butterflies. “Really? So…so…so you’ve been a fully active father and everything?”

He nodded. “Absolutely. Well, um…with an unexpected snag.”

“Right. You going missing,” she said. “But you’ve been entirely active in her life and everything?”

He was a little perplexed why she was asking this and why she seemed really fidgety. “Are you okay?”

“Um…yeah. Uh…” she looked down at Lexy. “Hi, I’m Samantha. An old friend of your dad’s.”

She smiled and shook the woman’s hand. “Hi. Alexandra, well, Lexy, actually. Nice to meet you.”

Her heart sputtered when she seen it. “She’s got your eyes and your smile.”

He nodded. “Yes. She does.” He tilted his head slightly. “Samantha, are you okay?”

“Yes, I am,” she smiled at Lexy. “Well, it was so nice to meet you, Lexy.”

“You too, Miss Clayton.”

Samantha excused herself and called someone on her phone. She then looked over her shoulder. In that moment she decided to do something that would change their lives forever. She walked out of the coffeehouse and jogged out into the parking lot. “Oliver!”

He turned and looked at her, a little confused. He walked back to her. “Are you okay?”

“Yeah, um…can you stay another day?”

“Uh…I don’t know. Why?”
“Because we need to talk.”

“About what?”

“Your son.”

His entire body went rigid with shock. His mind seemed to have short circuited then and there, rendering him speechless. He opened his mouth and then closed it again. After the third attempt to speak, he finally said, “My son?”

She nodded. “Um…” she pulled out a piece of paper from her purse and wrote down an address. “Here’s the address to my home. Can you and your daughter meet me there?”

“Sure, but I have my fiancée, too.”

“Oh, you’re getting married?”

He nodded. “I am. Felicity’s amazing.”

“Okay. Um…sure, bring her too.”

He nodded. “Okay. Um…we’ll be there.” He walked to the car and got in.

“What’s going on, daddy?”

“We have to stay in Central City another day,” he told them.

Felicity looked at him curiously. “Why?”

He exhaled. He looked at Felicity and Lexy. “You both know my party boy history.”

They nodded. “Yeah, what about it?”

“Well, back then I would get drunk and do very stupid things.” He sighed. “I got Samantha pregnant when I was twenty-one I think.”

“What?!” both girls exclaimed.

“Oliver!” Felicity exclaimed.

“And you didn’t take care of her? Or the baby?” Lexy asked.

He knew what his daughter was asking and he shook his head. “Now, wait a minute. Let me finish the story. So, when she told me she was pregnant. I don’t know what possessed me, maybe it was in hopes that their reactions and expectations would be different—”

“You told grandma that you got her pregnant,” Lexy said. “But why?”

“Because I got tired of hiding you. I got tired of having to sneak around to see you. So, I thought maybe if their views on it would have changed, then maybe I could keep you for overnights and school breaks and vacations.”

Lexy smiled and wrapped her arms around his neck. “Okay. Sorry, continue.”

“Well, after I told her that Samantha was pregnant. Samantha called and told me that she had miscarried the baby. I was hurt. I thought that maybe you could finally grow up with that sibling you
wanted, but it was to never be.”

“However…” Felicity coaxed.

“However, Samantha just came out to ask me if we could stay an extra day.”

“Why?” the girls asked in unison.

“Because apparently she had the baby after all.” He looked at Felicity. “I…I…have a son.”

Felicity stared wide-eyed for 2 whole seconds. What the hell? How many other children did this man actually have? “Wha…what?”

“I have a son.”

Lexy had never felt so excited, except for about 3 years ago when her dad had come home. “I have a little brother?!”

“Possibly,” Felicity snapped out. She looked at Oliver. “You don’t know what she’s after, Oliver.”

“Mom, her surprise seemed genuine when she found out about me.”

“It was,” Oliver said. She knew that Samantha wasn’t lying. He could feel it in his bones. “Felicity, she was honestly surprised by the fact that I was a full-time dad to Lexy. That I’ve been in her life all these years.”

Felicity sighed. She didn’t know how to act with this information. How did he want her to react? “Look, Oliver, what do you want me to say?”

“Nothing, but I’d like you to go with me to meet him if she’ll let me anyway.”

“I do have a question though.”

“What, Sweetheart?” Oliver asked.

“Mom, if this boy is daddy’s son, are you okay with it? You’re not not going to marry daddy because he discovered he had child are you? Because that doesn’t sound like it was daddy’s fault.”

Felicity sighed. “I don’t know, Sweetheart.” She looked at Oliver and Lexy and replied, “I don’t know if I’ll go with you to meet him or talk to Samantha, but you two should go.”

“Felicity…”

Felicity smiled at her fiance and said, “Oliver, I can’t talk about this right now.”

“Why not?” Oliver asked. “This concerns the entire family, Felicity. If you have a problem say it.”

“I have a problem,” she said. “I have a major problem. It was one thing with Lexy and yes, at first I thought you didn’t know about her, but I’ve grown to love her not only because I love you, but because I feel like she’s mine already. But to know that there’s another child out there that you helped bring into the world…I just need time to wrap my mind around it, okay?”

He nodded. “Okay. So, are you going to wait for us at the hotel or…”

“No, I’m going to go home on the train and I’ll see you guys tomorrow.”
Oliver nodded. He knew that this was a lot for her to deal with so he knew to give her space to think about it. “Okay. We’ll be home probably tomorrow afternoon.”

Felicity nodded. “Okay.”

Oliver dropped her off at the train station and then called Samantha. He smiled, “Hey.”

“Hi. On your way?”

He nodded and answered, “Yes,” he said. “Lexy and I will be there soon.”

“Okay,” she said. She hung up with Oliver moments later and looked at William who was playing with his action figures. She sat on her knees in front of him. “Honey.” William continued playing, “William, Sweetie.”

He looked up and smiled at her. “Yes, mom?”

“Do you remember me telling you about your dad?”

He nodded. “That you met him at school, right?” the little boy answered.

She nodded. “Well, um...I never told your dad about you.”

“Why not?” he asked, blinking at her innocently.

“Um...that’s a very long story for another time, Sweetheart, but um, I know now I was wrong for doing so because your dad wanted to be a father, despite everything I thought.”

“Why?”

“Because you have a big sister.”

His mouth fell open. “Um...really?” he asked, surprised, his voice hitching slightly.

She nodded. “Yeah. Um...the main reason why your dad never knew about you was because I thought he wasn’t ready to be a father.” She smiled at her son. It wasn’t a total lie, but she’d tell him the rest at another time. “But I was wrong and I’m so sorry about that. I shouldn’t have kept you from knowing your dad or your sister. However, they’d like to meet you if you’re willing to meet them.”

The little boy stared at his mom for a second and then looked at his action figure. He had a sister…...and a dad. A dad who actually possibly wanted to be his dad. Wow...he always thought...did he want to meet them? He immediately knew the answer to that. “Okay.”

“Are you sure?”

He nodded. “But do I have to call him ‘dad’ yet?”

She shook her head. “No. You don’t have to call him ‘dad’ until you’re comfortable.”

The sound of the doorbell had her looking back at the door and then at him. “Ready?”


She smiled and kissed the top of his head. “I love you.”
“Love you too, mom.”

She stood and walked to the door. She opened it and smiled at them both. “Hi.”

“Hi,” he said smiling.

She closed the door a little and looked from Lexy to Oliver. “I told him. I didn’t go into detail of how he came...but he knows that I made the mistake. And he knows you’re his father and he knows that he has a sister.” She smiled at Lexy. “However, he might not call you ‘dad’ right way.”

He shook his head. “Not expecting him to,” Oliver told her. “I just want to get to know him.”

“Me too,” Lexy said excitedly.

She laughed softly. “Go ahead, honey.” She let her inside and then looked at Oliver. “I’m so sorry.”

He smiled. “It’s okay, but why did you?”

“You mom,” she told him. “Your mom paid me off to not tell you because she was afraid he’d ruin your ‘promising’ future.”

Oliver’s heart almost shattered. “I’m so sorry.”

She shook her head. “No need. I’m sorry I lied about the miscarriage. If I had known that you’d been a dad for five years before I would have figured something out.”

He smiled. “It’s okay. Like I said. No one--family wise--knew about Lexy. Janine and I wanted it that way because more than likely now looking back they’d probably would have done the same to her.” He sighed. “I would like to co-parent him though, if you want the help that is.”

She nodded. “Absolutely. I would love the help.”

He smiled, the joy was like sunshine.

Meanwhile, inside, Lexy walked into the house and smiled at the young kid sitting on the floor surrounded by all kinds of action figures from various TV shows. She smiled, “Hi.”

The brown-haired boy looked up and his dark eyes met Lexy’s blue ones and her smile widened. “Hi,” he said. He looked up at her, tilting his head curiously.

She sat on her knees and said, “I’m Lexy.”

“William,” he said, smiling softly. “Are you my sister?”

She smiled, her heart swelling. “I am.” She pulled her legs from under her and sat ‘indian’ style on the floor. “Can I play with you?”

He nodded and then looked up at her. “Do you mind playing with boys?”

She laughed softly. “No. Not at all.” He smiled and handed her 4 figures.

When Samantha and their dad walked back in, Lexy and William were in the middle of some kind of battle. Oliver’s smile widened as he watched Lexy happily engage her brother in a battle. When they finished Samantha got his attention. “William.”

He looked up and Oliver’s heart thudded in his chest. It was the same expression on his face when
he was his age. He had photographic proof of it. Samantha then smiled. “Will, this is your dad, Oliver. Oliver, this is William.”

Oliver crouched down in front of him. “Hi, William. I’m so happy to meet you.”

“Hi.” He held out a couple of army figures. “Wanna play action figures?”

“Yeah, I would love to.”

He smiled. “Lexy’s the General. She gets to boss people around.”

He chuckled. “Yeah. Your sister is good at that.” His smile widened. “She’s been doing it since she could talk.”

Samantha sat on the floor with them. “Really?”

He nodded. “Yeah. She had me wrapped around her entire ten fingers and she knew it.”

She scoffed. “Had? Daddy, I still am.”

He laughed. “Right.” He cleared his throat. “All right. Which side of the war am I on?”

“You’re trying to take over this side of the country,” he answered.

He smiled.

The 3 Queens (well, 2 Queens and 1 Clayton) started playing War and for all of them as the battle went on they couldn’t have been happier.
The Brave and the Bold, Part 1

Chapter Summary

Team Arrow takes down Kaboom-Boomerang (Yes, Cisco, he needs a new name) with the help of Team Flash.

“Hey, Lexy, can I ask you a question?”

Lexy smiled as she and William walked back from Jitters, heading back to William’s house. They’d be leaving today and honestly Lexy didn’t like it, but her dad promised her that it wouldn’t the last time that they came back to Central City, not anymore. “Sure. You can ask me anything.”

“What’s dad like as a dad?”

She smiled. That was something new too. William calling Oliver ‘dad’. However, he wouldn’t do it with Oliver or Samantha around. “Um...I won’t lie to you. He’s made mistakes, but every parent makes mistakes. Even my mommy made them and she was amazing.” She cleared her throat. “Um...he’s an amazing father. Uh, he’s incredibly kind.” She put her arm around his shoulders. “If you promise not to say anything, I’ll tell you a secret.”

“What?”

“He’s like a big teddy bear.” She smiled. “And he loves being a dad.”

“Only to you, right?”

When they were about 4 houses down from Samantha’s house and she stopped, crouching down. “Will, no! He’s going to love being your dad just as much as you’ll being his son. But being your dad is going to have it’s awkward moments for daddy, it’s periods of adjustments, but trust me--and you’ll know soon enough that I will never lie to you--he’ll catch on faster than you think, because he’s already had me for thirteen years. So, helping your mom raise you should be pretty easy for him.” She smiled and brushed his dark hair out of his face. “And you have me. I didn’t have anyone when I was your age.”

“Really?”
She nodded. “My mommy died when I was a few years younger than you. I had to go live with dad, but by that point he had gone missing in that boat accident that he told you about. He’s only been home from being found for three years, so we’ve had some adjustments to make too. And he did well. Like I said, he’ll make some mistakes, but he’ll get it faster than you think and you and dad will bond more than you think.”

He sighed. “Do you think dad likes me?”

She smiled and stood, hugging him. She was already madly in love with the kid and it had only been 24 hours. “I think dad adores you, Buddy. Just like I do.” She crouched down in front of him again. “Does your mom let you on the computer?”

He nodded. “Not for very long, but yeah. Why?”

She pulled out a folded piece of paper from her pocket and handed it to him. She smiled. “Open it.”

He unfolded it and seen emails and phone numbers. “What’s this?”

She smiled. She pointed down the page. “This is dad’s email, Dad’s cell phone, our house phone, and his office number.” She smiled. “Then, this is my cell phone and email.” She smiled at him. “Also, after I talked to my best friend, Nick, he said I could give you his number. Which is right here,” She looked into his eyes. “Whenever you need anything just call either of these numbers or email and we’ll be here when you need us.”

“Really?”

She nodded. “I promise.”

“So, will Nick let you or dad know that I called?”

She nodded. “Yeah. He will. He has an older brother who’s his best friend so he knows how important it is.” She stood and wrapped her arms around his shoulders. “But you have to promise that you’ll call or whatever. Even if it is to just talk about your day or whatever, okay?”

He nodded and she hugged him tighter. “I promise.” He took her hand. “Come on! Maybe we can have a dance break before you go home!”

She stumbled as he pulled her down the sidewalk. They trampled into the house. William looked up at her. “What’s dad’s song for you?”

“Song?” she asked.

“The song he used to sing to you,” he clarified. “Mom used to sing You are my Sunshine. Did dad sing to you?”

She nodded. “Yeah. Um...he did. He hasn’t done it in about eight years though, but um...it used to be Isn’t She Lovely by Stevie Wonder. Ever heard of it?”

He shook his head. She smiled and pulled it up on her phone through YouTube. Oliver walked up the porch and Samantha waved him in. She put a finger to her mouth and motioned for him to come in. She pointed. His heart did a flip-flop as he watched his children…. children.

God, he had triple more to live for now.

His heart squeezed just a little when he seen Lexy kiss the top of her brother’s head and he hugged
her. He was extremely happy that he and Samantha had agreed to let the siblings have a sleepover. Lexy needed a sibling. He’d already guessed it was going to be awhile before he and Felicity had children, so now Lexy wouldn’t be through hints much anymore. It gave them a little bit of a reprieve. He stepped into the room. “Hey, Lex. We gotta go. We gotta meet up with mom.”

Samantha looked curiously from Lexy to Oliver. “I thought her mom died?”

He nodded. “She did. However, um...last year, Felicity adopted her and then we got engaged in October, so…”

She smiled. “That’s cool.” She looked at William. “Say goodbye to your dad and Lexy, honey.”

William stood and hugged Lexy tightly. “I’m gonna miss you.”

She hugged him. “I’ll miss you too, Will. But any time you wanna talk just call me, okay? I gave you everyone’s numbers and emails.” She smiled down at him. “Just ask your mom first, okay?” She lowered her voice. “Don’t need to get into trouble.”

He laughed. “Okay.” He walked up to Oliver and looked up at him. “May I hug you?”

He had asked it so low Oliver couldn’t hear him. “I’m sorry, what?”

“May I hug you?” he said just a tad bit louder.

He smiled. “Absolutely.” He wrapped his arms around his boy and hugged him tight. “For future reference you never have to ask, okay?”

He nodded. “You’re coming back, right?”

He nodded. “A hurricane couldn’t keep me away.”

He smiled. “Maybe the next time you come over I can tell you about the Flash.”

He laughed. “I’d love nothing more.”

“Cool!” Maybe having a dad wouldn’t be so bad after all.

They said their goodbyes and then she and Oliver got into the van. He pulled out of her driveway and headed out of town.

A week later, in Starling City, Team Arrow was getting into position to take down the Boomerang Killer. Roy and Lexy ran along the sidewalk to get into their positions, which was behind the Boomerang Killer’s house or hideout, whichever. “So your mom told me you and Oliver got to meet your brother.”

She smiled. “Yeah. He’s a pretty cool kid,” she said as she heard her dad ask if they were in position. “I think I’m going to enjoy having a little brother.”

“In position,” Roy answered then looked at Lexy as they watched around them, “How many years are between you?”

“Um...five and half, six, why?”
He smiled. “I’m just curious. You seem weirdly at peace now. It’s kinda weird.”

She shrugged. “I always wanted a younger sibling. Growing up an only child sucks. Now, I have a little brother….it’s going to be cool.”

Roy smiled and said into his comm, “You know, I probably should have brought this up before, but if this place doesn't belong to the killer you chased to Central City and back, well, we're going to have a lot of explaining to do.”

“It's his,” Lexy and Oliver said in unison, confidently.

Oliver bent down outside the abandoned house and saw the explosives.

“Why, because the residue S.T.A.R. Labs found on the boomerang says so?” John asked.

“Because the whole place is rigged,” Oliver told them.

“Wha...what?” Lexy asked. She fist Roy’s sleeve and they started backing up.

“I can see a trip wire connected to pressurized gas. Front door will be the same.”

“Our new friend doesn't want any surprise visitors,” Roy muttered.

“Well, he's going to get a surprise,” Oliver said. He raised his bow, with an explosive arrow on the string.

Roy did the same. Both arrows blew and the 3 of them walked in. They walked into the kitchen. They see a pan full of soup on the counter. Lexy hovered her hand over the pot.

“Looks like we interrupted his dinner.”

“We just missed him,” she said. “It’s still warm.”

Hearing the sounds of men, they walked out of the room to find red dots on them. “Drop your guns.”

“Sure thing. Right when you learn how to count,” The agent told him. “You're outnumbered, jerkwad.”

“Jerkwad?” Lexy asked. “What is this 1980s?”

“You're not SCPD,” Oliver said.

“Unless police uniforms have gotten really interesting, neither are you.”

“A.R.G.U.S. Your flanking patterns haven't changed in years.”

Lexy lowered her batons and Roy asked, “Why is A.R.G.U.S. in on this?”

“The man who was killed by the Boomerang...he was an A.R.G.U.S. agent?”

“Which makes this an A.R.G.U.S. matter,” the Agent said. “Bug out. Target's not here.” He leveled his eyes with each of them. “Let this go.”

Roy whispered, “Are we going to let this go?”

“What do you think?”
The foursome came down to the Bunker, Felicity met them at the entrance, and Oliver asked, “What about this A.R.G.U.S. angle?”

Felicity turned to walk back to the computer. Nick waited. “Oh, well, A.R.G.U.S. wiped all evidence of their agent's death after he was killed, or at least they thought they did.”

Nick smiled at everyone. “Meet the Boomerang victim. Kai Wu.”

John looked down at the screen. “The man's profile is so clean, I should have known it was an A.R.G.U.S. cover.”

“Well, now that we know Wu is A.R.G.U.S., maybe Lyla can get us a lead?” Roy suggested.

“I agree with Roy.”

John smiled. “Of course you do, Small Fry.”

“If this is an A.R.G.U.S. thing, Lyla's going to want it to stay that way.”

“Well, I would...if you and Lyla were still married,” Oliver reminded him.

“Yeah, Uncle John do you really think you and Aunt Lyla could have gotten married without me?”

He smiled and kissed her head. “Of course not, kiddo.” He smiled. “Lyla would kill me.”

The next day, Felicity was preparing to leave Queen Industries when she heard movement in her office. “Almost done here, Jerry. You should have gone home hours ago.”

“Who's Jerry?” Caitlin asked.

“This place is bigger than my apartment,” Cisco pointed out as Felicity looked up.

“Then I guess it's a good thing you’ve been spending the night at my place, huh?” Grace said.

Surprise couldn’t even describe what Felicity was feeling right now. “What are you guys doing here?”

“You asked us to analyze the DNA off the arrow that killed Sara.”

Still stunned she said, “I was just going to mail you the sample.”

“We had some vacation days coming--”

“We want to see the Arrow cave.”

Felicity stopped. “We don't call it that. Ever.”
“I want to see the toys! I need to see the toys. Do you guys have an Arrowmobile?”

Grace rolled her eyes. “Don’t mind him. I’m just here to make sure he doesn’t break anything. Per the orders of my brother. Who says hi by the way.”

She smiled. She looked her friend up and down. “Nice boots.”

“Thanks. On sale.”

Felicity nodded as she walked to the elevator. “So, um, how are you? The last time we saw you, you all but quit.”

She smiled. “I’m okay.” She said as they stepped into the elevator car. “Still not entirely sure what I’m going to be doing at the Lab, but I didn’t quit no.”

Cisco smiled and took her hand, threading their fingers. “Barry couldn’t get rid of you if he tried.”

********************

“Look who found me at the office,” Felicity announced once they got down to the Bunker.

Lexy turned and squealed happily. “Grace!” She hugged her tight. “I have so much to catch you up on!”

Grace hugged her back. “And I can’t wait to hear it, Lex.” She smiled at Nick. “Hey, Nick.”

“Hi, Grace. Great photo in the CCPN this morning.”

She smiled, pridefully. “Thank you. The writer didn’t think so.”

Nick waved her off. “What does he know?”

She smiled. “Thank you.” She looked at Roy. “Grace Allen.”

“Roy Harper.”

Grace smiled. “This is my boyfriend, Cisco Ramon and my friend, Doctor Caitlin Snow.”

Cisco’s attention was caught by the arrows. He walked over to the compressed air ones and attempted to touch one.

“Don't touch that.”

He tried to touch something else.

“Or that. It's a jettisoning arrow. Uses compressed CO2--”

“Compressed CO2 to jettison high tensile strength polymer cables.”

“Yep.”

“Yeah, they’re a bitch to detangle,” Lexy muttered.

Cisco and Caitlin looked at Oliver. He smirked. “Lex, we talked about that. At least wait a couple more years.”

She smiled. “Oops. Sorry, daddy.”
He smiled. “It’s okay.”

Roy looked confused. “Since when did we start selling admission the the Arrowcave?”

“It's…” Oliver attempted and pointed at Felicity. “Do you see what you've done?”

Felicity didn’t look sorry. Lexy laughed. “Daddy, it’s not a big deal. It’s better than calling it ‘The Bunker.”

“What’s wrong with the Bunker?”

She scoffed. “Where do I start?” She smirked at her father, her eyes dancing. “For one we’re not in the military.” He opened his mouth to counter her argument, but she stopped him. “Ahh. We may be a team, but we sure as heck aren’t a platoon. When we become one, then we’ll discuss it.”

Cisco smiled at Oliver. “She’s going to win that one isn’t she?”

He nodded, smiling, pride and adoration in his eyes. “She always does.”

Grace smiled. “That’s cute the way you look at her like that.”

Oliver smiled. “She’s my princess.”

Cisco moved to the suits. He looked at Oliver’s and Lexy’s. “Incredible. I have so many ideas for improvements.” He walked over to Roy’s suit. “And this. Oh, oh, man! This--this is the bomb. And I mean, red is so much cooler than green, am I right?” He muttered to Roy.

“Hmm. I am really starting to like this guy.”

Lexy rolled her eyes. “Of course you would, RJ. Because he agrees with you that red is a cool color.” Without thinking about the others in the room, she walked over to Nick and slid down on his knee. And he wrapped his arm around her waist affectionately lazy.

Caitlin walked up behind Felicity. “So, what’s that for?” she asked pointing at the Salmon Ladder.

Felicity slid her eyes to Oliver, smirking and then said to Caitlin, “Distracting me from work.”

“Where’s Mr. Diggle?” Caitlin asked.

“He’s tracking down a lead,” Roy said. “Do you want to see a demonstration on this thing?” Roy asked.

Caitlin and Grace smiled. “Sure.”

“Lex.”

She rolled her eyes. “You know, just because you’ve made it up from student to Sidekick status doesn’t mean you’ll skip this darn thing in your training.”

“Yeah, but you’ve been doing it so much longer than me.”

She rolled her eyes and looked at her dad. He nodded. “Go ahead, Sweetheart.”

She nodded and walked past Roy, smacking him in the back of the head. “Ow!” he exclaimed, rubbing his head.
“Hurts don’t it?” Nick asked.

Caitlin looked at Felicity then Grace and then back at Felicity. “She can do that thing?”

Felicity nodded. “She’s an expert at it. Watch.”

Lexy pulled her boots off and then jumped up to grab the pipe. She adjusted her hands on the bar and began. Nick watched. “God that’s hot,” he whispered.

“You’re welcome,” Roy muttered.

Nick laughed.

She got all the way across the bridge when her dad told her to stop. She hopped down.

Grace smiled. “Bad ass chick.”

She laughed and grabbed her boots. “Thanks.”

“Hey, Lex, are these your batons?” he asked and ended up putting too much pressure on the end that squeals.

She rushed over and quickly shut it off. “DON’T TOUCH ANYTHING!” She sighed. “If they were any louder you would be paying for new glass encasements.”

Oliver’s phone vibrated and he swiped it up, answering. “Diggle.”

“We have a bit of a situation here. Our man's at A.R.G.U.S. Lyla's here. Oliver, this guy? He's the real deal.”

He hung up the phone and looked at Lexy. “Suit up, Sweetheart.” He looked at Roy as she walked out of the room, still listening. “Our target is storming A.R.G.U.S. and Lyla is there.”

“Aunt Lyla?”

“Yeah, Sash. Hurry up.”

They quickly left moments later and got to the A.R.G.U.S. facility quickly. They met the Boomerang killer outside. Roy watched in horror as one of the guy’s Boomerangs was heading for her. “SPARROW!”

She thought quick and caught it with her hands. She tossed it to the ground. She pulled her baton, activated her bracelet and threw the baton, where it hit his hand, knocking his boomerang from his hand. She held out her hand and her baton came back to her. They continued to fight the guy, then Lexy watched in horror as the guy’s boomerangs headed for her father. When suddenly the boomerangs were stopped and Lexy saw Barry standing there.

She sighed and put her batons back into their holster as the Boomerang killer left. After Flash left, Lexy walked up to her father and hugged him. He held on. “It’s okay, Sweetheart. I’m okay.”

She sighed. They walked over to Lyla and Diggle. “Are you sure you're ok?” John asked Lyla.

She gave a quick nod and looked at the other 3. “What was that?”
“Better question...who attacked you?” Oliver asked.

John looked at his girlfriend. “And don't tell him it was an internal A.R.G.U.S. matter.”

“His name is Digger Harkness. Former ASIS. His specialty is weapons and technology before he went rogue. Started selling his services to the highest bidder. We caught him three years ago.”

“Well, looks like he escaped,” Roy said sarcastically.

“Not exactly. Harkness' skills made him an ideal recruit for Task Force X.”

“You mean the Suicide Squad.”

“Oh, my God....”

“They had an Op in Tanzania. Assassination of a local warlord. But the warlord had bigger guns. The mission went south... and the team had to be sanitized.”

“You mean killed, Lyla,” John said.

“Waller couldn't be reached. It was my call,” Lyla told him.

“So, what went wrong?” Lexy said. She may not agree with A.R.G.U.S.’s methods, but she would argue that later. “Why isn’t he dead along with the rest of them?”

“I’m not exactly sure,” she admitted. “The micro bomb in Harkness’ neck must have malfunctioned.”

“Was it designed to do that?”

“Not in theory, no. But technology is unpredictable that way.”

“We need to consider that every A.R.G.U.S. facility is compromised,” Oliver told her. “There's only one place we can keep you safe.”

Nick couldn’t seem to keep his eyes off Barry as he quickly did the salmon ladder several times. Caitlin watched him too. “How often does Oliver do this?”

“At least every Wednesday. There's a lot of sweating.”

Grace smirked. “I could see the appeal of watching it when he does do it. I still can’t get over your small statured daughter can do it.”

She smiled. “What did Lexy say, Nicky. It’s in the abdominals?”

He nodded. “It uses the same abdominal muscles as a chin up would.”

Grace laughed softly. “I bet that girl’s abs are amazing.”

Nick laughed wryly. “You have no idea.”

The adults from Central City looked at him and gave him a look that asked, “How do you know?”

He laughed. “Saw her in a bikini over the summer.”

Felicity shook her head. “They’re not that serious yet. Oliver would kill him.”

“Not only Oliver, but my dad too.”
Barry hopped down. “I don’t see what’s so hard about that.”

Felicity looked at Barry nervously. “I’m not sure she should have called you. Oliver doesn’t play well with others.”

“Ah, come on. Barry and Oliver kicked ass last week,” Cisco said, attempting the ladder himself.

“Yeah! They were in, like…” Cisco pulled himself up. “A league of their own.”

“Yeah, that was, like, a one time thing.”

“The dude was tossing around exploding boomerangs. They needed some back-up,” Barry pointed out. He then went into thought. “And I need some dinner. That salmon ladder made me hungry for Sushi.” He took off, papers flying everywhere.

“And I need to get some paperweights down here!”

“I should have warned you about that.”

“Yeah.”

Seconds later, the entire team, with Lyla in toe came downstairs. Felicity stood and walked to the table where they were all standing. “Are you okay?” she asked.

“You can’t work for A.R.G.U.S. without making a few enemies,” Lyla said simply.

Lexy looked around. “Where’s Uncle Barry?”

“Uncle Barry?” Roy asked. He looked at Oliver. “She adopted him too?”

Oliver shrugged. “It’s her choice.” He smirked. “You’re not feeling left out of the whole ‘Uncle’ thing are you?” he teased.

He shook his head. “I just wasn’t aware that her affection for the guy had gone to ‘Uncle’ status.”

“Well, be lucky,” Grace said. “I still haven’t made it to aunt yet.”

Lexy laughed. “Just because I haven’t said it doesn’t mean you aren’t.”

Lyla looked at everyone. “I’m sorry to involve you all in this.”

She smiled. “It’s okay, Aunt Lyla. We’re family and a team and this guy seriously has it out for you.”

John opened the evidence bag and dumped out its contents on the table. She looked up at him. “Isn’t that A.R.G.U.S property?”

“That’s evidence,” John said.

Barry came back and sat down with whoosh in an empty chair, eating sushi. He had his mask pulled down. Caitlin looked at him. “Hey! Secret identity?”

“They’re married.”

“We’re not married,” John and Lyla said in unison.

“Or together,” Barry clarified. “Whatever. He told her about me.”
John shook his head.

“You didn't?”

“I keep secrets for a living, man.”

“Ah. My bad.”

Lexy exhaled. “It’s not a big deal—”

“You're--you're--” Lyla stuttered, shocked.

“The Flash.” He held out his container. “Sushi?”

She shook her head, her eyes never leaving him. She looked at Grace. “That means you’re Gaia, right?” she finally asked.


“Hi.”

Oliver looked at everyone. “We need a location on the man who’s after Lyla. His name is Digger Harkness.”

“The first step is to work the evidence—”

“Barry, can I speak to you for a moment, please?”

“Oh-oh,” Grace muttered.

Lexy exhaled and snatched Nick’s Big Belly Burger cup from him as she said, “Daddy.”

“I appreciate your help back at A.R.G.U.S., but we have this handled,” Oliver said, keeping his voice down.

“You don’t want to team up again?”

“Things work differently here. Starling City is meaner.”

“I seem to remember helping you pretty good last year, and that was without powers,” Barry pointed out.

“You’re right, you did,” Lexy said, sipping on Nick’s soda. “But dad’s right. Starling makes Central City look like a Leave it to Beaver existence. We don’t exactly do things ‘by the book’ here.”

Barry looked from Lexy to Oliver. “I've been practicing everything you taught me. I'm--I'm casing new environments; I'm not running in blind.”

Lexy sighed. “Daddy.”

He sighed. “It’s your decision.”

“My decision? You’re team leader!”

“And you’re my partner. Which means you are allowed to make decisions—within reason like me.”

She blew out a breath. “Okay. But we do this our way.” She looked at Barry to the rest of the team
and asked, “Do either of you have a problem taking orders from a thirteen year old?”

They shook their heads. She nodded. “Then we’ll team up.”

“Yes! This is going to be awesome.”

Lexy wasn’t so sure about that.
The Brave And the Bold, Part 2

Chapter Summary

They finally take down Harkness and the 2 teams finally become partners...and family.

She just hoped that she made the right decision.

“Ok, what's our first move?” Barry asked.

“We need to reassemble the evidence,” Oliver said walking back to the table. “It will take some time, but it'll--”

Barry quickly pieced the boomerangs back together.

“But it'll be worth it,” Oliver finished.

“Rad!” Cisco exclaimed, reaching for a boomerang. “These are a bit more teched out than the one you guys brought to Central City. 3D printed polymer with a circuitry weave.”

“Some of Harkness' boomerangs exploded,” Roy informed him.

“Oh, yeah, there are grooves in here that could definitely pack a C4 charge.”

“Maybe if we figure out where Harkness got the supplies, we can use that to track him.”
“These weren’t made by Ka-Boom-Boomerang.”

“Ka-Boom-Boomerang?” Roy asked.

“Yeah, you know, he has exploding boomerangs?” he explained.

Grace looked at Team Arrow. “Excuse him, but he likes to give our bad guys Codenames.”

“It’s cool,” Nick said. “However, you may want to rethink that one. Now, Kaboom could be fun.”

“Really? It makes perfect sense--”

“Cisco,” Oliver said in his best parent voice. “If Harkness didn't make them, we need to find out who did.”

“And who he made the buy off of,” John said.

“But how are we going to do that when we all know that A.R.G.U.S. wiped whatever existence this guy had,” Lexy pointed out.

“How do you know that?” Lyla asked.

“Uncle John told me a couple of years ago.”

“Markos,” Cisco said.

“Who?” Grace asked.

“You see this collapsible node design? Dead giveaway. That's his signature.”

Felicity turned, walking back to the computer as Oliver said, “We need a location on this…”

“Klaus Marcos.”

She typed away on the keyboard and then came up with a name. “No known home address or place of employment for Markos. But he was arrested last year by an officer Quentin Lance.”

Nick smiled. “I’ll go with you. Promised my dad I’d stop in.”

Oliver nodded. “Come on.”

Oliver, Lexy, Roy, Grace and Barry stood outside one of the locations for the Bratva and Barry’s amazed at the fact that Oliver’s a member of the Russian mob. “I cannot believe you're a member of the Russian mob!”

“Former member, probably. We had a falling out last year.”

“A falling out?” Lexy asked. “Is that what we’re calling it?”

He smirked. “I love you, but shut up.”

She laughed.

“This is where they run their cyber crime operation.”
“Hey, nice outfit, by the way.”
Roy didn’t look phased. Grace sighed. “Wow...so serious.”
“This place looks like a fortress.”
“Kalashnikovs everywhere,” John told them walking up.
“Roy, take the southeast corner. Barry, scan the perimeter. Lex be my eyes above okay?”
She nodded and took off.
“Dig--”
“I've got northwest.”
“Are you going to be ok?”
“You think I'll lose it because Harkness is after Lyla?”
He confirmed.
“I'm good.”
From her position from above, Lexy watched as Barry tied them all up. “Daddy.”
“Yes, Sparrow?”
“Barry just took our fun away.”
Grace sighed. “He does that.”
“I had eight seconds to kill.”
Oliver didn’t look happy. “Sparrow get down here.”
She dropped in from the roof and Grace slowly landed.
“Was that wrong?”
Oliver didn’t answer. “What?”
Grace turned. “There’s Markos.”
Barry stopped him. “My friend wants to have a conversation with you.” He pinned him down.
Markos tried to fight.
The Arrow held up a boomerang. “You made this for Digger Harkness. I want to know where he is.”
“Go to hell.” He continued to fight. And then Oliver shot him with an arrow.
Barry and Grace both stared in shock. Grace looked over at Lexy thinking she’d be flinching or something, but the young girl didn’t even looked phased by it.
Oliver walked to him, wrapping his hand around the arrow protruding out of his shoulder. “The only
thing that hurts worse than an arrow going in is an arrow coming out!” He attempts to pull it out.

“What the hell?!”

“Whoa, hey, what are you doing?!”

“Getting information! Where is he?!”

“I don't know!”

“He said he doesn't know!” Flash insisted for him.

“Flash!” Lexy admonished. “He's lying.” She sauntered to stand in front of the guy and said, “If you ever want mobility in that arm again I’d start talking.”

He looked at the girl. “Screw you.”

“Tell me where he is!” She yelled.

Oliver pressed the arrow in just a little and he held up his phone. “Here! Harkness gave it to me. It's encrypted. I had an order ready for him. I called, he came. I don't know where he is, I swear.” He was freaking out. “I swear!”

Lexy walked up to him and punched him in the face, knocking him out cold.

Grace sighed. “Was that really necessary?”

Barry took him to Lance and came back. Oliver looked at them. “Felicity can crack the encryption. Use this to track down Harkness.”

Barry was surprised. “You tortured that guy.”

“I interrogated him.”

He scoffed in disbelief. “When my friend said your tactics made you a criminal, I defended you because I thought you were supposed to be a hero. I thought we were supposed to be better than them.”

Lexy exhaled and looked at her father. “Oh, boy.”

Oliver walked to him. “Barry... You two live in Central City, where it's sunny all the time and your enemies get cute nicknames. You're not in Central City.”

“Yeah.”

“I live in a city where my best friend was murdered, where a woman that I loved was shot full of arrows and sent tumbling off of a rooftop. Where my mother was murdered right in front of me. So before you--”

“My mother was murdered in front of me, too. But I don't use my personal tragedies as an excuse to just torture whoever pisses me off.”

“Well, I'm sorry, Barry, I'm not as emotionally healthy as you are.”

“What's wrong with you?!”
“When we agreed that you were staying, we decided that it would be on my terms. If that is proving too difficult for you, you know your way back to Central City.”

“How can you do this with your daughter with you?”

“All right, that’s enough!” Lexy exclaim. She looked at her father and then at Barry. “From both of you.” She stood in front of Barry. “You have no right to judge his parenting. No right.”

“Come on, Lex. Having you out here—” Grace tried.

“He’s not forcing me to do this,” she told them. “I’m doing this on my own. I love what I do.”

“Torturing people?”

“No. Criminals, Barry. There’s a big difference. None of these guys are completely innocent. Look, you and aunt Grace have every right to be upset at that, but I tried to warn you, Barry. I did.”

“So, because you warned us it makes it okay?”

“No, but this town is a helluva lot tougher than Central City. We have fucking drug dealers and psychopaths living here. While you’ve got metahumans. That may seem like a bigger task to you, it’s not to us. We’ve had to teeter on the wrong side a few times to get what we need from these jackasses. I love you, but you will not go after my father because you have sensibilities about killing people.”

She started walking away. “And for the record, the Arrow doesn’t kill anyone anymore unless he has to. And dad’s right if that’s a problem for you….”

Grace looked at Oliver. “Wow. She’ll definitely go balls to the wall for you won’t she?”

He nodded. “Imagine what she’ll be like when she becomes an adult?”

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Barry watched Lexy as she paced up and down the floor. “You ever going to speak to me again?”

“You gonna stop being a naive jerk?”

He tried to hide his smirk. “Touche.”

She exhaled and walked to the stairs where he sat. “Look, Barry, dad would give anything in this world for me to be a normal kid. But I’m not. A lot of stuff has happened to me.”

“Like what?”

“My dad disappeared when I was about six. My mom died six months later. I came to live with my grandmother and my aunt who didn’t want anything to do with me. Because of that I was forced to grow up quickly. When I was eight. I was almost raped—”

“Oh, God, really?!”

She nodded. “If it wasn’t for Roy I probably would have. But fighting with my dad, saving this City from jackasses like the four guys who wanted to hurt me has helped me heal in so many ways. Now, you might think I have a hero-worship thing for my father and you’d be right. I do, but I also know he’s extremely flawed in his methods. What you saw tonight was extremely tame compared what he
did a couple of years ago. You don’t know what it’s like in this City. During the day it may look like an ordinary town, but at night it’s hell.”

“I got him,” Felicity announced. “He’s in a warehouse at the corner of Infantino and Adams. Is that—”


“Lecture mom later on hacking into government websites.” She leaned into her. “Just remember it won’t work.”

Felicity smirked into the screen. “Thermographic imaging shows ten bodies inside.”

“Harkness knows we're coming.”

Cisco picked up the cell phone. “I can track the cell phone's position with this.”

“Cisco, you're with Diggle and Roy. Grace go with them.” Oliver looked at Lexy. “You’ll come with me.” He stopped short when he seen Barry.

“I'll race you there.”

“Actually, daddy, I think I’m going to stay here.”

He turned and looked at her. “Why?” he asked slowly.

“Um…” she shook her hands out nervously.

Oliver got in her line of vision. “Look at me, Baby.”

She looked up at him. He gave her a calming look. “Why?”

“It’s a feeling.”

“What kind of feeling?” Roy asked.

“What’s going on?” Grace asked, snapping her mask into place.

“Lexy’s got a feeling,” Caitlin told her.

Roy looked at the young doctor. “She’s intuitive and she’s about ninety-eight percent correct.” He looked at her. “What kind of feeling, Sash?”

“That someone needs to be here.”

“Lyla’ll be here,” Grace added.

She sighed, getting frustrated. Oliver walked up to his daughter. “Look at me. Keep your eyes on me.” She looked into his eyes. “Do you feel like it’s trouble on our end or here?”

“Here,” she said confidently. “I just feel like if someone isn’t here to protect the bunker we might regret it.”

He nodded. “All right. Barry, you’re with me. Lexy stay here with mom, aunt Lyla and Caitlin. Let’s move out.”
The sound of Markos’ phone coming to life had Felicity jerking her head in that direction. “I swear I turned that off.”

“What?”

“Markos’ phone. I shut it down after I decrypted it.”

“Did someone turn it back on remotely?”

“And back trace the trace? We have to get out of here now!”

Lexy looked at the others. “Go.”

Nick stopped. “I’m staying.”

A boomerang went to a table where Felicity sat. Lexy walked over to where her batons were charging and pulled them, just as Harkness came around the corner. “Hello, Lyla. It’s been a long time.”

Lexy’s eyes narrowed as she activated her bracelets. Harkness laughed. “This Arrow guy must be an idiot to leave a little girl in charge.”

Nick slid across the floor as Lexy and Harkness fought. He moved to the drawer where the guns were and pulled one. He put the magazine inside and yelled, “Lyla!”

She caught it as Nick grabbed another and loaded it. As Lyla and Nick fired, Lexy fought him hand to hand, blocking the boomerangs. As she fought she felt one go across her arm and she yelled in pain. She then threw her baton and it hit him in the head, knocking him on his ass, but not before he threw a boomerang and it lodged into Lyla’s chest.

Lexy screamed while Nick ran after Harkness, he fired a shot, nicking him in the leg. Lexy and Felicity slid across the floor to Lyla. “CAITLIN!” they screamed in unison.

“Stop the bleeding,” Caitlin told as she ran to their medical supply shelf. “I need Lidocaine.”

“We have epinephrine!”

“That'll work.”

Caitlin jabbed the needle into her chest and then looked at Lexy. “Did you get caught by one of the of the boomerangs?”

“Yes,” she answered. “Not a big deal. I’ll have dad patch me up when he gets back.”

Caitlin shook her head and took a deep breath. “She’s braver than me.”

Felicity smiled. “She is her father’s daughter that way.”

Lexy pulled her phone out of her pocket and dialed her dad. “Daddy!”

“Lexy, baby, slow down. What?”

She took a deep breath. “I was right. Harkness did come back here.” She sniffled, the tears coming faster.
Nick gently took the phone from her. “Oliver, Harkness showed. He fought him off, but not before one of his boomerangs got Lyla. You need to get back her now!”

“On our way,” Oliver told him. “Nicky, take care of our girl.”

“Always.”

They got back to the bunker and John rushed to Lyla. Caitlin looked at John. “I stabilized her, but I can’t operate on her here.”

John looked at Barry. “Barry…”

Oliver looked at Barry as he picked her up. “Starling General’s at Eighth and Wilcott.”

He sped off and Oliver sighed. Nick sighed. “Oliver. She won’t let me touch her.”

He sighed. “Lexy.”

She turned and looked at her dad and then uncle. “I tried to stop him...but...but…”

Oliver pulled her into a hug. “Sweetheart, you did…” his voice trailed off when he felt the blood on her arm. “You’re bleeding.”

“It’s not a big--”

“Alexandra Olivia Queen, if I hear you one more time say it’s not a big deal you’re grounded from the field for two weeks.”

“Dad!”

“You heard me. Come here.”

She sighed and sat down. He looked at Caitlin. “Wanna patch her up?”

“Sure.” Caitlin began as she patched her up she said, “This’ll scar.”

“It can join the other three I got,” she said smiling.

Caitlin smiled and leaned down to whisper, “Does he like them?”

She smirked. “He hasn’t complained yet.”

Nick’s blue eyes widened in curiosity. “About what?”

“My scars, Babe.”

He looked at Oliver, Roy and then back at Lexy. “Why would I complain?”

Caitlin laughed. “I asked if you liked them.”

He smiled. He shrugged. “Her scars are just reminders of how strong she is.”

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Later that night, Oliver asked to be alone, so Felicity, Grace, Cisco and Caitlin went upstairs to the nightclub to have a drink. “How do you guys do it? How do you guys live like this? Where anyone you care about could be struck down?”
“We haven’t been taking this seriously,” Caitlin clarified. “It's all been a game. We give the bad guys code names.”

“I think the fact we go up against meta-humans made it all kind of clean. Like, the fact that they have these powers makes what they're doing less...real.”

Neither Felicity nor Roy said anything. Roy smiled when he seen Lexy. “If you want an honest answer, ask the girl who’s been here since the beginning.”

They looked up to see Lexy approaching the table. “Hey, guys.” She kissed Roy’s cheek and hugged her mom. Felicity looked up at her. “Aunt Lyla’s gonna be okay.”

She smiled. “Good. I was going to head down and tell daddy.”

“Tell me what?”

“I’m going to go head over to Uncle John and Aunt Lyla’s and babysit Sara until he gets home.”

Felicity nodded. “Okay. Before you go, your Central City family has a question for you.”

She looked at them. “How do you do it?” Grace asked.

“Do what?”

“Put the suit on every night and go out knowing that one of you might not come back,” Caitlin said.

She smiled solemnly. “I was waiting for you guys to realize the entire thing is real. Even if you’re dealing with the impossible.” She sighed. “It’s not easy.” She bit her lip trying to decide if she wanted to tell them this. “Well, um…” she took a breath again. “Okay. Well, it’s harder for me because he’s my best friend, my rock. Dad’s everything. And I’m fortunate enough to have mom in the bunker and about twenty percent of the time what happened tonight never happens. It comes down to trust and faith basically. You have to believe and have faith that your entire team will come home at the end of the day. But they have to trust you completely to also.” She pulled out the necklace Nick got her for Valentine’s day last year. “And a good luck charm never hurt.”

Caitlin leaned over. “Oh, it’s a necklace. A taurus sign, an arrow, saint something pendant and a half heart on the chain.”

“What do they all stand for?”

She pointed at the taurus symbol. “This is Nick’s sign, um, an arrow from mom and daddy.” She sighed. “This half heart is from Roy and uh, my mom’s St. Michael pendant.”

Caitlin smiled. “Nice going, Felicity.”

“Not this mom. My biological mom. My mom was Catholic. St. Michael was her guardian angel or so she said. When she died her best friend, Tiffany gave it to me and told me it would protect me when it seemed like nothing or no one else would.”

They smiled, not knowing what else to say. Cisco looked at his phone. “Let’s head downstairs before you go to Diggle’s house. I have a present for you.”

She nodded. However, they got distracted by Harkness. They finally took him down, but not before he planted bombs—5 bombs—all over the city. Barry used the rest of the team to disarm them. When the bombs were taken care of, they put Harkness in their Lian Yu prison.
Now everyone stood in the bunker saying their goodbyes. Caitlin was slipping the Arrow that killed Canary back into the evidence bag. “Some of the STR markers on the DNA sample have degraded, but I’ve got a computer back at the lab that I think will help fill in the gaps.”

“Thank you, Caitlin.”

“I’ll let you know as soon as I have the results. I’ll call this time.”

“It’s cool. You guys are fun.”

“So are you guys. Well, you could be if you realized you were working under a nightclub,” Cisco commented and Grace rolled her eyes.

“We are well aware of it, Uncle Cisco,” she smirked. She looked at Grace. “Told ya.”

“What warrants aunt and uncle status with you?”

She shrugged. “Depends on a few factors. What I think of you. What my dad thinks of you and whether you mind the fact that a thirteen year old girl can kick your ass.”

“Lexy.”

She jerked. She looked at Barry. “Do it again and I’ll make Aunt Grace put a bell on your neck.”

Barry laughed. “Sorry, Lex.”

“Oh, did you guys take care of business?”

“Digger Harkness is now cell mates with one Slade Wilson,” Oliver said.

“We’ve got a Pipeline, he’s got a gorgeous tropical island.”

“With the landmines,” Felicity said.

Team Flash was surprised. Barry seen the two extra cases. “What’s this?”

“Oliver helped me put that in while you guys were at the hospital.”

“Wait, this is for me? For us?”

“For the next time you’re in town,” Oliver told him.

“There’ll be a next time?”

Oliver smiled. “I’m still calling the shots.”

“We’ll talk about that.”

“Yes, we will. And then I’ll call the shots.”

They laughed. Before they left, Cisco gave them both their presents. New upper body tops. “Early Christmas present. Turns out S.T.A.R. Labs’ industrial fabricator was based out of Starling, so... Polymer Kevlar weave. It’s 25% lighter and can carry 15% more gear. I’ve got designs I’m working up that I’m really excited by.”
“It’s, uh, it’s subtle.”

“I wanted to replace the hood, but, uh, Felicity said it had sentimental value.”

“Thank you.”

“Any time.”

Lexy exhaled. “Well, I gotta go. I promised Uncle John I’d take care of Sara until he got back.” She kissed Cisco’s cheek. “Thank you for the suit.”

“You’re welcome.” She finished her goodbyes and then left.

After Oliver and Barry settled an old debate, Team Flash headed home. And for Team Arrow it was business as usual.
Chapter Summary

Team Arrow is given 48 hours to find Sara's killer...or residents of Starling City...and Lexy will die!

For Oliver it's the greatest fight of all....

Chapter Notes

Hey, All. I'm back. Thank you for being patient as I try to balance my life out again. I hope you enjoy this chapter.

According to Google Translate: Eibad al Shams means 'The Sunflower'. (If anyone out there is Arabic or knows Arabic and knows a better phrase pass it along and I will use it.)

Lexy ducked the kick that came toward her and blocked the punch from her other opponent. She smiled as she felt his kick go into her leg. Taking her leg out from under her and putting her on one leg.

She then swung her baton around as she said, “Roy, left foot needs to be back more.”

“No it doesn’t,” he grunted and blocked one of her batons, but only to get knocked on his backside with the other. He landed with a huff and she turned back to Nick and blocked his punch, flipping...
him over her and he landed next to Roy.

“Damn,” Nick gasped. “Even on one knee she took us down. How the hell did she do that?”

“Because she’s a badass,” Roy smiled. “And she listens to her teacher.”

She stood and walked over to Roy, pulling him to his feet. She then walked over to Nick, holding out her hand. He took it and as she tried to pull him to his feet, he pulled her arm and brought her off balance and she fell on top of him. He rolled her onto her back.

Roy snickered. For a couple that had been dating a year, well, over a year now, they didn’t show much PDA and they definitely didn’t kiss that often. If you didn’t know any better and you were meeting them for the first time you would think they were just friends.

She laughed softly as he pinned her hands above her head. She squirmed but didn’t struggle. “Can I help you, Mr. Jordan?”

“You’re hot when you do that,” he said low enough that she could only hear him.

Her smile widened. “You think so?”

He nodded, he bowed at the waist and took her mouth slowly, deeply. She pushed at his hands and when he let go she wrapped them around his neck and let him lick at her top lip before he swept his tongue inside her mouth and their tongues tangled.

Oliver came downstairs and slowed. “Wow…it’s been a few weeks since I seen them do that.”

Roy turned and looked at him. “Do what?”

He laughed. “Roy, I know they kiss like that. She told me.”

He blinked at her in surprise. “She told you?”

He nodded. “Lexy tells me everything,” he said.

“And you’re not going to go all dad on her?”

“Not yet,” he said. “It’s been awhile since they’ve done that. I’m giving it to them.”

“Why has it been so long?”

He shrugged. “He’s always told me that he’s not with her just because he’s sexually attracted to her. He’s with her because he likes everything about her.”

“Yeah, but a few weeks?” Roy asked. “I was making out with your sister all the time.”

He shrugged. “You were also sleeping with her. Lexy’s always told me she’s never wanted a relationship like everyone else’s in her high school. She told Nick that if they started dating then they’re staying together and not breaking up fifty times for one reason or another.” He took a drink of Lexy’s water. “That doesn’t mean that they don’t show PDA--”

“They show PDA? When?”

“In the condo and at his house. Some at school. They don’t show much PDA in the bunker.”

“Why not the Bunker?”
“Because the Bunker’s not a place to make out or show much PDA.”

Roy looked at his friend and smiled. “ Came up for air huh?”

Nick shrugged, wiping at his bottom lip. “Like Oliver said it doesn’t happen often, but when it does…”

“Seriously, man, you are not like a normal fourteen year old kid.”

“That’s because I’m not a normal fourteen year old kid, Roy.” He took the water that Oliver just drank out of and took a long swig. “I grew up quick two years ago.”

“Why?”

“Because my dad was in prison for six months,” he told him. “My brother and I both grew up quick. We had to take care of mom. She was a mess, and so Chris and I came together and helped mom through it. Which making that decision forced us both to grow up,” He laughed softly. “Excuse me, Oliver, this may make you feel uncomfortable, but,” he turned to Roy, “that’s not saying that I don’t want to someday be…” he glanced at Oliver and then looked at Roy, “…intimate with Lexy, but I promised her and Oliver that we would go at her pace when it came to that and so far I haven’t had any complaints on that part. Not that I would, but…”

Roy shook his head. “Not normal at all.”

Lexy laughed and picked up her water, taking a swig.

“It’s good that you’re both here,” Oliver said. “I wanted to let you know that I discussed it with your parents, Nick and I discussed it with Felicity and all four of us have agreed that Lexy may go to Metropolis if she so chooses still.”

“You’re gonna let her go halfway across the country alone?” Roy asked.

He shook his head. “No. I’m letting her go halfway across the country to enjoy Christmas with her boyfriend and her best friends.” He looked at his daughter. “There’s one thing that I want you to do for me and I want you to promise.”

She looked up at him and smiled. “What, daddy?”

“Have fun,” he told her. “Enjoy it. I’m sure you’ll probably make the trip a lot with you and Nick staying together until you’re like ninety, but that’s all I want you to do is be a kid on a trip. Don’t worry about anything here. Just enjoy being thirteen and being on a trip with people that care and love you as much as mom and I do.”

Her smile widened and she went into his arms. “I will, daddy. I promise.” She turned to Nick and went into his arms. She held on around his neck.

“Told you he’d say yes.”

After giving them a few minutes, Oliver said, “Okay, Lex, get your gear on we gotta go take someone down.”

She nodded and walked into another part of the bunker to change.
They stood in the shadows as Captain Lance walked out to see the bad guy against the wall waiting to be brought in.

“Hello, Captain,” Sparrow said.

“Merry Christmas,” Arrow replied.

“Well, I feel bad. I didn't get you two anything.”

Lexy smiled through her mask at him. “Thank for the thought, Captain.”

“You keep the city safe.”

“So do you.” He picked the man up and started taking him up the cement stairs. He looked at the duo. “You know, these days, you're the closest thing to a partner I got. Happy holidays.”

Lexy started walking ahead of her dad, when the whooshing sound of an arrow sailed through the air. He moved out of the way and Lexy caught it in her hand. He shot another arrow in the direction of the League of Assassins henchman.

“Merlyn.”

They started fighting the League of Assassins guys, but they captured them and knocked them out.

Lexy came to, her head aching and her vision was blurry. She moaned and tried to move her arms, but realized fairly quickly that she was bound. “Wha…?” She popped her eyes open and looked around. She saw Nyssa and groaned. She looked down to see her father trying to stand. “Daddy.”

“Nyssa. What is this?” He realized his daughter was tied up. “We agreed!”

“To nothing. My father merely decided to give you the time to bring Sara's killer to justice, and you have failed.”

“We are doing everything that we can!”

“You've been distracted protecting the city. And you've exhausted my father's patience.”

“So you took my daughter!”

“This was your doing, Oliver,” she said. She motioned to 2 of the League members and they pulled Lexy to her feet. “Dad!”

“No, Nyssa, don’t do this! Please! She’s just a little girl.”

“This little girl is a warrior, Oliver,” she reminded him. “In civilizations past, when someone in the village was murdered, the League would come and kill 50 people a day until the true criminal was rooted out. Find and deliver the one who killed Ta-er Al-Sahfer. You have 48 hours, or the citizens of Starling will see what the League of Assassins is capable of.”

“You're going to slaughter innocent people.”

“The cleansing of Starling City will fall to Sarab.”
“Maseo?”

“Maseo is no longer. As she said... I am Sarah.”

“Deliver Sara's killer or blood will flow in your streets. And your daughter will be the first casualty.”

Lexy’s face paled with fear and her heart hammered in her chest. “No! Daddy!”

“I’ll find you, Baby. I promise. Just be strong.” He looked at Nyssa. “This isn't what Sara would want!”

“Sara is dead. It's time you remember that.”

“DADDY! NO! DADDY!”

He watched until he couldn’t see her anymore and then he fell to his knees and sobbed.

Nick turned in his chair when he heard footsteps and his heart dropped. “Where’s Lexy?”

John and Felicity turned to see Oliver’s eyes were red. Felicity’s heart stopped beating. “Oh, God… is…is…she…dead?” she choked out hoarsely.

He shook his head. “No,” he said softly. He sighed. He explained the fight with the League of Assassins and being taken by them and then he said, “She gave me forty-eight hours to deliver Sara’s killer or she was going to kill…”

Nick’s heart pounding painfully hard and his knees buckled. His voice shook, “She’s going to kill my girlfriend if…if we don’t deliver her a killer?”

He nodded. And Nick collapsed back into his seat. “No…”

Oliver looked at John, Roy, Felicity and Nick and said, “I promise you all we will get her back. We’ll figure this out. I promise.”

“And if we don’t?” John asked. “Does a little girl lose her life because we couldn’t find him or her?”

He shook his head, the wretched feeling nausea turning up in his stomach. “No. She’s my daughter. I will not let her die.”

“How are you going to stop it, Oliver?!” Nick yelled. “Huh? These guys are psychotic! You best believe that Nyssa will kill her!”

Lexy came to yet again and groaned. She lifted her head, her muscles screaming in protest. “Damn it,” she muttered. She fought the restraints and looked around. She was on a plane…a private jet actually. “Wha…?” she looked at the men that seemed to be staring her down. “Where are you taking me?”

“You’ll find out,” Nyssa told her. “So, sit back and enjoy the flight, Miss Queen.”

She scoffed. “I’ll enjoy being on a plane with you about three-thousand feet when you can remove
the stick from your ass—" she grunted as she felt a fist go into her face. She worked her jaw and
glared up at the man who had punched her. "Ooh. You better hope that doesn’t bruise as bad as I
think," she looked at Nyssa, "or you’ll be recruiting new League members."

She looked at her coolly. "Why’s that?"

"Because if I’m not in at least mint condition when my father finds me you’ll have to bury bodies
however you do it because he’ll kill every man or woman who lays a finger on me forcefully."

Defiance flashed through her eyes as she stared the young woman sitting across from her down.

Nick leaned over the computer screen and read the article from the Central City Picture News as the
headline read: Mysterious Yellow Blur Attacks S.T.A.R. Labs. He was trying to distract himself
from worrying about what his girlfriend was enduring right now and where she could possibly be.

"But you're all right? Okay. Yes, it is coming through now." She paused for a moment. "No, I'm
fine. Things are just, um, tense here. Thank you, Caitlin. Happy holidays to you, too." She hung up
the phone and put the phone down beside her.

"Are those the DNA results?"

"It’s the reassembled genome S.T.A.R. Labs was able to get off of the arrow that killed Sara. I need
to run it against potential suspects."

"What database are you using?" John asked.

"SCPD maintains a genetic markers database. Anyone's who committed a felony in the past three
years." The computer beeped and she looked at the screen. She moved to another screen. "No, that--
that can't be right."

"Who…?" Nick looked over and his heart dropped to the pit of his stomach.

"Who is it?"

"It must be a mistake."

"Felicity! Who killed Sara?"

She turned in her chair and looked at her fiance. "You did."

"This must be a mistake."

"John’s right," Nick said. "Why would Oliver kill her? I mean, at one time he loved Sara…or at least
cared about her."

"I took perspiration off the arrows that killed Sara. Two years ago when the police arrested Oliver
because they thought, accurately, that he was the vigilante, they took a DNA sample. That sample is
a match for 12 out of the 13 STRs. The odds of that…they're impossible."

"Okay, so somehow my DNA is on the arrows." He frustratingly rubbed his hands over his face.

"Hang in there, Baby," he prayed to himself.

"Someone's setting you up, Oliver," John said confidently.
“Well, somebody with a vested interest in pitting me against the League of Assassins. It's Malcolm Merlyn.”

Nick looked at Oliver. “Yeah, but why? He had to have known that the League would have done something like this. Maybe not directly knowing they’d take Aly in the process, but he had to…”

Oliver nodded. “You’re right, Nick. The League will do anything to gain the upper hand and control their targets. And Nyssa knows the best way to control me is to use my daughter to make me cooperate.”

“Yeah, but Merlyn was in Corto Maltese with Thea when this was going down,” John reminded him.

“Unless he wasn't. I mean, Merlyn hid successfully for two years from the police and the League. He's good at covering his tracks.”

“So we uncover them. But it might take some time,” Felicity said.

“In less than 48 hours, the League is going to murder 50 people. We don’t have time,” Oliver told her. “And our daughter will be one of them.”

“You did what?!”

“I took his daughter,” she repeated to her father. Nyssa paced up and down the aisle of the plane as she listened to her father blow a gasket. “Father, if you let me explain--”

“Taking his daughter was futile, Nyssa! He would have done as we had asked with what I told you to do!” he yelled. “You didn’t have to take his daughter--”

“Yes, I did!” She yelled. “Someone killed the most precious person to me! So I took the most precious person to him to motivate him to do as we told him.” She rubbed her forehead. “However, I was expecting her to be a little more frightened than she is, but she’s actually being quite annoying.”

Nick swung the bamboo stick into the practice dummy and his instant thought was, ‘how the hell did Lexy do it and make it look easy?’ “Okay, that’s awkward.”

He laughed softly and took the stick from the teenager. He then began hitting the dummy with the bamboo expertly.

“I found something!”

The entire team walked over to Felicity’s computers. She explained, “A.R.G.U.S. monitors air traffic in and out of countries of interest. Corto Maltese is on that list. This is a list of every commercial airliner, private jet, sea plane, and, I’m not kidding, hot air balloon that took off from Corto Maltese this past year. Look at this flight path. Private charter from Corto Maltese to Caracas, then to Cartagena, only to fly back to Caracas, and then to Tijuana.”

“Whoever was on that plane was working pretty hard to hide where it was going.”

“The route ends at a private landing strip just outside Starling City. When did it land?”
“The night before Sara was murdered,” Felicity said to Oliver.

“The pilot has to tell the air traffic people something though when he’s flying. What or who he’s carrying and their flight plan,” Nick said and then looked at everyone shocked. “Uh…what?”

“How do you know that?” John asked.

“My uncle’s partner is a pilot.”

“Business partner?” John asked.

He shook his head. “Nope. Life partner. They’re getting married on New’s Eve.”

Oliver looked at Roy. “Suit up. We gotta talk to a man about a plane.”

Minutes later, Roy and Oliver got to the airport where they began speaking to the pilot. However the man didn’t give them what they wanted so Oliver threw him out a window.

“Please! All I do is fly the plane!” The pilot begged.

“Quiet! The man in this photo-- did you fly him from Corto Maltese to Starling City?”

“No.”

Oliver picked the man up and held him by his jacket. “This time, look at the photo!”

“He’ll kill me,” he said, his voice shaking with fear.

“He’s not here. We are.”

“All right, ok, yes, I flew him here. I've got security footage, you want to see?”

They got back to the Bunker and Oliver held out a thumbdrive to Felicity. “Hanukkah present?” she asked.

“Security footage from the airfield where Merlyn landed,” Roy told her.

“Check for October seventh.” She clicks around until she finds the spot and then Oliver said, “Right there, stop.”

On the footage they see Merlyn and Thea getting off the plane together

“I thought you said Merlyn was keeping his distance from Thea, that he hadn't had any contact?” John asked.

“He lied. And so did she.”

John turned to his friend. “Maybe there's something we should consider here. Maybe it wasn't your DNA, Oliver, maybe it was Thea's.”

“What?”

“You two are siblings. There would be overlap, maybe even enough to--”

“Diggle, are you listening to yourself? You're suggesting that Thea killed Sara. Even if--even if she would, even if she could...why?”
“Well, Malcolm Merlyn is her father.”

“They’re right, Oliver,” Nick told him.

“No--”

“No! Listen to me, damn it! It’s your damn association with the damn League and the fact that Nyssa’s pissed off at the world that her lover’s dead that got us here,” Nick told him. “I won’t be pacified like a fucking child. Those assholes have my girlfriend!” He waved his arms out to Oliver. “Your daughter. Your flesh and blood!”

“She’s my flesh and blood too, Nick! She’s my sister!”

“So, you’re not even going to entertain the fact that possibly Malcolm Merlyn taught her how to use a bow and arrow well enough to kill an assassin that was after him?”

“No. It sounds ridiculous. Why would he do it?”

“For the same reason that every evil Criminal Mastermind does it, Oliver! So he doesn’t end up dead!”

“I hate to even say this,” Felicity said.

“Then don’t,” Oliver said.

“Oliver... I know how much you love your sister, but we have to look at the facts. The virtual autopsy I did on Sara; I thought Roy might have stabbed her because the trajectory wasn't consistent with that of an archer of average height.”

“You weren’t considering a killer of Thea's size.”

“Enough, both of you! My sister did not kill Sara. The DNA on the arrows is mine because Malcolm Merlyn put it there.”

Nick scoffed and shook his head. “Un-fucking-believable!” he said angrily.

Felicity sighed as she said, “Nick, where are you going?”

“I’m leaving before I punch my girlfriend’s father,” he tossed over his shoulder.

“What..?” Oliver scoffed looking at him.

“I’m not standing around here while you people get my girlfriend killed.”

“What makes you think I’d have my daughter killed?” Oliver asked.

“Because as mind blowing as it is for you to believe, all the evidence is pointing to your sister, but your so damn blinded by the way your sister was that you won’t even entertain the fact that maybe, just maybe she could have done this.” He turned on his heel and headed up the stairs. “Call me when you’ve finally come to your senses.”

Nick didn’t go home, he found himself wandering the City until he ended up at his brother’s apartment about 2 hours later. He walked up the stairs to Chris’ fifth floor apartment. He knocked on
the door and waited. Chris opened the door and instantly knew something was wrong. “Nicky, Buddy, what’s wrong?”

“Is Rachel home?”

He shook his head. “No, she’s got a study session. What’s up?” He offered to have him come in and shut the door behind him. “Did you and Lexy fight?”

He shook his head. “I’d actually welcome a fight right now.”

Chris’ heart fell when he seen his brother start to cry. “Hey…what’s wrong?” He walked to him and sat him down on the loveseat.

“I know you know that Lexy’s the Sparrow. So, I’m going to just say this. She’s been taken hostage…to…m-m-m-motivate the Arrow to do what this particular group wants.”

Chris’ body went ice cold. “What…? She’s being held hostage? But why?”

“To motivate the Team to find a deceased member’s killer.”

“But why would they take…you know what, never mind. I don’t want to know.”

Nick sighed. “Chris…I…I…don’t know what to do.”

Chris sat down on the coffee table across from his brother and put his elbows on his legs as he leaned forward. “Is there anything you can do? I mean, Oliver probably doesn’t even know that she does what she does so he probably doesn’t even know that she’s gone.”

Nick exhaled. He so wanted to tell his brother what he knew, but he promised Lexy that he’d keep it their secret, so he just said, “Yeah.” He exhaled. He stood and started pacing the floor for a second and then looked at his brother. “What I say to you stays between us, got it?”

He nodded. “I haven’t told Rachel what Lexy does, so whatever you tell me stays between us.”

He exhaled. “The person who was killed is a former member of Team Arrow, but she was also a member of the League of Assassins. She had a relationship with the daughter of the Leader of the Assassins and now the daughter wants revenge basically and to motivate the team she took Lexy.”

Chris’ head was reeling from all this information. His stomach dropped. “Okay. Does dad know about the League of Assassins?”

“Probably,” Nick answered. “Captain Lance does.”

He nodded. “Okay. So, do we know who killed…what’s her code name?”

“The Canary,” he answered.

He nodded. “Okay. Do we know who killed the Canary?”

Nick nodded. “We do.” He exhaled again. “That’s where it gets touchy.”

“Why?”

“Because the killer is quite possibly the sister to the Arrow.”

Chris blinked at him, bewildered. “Whoa…” After his head stopped reeling he looked up at his
brother. “You did a full forensics work up and everything?”

He nodded. “Lexy has friends at S.T.A.R. Labs and they ran the DNA and everything. It’s pointing to his sister, but the Arrow doesn’t want to see it because it’s like he still sees her as the little girl that can do no wrong.”

Chris nodded. “I could see that. I mean, I look at Lexy like a little sister and it’s a little hard for me to believe she can do what she can do.”

Nick nodded slowly, his breath hitching. “Oh, God…Chris, I-I-I can’t lose her! I can’t!”

Chris moved over to the couch and wrapped his arms around his little brother and let him cry. He rocked back and forth slowly, soothing him.

“Father. It's nearly time,” Nyssa said to her father as Sarab followed behind her.

“Mr. Queen has not yet presented the guilty?”

She shook her head and then dropped her eyes.

“Perhaps he believes our threats are empty. We must correct that belief.” He looked at both of them. “Return to Starling City. Be merciless. Teach Oliver Queen we only ask but once. His daughter stays here.”

Oliver used the Arrow to talk to his sister and discovered fairly quickly what she had learned in Corto Maltese. How to fight. He left the apartment and pulled his phone out. He called Nick. “Hey, it’s me.”

“What’s up?”

“You were right,” he said.

“What changed your mind?” he asked shoving his hand into his coat pocket.

“The fact that I showed up and did the usual Arrow thing and she fought me like a warrior.”

He scoffed wryly. “Aly was right.”

“Tell me that later. Can you meet me at the Bunker?”

“Sure, but what are you going to do?”

“Figure out a way to get our girl back.”

Lexy jerked and went into defensive mode when she heard the door unlatch. She stood and glared at the man that walked in. “Ahh…you must be Ra’s Al Ghul, right?”

“I am,” he said. His voice was strong with an accent Lexy couldn’t place. “And you are Alexandra
Queen, the only daughter of Oliver.”

She wrenched her arms and felt the chains tug at her wrists. She sighed. “So, did you come in here to actually do the dirty work or to be a pervert?” Her eyes narrowed. “Because I gotta tell you, my hands may be bound I can still fight.”

“I’m aware,” he said. “No. I came to give you food.” He placed the tray in front of her at her feet.

Lexy looked down at it. The food looked good, but she didn’t dare eat it. It would seem that anything she ate or drank and she’d wake up with no memory of falling asleep. She looked at the Leader of the League of Assassins and said, “No thank you. The last few times I have taken anything from you people I woke up with no memory of actually falling asleep, so I think I’ll pass.”

He didn’t say anything. She then raised her eyes defiantly and asked, “What do you want from my father, Ra’s, huh?”

“I want the person who killed Ta-er Al-Sahfer.”

“Why? Because your daughter wants the person’s head or because you actually cared for her? Because I find it hard to believe you care about any of your assassins since you kill them so easily during your training sessions.”

Without saying anything, he backhanded her hard and she stumbled back. She immediately tasted blood. She spit onto the floor. “My father will kill you for that!”

He smirked. “You really should eat, Alexandra.”

She narrowed her eyes, the side of her face throbbing hard. She then took the tip of her boot as she kicked the food across the room. “I said no!” she said, defiance in every word.

“Suit yourself, Alexandra, but you’ll need your strength.”

“For what?”

He didn’t say anything as he walked to the door. He stopped as he opened it and said, “To watch your father die.”

With that statement, her knees buckled and she fell to the floor. Her chest tightening and her chin quivering. “Daddy…no…”

At the bunker, Oliver was still thrown by the information he gained. “Thea was always so kind. Kindest person I’ve ever known. My sister wasn’t born a killer. Malcolm Merlyn made her one, and I let it happen,” he said his voice full of guilt.

“No, you didn’t. When it comes to your family, you always place the blame on yourself, but this is not your fault.”

“She's right, Oliver. Throw Malcolm in front of Ra’s, let the League sort this out,” John told him.

“Merlyn has a video. He made contingencies.”

“Oliver, if you fight Ra’s Al Ghul, he'll kill you.”
“No, he won't. During the Undertaking, Merlyn told me that I couldn't win, because I didn't know what I was fighting for. Now I do. I’m fighting to get my daughter home. I'm fighting for Thea.”

And those were 2 people he’d die for if he had to.

Oliver walked to where he was supposed to meet Ra’s and found Nyssa waiting for him. “Where is he?”

“You really think my father, the Demon's head, would travel all the way from Nanda Parbat simply because you wish it?”

“Yes.”

“This way.”

They walked down a long torch burning hallway and stopped inside a room where fire lit the room. Standing in front of him with his back to him was Ra’s Al Ghul. While Maseo was to his left and Nyssa stood next to Maseo.

“Kneel before the Demon's head,” Maseo told his old friend.

Oliver didn’t listen and stayed standing. “Where’s my daughter?”

Neither one said anything. “WHERE IS SHE?!”

“She’s safe, Mr. Queen…for now, but whether she stays that way is entirely up to you.” He turned and realized how young Oliver was. “You're just a boy.” He walked toward him. “Well, Mr. Queen, you failed to protect the city you love. Now you'll watch it bleed.”

“Nobody in my city will die tonight,” he said.

“Well. There was only one way to prevent that. You were to produce for me the one who killed Tamer Al-Sahfer. And yet you've come alone.”

“Because it was me. I killed Sara,” he told him.

“Why would you kill a woman you once professed to love?” Nyssa demanded.

“Because she begged me to,” he told her.

“You lie.”

Maseo pulled his sword and pressed it to Oliver’s head.

“It wasn't the first time Sara chose death over a life in the League. And meeting you now, I can see why,” Oliver stated.

“I should have Sarab cleave your head from your shoulders. Not for killing my daughter's beloved, but for thinking me a fool,” Ra’s told him.

“By League law, I have the right to challenge you to a trial by combat. It’s been 67 years since a man challenged me. You covet death that much?”
He gave him a look of challenge. “Unlike you, I will do anything to get my daughter back home, Ra’s. Do you accept?”

“Oh, yes,” he said. Ra’s walked out. He looked at Nyssa. “Let the guards know who are protecting Ebad al Shams that I want her at the battle also. She will watch her father die.”

“Yes, father.”

John, Nick and Roy walked to Oliver as he prepared a bag to go climb the mountain…literally.

“Oliver…”

“John, I have to do this. This is my daughter. He took my daughter.”

“I know. I'd just rather die than let you go it alone.”

“Not this time.” He looked at Roy. “Take care of Thea.”

Absolutely. You bring Sasha home.”

He nodded.

Felicity walked downstairs as she said, “I'm sorry. Something came up...no.”

John looked at Roy and Nick. “Let's give them a minute.”

“So you're going?”

“Mm-hmm. I’m bringing our baby home, Felicity.”

“To Nanda Parbat?”

“No, it's a neutral site. It'll be fine. I'll come back. Thea will be okay and Lexy’ll go to Metropolis to watch the lighting of the tree and the ball drop.”

“I wish that sounded more convincing. And I wish you wouldn't go, but I know you better, so I'm not going to ask you to stay.”

“I appreciate that.”

“But there is one thing I need to ask you to do. And you're not going to want to.”

“Well, if it's you asking, I'll do it.”

“Kill him. You have to kill Ra's al Ghul. This is a duel...Oliver, with one of the most dangerous men that has ever walked the earth. And he has our daughter.”

“I wouldn't be doing it if I didn't think I could win.”

“I don't doubt that. I don't doubt that you can beat him. I am terrified that you won't kill him. Because that's not who you are anymore. And I am so afraid that Ra's al Ghul is going to use your humanity against you.”

“Felicity, I honestly don't know if I'm a killer anymore. But I do know two things-- the first is that...
whoever I am, I am someone that will do whatever--whatever-- it takes to save my family.”

“And the second thing?” She asked.

“I love you.” He took her face into his hands ever so gently and kissed her with a gentle passion she didn’t know he possessed. He pulled back. “And when we come back we are so planning our wedding. So be ready.”

She laughed softly. “I will.” She watched him go. Not too sure at all if she’d see him or their daughter again.

Oliver got to the top of the mountain and was met by Nyssa and Maseo first. “Remove your shirt,” Maseo told him. Oliver took it off. “This is custom. Ra's al Ghul is not known to be merciful. But if there was a chance, this will be your final moment for it.” Oliver didn’t flinch. “Choose your weapon.”

He walked to where the battle would take place. He saw Lexy bound by chains, kneeling, shivering. “Lex--” He saw the bruises on her and he felt the rage crawling in him almost immediately.

Ra’s spoke, “I was 11 years old when I killed my first man. I remember the look on his face when the light went out behind his eyes. Such a sudden change, almost imperceptible, between life and death. And I felt ashamed. I had stolen from that man the most precious gift of all-- life. But I also felt something else-- pride, because I had taken up arms against someone who sought to do ill against my family. And I realized what I had done was necessary. You see... I had replaced evil with death. And that... is what the League exists to do. And I have killed several thousand more men since then. And the world is better off for it.”

“You've taken your last life.”

“Daddy…”

No. You have lived your last day. We are ready,” Ra’s told him.

Oliver stopped. “I want your honor that if I die--”

“Daddy! No!”

He took a breath, it hitched in his throat as the tears burned. “That if I die, then you will let my
daughter go home to her mother and the rest of her family, please."

He nodded. “I give you my word.”

I am envious of you. You will see her before I do,” Nyssa whispered.

“Fight me, boy.”

“You're unarmed.”

“I'll take your blades from you once you are through with them.”

“Wait!” Lexy yelled.

“Lex--”

“I have something to say, please.” She looked at Ra’s. “Please, if you’re going to kill him allow me
to say goodbye.”

Ra’s didn’t usually do this but he looked at the young girl and nodded. He looked at Maseo. “Uncuff
her.”

He uncuffed her and she walked to her father. She took a deep breath, tears streaming down her face.
“I know…” she hiccuped. “You’ll win, daddy, but I have to say this.”

He nodded.

“I love you,” she said. “I love you to the moon and back a million times. And as much as you never
wanted to be…you’re my hero. And there is nothing in the world that could ever happen that would
change that.” She sniffled as she wiped her tears away, before they froze to her face. She hugged
him and whispered, “Now kick his ass and lets go home.”

He kissed her hair. “I love you, Lex.”

She stepped back and the 2 men began to fight. During the fight, Ra’s took one of his blades. Lexy
jerked, winced and grimaced as she heard her father’s bone crack and break. She wanted to curl into
someone and block it all out, but she knew there was no one to comfort her. Neither Maseo or Nyssa
would do so. They were too cold to the ways of the League to care about the fact that deep down--
just like Lexy knew--Oliver Queen was going to die tonight.

By the end of the sword fight, Ra’s had him at the tip of his blade. “You should take pride. You
survived longer than most.”

Oliver fought back when he was cornered on the cliff, and as it would seem that Ra’s was going
down, he surprised them both and punched Oliver in his throat and sliced into his side.

“DADDY!” she screamed, sobbing, falling to her knees.

Oliver fell to his knees, in pain. Ra’s stood over him. “Don’t be afraid, my son. Death comes for us
all. We can only evade it so long. Consider this an honorable exit.” With that said, he plunged the
sword into Oliver’s torso and he kicked him off the cliff.

“NO!” a heart-wrenching scream escaped Lexy’s mouth as she stumbled to her feet and ran to the
edge of the cliff, sobbing non-stop as she watched her father, plunge into the cold, icy water.
“DADDY! NO!” she wept out loud, rocking back and forth.
Ra’s looked at his daughter and said, “As promised, Alexandra is free to go, make sure she makes it to the airport, Nyssa.”

“Yes, father.”

Giving her a few more minutes, Nyssa finally walked to the young girl who was in so much anguish and put a hand on her shoulder. “Alexandra, we must go.”

“Don’t touch me!” she snapped, her voice rough with emotion. She got to her feet, stumbling a little. “You are dead to me!”

“Alexandra!” Nyssa exclaimed.

“No!” she screamed. “Your father could have cared a less about Sara, Nyssa! It was you driving this whole thing and now my father’s dead!” She looked at the woman. “So, consider whatever alliance you had with my father severed the moment yours plunged that sword into him.” She exhaled. “Just get me to damn airport. I want to go home. I have to inform my family that my father’s dead.”

They got down the mountain and into a transport vehicle and she headed for the airport. “For what it’s worth, Alexandra, I do not envy your position. And I wish your father would have won so you didn’t have to do what you’ll have to.”

“Liar,” she muttered. “If you were really that sorry for what I’m about to do you would have stopped your father. Hell, you wouldn’t have gone so hell-bent on finding Sara’s killer.”

“I loved Sara--”

“And I loved my father!” she yelled. “So, I guess we’re even. We both lost people we loved.” She sniffled. “You know I never thought it’d be him to die. I thought when I finally got him back three years ago that he’d get old and watch me get married and have babies….but I was wrong.”

Nyssa winced as she heard the young girl begin to sob again, this time it was more of a howling sob than what she did on that mountain. The poor girl would be in such anguish for years and she probably wouldn’t get the image of her father dying out of her head.
Trust

Chapter Summary

After Oliver's death, and as she's heading to Metropolis to spend Christmas with her other family, Lexy decides to make an executive decision...one about the team that she is now in charge of and...another in trusting that second family with her biggest secret....

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

-5 Days Later....

When she got home everyone was relieved to see her, but then she had to break the news as to what had happened to her father and she ended up a sobbing mess by the time she had finished telling them that her father was dead.

However, her mom refused to believe it. And as much as she would love to sail on that magic carpet ride with her she knew better. She wasn’t lucky enough to have him come back twice from the dead. Now, she stood in her bedroom packing a large suitcase to fly to Metropolis with Nick and his family to visit his Uncle Jake and his family.

Before she had come into her room she had announced to her mother, her Uncle John, Aunt Lyla, and Roy that she was going to tell the Jordans hers and dad’s secret.

“Lexy, you can’t!” Felicity exclaimed as she came into her room, the other following close behind.

She turned to her closet and started pulling out a few more pieces of clothes as she said, “Why not, mom?” She shrugged and looked up at her mother, her eyes filling with tears. “Dad’s dead. He’s not coming back.”

“Don’t say that!” she exclaimed coming into her room. “You don’t know if your father’s dead or not.”
“But I do!” she screamed, tears streaming down her cheeks. “I saw the sword plunge into his gut, mom. I saw Ra’s kick him off that mountain. So, unless you know something I don’t there is no way that my father is coming back from this one.”

“Lexy, how…how could you say that? Don’t you ca--”

“Don’t,” she said, her tears racing down her cheeks. “Don’t you dare ask if I care!” she screamed. “He was my father! MINE!” her voice shook as a new set of tears fell down her cheeks. She slumped down on the bed and burst into tears.

Lyla looked at Felicity and then walked over to Lexy. She sat on the edge of the bed with her. “Oh, honey…” she soothed.

Roy crouched down in front of her and asked, “Explain to me why you want to tell them.”

To say she was shocked was an understatement. “Wha…what?”

“Tell me why you feel you need to tell Nathan and Jennifer about the Team.”

“Roy!” Felicity exclaimed.

“Felicity, I love you, but shut up,” Roy said. “You have no idea what in the hell she saw while she was up on that damn mountain. And besides, if you want to get technical, the way that Oliver explained to us that hierarchy of the team works, she’s our Leader now.

She sniffled and wiped her tears. “Because I feel like I’m going to ruin their Christmas if I randomly burst into tears.”

“Then, Sweetheart, maybe you shouldn’t go,” Felicity said gently.

“Felicity!” John, Roy and Lyla exclaimed. John looked at his niece. “This is only time you’re ever going to hear me say this, but don’t listen to your mother, Lex. I think after what you’ve been through you need to do this.”

She nodded, wiping her eyes. “Also, um…I promised daddy that I’d… (sobs) …that I’d have a good time despite whatever happened.” She wiped her tears. She looked at John and said, “What do you think? Do you think daddy would be disappointed in me if I did tell?”

John seen 3 sets of blue eyes settled on him. One set begging for him to tell her otherwise. He walked over to her and crouched down on the other side of her. “Small fry, I…I don’t think your dad would be hurt or disappointed by anything you did. And I don’t think he’d be upset with you for telling them now.” He exhaled. “And I think your dad’s right. You don’t need to worry about anything here. Just enjoy being with Nick and his family and enjoy Christmas in a brand new place. And I’ll give you your presents when you come home, okay?”

She nodded and wiped her hand across her top lip to wipe the tears that were stuck there. “Thank you, Uncle John.” She hugged him.

He held her tight as feeling his warmth caused her to burst into tears again. She pulled back and wiped her tears. “I gotta pack.” she looked at Roy and John and said, “Okay. Um…since I’m in charge now, I guess I gotta make someone leader until I return, so…” she looked between the 2 men. “Uncle John. You call the shots until I come back in January.” She kissed his cheek. “But keep me updated on anything, okay?”

He nodded. “I promise,” he vowed.
“And I’ll think about it while I’m on my trip and decide if I want to continue to be the leader. However, it’ll be me choosing the next person. No one else,” she looked at her mother. “Mom.”

Felicity nodded. Roy looked at his best friend, “Sasha, I trust your judgment and you’re right. It may ruin their Christmas if you randomly burst into tears for no reason at all. They may think it’s them, that they aren’t being very good hosts or something. So, do what you need to, okay? I’d be perfectly fine with it.”

She nodded. “Thank you, Roy.” She hugged him and buried her face into his chest.

He wrapped his arms around her and kissed the top of her head. “I love you, Kiddo.”

“I love you too,” she said. She smiled, wiped her tears and looked at her family. “Now get out so I can continue to pack for my trip to the East Coast.”

The black SUV pulled up into the tarmac of the private jet take off spot at Starling City Airport and Jennifer gasped at the extravagance of the private plane that Lexy had gotten for them. “Oh, Lex, you didn’t need to do this.”

She smiled. “I know,” she said as she got out of the car. “I wanted to. Consider it one of your Christmas gifts.”

Jennifer and Rachel both climbed out of the SUV while the guys got out of the vehicle too and went to the back. They pulled everyone’s suitcases out of the back. Jennifer turned to look at Lexy. She’d been noticing that she wasn’t her usual talkative self during the drive to the airport. She grabbed Nick’s arm. “Is Lexy okay?”

He nodded. He cleared his throat, emotion taking him too. “She will be.” He gave his mom a smile that he was for sure was a grimace. “She’ll tell you on the plane, mom.”

Jennifer nodded. Nick started walking toward the plane.

“Nicky,” Lexy called out and he stopped. He turned and she ran to him, taking his arm.

They began getting on the plane, while a couple of the airport personnel loaded the plane. “Miss Queen.”

“Hey, Jeremy. We looking good to take off?”

He nodded. “Yes, ma’am. Clear skies all the way to the East Coast.”

She smiled. “Great,” she said. “Oh, this is Nick, Rachel, Chris, Jennifer and Nathan.” She smiled at the group. “This is Jeremy. He’s been flying family around for fifteen years.”

He smiled. “I flew Lexy on her first ever flight when she was eight months old. Her parents took her to Disneyland.”

She nodded, smiling. “That he did.”

Chris smiled. “I bet you were an adorable baby.”

She laughed and went up the stairs, pulling Nick with her. They settled in, buckled up and they were in the sky in 20 minutes. About 40 minutes into the flight, as Lexy was listening to her iPod and
zoning out into her world, one of her dad’s favorite songs popped on. Hearing the lyrics made her burst into tears almost instantly.

Jennifer’s heart shattered then and there. The little girl looked like she was in such pain as she sobbed, pulling the earbuds from her ears. “Nicky….”

Nick flipped the armrest that split them and pulled her onto his lap. He rocked her. “It’s okay, baby. It’ll be okay.”

“He’s gone….! He’ll never…h-h-h-h-hold me a-a-ag-ag-ag-ag-again-n-n-n.”

“I know, baby, I know,” he soothed.

Nathan looked at his boy and then the little girl in his lap. “Nicky, what’s going on?”

“I-I-I’d gi-gi-give a-a-anything to have h-h-h-h-him yell at me again,” she sobbed into neck.

“Aly, baby, we gotta tell them.”

She nodded. She flipped her legs off Nick’s lap and sat on one of his legs. She cleared her throat and thanked Chris when he handed her a tissue. She looked at all 4 of the Jordans, that included Rachel too. She took a deep breath. Whatever happened now, she’d accept, even if she lost his family too.

“What I’m about to tell you have to swear to never ever tell anyone. Not a soul.”

They all promised. Jennifer nodded. “Of course, Lexy. Just tell us what’s wrong. We can’t help you unless we know.”

The Vigilante duo that’s been in this City for the last three years….” she took Nick’s hand. She took another breath. Chris smiled. “Lex, just say it. I can promise you they won’t disown you.”

She laughed and wiped her tears. “I’m the Sparrow.”

Rachel couldn’t help it she laughed, while Jennifer and Nathan just stared at her with her announcement. “Right,” Rachel said. “No way.”

She nodded. “It’s true. I’m the Sparrow.”

“It’s true,” Chris and Nick said in unison.

Nathan just stared at her, blinking. “You did all that? The taking down of those soldiers that took down the City?”

She nodded. “Yeah. That was me and my partner….” she exhaled. “The Arrow is my father.”

Jennifer gasped. “What?”

“Wait, wait, wait,” Nathan said stopping her as everyone’s jaw fell in surprise, except Nick’s. “Quentin had Oliver take a lie detector a few years ago and he passed.”

She smiled. “Polygraphs can be faked, Nate. You know that.”

“But very few people know how to do it,” he told her.

Her mouth slid into a sly smile. She nodded. “You’re right. My father wasn’t like your usual man. He had endured a lot the five years he was on that island. He was heavily tortured. Which is the reason for the scars you saw over the summer.”
Jennifer couldn’t believe what she was hearing but it explained a lot. “Your broken ribs weren’t because of a kickboxing accident were they?”

She shook her head. “Nope. Taking on a big bad that night and I broke them.”

Rachel just stared. “So, Oliver Queen, Billionaire Playboy is the Arrow?”

She nodded. “He is and he was amazing at it,” she said, hero worship in her eyes. “He was an ama-amazing man,” she cried.

Nathan tilted his head curiously at her. “Why did you keep saying ‘was’? Saying was implies he’s gone.”

She nodded, her eyes filling with tears. “He is,” she said, her voice catching with tears. “He died a few days ago.”


“What happened?” Rachel asked.

“She was stabbed with a sword and kicked off a mountain by a man named Ra’s al Ghul. He’s the leader of the League of Assassins.” She exhaled. “They had taken me hostage to pressure daddy into finding a member’s killer, that member was also a member of my team.” She unbuttoned her plaid shirt and pulled up her sleeves.

Nathan took one of her wrists and massaged his thumbs into her wrist. “My God, Lex.”

“Why did you tell us this?” Rachel asked, still a little surprised about it all.

“Because I couldn’t come here and not tell you.” She exhaled. “My dad loved Christmas because of me. He loved watching my face light up…” she took a deep breath as her tears started again. “H-H-H-He loved watching me open m-m-m-my presents and he loved baking Christmas cookies with me and building gingerbread houses.” She exhaled. “Last year, I made a gingerbread ornament to add to the tree with daddy’s and aunt Thea’s.” She exhaled. “I was afraid if I randomly burst into tears that you would think that I was having a horrible time when that would be further from the truth. I’m excited to be seeing where Chris and Nick grew up and maybe I’ll take a page from the early days of the Arrow and shoot some arrows into the cops who set you up, Nathan.” She gave him a playful wink.
He laughed and stood. He pulled her to her feet. He wrapped her into a hug. “That’s okay. I’ve let it go, Sweetheart, but thank you.” He sighed and pressed his cheek into her hair. “Thank you.”

“F-F-F-For wha-what?”

“Saving the City,” he said. “For making our town safer. For making our job easier. Crime may seem like it has risen on your end, but trust me it hasn’t. You’re making a difference.”

Jennifer stood and pressed a kiss to Lexy’s forehead. “And hey, I don’t know how you and your mom are doing right now but if you need someone to talk to to when my boy’s not available, you know where I am.”

She exhaled and laughed in disbelief. “I thought you guys would freak out and like disown me or something.”

Jennifer hugged her this time and this time Lexy burst into tears. It was the first time that a motherly figure—excluding Aunt Lyla—that was embracing her. Jennifer held her tightly. “It’s okay, Sweetie. I know it’s hard, but you’ll get through this, we’ll help you.”

“Yeah, Lex,” Rachel said coming to her. “I may be a little thrown by the fact that one of my best friends is a superhero but I’m here too.”

She exhaled shakily and held their hands. “Thanks, guys. I appreciate that beyond words.”

“How is your mom dealing? And your team?” Nathan asked.

“Um…the Team’s coping. It’s hard. Dad was an incredible leader and I’m not entirely confident that I’ll do just as well.”

“Wait,” Chris said. “You mean to tell me you’re now in charge of an entire team? Whose members are all older than you?”

She nodded. “If I choose to stay on.”

“Would you leave?” Nathan asked, sitting as they all sat.

She shrugged. “I don’t know. I insisted on joining my dad so that he could be proud of me.” She sighed. “As I’ve said, my childhood wasn’t good. I was majorly neglected.” She shrugged again. “Besides mommy, he was the only one who I knew loved me for me and I wanted to show him he could still be proud of me, proud to call me his daughter.” She took a breath. “And then I realized last year while in Russia that I really enjoy what I do. I save people and that’s the biggest reward that anyone can have.”

Jennifer smiled. “Sounds like you already know your answer, Sweetheart.”

Nathan smiled. “And you’re make an amazing leader. If you didn’t, your father wouldn’t have made you a co-leader of the team. Just remember, your father had confidence in your abilities you should too.”

“Question is will they listen to you?” Chris asked.

She shrugged. “I know Roy and Uncle John would, but mom…” she sighed. “She’s already in denial with the fact that daddy’s gone, I’m not sure she would.”

“I’m actually more afraid she’ll try to take control of it before you even get a chance to do anything,”
Nick told her.

She nodded. “I’m afraid of that too,” she said. She looked at all of them. “So, you’re okay with all this?”

The 4 people on the plane looked each other and then Jennifer nodded. “We are. And as your second mom, I couldn’t be prouder.”

“And as your future father-in-law, I’d just like to say I’m very proud of you, Alexandra. And so would your father. So, please, don’t give up something you love because he’s gone. Let his death be the inspiration and motivation to drive you to keep going.”

She laughed and looked at Nick. “Do you ever get the feeling they already have our wedding planned out?”

He laughed. “Yeah. That’s why when and if we get married, we’re eloping and going to Hawaii.”

She laughed. “You know, that’s one state I haven’t been too that I’ve always wanted to check out.”

He smiled. “Can you wait about ten years, give or take?”

She shrugged. “Don’t know. Depends if you actually propose by then, Jordan.” She laughed and kissed his lips softly. “Thank you,” she whispered and kissed his lips again.

“For what?”

“Being here. Helping me through all this.”

He smiled and pulled her into his lap. “There’s nowhere else I’d rather be.” He kissed her forehead and watched as her eyes fluttered. “Have you slept since you got back?”

She shook her head. “No. Not really.” She fell quiet. “Keeping seeing it.”

“Oh, baby,” he whispered. “Go to sleep, please. I’ll be here. We’ll all be here. You need to sleep. Please, for me?”

She looked into his blue eyes and her heart thudded in her chest. In this moment right here she’d know forever more was the moment that she fell in love with Nicholas Jordan in a whole new way.

She nodded. “Okay.”

She shifted and moved to the other seat. She laid her head on his leg and Chris put a blanket over her. Nick kissed her lips and Chris kissed her hair. Chris brushed her hair out of her face. “Get some sleep, Lex. We’ll all be here and we’ll wake you when we land in Metropolis, promise.”

She nodded as her eyes were quickly fluttering closed, sleep quickly taking her.

Chapter End Notes

Debating on whether or not to show Christmas in Metropolis or just describe it later.

What would you guys like? Christmas in Metropolis or in the next chapter going back to Starling City and have tell everyone how the vacation went?
Left Behind

Chapter Summary

Lexy figures out that leading the team isn't as easy as her dad made it seem...especially when you don't have the confidence of the one person you counted on.

Lexy comes to a decision about Queen Industries and Bradford Global...

And Lexy ends the feud between herself and Laurel by offering the woman some help.

Chapter Notes

Merry Christmas, Guys. Enjoy!!

I'll see you after Christmas. Hope you guys have a blessed holiday, whatever you celebrate.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

-A week after New Year’s....

“Hey, mom, we gotta talk.”

Felicity stopped pouring herself some coffee and looked up at her daughter. “What’s up?”

“Did Michael talk to you about him having to step down as acting CEO?”
Um…a little. Why did he talk to you?”

She nodded. She slid onto a stool at the breakfast bar and looked at her mother. “He suggested that you and I talk about what to do.”

She nodded. “Okay.”

Lexy looked down at the coffee mug. “How does it taste?”

Felicity handed it to her and watched as the young teenager sipped the warm liquid. She laughed softly when she seen her scrunch up her nose and make the ‘eww, gross face’. “No?”

She shook her head. “When I get to the point that I’m drinking coffee I’m putting something in that.”

She looked at her mother. “That’s disgusting!”

Felicity laughed. She had been finding what her mother had said about finding herself being able to get through anything knowing that she had to keep on moving because of her daughter. She was finding it easier to get through all of this with Lexy with her. “So, what do you think we should do?”

She shrugged. “I mean, I bought it for daddy. And I’m torn between thinking about selling it and just appointing another CEO.”

Felicity nodded. “Well, if my vote matters--”

“Your vote always matters, Mama.”

“Then, tell me why you think we should sell it when you’ve fought so hard to keep it for dad?”

“Because with daddy gone. I can’t run it by myself and Michael’s company just got the failing one added to it’s roster of companies. He’s gotta focus on that for now. And you’ve got your inventions, consulting with Team Flash, being our eyes and ears at the Bunker. And then Uncle John’s got aunt Lyla and Sara…I’ve got school and now being the leader of the team. And Nick and the rest of the Jordans, I don’t want to neglect time with them because of it. Having the company was good when daddy was here to run it. I bought it for him so that he could show the world that he wasn’t just the Billionaire Playboy anymore but a businessman, husband and father. And this City was beginning to see him that way when…” her voice hitched and she took a breath.

Felicity smiled. It was sweet of her to think of everyone for a possibility to run it. And to think of how busy everyone was and it was mature enough of her to realize that keeping the company would run herself ragged. “Okay, Sweetheart, my Love, I think it’s amazing you’re thinking of everyone’s schedules and commitments when making this decision. Let me ask you something--if your dad’s really dead, would keeping the company--”

“It’d be a constant reminder of what I fought for and who I fought it for. And mommy, it’s not that I’m trying to forget about him because I could never forget about daddy--he’s daddy, but I couldn’t step foot back into that company. I just couldn’t….”

Felicity’s heart shattered watching her daughter being so torn up with all this. “Okay, baby, take a breath.” She smiled when she heard her do it. “Good. Let’s take a day to think about it okay. I’ll think about it, you think about it and then we’ll come back and figure all of this out, okay?”

She nodded. Felicity looked at her watch. “I gotta get to work. Nick coming--” the knock on the door broke off her sentence. “Must be Nicky.”

Lexy laughed and got up, walking to the door. She opened the door and smiled at the brunette boy.
“Hey, You.”

“Hey,” he said. He kissed her cheek. “How are you?”

She nodded. “I’m okay. Mom and I were just making some executive decisions when it concerns QI.”

“What kind?” He asked unzipping his coat and then bending down to pick up the running puppy. He kissed the top of her head. “Hey, Beautiful.”

Lexy smiled as she watched Nick and Bella for a minute. “Whether to sell it,” she finally answered. “Michael’s company just bought a failing company and since QI is doing well, he thinks he needs to devote his time and attention to the new company.”

Nick nodded. “Makes sense.” He smiled at Felicity. “Good morning.”

“Morning, Nicky. As always it’s wonderful to see you.”

“Thank you,” she said. She kissed his cheek and then Lexy’s hair. “Have a good day at school. Love you both.”

“Love you,” they called as she walked out the door. Nick looked at his girlfriend. “So…I came earlier than I usually do to ask if you’d come to breakfast with me.”

She smiled. “I’d love to,” she said. She walked to the breakfast bar and picked up her cocoa. She took a couple of big drinks and then dumped the rest. She grabbed her bag, then her coat. “Let’s go.”

Lexy had come back from Metropolis with a new view on everything. She knew what she wanted to do. And the time away really helped her get a grip on her grief. She knew she’d always miss her father, just like she did with her mother, but she knew too that her dad wouldn’t want her to stop fighting to make the City better, so she took all the lessons that her father taught her and built her own style of leadership from it.

Her and her mom were amazing now. They were closer than ever and Lexy could admit, as hard as it was for her mother to grasp the concept that dad wasn’t coming home, she was grieving it. It was rough sometimes, but the rough moments is what made her and Lexy stronger and Lexy would take those and run.

There was still a learning curve with this whole leadership thing, but as Uncle John had told her the other day she was running with it pretty well. And he was proud of her and he knew that Oliver would be proud of her too. That of course made her cry even harder.

As of now, as of this moment, Team Arrow was riding in to help the police with catching some bad guys. Lexy was on her bike, while Roy was riding Oliver’s. She felt a little weird with letting him ride it, reminding him that if he damages it he’s paying for repairs. And they weren’t cheap. While John waited on the bridge, waiting for his opportunity to play the Arrow.

She had made an executive decision about letting John wear the suit because the town didn’t need to find out that their Arrow, the leader of the heroes for this City were all dead and now the entire team was being run by a thirteen year old kid.

The Sparrow and Arsenal came upon the van where the guy was shooting at them. She dodged a
bullet it as it clanked off her motorcycle metal.

“It's him! And that little sidekick of his too.”

“I thought he was green.”

“This bike is sick!” Roy exclaimed.

“Ok, not supposed to be having fun right now,” Felicity said coming over the comms.

“Mom’s right. Focus.”

“Sorry!”

“No, sorry is what you'll be when Oliver finds out you took out his motorcycle,” Felicity told him. Lexy laughed softly. “Mom, we already talked about it.”

“Ok, I've got him headed your way,” Roy told John up on the bridge.

“Aim for the engine block,” Lexy told him. “That’ll cause an explosion and hopefully disable the van.”

“There's the green one,” one of the men in the van said.

“This suit is too tight,” John told them.

“If they make it to the tunnel, we're going to lose them,” Felicity reminded him.

“You're not helping.”

“Uncle John. I told you wearing the suit was only temporary. I promise. I have something in the works, okay?”

“Okay, Small Fry.”

“I thought he was supposed to be good!” The man got jerked out of the car and thrown into the street.

“Who the hell are you?”

Lexy walked up to him and punched him in the face.

John joined them on the ground and he looked at both Roy and Lexy. “I'm more of a Glock kind of guy.”

“I didn't say anything,” Roy said a slight smirk on his lips.

“We know, Uncle John. You’re a lot better with guns.”

Back at the Bunker, Felicity marked off one of the guys on the screen. “One caught, one got away, but even Oliver bats .500 sometimes.”

“Any luck finding Oliver?”
“Not yet, but I have every reconnaissance satellite I could hack, which is a lot, looking for him. So the second he steps outside, we’ll know,” Felicity told them.

“If he steps outside. It's what we were all thinking,” Roy said. “I believe Lexy.”

“I'm not thinking that way. I know she saw him fall, but Oliver has made it out of some intense situations before. And besides it's only been three days. I have to head to my other office for a bit.”

“Mom.”

She turned. “What?”

“It’s been two weeks. Almost two and half. I know you’re still in denial but even if daddy was still alive I’d feel it. You know that.”

She didn’t say anything, just turned and walked out.

“Ok, I know it's only been two weeks, but how much longer before we actually have to start worrying?”

“About mom or about daddy?” she asked over her shoulder.

“Both,” Roy said as he watched her go into the back of the bunker. “What are you doing?”

“I’m getting something,” she said. She pulled down the black plastic case and sat it on the floor. She opened it and pulled out the bow she had specially made for her. She hadn’t used it in a while, but after tonight she knew it was time to pull it back out. She held it in her hand. She smiled. “Perfect. As always.”

“What are you doing?” John asked.

“Putting you back on the weapon you’re more comfortable with, Uncle John,” she told him as she walked back to another part of the back area and picked up an attachment for her case. She walked to her case and snapped it in.

“Lexy, I don’t mind—”

“I do,” she said firmly. “We tried you out on the bow and arrow and it’s not working, so I’ll go back to my old trusty form of defense and we’ll be fine.”

“What are you going to do with your batons?” Roy asked.

“They’ll still be with me,” she said. “That’s why I had the pouch installed on my belt for behind my back.” She smiled. “The best part of this bow is it’s collapsible. Which means it won’t take up much space. And I have Cisco and Grace making my arrows for me. So, we should be set for there to be two archers on this team again in a few days.” She smiled up at her uncle. “That’s why I told you to hold in there.”

“Okay, one team problem taken care of. What about the other?” Roy asked.

“Mom’s denial,” she said. “Will have to be dealt with one day at a time. When I think we’re making progress the next day she ends up taking about twelve steps back and goes on denying daddy’s dead.” She looked at the two men. “If I for any reason believed that the sword wound, or the fall wouldn’t have killed him then I would have people out there looking for him right now.”

“We know that, Lex,” John told her. “What about finding your dad at all? Are we considering that a
problem?"

She exhaled. She’d been dreading this part actually. “Actually I have. And I have someone trying to locate him on the ground.”

“So who?” John asked.

“A friend of my dad’s,” she said putting the bow into the case. “He was one of the few people he met when he got off the island. He’s from China.”

“How do you know who he is?”

“Because I met him during my capture,” she admitted.

“He was one of the guys that hit you?” Roy said, almost demanded.

She turned. “No. Maseo would never do that. Sarab on the other hand…the point is, I have him looking for dad or dad’s body, whichever turns up first. If by some miracle dad’s alive then, we’ll get him home, but if he’s not then at least this time we’ll all have closure.”

“I never did ask how Metropolis was,” John said.

She smiled. “Metropolis is beautiful. Their tree lighting ceremony was amazing. And I went ice skating at Metro Plaza. Um…I went to see the old house that Nick grew up in before it all went down. I met the police Captain who apologized to Nathan for what happened. I met Uncle Jake, Uncle Kevin and all of Nick’s cousins. They were great and thanks to my unveiling of the secret Jennifer quickly told her brother why decorating Christmas cookies had me ugly girl crying….she told them that a very close relative died.” She smiled. “Nathan took me to the shooting range where he taught Nick and Chris to shoot and taught me to shoot. I’m not where near a good enough shot like John is, but I’m getting better.”

She walked to them and showed them the necklace she’d been wearing since Nick gave it to her. It was on a black rope, with a large emerald and smaller ruby on it. “He got me this.”

“That’s cool,” Roy said looking at it.

“I’m glad you had a good time. And I know your dad would be too, Sweetheart.”

She exhaled deeply. “I do miss him though. Desperately.”

John smiled at her and held her in a hug. “I know, Small Fry.”

She smiled. “Ooh! I wanted to show you something!” She walked over to somewhere that was darkened and came back with a garment bag. “I had Cisco make it for me while I was gone in Metropolis.”

“What?” they asked in unison.

She unzipped it and turned the flaps out so that they could see it full on. They looked at it. It was head to toe in green. The top had a hood that covered the way Oliver’s did, it flared out a little at the bottom with long sleeves. Then matching green pants. She smiled. “What do you think?”

“You got another green suit?” Roy asked.

She nodded. “It was something Nick and I were talking about and we agreed that it would be an excellent way to pay homage to my father. And as I said if he comes back, then hopefully he won’t
mind that we're sharing the same color."

“You're gonna keep it even if we find your dad alive?”

She nodded. “Yeah. I like this suit.” She looked at the 2 most important men in her life and her heart dropped. “You-You-You d-d-don’t like it?” She sighed. “Grace said I should have asked what you guys thought.” She sighed, her face falling in sorrow. “I'll just stick with my original suit.”

John looked at Roy and then stopped Lexy. “Small Fry, I think it’s a great idea. I just thought you liked your other suit.”

“I do, but there’s something about…” her voice trailed off for a moment. “…this suit that I like better.”

“Then wear it,” Roy told her. “Strap on the bow.” He smiled. “I'll follow you anywhere.”

The next day, Lexy had spent the afternoon after school practicing her skills on the bow. Nick watched adoringly and with fascination. “It’s still amazing to me that you can fight with batons and shoot a bow and arrow.”

She laughed softly and took her shot. She got the arrow right in the middle of the tennis ball and it stuck into the wall. “I knew how to use a bow before I learned the batons. I took archery at my private school before I was able to convince daddy to put me in public school. I also had private lessons.”

He smiled and kissed her forehead. “You’re amazing.”

She smirked at him playfully, pulled back the string and fired as she said, “That’s why you love me.”

“One of the several million reasons.” He looked around and then said, “John and Roy are back.”


“Lyla tapped all of our worldwide contacts. No sign of Oliver. And no idea where he could be.”

“Well, he'll tell us when he gets back. Until then, we should focus on keeping the lights on.”


“The two cop shooters we took on last night; I've been trying to find the one that got away. Jose Anton. Anton is attached to a new crew working the Glades, the head of which is this gentleman.”

“I know that guy.”

“Who is it?” Lexy asked.

“That's Danny Brickwell. His street name's Brick. But I thought he was in Iron Heights.”

“He was.”

“Was? Was there another breakout that they forgot to tell us about?” Lexy asked.

“Good question, but no. Until a week ago.” She stood and walked to the other set of computers.
“And then the case against him imploded. By which I mean every single witness suffered some sort of fatal accident. Three guesses as to who the police suspect in those cases.”

“Jermaine Fisher and the guy who got away last night,” John said.

“Jose Anton. So they kill witnesses in order to get Brick out of prison…”

“Yeah. It’s the easiest way to get someone off,” Nick said. “If there are no witnesses or evidence strong enough then the DA can’t prove their case and if they can’t prove the case then there’s reason to hold Brick anymore.”

Roy smiled. “I’m kinda enjoying having a cop’s son on the Team.”

He smiled. Felicity smirked.

“But then shoot a cop to do… what?”

“That’s what we have to find out.”

“I’ll hit the streets.” Roy stopped and looked at Lexy. “If that’s okay--”

“Go. If I didn’t think it was all right I would have said something, RJ. Go.” She looked at Nick. “Nicky, you and I are going to go talk to your dad. See if we can legally get a glimpse at Brick’s file.”

Nick grabbed his bag and cell phone. “Let’s go, Als. We’ll call you if we find something,” Nick told them.

“Okay,” John said. “Be careful.”

They promised over their shoulder and walked out. They walked out the side entrance and Lexy got on her bike and handed a helmet to Nick. He put his leg over the bike and said, “I was thinking about this…if I do ever end up out in the field like you and your dad, do you think I should have a suit?”

She shrugged. “A suit is a personal choice. I chose one because it’s easier to move in than my regular clothes.”

He pushed the helmet on and asked, “What do you think?”

“Um…I think you’d do well in a suit,” she said as she eased the bike out of the alley. “And you’d definitely look hot.”

He laughed. He tightened his grip on her waist. “I knew I could count on you for that.”

“Always.”

Lexy into the bunker and stopped at her mother’s computers. What do we got?”

“A reason for you to suit up in your new suit and get reacquainted with your bow, Sweetheart,” Felicity told her.

“Why?”
“Because according to Laurel, Fisher's lawyer called Brick with the time and the place of the outgoing call.”

“Can you trace that call back to where Brick is?” John asked.

“At least where his phone is. His burner phone, to be exact. It's at a warehouse in the Glades.”

“We'll check it out.”

“I'll have to talk you in from QI. I'm crazy-late.”

“Bye, mom. See you tonight.”

“Bye, Sweetheart.”

She looked at the guys. “Let's suit up, Gentlemen.”

At the warehouse, Roy and Lexy got into position. While Dig waited in the truck. “30 seconds,” Roy said.

“Copy that. I've got eyes on the target warehouse. But no signs of life. Felicity, you seeing something I don't?”

“The warehouse doesn't have any security cameras, but someone disabled all the traffic cams on that block, which probably means you're in the right place.”

“You sure ditching the arrow suit was a good idea?”

“Only if I need to move or shoot,” John said.

“He's right, Roy. He could barely move in it. Uncle John’s a little more…muscular than daddy….”

“Besides, you got the Green Arrow right there,” Felicity said. “She looks a lot like Oliver too.”

They laughed softly. They got into the warehouse, but it looked empty. There was definitely no bodies in the place.

Lexy saw the glow beating off the cement and nodded to John. He looked. “Hey, we got something.”

“It's not big enough to be Brick.”

“Yeah, I know.”

“Not only that but there is no way that his entire crew burns him alive or dead.”

They find another barrel that was burning the crew’s phones. “They burned their burners.”

“Which can only mean one thing,” Lexy said.

“Yeah, torching evidence, tying up loose ends.”

“Evidence of what?”
“I don’t know.”
Lexy looked at the blueprint and numbers on a page. “Hmm…weird.”

“What?”
“This,” she showed it to them.

“What is it?”

“I don’t know. Doesn’t look like it’s anything.” She stood. “Let’s go show mom. Maybe she knows.”

They nodded and walked out with her. They showed Felicity the papers they found as they walked toward the bunker from the entrance of the club. As they turned the corner to go downstairs, Lexy gasped. “G-G-Guys.”

Felicity looked up. “Oliver? Oliver?!?” she exclaimed rushing into the bunker.

However it wasn’t Oliver it was Malcolm Merlyn. He looked at them as John pulled his gun on him. “Could you put the gun away? They don’t scare so much as annoy me.” John pulled his other and put them both on the man.

“I’ve only come here to talk. Would it be possible to do that?”

“Talk about what?”

“Oliver. I need to know...is he still alive?”

“He’s alive.”

“Have you heard from him since he went off to face Ra's al Ghul?”

“He's alive.”

He knew that Felicity was lying by just looking at her. “If he were, I suspect you would have heard from him by now.”

“Unless Ra's took him prisoner,” Roy said.

“The Demon's Head does not take prisoners.” He walked out.

Lexy sighed. “He’s right.” She looked at her team. “I told you…”

“He’s alive, Lex,” Felicity snapped.

“Mom, I saw him plunge down.”

“Did you see the splash?”

“What?”

“Did you see the splash?”

“Well…I don’t know,” she said. “I don’t remember!”

“Exactly. It was an emotional moment. Your mind could have blocked it out.”
She sighed, frustrated. “You know what? I’m not fighting with you on this. You go on believing he’s still alive if you want to. But I know my father pretty damn well and I know he’d never want us to just stop living our lives because of him.”

“What are you doing?”

“I’m running the pattern analysis on that list of numbers you guys found.”

“No, I mean, what’s the point?”

“Malcolm Merlyn didn’t tell us anything we don’t already know. Nothing has changed.”

“You’re right, Felicity. He didn’t tell us anything new. But he may have been right all the same.”

“I know you guys think I’m in denial. But if there’s one thing Oliver taught me--he taught us-- is that sometimes, all you can do is keep pushing forward.”

“All right. I’ve got the M.E.’s report,” Laurel said.

“Did they ID the body?”

“Jose Anton. Career criminal with ties to Danny Brickwell.”

“I think Brick severed those ties pretty thoroughly.”

Lexy scoffed. “Almost to dust.

Laurel looked around at the team. “Is everything ok? Where’s Oliver?”

“He went to fight the head of the League of Assassins,” John told her.

“What?!” she whispered.

“And we haven’t heard from him since he left.”

“There’s something else-- Malcolm Merlyn stopped by for a little chat. He says Oliver’s dead,” Roy said.

“And you guys believe him?”

“Look, Laurel, Merlyn said--” There isn’t one thing that Malcolm Merlyn can say that any of us should believe.”

“This isn’t the first time that I’ve heard that Oliver was dead. He’s been back before. He’ll be back again.”

“Not this time,” Lexy told her.

“How do you know?”

“Because I was there!” she screamed. “I was there! I was the entire reason why he went to that damn mountain. I was the entire reason he fought….I’m the entire reason why Ra’s al Ghul plunged a sword into his gut and then pushed him off that mountain!” She slapped her chest. “Me.”

“What?” Laurel asked. “Lexy, why are you blaming yourself?”

“Because it is my fault!” she sobbed.
Laurel sat her briefcase down along with the ME’s report and went to her Goddaughter. “Oh, Sweetheart, I know that’s not true.”

“They took me hostage to get information,” she cried. “Dad got the information and came to get me back. He challenged him to get me back and then when…” (sobbing) “…when they fought—I—I s-s-saw Ra’a…” instead of finishing the words she began to sob even harder and Laurel pulled her into a hug.

“Lexy,” Felicity said as she walked to her daughter. “Sweetheart, no one blames you for what happened.” She looked into her daughter’s eyes. Her fiance’s eyes

“Why not? It’s true.”

“Alexandra.”

They looked up to see Roy standing there with his arms folded. “Wha…wha…what?”

“Stop it. This isn’t your fault and stop blaming yourself for your father being an amazing father. He did exactly what any of us would do for you…hands down. Besides your father, if you asked either of us in this room whether or not we’d put our life in front of yours we’d do it in a heartbeat. I know I would.”

“Me too,” Nick said directly after him.

“Me too,” John told her.

“So would I,” Felicity said. “You’re my daughter. There isn’t anything I would put before you.”

“Me neither,” Laurel said. “I would do it too.” She exhaled. “Lexy, you’re too young to be putting the entire weight of the world on your shoulders. It’s bad enough you got the weight of this team there. You don’t need the world too.”

She nodded, “I know,” she said barely audible as her voice was choked with tears. “I miss him!”

This time Felicity, pulled her into a hug and held her as she cried. And this time both of Oliver’s girls cried.

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“Any luck?” John asked as he and Lexy approached the computers.

“The number pattern is consistent with cataloging numerics,” she answered.

“What kind of catalog?” Roy asked.

“If I knew, I would be telling you.”

“Mom,” Lexy scolded.

“I’m sorry to interrupt.” They all turned to see Malcolm there.

“We really need to change the locks,” Felicity said.

“Wouldn’t do us any good. One of the first things they teach you is how to break into locks, right, Mr. Merlyn?” Lexy asked.
“What do you want?” John said.

“The League conducts matter of significance such as duels on grounds sacred to its beliefs. I went there. And found this.”

“That’s….that’s….that’s the blade that killed my father!” she gasped.

Merlyn nodded. “It’s Ra’s’ custom to leave behind the instrument of death as a memorial to honor the fallen.”

“Merlyn, did you see… Oliver’s body?”

“It fell into a ravine. His remains were unrecoverable, I’m afraid.”

“Then how do we know that's Oliver's blood?”

“Well, I would think his daughter telling you that it was the blade that killed him would be sufficient, but also because after I leave, you'll test it. And after you confirm that it is his blood, you'll exhaust yourself with conspiracy theories as to how I planted it or how it's all a lie. And after enough time passes, you'll be left with one inescapable truth-- that Oliver Queen is dead.”

“This is your fault,” Felicity told him. “Oliver went there because of you-- because of what you did to Thea. You made her a target for the League so he would have to challenge Ra's just to save her. You killed him.”

“You are right. And I will live with that guilt for the rest of my days. I am truly sorry. I can see how much you loved him.”

“Save it, Merlyn. You're enjoying this,” John told him.

“Miss Smoak is correct. I orchestrated the matter to eliminate the death warrant Ra's placed on my head. Oliver was that way. His death means my own.”

“Good.”

“Alexandra.”

Lexy turned, wiping her tears away. “Yes, Mr. Merlyn?”

“I am truly sorry.” He swallowed, his eyes glistening with tears. “I left you an orphan.”

She took a deep breath and faced the man that basically killed her father. “No, you didn’t, Merlyn. Not this time.”

He looked at her a little surprised. She straightened her shoulders and walked to him as she said, “See, you made me an orphan when I was six years old. Which ultimately made my entire family and even his friends, best friends hate me.” She got face to face with him. “You may have taken my entire world from me then, but you haven’t even come close to doing so now. Because unlike when I was six I don’t just have my mom and dad anymore. My whole world is no longer just two people. It’s the people standing behind me and five others who are safely tucked in their house on Walnut Street.” She glared at the man standing in front of her. “But I do have one thing to say to you, Merlyn, I hope the League does come looking for you and when they do I hope they find out what you did and I hope they kill you…very…very…very…very slowly, because as of this moment you are dead to me.” Her eyes narrowed a little bit further. “Now, get the hell out of my Bunker and if I see you step foot here again without being invited I will kill you and not even your league training
can save you, Old Man.”

The entire bunker was eerily quiet as they waited for the results of the blood test. The computer beeped and they all turned, except Lexy. She knew. She knew it was her father’s blood. She knew it because she’d remember that blade anywhere. She knew because she’d have the look on his face before Ra’s kicked him off the mountain forever etched into her brain.

“What's that?” John asked coming to the computer.

“The blood analysis on the scimitar. It's Oliver's. 99.997% match. If Merlyn's lying, he's being thorough about it,” she said crying.

“Felicity…” John said kneeling down toward her.

“Thanks for not saying “I told you so.”” She stood and said, “I got to go to work.”

“You really don't,” John told her.

“It's fine. I'm glad we know now.” She started heading upstairs, but stopped. “Are you going to school?”

Lexy shook her head. “No…I-c-can’t, mommy.”

Felicity’s chin quivered. “Okay, baby, I’ll call the school. Go home. Get some rest.”

“I can’t,” she said. “His…face…” she wiped her tears. “It’s…”

“Okay, baby, just go home then.”

“Sash, I’ll drive you.”

She nodded. “Let me go change. And I should probably text Nick and tell him I’m not going to school.”

“Okay, Kiddo. Go change.”

She nodded and stood. She walked to the back where her clothes were and changed.

A few hours later, Roy and John pieced together the missing parts of the case and Roy called Lexy. She immediately came in, carrying Bella. “I was cuddling with her when you called. She fell asleep. I can’t get a hold of Nick. Told him to meet us--”

“I’m here,” he said immediately. “I’m sorry, Baby. I was at a thing for dad.” He took Bella from her. “Hey, Baby Girl.” He kissed Lexy. “Go change,” he said to them all. He looked around as they went to changed. “Where’s Felicity?”

“Not answering,” John said over his shoulder. “How do you feel about being our eyes in the sky?”

“I could do it,” he said. “What’s going on?”
They tell him. He froze. “It’s all of the cases we put away?”

They answered him with a unison ‘yeah’. “Oh, Guys, that’s not good.”

“Why?” Lexy asked coming out completely dressed. She grabbed her bow.

“Because if they want the evidence that means that Brick wants to use those guys.”

“What?” Roy asked coming out.

“Well, think about it. It’s the same thing that they did to get Brick out. They’re going to burn the evidence in those boxes so that the guys come out free. And then they’ll owe Brick one because he got them out.”

Lexy exhaled. “I hate to say this, but his theory is a good one.”

“Too good,” Roy said. “You’ll make detective yet, Jordan.”

He laughed. “Thanks.”

They finally got Felicity and told her everything. Lexy then handed her guys earplugs. “Wear these,” she told them.

“Why?” Roy said shoving them into place.

“Because if I have to, I’m going to use my batons and make them sing, RJ.” She smiled. “Let’s roll.”

Roy and Lexy snuck up on their guys and took them out. She used a twisty backflip and knocked one out cold and then used her bow and arrow to take another. John took one out at the entrance, then began dodging bullets, while inside Sparrow and Arsenal dodged bullets of their own.

There was open warfare of bullets and arrows everywhere. In the end, Brick got John down. And Lexy tapped her comm. “Mom.”

“Uncle John’s pinned by Brick, Baby. Be careful.”

“Got it.” She tapped her comm again and tapped into the Captain’s phone. He picked up. “Captain.”

“Sparrow, how are you, Sweetheart?”

“Good. Do your boys have their plugs in, Sir?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“Good. Frequency is going all the way up.” She tapped her comm off and pulled her batons out. She then flicked something on them and turned them all the way up. She then came around where her Uncle and Brick were fighting. “Hey, Jackass!”

Brick turned. “Oh, aren’t you cute?”

She squeezed the batons and they started emitting the loudest scream they could. She watched as the man dropped to his knees, covering his ears. She came toward him. She turned them off and he tried to get his equilibrium back.
“Curious, how loud can those actually get if you let them?” John asked.

“To two-hundred decibels. Which is enough, more than enough to kill a human.” She took his arm. “Come on.”

When they got back to the bunker, they found out it was Felicity who let Brick get away. It was Felicity who made the call. Lexy panted, she was so pissed, but like every teenager her age, she didn’t say anything. She just kept quiet as she put her bow, quiver and batons away. As she was putting everything away, she could hear John and Felicity’s argument. She tuned it out as she went to the back of the Bunker to change. She really wasn’t in the mood to listen to arguing.

She was too emotionally torn up to do it. She knew her anger at her mother would go away, because she knew deep down she was just being a mom and despite the way she thought of herself, she’d always be her daughter. But it was the arguing that tore her apart. She hated fighting. After she finished changing she let everyone know she was going home and headed out the door.

Awhile later, Lexy came back down to the bunker to see that all of the Canary’s gear pulled out. “What are you doing?” she asked softly.

Laurel spun around. “I…I…I don’t know. I didn’t mean--”

“Laurel, she was your sister. If you want to see her gear you’re more than welcome to,” she told her. “I’m just wondering. Are you thinking of putting it on?”

She shrugged. “Dumb right?”

“I didn’t say that,” she said. “Some might say that it’s dumb that I changed my suit to look like daddy’s.”

“What do you think?”

“I think this town needs to believe that the Arrow is still out there. Male or female they still need hope.” She sighed. “How far have you taken your training with Ted?”

“Not far, not really. Why?”

She took a deep breath and released it. “I can’t believe I’m gonna say this, but I’ll teach you.”

“Wha…wha…what?” Laurel stammered. “You will? But I thought with the way that I treated…”

“True, our relationship hasn’t been the greatest, but I think with daddy dead we’re gonna need each other more now than ever, Laurel. Mom’s dealing, and she’s coming to terms with it, which is why she’s angry. Roy’s gonna walk probably because like mom, he thinks there’s no point to any of this without daddy. And uncle John…I don’t know what he’s gonna do,” she exhaled. “But myself, I gotta be doing something. I gotta be making a difference somehow and if you wanna learn how to take a bad guy down then I’ll teach you.”

Laurel stood before her, absolutely stunned. She wished she had even an ounce of this girl’s forgiveness. “Thank you.”
“But if I do, then it’s a clean slate, Laurel. You don’t bring up your past with my father like you did when you met me. And I promise to leave all my anger and resentment for past Laurel at that door, okay?”

She nodded. “Again, thank you.”

“You’re welcome. Also, you have to listen to me. And I mean listen to me. You can’t climb onto your stubborn streak and ride it out, because if you don’t listen to what I’m teaching you it will get you killed, okay?”

She nodded. “I promise.”

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-Meanwhile, Somewhere Around the World….

Oliver jerked, gasping and his eyes bulged as he felt air going back into his lungs. He didn’t recognize the place he was at. He immediately recognized the voice that talked to him.

“Don’t move. You’ll pull out the sutures,” the woman told him. “Oliver.”

Oliver turned his head and seen a blast from his past in Hong Kong. “Tatsu. How…”

“I asked her to come here...so she could bring you back to life,” Maseo told him.

“Yes?”

“Because you have a very convincing daughter.”

“Lexy…”

“Don’t worry. She’s home now. Ra’s followed through with his promise.”

He sighed, wincing. “Good.”

Now he just had to figure out how to get there.

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A few days later, Felicity and Lexy sat in what was Oliver’s office going over the deal that they had drafted up with Michael. “I appreciate beyond words what you’ve been able to do for me, Michael. I really do. And I appreciate everything you’ve done beyond this company.”

“You’re welcome, Lexy. Are you absolutely sure about this?”

She nodded. “I…I can’t do it anymore. The only reason for me to take the company back was for my father and with my father’s…extended absence all three of us has come to the conclusion that we can’t run it anymore. And it’s not fair to ask you to do it and to run your own companies at the same time. And it’ll be too much for mama. That I know.” She took her mother’s hand.

Michael looked at the young girl and she looked absolutely tormented, like this was the last thing she wanted to do. “Do you want me to be here with you while you make the call?”
She nodded. “Please.”

He nodded. “Go ahead.”

She tapped the speaker button on the phone and hesitated. She then dialed the familiar number of Mr. Ray Palmer. “Hi, may I speak with Dr. Palmer please? Tell him it’s Alexandra Queen.”

“Right away, ma’am.”

Moments later, Ray got on the phone. “Alexandra, everything alright?”

“Doctor Palmer—”

“Ray.”

“Pardon?”

“As opposed to you calling me Dr. Palmer.”

“Oh, right. Um…you can call me Lexy. Most everyone does. However, this isn’t a social call. I’m calling to ask you if you’re still interested in Queen Industries.”

“Absolutely.”

She smiled at the man’s exuberance and looked at her mother. “Great.” She sat down as she said, “So, how much were you offering the board before we outbid you?”

“I offered twelve billion.”

She nodded. “We offered them eighteen with my Bradford family contacts and businesses. However, if you buy the company, the Bradford Global businesses are a separate entity all together.”

He smirked. She was a tenacious and confident little girl. “Does your parents know how good you are at this?”

Felicity smiled, extremely proud of the way her daughter was handling herself. “We’re aware, Ray.”

“Miss Smoak, how are you?”

“I’ve been better.”

Lexy smiled. “I’m a Queen and a Bradford, I’m supposed to be. However, Doctor, I’m willing to negotiate starting at twenty-one.”

He nodded. He could play this. “Oh, Lex, I know you wanna go higher. Do it?”

“Nineteen, and I’ll throw in the entire Bradford Global companies too, for an extra eleven.”

“Wow…that would make you the richest little girl in the world. How about this. You keep half your shares of Bradford, twenty-five percent shares of QI, and you give me BG and QI for twenty-two.”

She looked up at Michael and he nodded at her vigorously. “That’s an amazing offer, Lex. And I mean that. You’ll still have part of your companies, but you’ll be earning money while going to school. Take the offer.”

She nodded. “I’ll take it, but on one condition.”
“Which is….?”

“All of the employees of QI and BG keep their jobs and their salaries.”

He smiled. “Deal. What’s your mother’s position at QI?”

“She is in charge of Scientific Developments.”

He smiled. “How do you think she’d feel about being Palmer Tech’s new VP?”

She looked at her mother to see her totally shocked by Ray’s offer. She smiled hugely, “I think she’d love it.”

“Great. When can I meet you?”

“Are you busy right now?”

“Nope. I can be at your father’s office in twenty minutes.”

“Great see you then.” She hung up and looked at her mother.

“How are you doing, Lex?” Felicity asked.

She exhaled. “I feel…lighter. I know that sounds weird, but with everything going on right now I know I couldn’t find a good enough CEO to run the company. I mean we vetted all those people and we both agreed that it didn’t feel right and you agreed that you couldn’t do it.”

She shook her head. “No, I can’t. And I agree, those people didn’t feel right at all. I think you did a very good thing here, Lex.”

She nodded. “Me too. Which is why I feel guilty for feeling relieved with not having that pressure.”

“Pressure?” Michael asked.

“Yeah. With daddy’s extended absence we all know I couldn’t have run the company myself which is why the three of us talked. And as much as it kills me to have it be out of the family, both families, because I had fought so hard for it, I feel relieved to not worry about it too.”

Felicity smiled. “Good. You don’t need to have all that pressure on you. You’re too young.” Even if it kills me to know that Oliver won’t come back to a company, but being extremely a lot more wealthy.

But that wasn’t the only thing that killed her.

Chapter End Notes

I know that some of you may not agree with what I did with QI and BG, but this frees up Oliver to run for Mayor now. And can follow canon a little more.
MIdnight City

Chapter Summary

    Brick takes Aldermans to force the mayor to get the police force out.
    Lexy and Thea decide to truly try to be friends.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The beautiful darker blond slammed into the mat again with a rough grunt for the umpteenth time that day. She groaned and opened her eyes to the young blond that stood over her. “How in the hell do you keep doing that?”

“Laurel, you’re not focusing.”

“What?” she asked allowing Lexy to pull her to her feet. “What are you talking about?”

“Number one thing Ted and daddy taught me, focus. It’s the only way to actually find your opponent’s weaknesses.”

“Well, I don’t see how learning hand to hand combat is going to do anything for me. I’m going to use Sara’s detachable bo.”

She nodded. Okay, her father was right. When Laurel hit a stubborn streak she was blinded by it. “Okay.” She said and pulled her gloves off. She put them on the metal table and walked over to where she was meticulously storing Sara’s bo. She then walked over to where her batons sat in their case with her new suit. She tossed the bo in Laurel’s direction. “Knock these out of my hands.”
"What?"

"Knock them out of my hands," she said. "If you can take me down using that then I'll teach you the right way to use it and not hand-to-hand. However, you don't knock me down or knock these out of my hands, then we continue the training the way I want to teach you. Or you can go to Ted and he'll teach you at the snail's pace he's so wonderful at."

"Lex, I could break your hands," she told her. "Won't people--"

"The most important people in my life know what I do and five of them know that I'm training you." She held her batons in her ready stance. "Bring it, Blondie."

Laurel smirked and she started swinging it like a baseball bat. She got Lexy a couple of times, but it didn't knock the batons out of her hands. However, she was able to knock the bo out of hers by doing a spin, that crossed her arms in the end and crossed her batons around the bo, then pulling it out of her hands. Lexy caught it. Laurel smiled. "Oh, you are so teaching me that."

She laughed. "Your sister taught me that one," she told her.

"Sara taught you?"

She nodded. "At my age I'm always learning, because there's always something unexpected that we've never come up against, so as long as I train and learn something new then I know I'll be my strongest when I need to be."

Laurel just stared at her in shock. "How in the hell are you only thirteen years old?"

She shrugged. "It happens when you have to raise yourself, Laurel." She put her batons on the table and picked up her water. "I've been pretty much on my own since I was six years old. And now with daddy gone…" she exhaled. "I know I have mom, but…" she shrugged, "this feels different. This feels…weird." She sighed. "I know it doesn't make sense, but I don't know how to describe it."

"It's okay. I don't even hazard a guess as to say I know what it feels like to lose him twice. The grieving's got to feel twice as bad since you didn't get to grieve the first time."

She shrugged again. "There's nothing. And I don't mean that in a cold way, but in the way that I'm numb. I've cried so much for him that I'm not even sure I could do it anymore, but I go home and my heart hurts and I find myself bursting into tears all over again because his presence is still there." She sighed. "The other day I was gathering up dad's laundry from mom and dad's room and found one of his shirts…" she exhaled. "I actually…halted right there because for an instant I got a whiff of him. It kinda brings me back to when mommy died. I held on to everything of hers. And I still have this blanket that is draped over my bed now that smelled like her for the longest time. I remember when I would have a bad dream after she died and I'd curl up in that blanket and hold it to my nose…smelling her eased the fear from the nightmares."

"Did you do his laundry?"

She nodded. "But I've kept a couple of his t-shirts and a sweatshirt he wore last. I...j-j-just can't bring myself to do it. I can't."

Laurel nodded. "I understand." She knew to change the subject when she brought Oliver up. "So, you got any plans tonight?"

She nodded. "Nick and I are going to the movies."
Laurel smiled. “Is that code for you’ll sit in the back and make out?”

She laughed. “Probably not. His brother and his girlfriend are coming too. Then I was going to bring them back here and show them the bunker.”

Her jaw dropped open. “Really? Does Chris and his girlfriend know?”

She nodded. “Chris has known since Slade was around. Rachel found out over Christmas break.”

Laurel winced. “How’d they take it?”

“Pretty good,” she admitted. “Better than I thought.”

“Good. You need really good people in your life, Lex.”

She smiled. “Yeah. And the Jordans and Rachel are the best.” She sighed. “I should get a shower in before I meet up with Nick and everyone. See ya later?”

She nodded. “Absolutely. Same time tomorrow?”

“Um…no. I have a math test the next day. I was going to study with Nick.”

“Okay. Well, call me and we’ll get together when your school schedule permits.”

“Okay.” Lexy walked off to jump into the shower, never thinking she’d have to watch Laurel like a 5 year old.

Meanwhile, at the movies, Lexy tried to concentrate on the movie, but she couldn’t with the slurping smacking sounds that Chris and Rachel were making next to her. She leaned more into Nick as Rachel started to leaned back a little more. She looked at Nick. “Seriously, they keep making out and getting ready for second base like this and I’ll be sitting in your lap.”

He laughed softly, as he ran his fingers through her hair. “I’m okay with that.”

She laughed. “I’m sure you are.” She tilted her head up and their lips were mere inches apart when her phone buzzed in her jacket pocket. She groaned, kissed Nick anyway and then pulled back, with him following her. “I love you.”

“I love you,” he whispered.

She looked at the caller ID. “It’s Roy. Be back in a sec.” She kissed him again, dragging it out this time.

She rushed out of the theater and answered, “What’s up, Roy?”

“We need to talk. Meet me at the cave.”

“Okay,” she said. She stared at the phone for a second. He sounded pissed. She walked back into the theater and walked back to her boyfriend. “I gotta go. Did you wanna come with me?”

He nodded. “What about them?”

She sighed. She slapped at Chris’ shoulder. “Hey, Christopher. Let’s move.”
She sat in the back of Chris’ car with Nick as she directed Chris to the back alley entrance to the Cave. She got out of the car and punched in her code. The door popped. “Let’s go.”

She walked into the building and walked into the cave. She walked toward where Laurel and Roy were talking. Roy saw her and stormed toward her.

“You told her to go out there alone?!”

“Whoa!” Lexy exclaimed. “What the hell, Roy?”

“Do you know what Laurel was doing when I found her tonight?”

“Not particularly,” she answered then squared her shoulders. “But you better back the hell up, Roy. I’m serious.”

He saw the blue fire in her eyes and stepped back. Remembering she was their leader along with his best friend, he backed up more. “Sorry.”

The sound of the door opening, cut Roy short of his interrogation. John came in. “Laurel, what the hell?”

She scoffed. “I’m fine.”

“What happened?” Lexy demanded to know.

“Laurel decided to take a guy on in the Glades,” Roy told her.

Lexy looked at Laurel. “Are you crazy?! Laurel, you can’t just--”

“You are certifiable if you think you can wear your sister's mask.”

“Yeah, yeah, you're right. But Oliver, the Arrow...he's gone now. And like it or not, the Canary sends the same message. They fear her.”

Lexy shook her head. “They fear what your sister could do. Not you.”

“Yeah. She's not here anymore.”

“No, she’s not, but I am,” Lexy told her.

“What?”

“Laurel, you can’t just strap on the mask, put the pants on and pick up that bow, walk out there and decide to take on every bad guy there is.”

“Isn’t that what you did?”

“No. Ted trained me, Laurel. Ted. Then daddy did. Uncle John’s taught me a few things and over the years of my friendship with Roy he’s taught me things, but it took me a long time to convince anyone to take me seriously.”

“Well, I’m not you.”

“No, you’re not,” she said. “Because if you were me you would have already told your father that
Sara’s dead.”

Laurel stopped cold. “What?”

“You heard me,” she said. “How long do you think you’re going to be able to keep the secret before Quentin finds out, Laurel? Huh? From the stories my father used to tell me you weren’t very good with lying to him. With how many times you got grounded after he found out you spent the night with my dad.”

“I thought we said we wouldn’t bring up your dad or my history with him.”

“When we’re training. We’re not training right now. I’m trying to tell you that despite your dad’s heart condition he needs to know that Sara died. That she was killed. He needs to mourn her just like you are.” She looked into her eyes. “Take it from me, not being allowed to grieve will only cause anger and resentment.”

She rolled her eyes and walked away.

“I’m serious, Laurel. Don’t treat your dad the way you treated me.”

“I need your help?”

Lexy turned to Roy. “When and where?”

“I want Malcolm to leave Thea alone. I need your help to convince him.”

She scoffed. “Roy, honey, I love you, but Malcolm’s not going to leave her alone. She’s his daughter. And if he can find a way to manipulate her he will.”

“Please.”

She nodded. “Let’s go.”

They got to Thea’s apartment and walked in. Malcolm knew Roy was there. “Following me, Mr. Harper?”

“You need to stay away from her. I don't know why you want her to leave Starling City, but I'm not letting her go anywhere with you.”

“Well, thank you for that. I was in need of some humor.”

“I wasn't joking. You are poison. You put her in Ra's al Ghul's gunsights. You had her kill Sara.”

“Thea knows nothing about Sara. And she never will.”

“That's where you're wrong. I know her. She'll get to the truth no matter how well you think you're hiding it. And when she does find out that you've been lying to her, you're going to lose her forever. Trust me; I know from experience.”

“This is a family matter, Mr. Harper. And you are not family.”
“Then I guess it’s a good thing he brought me,” Lexy said coming down the stairs with files in her hands. “Because I am family. And just like you I’m her blood.”

He smirked at her. “Whatever you think you got on me, Alexandra--”

“Killing five hundred and three people,” she began reading from the file. “Which ultimately killed her brother. Drugging her and brainwashing her to believe that Sara was some kind of threat--”

“She was!”

“Only to you, you arrogant Jackass!” she yelled back. “The League wants you dead!”

Malcolm had to give the young girl credit. She really wasn’t afraid of him. “Wow…you’ve matured--”

“No. I just realized you’re nothing to fear, Merlyn. Remember, I said you were dead to me. That hasn’t changed which is why all I have to do is make one phone call and members of the League will be here and I won’t feel guilty about it at all.”

“You wouldn’t!”

“Watch me,” she said. “If you even think I’m allowing you to take my aunt out of this town and on one of your hiding missions you are sadly mistaken, Mr. Merlyn. If you remember, your assets were frozen a while ago and if you even care to look at your accounts now you’ll see that the money you’ve been using is suddenly disappearing.”

“Why you little…”

She pulled a knife on him and put it to his throat and another at his side. “Do it, Merlyn. I dare you. Trust me it’ll be the last move you’ll make. You’ll be bleeding too fast to do anything really major.” She glared at him. “I’m only going to tell you this once, stay away from my aunt or you will not like the consequences.”

With that she turned and walked away, with Roy, picking up the file as she went.

Lexy walked into the Bunker, with Nick and Chris behind her, and walked to the computer. She hacked the cameras and scanned them all. Roy walked in. “What do we got?”

“From what Nathan and Laurel told us,” Lexy explained. “Brickwell stormed into the Mayor’s office, attempted to take the mayor, but they stopped him. He took the Alderman instead.”

“Get anything on the traffic cams?” Roy asked.

“Yes,” she said and turned back to the screen. She then shot it to the bigger screen. She tapped the screen. “That’s Brickwell’s car leaving about ten minutes ago.” She looked up to see Laurel coming in. “If I let you out in the field you have to promise me one thing.”

“What?” she asked.

“Listen to me, please. When I say fall back that means we’re done. That doesn’t mean go rogue on his ass and lose it. Clear?”

“Crystal,” Laurel said. She looked her up and down. “Wow. I don’t think I’ve ever seen you like
“This is her Badass Chick Kickass mode,” Nick told her.

Laurel laughed. “I see that.”

Lexy smiled. “Well, I am the Arrow’s daughter. If I can’t be badass then I have no reason to strap on the suit.” She looked at Roy and Laurel. “Speaking of which, suit up. We have aldermens to save.”

About ten minutes later, they were getting their weapons ready. Lexy was strapping her batons in place and her quiver. Roy looked at Laurel as he grabbed his arrows. “You sure you still want to use that thing? We have plenty of other weapons here.”

“It was Sara’s.”

“Roy! I thought we were on the same page with this,” John said coming downstairs.

“That was before Brick kidnapped three aldermen. Laurel said she knows where they are. We put their location through Felicity’s surveillance program but Brick keeps moving them. We can still track them, take them out en route, but the window’s closing.”

“Fine. Laurel, monitor us from here. Talk me and Roy in.”

“You and Roy?” Lexy said glaring at her uncle. “Um…last I checked I’m the leader, correct? Which means I’m in charge, right?”

“Right,” John said.

“Then where do you get off bossing people around, man,” she said. “And besides, that’s not how this is going to work.”

John looked at Laurel. “Are you trying to get yourself killed? Laurel, you're not your sister!”

“You think I don't know that? You lost a brother. If there's anyone who I thought would understand, it would be you.”

Lexy looked at both of them. “That’s enough,” she said firmly. “We don’t have time for this.”

John grabbed Roy and whispered, “Stay close to her.”

“Laurel!”

“What?” she asked.

“Take these, put them in your ears.”

“What for?” she asked taking the plugs.

“If you don’t my batons will severely hurt your ears,” she answered.

She put them in and then walked out with them both.

They intercepted Brick and Lexy and Roy used their arrows to create a distraction and stop them. While Laurel flubbed up the landing on the van. The whole thing was a clusterfuck of screw ups.
They went back to the Bunker and Laurel changed out of her suit and headed out without much a word to anyone.

Lexy sighed. “Well, that was one screw up after another,” she muttered.

“What happened?” Chris asked.

“Simply put, Roy and I were watching Laurel’s back and things just went down hill from there.” She ran a hand through her hair and sighed. “I gotta go.” She walked up to Nick and kissed him softly. “I love you.”

“Love you. I’ll be over later.”

She nodded. “Bye, Chris.”

She walked into the newly minted Palmer Technologies and headed for her mother’s office, which used to be her dad’s. She walked in. “Hey, mama.”

“Hey, baby girl.” She stood and hugged her. “How are you?”

“Fine. I need to talk.”

“Sit, please.”

She took a seat and told her mother everything. She sighed. “And now a man’s dead and I feel very guilty not only for Alderman Ford, but for Laurel. She’s putting the guilt on herself and it’s not fair. I knew she wasn’t ready—”

“So, why did you let her go out?”

“Because she wouldn’t have listened otherwise. I didn’t think anyone would die, mommy.” She sighed. “Being co-leader was a helluva lot easier than being leader is.”

She laughed softly and hugged her. “I’m sorry, Sweetheart. Wish I could help, but you don’t like it when we run over you like that, so you’ll have to figure out your own leadership style.”

She exhaled. “That’s just it. I don’t know what it is. Running things like daddy does isn’t helping, but I don’t know how to work these guys like daddy did. I’m not even sure they respect me the same way.”

“Then maybe you should find out,” she told her. “Your dad wouldn’t have made you his right hand if he didn’t think you couldn’t handle it at some point.”

“I know, but I have no idea how to be their leader and lead.”

“You’ll figure it out. I have confidence in you, Sweetie.” She exhaled. “Let’s go talk to your Godmother.”

They talk to Laurel and as they are about to leave, Lance calls them. They go to the Bunker. On the way, Felicity looks at Laurel. “Question and answer honestly.”
“Okay.”

“Do you respect Lexy?”

“Of course!” she exclaimed, a little appalled by the question.

“As the leader?”

“Well, honestly, I’ve only known you as leader tonight, but from what I could see you did great.”

Lexy smiled. “Thanks.” She exhaled. “I’ve been thinking.”

“What about?” Laurel and Felicity asked in unison.

“The original reason why daddy did this died with him…so to speak.” Deep inside she still couldn’t believe that her father was gone. “But I don’t think it’s just daddy’s mission anymore.”

“What do you mean?”

“It’s ours too. It’s our mission to carry on for him, but just like me leading the team, we gotta do it our way.”

They got to the bunker and went downstairs. They walked in to hear the boys cheering in Russian. “Sometimes, me and Oliver come down here after, you know, tough nights. He would pour this, look up and say... "Prochnost."”

“What does that mean?”

“I have no earthly idea.”

“It means Strength, Gentlemen. Saying it you’re wishing someone strength.”

John nodded. “To Oliver.”

“To Oliver.”

“We can't do this without Oliver, can we? Felicity was right.”

“Actually, I was wrong, and I'm not wrong a lot.”

Laurel walked in behind her and Lexy and said, “I talked to my father. He said the mayor is going to cave and cede control over the Glades. They're going to evacuate the police force.”

“So it's up to us to stop Brick,” Felicity said.

“Us?” What, are you and Laurel a team now?”

“I was wrong when I said Oliver's mission was over, because it's not just Oliver's mission anymore, it is ours. It's our home that is under attack.”

“For all we know, Oliver could be dead and Sara certainly is. But there are people that are still alive. People who need us.”

“And I’ve made a decision about my leadership,” Lexy said.
“What?”

“I can’t run it like daddy did,” She sighed. “Daddy ran it impeccably well. I’m not my father,” she said. “I may have his eyes and his smile, but I’m not him. However, he left me in charge for a reason, so, I’m going to say this and if you don’t like it, you know where the door is.”

John’s dark brows lifted. “All right, Miss Queen, say it.”

“I’m the leader of this team and if you don’t respect me for that then the door is up there. And as leader, I’ve decided that this isn’t going to be a dictatorship. And it’s not going to be run like daddy did. So, I’m running it like I do our friendship Roy,” she said. “However, with a twist, I get the ultimate decision.”

“How’s she run your friendship?”

“She doesn’t,” Roy said. “She’s basically saying we have a vote, but she makes the final decision. She’s willing to listen to all ideas, but the decision is ultimately hers.”

They nodded. John smiled. “Ok. First we have to find out where those aldermen are.”

“It’s gonna be in the Glades,” Lexy said. “However, he won’t put them in the same place twice, so…”

They trick Lance, against Lexy’s advice into believing that Sara’s still alive and around. They suit up to leave, Lexy handed Laurel a billy club. “Try this. If it doesn’t work you can go back to Sara’s Bo, okay?”

She nodded. “Okay.”

She smiled.

They fought Brick and his men successfully. Laurel did an amazing job fighting against the men and Brick. She had setbacks, but she was able to pull herself back and they were able to get the Aldermen home safely.

As Lexy walked home, she found herself heading for Thea’s apartment. She walked up the stairs and knocked on the door. Seconds later, Thea opened the door. She smiled. “Hi.”

“Hi,” she said. “You okay?”

She nodded. “Can we talk?”

“Sure,” Thea said. “Come on in.”

“Why do we always have false starts?”

“What?” Thea asked a little confused.

“Well, we always say we’re going to try to be better but we never are. Why do you think that is? I mean, we’re family.” She exhaled. “You’re my aunt. And despite what you think, I do love you.”

“And I love you, Lex. I don’t know why we do that,” she said. “I think it’s because it’s easier.” She sighed. “At least for me.” She looked at Lexy. “I don’t know how to be an aunt. There’s no manual
for this, Lex.”

“The don’t be my aunt. Be my friend?”

Thea smiled. “I’d like that.”

“Me too,” she said.

Maybe finally she’d have the family she wanted.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry this one is so late and so short. I promise the next one is going to be longer. I hope you enjoy it and please leave kudos and comments.
Promise Me

Chapter Notes

I know I've apologized a lot for long breaks and whatever, but this time I am profusely sorry. I had a LOT of negative comments that got into my confidence for this story and my Flash story. I wasn't sure I could continue either story, but I LOVE these characters and I'm certainly going to try. Now, I will say this, I DO NOT mind criticism as long as it's constructive and not just negative and mean. So again, I am sorry, but I want to you all to know that I take all of your opinions to heart sometimes, even when they're negative. I LOVE ALL my stories as much as you enjoy reading them, so, please, remember that when you're making your comments.

And Tyler Munsterman (spelling?), if you're still with me, I'd like to say, thank you for all your ideas. Some of them I MAY incorporate into either stand alone chapters or into the episode chapters. :-D

Lexy stayed up in the handstand as she waited for the bad guy that she and Roy had been searching for all night. They’d spent the entire night waiting for this jackass to show up. And now they were going to have him. She watched him walk out of the bar and stop right under the old metal fence rod that was still standing of the fence it had been holding up. She swung down and straightened her legs out and kicked him right in the back, knocking him face down into the muddy puddle that was in front of him.

Roy came from the top of a building and kicked him hard back toward her and this time she pressed him up against the building, holding him there with her bow. “Where’s Brick?!” she demanded.

“Aren’t you a little young to be doing this?”
She pressed the bow a little more into his throat and he gagged. “I’m going to ask again, don’t make me ask a third time. Where…is…Brick?”

The man felt the panic rise in him as his airway was cut off. “I don’t know,” he gagged out. He coughed when she pushed harder into his throat. “I swear!” he wheezed out. “He calls me when he wants me!”

She groaned, pressed him hard into the building and as she walked away she heard the very crude thing the man said to her and she turned and punched him hard in the face, knocking him cold. She looked at her partner. “Let’s go. I promised mom I’d help her host everyone at our place.”

“Oh, right. Dinner with Team Arrow and the civilians,” he teased.

She laughed and pushed at him. “Shut up.”

Lexy and Roy walked into the condo that Lexy shared with her mother and she greeted everyone. Emma rushed to her and hugged her. She hugged her back. “Hey, Em. How’s it going?”

She nodded. “That guy Ethan you know and Ryan are about to come to blows,” she said as if she’s ordering a pizza.

“What?” Lexy said and moved past her friend. As she and Roy came up on the scene of the 2 boys fighting, they seen Ethan actually end up punching Nick in the face as Nick attempted to break the fight up.

Felicity looked at her daughter. “Lex, do something, please.”

She nodded. Instead of flinching or reacting, Nick turned on his former friend and punched him again. He stood over the guy as he hit the floor hard. “When I tell you to knock it the hell off do it, Stupid!”

Ethan wiped his nose and saw the blood. “You broke my nose!”

Lexy rolled her eyes. “He didn’t break your nose, Stupid.”

“How can you tell?”

“I’ve seen one once or twice. Trust me if he broke your nose you’d sound stuffed up and besides your voice squeaking slightly you sound like you usually do.”

She pulled him to his feet and inspected his nose. “You’re fine.” She looked over her shoulder to Nick. “Nicky, baby, my bathroom, grab me a tampon, would you?”

He nodded. She looked at him, then tapped Ethan on the shoulder. Ethan backed away. “You’re not going to stick a tampon up my nose!”

“You’re right I’m not. It’s the cloth inside I’m gonna stuff up your nose.”

Laurel snickered. Lexy looked over her shoulder at the dark blond. “What’s so funny, Aunt Laurel?”

“I remember a time or two doing that for your dad.”

“Speaking of dad,” Thea said. “Have you spoken to him, Lex?”
“Um…not lately. Sorry.” She took the tampon from her boyfriend and ripped it open. “I’m sure daddy got a few bloody noses throughout his years of taking on paparazzi and starting club fights, huh?”

She nodded. “Pretty much. I’ve had to play nurse a few times.”

Lexy snapped the tampon in half and pulled the cotton out of the tubing. She took the scissors Felicity held out to her and cut the cotton. She directed him to the coffee table and then stood up on it. She gently pushed the cotton up the teen’s nose. “Now, you’ll sound stuffed up. Leave it in for a couple of hours and you should be good to go.”

He nodded. “Thank ou, Exy,” he said his voice sounding funny.

“You’re welcome, Ethan.” She looked at Felicity. “What’s for dinner?”

She winced. “I thought maybe you had an idea.”

She laughed softly. “Alright, tacos it is.” She walked into the kitchen, taking Laurel with her. “We need to talk.”

“Everything okay?”

“No,” she answered. She entered the kitchen and got everything out to make tacos. “Have you told your dad yet about Sara?”

“No,” she admitted. “I can’t tell him, Lex. His heart condition--”

“What do you think is going to break his heart more…his baby girl being dead or the fact that you knew and didn’t tell him?”

Laurel didn’t say anything as the hamburger sizzled in the pan. Lexy released a frustrated groan. “Laurel, come on! He has to know! You can’t keep pretending you’re her! It’s not right and quite honestly it’s creeping me out.” She sighed. “Trust me. I haven’t broken it to Aunt Thea that daddy’s dead and I’m not sure I can. ‘Cause, the moment I do she could possibly put together what dad did and what I do and I’m not ready for that yet.”

Laurel sighed. She had a point. She couldn’t strike a deal with her for her to tell Thea, then she’d tell her father. She sighed. “Right.” She sighed. “Why is this so important?”

“Because he deserves to grieve properly, Laurel. It’s not fair that you’re not giving him that opportunity.” She looked at her Godmother. “Just promise me you’ll think about it.”

“I promise,” she vowed.
Lexy and the team have decided that it's time for Brick's reign of terror on the Glades to end...so they recruit the Glades to take him down.

Lexy has a heart-pouring session with the entire team. Nick finally goes out in the field. And the rest of the Jordan men join them to help take down Brick.

Oliver comes home! Much to everyone's relief and Lexy's sanity. However, it's not exactly the reunion Oliver had hoped for.

Chapter Notes

The last time you'll see sad Lexy for awhile anyway. (We still have the end of the season to go)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Lexy sat on her queen-sized bed and finished writing in her journal. She wrote the last words of the sentence, then tucked the ribbon mark into the journal and closed it. Jennifer had bought her the journal after Christmas, telling her that she hoped it would help her with her grieving. And it had. It helped a lot more than she ever thought it would.

She put the journal on her end table with the pen and picked up her phone. She quickly typed a text to Nick: Good night. I love you. See you in the morning. XOXO. Nick had been amazing in the last few weeks. He’d been rock through all of this. The grieving, everything. She had no idea what she would have done without him. She leaned over and shut the light off. She moved down the bed and grabbed her old teddy bear and tucked it under her chin. She looked over at the doggy bed to the sleeping golden bundle. “Good night, Baby Girl. I love you.”
Oliver limped his way to the door and cleared his throat.

“Are you trying to kill yourself?” Tatsu asked.

“I have to get back,” he protested.

“You have to rest. I suppose you planned to leave without telling me.”

He smirked. “Well, I knew that you wouldn't approve. You saved my life. Thank you.”

“Maseo saved it. I merely treated you, and you are going to undo all that work if you try to leave now.”

“I can't stay here any longer. My daughter, my fiancee, my sister…my city.”

“Will mourn your passing I'm sure,” she said.

“If you are so concerned, just come with me. You can make sure that I drink my penicillin tea.”

“Like Maseo, I've disappeared from the world. I have no desire to return.”

“Oh. Tatsu,” Oliver said sadly.

“Be well, Oliver.”

The next day at school, Lexy felt exhausted. She kept having dreams about her dad coming back on and off last night. Nick walked up to her and put an arm around her waist. “Hey, Baby.”

“Hey,” she said groggily.

“Didn’t get any sleep last night?”

She shook her head. “And this time it’s not Team stuff.” She sighed and ran a hand through her curls. “Nicky, let me ask you something.”

“Ask away, Beautiful.”

She smiled. She knew it was a term of endearment. Especially considering that she looked like crap. “Do you think it’s possible for two people to be so close that they share…things?”

He tensed. Did she know about his dreams lately? “I’m not sure I know what you mean, Aly.”

“Last night I had a dream about daddy. He was in this cabin and was getting ready to leave when this Asian woman stopped him. Not evilly stopped him, but concerned.” She looked up into Nick’s blue eyes. “I'm telling you it felt real. Very real. Like it was actually happening but in the area I was in when I saw him die.”

He shrugged. “Let me ask you something. Do you think it’s honestly possible for your dad to have lived through what you said happened?”

She thought about it for a moment and then said, “It's possible I think. With daddy you never know.”
Alexa threw her hair up into a ponytail and then flipped her hood up. She fixed her max and grabbed her bow. She looked at Roy and Laurel. “Let’s go.”

Nick, who sat in his usual chair next to Felicity called out, “Be safe, guys.”

They left the building. Roy and Lexy got on the back of their bikes and Laurel hopped onto the back of Roy’s. Lexy revved it and then took off, peeling out of the makeshift garage.

Meanwhile, a bar, somewhere in the Glades, one of Brick’s enforcers came to collect the ‘taxes’. “Tax time. Brick wants his cut. Now give me all the cash in your register... or I'll make your head look like that TV.”

“I have another idea.”

“Looks like we got ourselves a real live superhero here. You that red streak I've been hearing about on TV?”

“Wrong city.”

“Either way, I bet Brick will pay us a finder's fee. Make the call.”

They walked out of the diner a few minutes later to see Lexy taking out the last of the men outside. They watched as she gave him a kidney shot and then took him out at the knees. She rendered him unconscious using the taser end of her baton and then hopped on her bike. Laurel laughed. “How does she take on multiple people at once being so small?”

“She’s not that small,” Roy told her. “And she learned from Oliver and John to do that. I’d like to think it’s her stubbornness that has made sure she’s made it out on top of this thing.” Laurel tapped her earpiece. “Diner at 10th clear.”

“Hey, Lex, multiple reports of looting at Western and Oxnard.”

“On our way.” She looked at her team. “Let’s go, Guys.”

Nick felt his phone vibrating on the table and picked it up. It was Chris. He answered, “Hey, Big Brother, really can’t talk right now. I’m in the middle of--”

“That’s why I’m calling. How can I help?”

“Uh…” he switched him to speaker. “Repeat that.”

“Hey, Guys, I’ve been watching the news and hearing the scanner. How can I help?”

Felicity smiled. “I love your family, Nicky.”

Nick smiled. “Head to the Bunker.”

“Nick, I’m serious. I want to help.”
“I know, but you’re not getting out in the field before me, Chris. It’s just not happening. If you want to help get your ass to the Bunker. If not then just sit there twiddling your thumbs. Gotta go.” He switched calls. “Hey, Dad.”

“Hey, Buddy. Sounds like you’ve all been busy.”

“Yeah,” he scoffed. “That’s putting it mildly. What’s up?”

“You sound like you could use the help. I’m here. Use me.”

“I thought that blues couldn’t be in the Glades, Dad.”

“We’re not supposed to,” he said. “But what I do off the clock is no one’s business.”

He looked at the rest of the team and Felicity nodded. “Do you know where Club Verdant is?” Nick asked.

“Yes, sir.”

“Meet me there. I’ll show you the Bunker and then we’ll figure out what you and Chris can do.”

“Be there in ten,” Nathan told him and then hung up.

Lexy came downstairs of the Bunker to see Nathan and Chris standing at the comm center. She flipped her hood down and looked at them. “Everything okay, guys?”

Nathan smiled when he seen her. “You look taller in that thing.”

She laughed and pulled her gloves off. “Heels are higher.”

Chris walked up and picked up her bow. “Where’d you learn to shoot this thing?”

“Um...archery teacher when I was in Private School. Then dad taught me to fight with it.” She pulled her mask off and blinked a couple of times.

Nick walked over to her and let her use him as she pulled her boots off. “Nice work on the guys outside the diner.”

“Thanks,” she said. “I’ll have a bruise on my cheek tomorrow, but it went well.” She looked at the guys. “What’s up?”

“They want to help,” John told her.

She nodded. “Right,” she smiled. She looked at Felicity and John. “Are we okay with that?”

Felicity shrugged. “I’ve seen the way that Nick fights and if Nathan taught him then he might be useful out there, but I’m not the one out there, you are.”

She took off her quiver strap and the knife and taser holsters from the suit. She looked at both men. “A few questions first, especially to the cop.”

They nodded in agreement.

“Are you completely okay with taking orders from a thirteen year old girl?”
They exchanged a look with Nick. Nick folded his arms over his chest, making him look more muscular. “Answer the question,” he told them as Laurel and Roy came downstairs.

“What’s going on?”

“Detective Jordan and Chris want to help,” John answered. “Lexy’s vetting them.”

“How is she going to do that?” Laurel asked.

“Easily,” Felicity said. “Watch. It’s actually amazing to watch. Not even I recognize her as my little girl when I hear her talk like this.”

“No,” Nathan and Chris said after a long moment.

She nodded. “Any problems with straddling the line, Detective?”

“Straddling the line?”

“What she means, dad, is we’ve had to work with some heavy hitters in the criminal world and international assassins. Are you going to be okay with not arresting them or watching as Lexy makes a deal with them to get information?”

He shook his head. “No. I’ve learned, especially with being in jail for almost seven months that not all good guys are good and not all bad guys are bad. In fact, I’m still friends with some of the friends I made in prison.”

“Are you good with lies?” Lexy asked unzipping her top. “We’ve had to come up with some quick ones when people ask.”


“Christopher?” Lexy asked pulling off jacket.

He nodded. “I’ve done it before, yes. The only one I’d worry about lying to is Rachel, but she knows, so that’d be okay.”

She nodded. “Okay. Well, just so you know, you won’t be used all the time, but we could use all the help we can get against Brick’s men. So, welcome to the team.” She looked at the team and then Nathan and Chris. “Meet the team. That’s John, he’s backup fire power.” She winked at him. “Mom’s the eyes and ears. Along with Nicky for now, however, I have a feeling your youngest will be out there with us sooner than he thinks.”

Nick smiled. “Really?”

She nodded. “I told you it’s harder to take them all on by ourselves, Nick.” She looked at the rest of the team. “And that’s Arsenal aka Roy Harper…my partner, best friend, Big Brother and Pseudo uncle, I guess. And that’s my Godmother, Black Canary aka Laurel Lance.”

Nathan turned and his jaw dropped. “As in Assistant District Attorney Laurel Lance?”

Laurel nodded and took her mask off. “Hello, Detective.”

She looked at Laurel. “Get Roy to check out your arm, Aunt Laurel.”

“What?”
“Your arm,” she said. “If you don’t get it cleaned up it will get infected and God knows what the heck those idiots use those for besides hurting people.” Lexy walked into the back and to change.

“Wow,” Chris said.

“What?” Felicity and Nick said in unison.

“She can really take charge when she wants to can’t she?” Nathan said.

Nick laughed. “You have no idea.” He lifted his eyebrows to his father. “And you wonder why we haven’t fought or at least had a big time fight yet?”

“Aww, Nicky, are you afraid of your girlfriend?” Chris teased.

“Not afraid. Slightly intimidated. Completely different thing.”

Laurel winced as she said, “I’m intimidated by her when she goes into what we affectionately call ‘Oliver mode’--”

“That’s not Oliver mode,” Felicity said and John shook his head. “Oliver Mode is a lot scarier. That’s what Oliver called ‘Janine mode’. Apparently Janine could be intimidating like that. Used to spook Oliver sometimes.”

“Well, whatever it is, she’s taken to command quite well.”

Felicity smiled. “Oliver would be proud.”

“If I don't suture this, it's gonna scar, Laurel.”

“I'll just add it to my ever-growing collection.”

“Actually you could help us,” Lexy said as she came out, dressed in civilian clothes and picked up the file from the table, handing it to Nathan. “All the information Captain Lance could give us on Brick.”

Nathan opened the file and looked through it. Chris walked over and looked over his shoulder. He placed it on the table and separated pictures. Then read reports. He sighed.

“My father give us anything to use to locate Brick?”

“I don't see how. Some of this stuff goes back decades.”

“There is plenty of evidence against Brick, but there's nothing the police can make stick.”

“So this is what Brick has reduced us to--grasping for straws.”

Laurel picked up a picture and looked at it. “I don't know how you guys have done this for so long.”

“We had Oliver.”

Nathan walked over to Felicity. “Can you gain access to everything Citywide?”

She nodded. “And throughout the Country. Whatcha thinking, Detective?”

He placed the file down and pointed at the weapon. “This gun here. If you look through the reports its the same model. That’s got to be his weapon. So, see if you can get other reports of the same gun
She nodded. “Right, because no mastermind criminal is only going to use their gun once.”

He nodded. “Right you are, Miss Smoak.”

“What are you doing?”

“It’s Nathan’s idea and it probably is grasping at straws I'm pretty sure, but maybe there's something in Brick's M.O. That would suggest a couple doors for us to kick down. I mean, for you to kick down.”

Nathan laughed. “It’s okay. It’s a ‘we’. Just remember even the police force can’t function without it’s eyes and ears, Felicity.”

She smiled. There was a beep to indicate that there was information.

“What was that?”

“Cross-reference with Alderman Ford's murder and the evidence your father gave us. The same gun was used in a 21-year-old shooting.”

“The same gun? Either that's arrogance or stupidity. In this case, definitely stupidity.”

“Criminals aren’t exactly notorious for intelligence,” Nick muttered.

Nathan and Chris laughed. Nick looked down at her. “Who was the victim?”

“In this case it was definitely stupidity. The victim from 20 years ago-- Rebecca Merlyn. Daniel Brickwell killed Malcolm Merlyn's wife.”

Lexy sighed. “Holy crap…”

“What?” Chris asked.

“Ten to one says if Mrs. Merlyn hadn’t died then Malcolm wouldn’t have turned into a total dick.”

Felicity laughed. “Lexy.”

She sighed. “Sorry, mom.”

“So Brick killed Malcolm's wife. What does that have to do with anything?”

“It is just another reason for them to share bunk beds in hell, not that I generally believe in hell, but for them, I will make an exception.”

“Maybe we should get Merlyn to solve our Brick problem for us,” John said.

“That's pretty dark.”

“Laurel, if you don't think things are dark, you haven't been paying attention.”

“Even if we did sic Merlyn on Brick, which I am not advocating, he would have just as much trouble finding Brick as we've had. Brick's men have been busy. They're cutting down cell towers and disconnecting traffic cams and staying out of satellite line of sight, like basically every way I know how to find somebody.”
“Which I’m still trying to figure out how one man can control one area of the City like that,” Chris said.

“The police pulled out,” Nick told him. “There’s no one to reign him in so it gave him free reign to do what he wanted.”

“Well, if the cell towers were down, then how was Brick's crew communicating?”

“At the diner, his men, they were--”

“They were using walkies.”

Felicity turned and walked to the computer while Laurel followed. “Do you think that you could--I don’t know--use those signals to locate Brick?”

“You haven't been down here that much. If they're communicating via radio, they'll be on the FRS, somewhere between 462 and 467 megahertz. If I send out a frequency burst, I should be able to triangulate their location.”

“I did not understand one word that you just said, but Oliver was certainly lucky to have you.”

Nathan laughed. “It’s radio frequencies, Laurel. Every walkie runs on a certain channel. Those channels can be tapped into if you know how to do it.”

“Now that I understood,” She smiled. “How did you know she said that?”

“I have two very intelligent boys. One who is on the fast track to graduating two years early. So, I’ve learned to figure them out.”

The computer beeped. “114 Grandview Plaza,” John said.

“Felicity, that's the Glades precinct,” Laurel said.

“Well, it's not like the police are using it,” Roy said sarcastically.

“Great. We can add irony to the list of charges against Brick.”

“Let's gear up.” He looked at Nick. “You too.” He then turned to Lexy. “Unless you don’t think he’s ready.”

She shook her head. “No, he’s ready, I’ve just been trying to find an ‘easy’ mission to send him out on.” She exhaled. “I should learn by now that there are no easy missions.” She smiled. “My first one was taking on Deadshot after he shot daddy, so…”

“You took on an international assassin?”

She nodded. “I’ve taken on two or three of them now,” she said.

“How old were you?”

“Um…almost twelve I think.”

Chris laughed. “Lex, you’re my hero.”

She laughed. “Come on. Let’s gear up.” She smiled at Nick. “I got you something.”
“What?”

She motioned for him to follow her where she changes and he did so. She walked toward the back and pulled down a case. She opened it by using the third shelf of the shelving in the back of the place. She pulled out something black that was about the size of a pen. “Flick it out toward the floor.”

His brow furrowed in confusion, but he did as she asked. It extended to be a thin baton, not like Lexy’s but like the ones that the cops had. “Wow….cool!”

“So, you like it?”

He nodded. “Absolutely. Thanks.”

She smiled. “Then you’ll love these.” She pulled out a pair of gloves. “These are reinforced with eight ounces of steel strategically sewn into the knuckle area. But they’ll also protect your wrist and forearm.” She sighed. “It’s my compromise for you being out there. I’m not fully confident that you’re ready, but with these it should be better.”

He smiled, put the gloves and the baton down and took her face in his hands. He gently took her mouth into a kiss that made her heart flutter. This time before he pulled back, he seductively licked her top lip and then sucked her bottom lip into his mouth. She felt stomach do butterflies at the change up in the kiss and she moaned. He pulled back and pressed his forehead to hers. “Thank you.”

“You’re welcome. Just promise me you’ll be careful, okay?”

He nodded, keeping their foreheads together. “I promise, Baby.”

She rose up on her tiptoes and kissed him again. She walked back out and picked up her suit. She walked back into the back as Nick walked out. “What did she give you?” Chris asked. He looked at the gloves. “What the hell? Why gloves?”

“He picked them up and looked at his brother. “They’re heavy….”

“Are these SAP gloves?” Nathan asked.

Nick shrugged as they heard Lexy yell, “Yes!”

“She said they were a compromise for letting me out there, considering that she feels that I’m not ready.”

She came back out wearing her suit, boots and everything. She put her mask into place and then flipped her hood up. She grabbed her bow, arrows, quiver and her batons. She put everything in place and then looked at everyone else. “Let’s move out.”

They got into the precinct and started taking down Brickwell’s men. Nick took one out using his baton, choking him until he passed out. He started walking out of the room when another came at him. He punched him in the face and thanks to the gloves it knocked the man out cold. However, when Brickwell was pinned, he started firing flares at them.
“What the heck?!” Nick exclaimed. “Flares?!”

“You can’t fault him for being resourceful.”

“Daniel Brickwell,” they heard a voice say.

“What the hell are you supposed to be?”

Lexy looked down the hall and then looked at Roy. The Dark Archer aka Malcolm Merlyn took Brick out. He pulled his hood off and looked at them. “We need to talk.”

They took him back to the Bunker. Felicity wasn’t pleased. “Somebody please tell me how this is happening again.”

“Daniel Brickwell,” Malcolm said. “It seems we have a common interest.”

“You know that Brickwell killed your wife,” Laurel said.

“Her name was Rebecca. Since my death, maintaining my usual network of associates has become—heh—shall we say, problematic, but the fact that you were able to locate Mr. Brickwell despite the fact that he has gone to ground demonstrates your group's capacity.”

“You followed us. We led you right to him.”

“And I saved your lives in the bargain. So why not continue our association?”

“You want us to team up with you?” Felicity said carefully.

“I guess the question before you is whether your scorn for me outweighs your need to see Mr. Brickwell dealt with.”

“You mean killed. You have your options. Weigh them.”

“MERLYN!” Lexy yelled and made Nathan and Chris both jump.

Malcolm turned. She walked to him, with a measured saunter. “Answer a question for me.”

“Yes?”

“Do you feel bad at all?”

“For what?”

“For the fact that you had my father killed!” She narrowed her eyes as she said, “You know I never thought I’d see a father repeat the actions of something horrific that happened to him and his son—”

“What do you mean?”

“Your wife was killed that night in the Glades because she was helping those people. My father was killed protecting me and Thea.” She narrowed her eyes again. “So, tell me, why I shouldn’t kill you where you stand for the death of my father?”

He turned fully to face her and put his arm out and she just reacted and end up surprising herself as well as the others as she flipped him onto his back. She put a knee into his chest and they heard him starting to gag. “You don’t see it as the same do you?”
“What?” he coughed.

“The fact that you killed my father!” She pushed off him with her knee, but not before stomping on him. She stepped over him and walked out of the room.

Malcolm scrambled to his feet and walked out of the bunker. Chris looked at the team. “Holy shit…I thought you said he was trained by the League of Assassins?”

“He was,” they said in unison.

“Then how did a girl who barely weighs a hundred and ten pounds take him down to the floor like that?” Nathan asked, in awe.

“Adrenaline,” Nick answered. He undid his gloves, pulling them off and put them on the table. “It’s amazing what you can do when your anger gives you adrenaline.” He pulled out his baton, sitting on the table too, and went to Lexy.

He walked into the way back where he knew she’d go and found her in the corner, her knees to her chest, sobbing. He walked to her, sitting down beside her and pulled her onto his lap. She gladly went and allowed him to comfort him. “It’ll be okay, Baby. I promise.”

“I…miss…him…Nicky!” she sobbed. “I miss him more now than I did when I was five. I hadn’t realized…..ho-ho-how close we actually were until…” she let out a squeak as she heart-wretchingly sobbed.

“I know you do, Aly. I know.”

“Malcolm doesn’t even care that his actions killed my father!”

Felicity’s heels clicked through the back of the basement and she stopped where they were. “Is she okay?”

He nodded, tears in his own eyes. It was hard to see both Lexy and Felicity so torn up over Oliver’s death. But he also missed him himself. He missed their conversations and humor toward one another. “She’ll be okay.”

Nathan walked up to them. “She gonna be okay?”

Felicity nodded. “Yeah. She’ll be fine. She’ll be even better if Oliver is alive and comes home.”

Lexy stood with her arms folded across her chest and her eyes steady on Laurel and her mother. Laurel had just suggested that they work with Merlyn and she hated to admit this, but she had a feeling they had no choice. With as outnumbered as they were they could barely do what they were doing.

“How can you even be arguing for this right now?”

“Because I am actually paying attention,” Laurel said walking back to comm.

Lexy walked to Nick and sat on his knee as she said, “Aunt Laurel, tone.”

“Sorry, Lex,” she answered and then looked at both Felicity and John. “Brick has the Glades under siege. He has the police running scared, he has us outnumbered and outgunned, and I am not saying
let's give Malcolm a glass case of his own. All I am saying is let's use him. The same way that he wants to use us.”

“To point him like a loaded gun at Brick.”

“Exactly,” Laurel said.

“You know, it’s not any different then the way we use informants,” Nathan said. Then he clammed up. “Sorry, not my place to say anything.”

Nick shook his head at his dad, telling him not to worry about it, but that he needs to not say anything. Felicity spoke. “Well, A, I’m not ok with that, and, B, even if I was, there has to be a better way to go about doing it than to get in bed with Malcolm Merlyn.”

Roy entered the bunker, “There isn’t. Oliver is gone, and there’s only so much the six of us can do. I just found this out, but the night of the siege, Malcolm saved Thea’s life. He didn’t have an ulterior motive, he didn’t have an agenda. He just wanted to protect what he cared about. He cares about this city. He just went about it in a completely unimaginable way. So just like Thea did the night of the siege, we need him.”

“I can’t think of a world or a universe or a plane of existence where Oliver would agree to any of this.”

Lexy watched the adults as they talked. “Well, Oliver isn’t here anymore, so we need to stop pretending like he is,” Roy countered. “We need to make decisions of our own. I genuinely have no idea how else we’re supposed to stop Brick.”

“And I genuinely don’t know how we live with ourselves if we go about doing it this way!” Felicity yelled.

“Mom!” Lexy said. “Now, look, dang it. Fighting amongst ourselves isn’t going to solve the problem. However, as leader in the field I will say this. I agree with mom, it’s not something I’m sure I could live with. His actions killed my father.” She looked at Laurel, Roy, John and Felicity. “And you have no idea how it feels to lose him twice.” She exhaled. “Still, Roy and Laurel make good points too.”

“Alexandra…” Felicity breathed, horrified.

“Mommy, I love you. You were there when no one else was. You’ve been my mother for six years and I love you even more for taking in a kid you didn’t know anything about, but you’re on the inside looking out. You’re watching this. Brick and his men are a helluva lot tougher than they look.”

“But you took on Mirakuru Soldiers, Lex. This should be—”

“I had dad’s help!” she countered. “That’s what you’re not getting, mama. Dad’s a fierce fighting force in himself. He’s had years of fighting. So, has Uncle John. I’ve been doing this for three years, mommy. Three years. That’s not even a long enough time in my opinion to call myself an expert. And Roy’s been at it a year. And Aunt Laurel…Laurel’s been at it only a month or so, we’re not exactly fighting with a full team here, mom. So as much as I’m gonna feel like crap for saying this, we need Malcolm Merlyn’s help.”

Felicity gasped. I…I don’t even know you.”

“So how does this work? Do we vote?” Roy asked.
“How’d Merlyn take it?” Laurel asked.

“I think he just felt inconvenienced,” John said.

“We made the right choice, right, by refusing Merlyn’s help?” Laurel asked and then looked at Lexy. She shrugged. “Don’t look at me. I was outvoted remember?”

“I don’t know if we made the right choice, Laurel, but we definitely did the right thing,” John said.

“And how many people are gonna die tonight because of it?”

“We made a decision, Roy.”

“I know, and I know that I was outvoted, but that doesn’t change the fact that we’re outmanned.”

Lexy took a deep breath and looked at her mother. “I’m gonna go punch something.”

“Lex--”

“No, mom,” Lexy said. “You got your way. Leave it at that, okay?”

“Lexy--”

She looked at Nick, Chris and Nathan, then back at her mom. “Mom, I don’t want to talk about it, okay?” She cursed herself as her eyes welled up with tears and a tear slipped from the corner of her left eye. She sighed. “You have no idea how hard it is to act strong when all I wanna do is break down.” She nodded. “I’m working through it. Roy’s helped a lot. He’s let me beat him up when I’ve felt angry. Nick’s let me burst into tears and hasn’t freaked out on me because I’m crying all the time. Besides you, Nicky’s been my rock in this, but mom, I have to be the leader out there. I have to push past the fact that every time I pick up my batons or my bow I hear daddy talking to me, training me like he always did and that makes me want to cry because I miss him.”

She began to cry again. “I miss him. I don’t miss mommy as much anymore because I have you, but mama, I miss him. I miss him more and more everyday. I started fighting to fight alongside of him because I wanted to make him proud to be my father, because no one else seemed to be proud of the fact that I was Oliver Queen’s daughter. Now, it’s not just to make him proud, but to make you proud, Uncle John, Roy and even the Jordans proud of me. And I more than anything want to make this City proud. I want to make this City safe again, but how am I going to do that when I can’t figure out a way to take Brick down.”

Felicity walked to her daughter and wrapped her arms around her. “It’s okay, Baby. I miss him too. Of course, I don’t even presume to know how you feel with the whole losing him twice thing, but I miss him too. I have spent a little over a year sleeping next to him and waking up next to him that it’s hard to roll over and feel coolness where he used to sleep.”

She pushed Lexy’s hair out of her face. “But you don’t have to fight to make this City safe to make me proud of you, Sweetheart. I’ve been proud of you since the day I met you. I am very proud to say you’re my daughter, Baby. And nothing, absolutely nothing will change that, okay?”

She nodded and wiped her tears. John stepped to her. “And Small Fry, you don’t need to make me proud of you. What you’ve been able to do the last three years, the things you’ve been able to
accomplish have made me prouder than you could ever know. And it makes me even prouder that you’ll be able teach my daughter, your little cousin the things you’ve learned. But no, you don’t have to make me proud because every day when you go out there to fight you make me proud to call you my ‘niece’.”

Nathan came forward this time and said, “And Lexy, we’re proud to say you’re honorary member of our family. Not because you’re friends with Nick and Chris, or even dating Nick, but because you’re strong, smart, beautiful inside and out and if you and Nick ten years from now decide that you want to get married then nothing would make me prouder than to call you my daughter. But you don’t need to do this for us, to make us proud, because we’re already there.”

“I agree,” Nick said. He walked to her, taking her face in his hands. “You have to know how I feel about you by now. And as much as this isn’t supposed to happen at our age--you’re the center of my universe and I don’t think that will ever change. You’re my best friend, my confidant, my rock and I love you. What I’ve watched you be able to do since you told me and since you’re dad’s been gone has made me so proud, Als, that I don’t even know how to express it. But you don’t have to try so hard, just be you and we’ll love you and support you every step of the way.”

“Sash.”

She turned and he smiled. She went into his arm and Roy held on. He tucked his head into her hair. “You have to know that I’m proud of you. You’re the strongest girl that I know. From the little eight year old girl that I knew then to who you are now I couldn’t be prouder if I was your--whatever you call me. I am so proud of you that it hurts. I’m proud of the woman you’ll become because I see great things for you, Sasha. And I hope I’m there to watch them all.”

Lexy stepped back, wiped her tears, took a couple of deep breaths and then it was like a light bulb went off. “I have an idea.” She smiled at her mother, this time the smile going to her eyes. “And this time we won’t need Malcolm Merlyn to do it.”

“What’s your idea?”

“We get the town’s help in taking back the Glades,” she said, smiling. “I know for a fact that Ted’s getting tired of paying ‘taxes’ to that jerk. And Sin’s cautiously been walking around her neighborhood. She’s spunky, but if Brick’s men wanted to harass her they could do it.” She looked at Nick, Nathan and Chris. “You ready?”

“Us?” Chris asked.

“This is your town too, right?”

He nodded. “Then strap on a gun and get out there.” She looked at Nick. “I’m gonna go get changed. You should probably find something to put on.”

“Like what?”

“I don’t know, maybe figure out your colors.”

“My colors?”

“Yeah. Your hero colors. I had black and green for awhile. Now it’s just green. Find your colors. Join Roy in the all red brigade you know how I like you in red.” She winked at him and walked off.

Nick laughed, but blushed a little. “I have no idea what she means.”
“I do,” Felicity said. “I had a friend make this for you.” She walked to one of the many drawers on the other side of the room and pulled something out. It was red and black. “Lexy told me that her favorite color on you was red, but that your favorite color was black, so…” she tossed him the mask. “Oliver would kill me if he found out that I endorse you joining the team.”

Nick looked at the mask and smiled. “Thanks, Fe.”

“You’re welcome, Nicky.”

Roy nodded to his friend. “You got a pair of black pants?”

He nodded. “In with Lexy’s stuff. Why?”

“You’re gonna need them. I’ll loan you one of my hoodies and we’ll see how you like the combo and go from there. If you like it then we’ll have the people that made Lexy’s suit make yours.”

John smiled. “Oh.” He turned, bent down and picked up the boots. “Steel toe combat boots. They have shock absorbers too so you’ll be all right.”

“Thanks.”

They exited the van and Lexy pulled her bow from behind her back and put pressure on the spine and it came to full-length. She looked at Roy. “Hey, Arsenal, wanna play hit the bullseye?”

He smirked. “Let’s do it.”

“Disable the car and you buy snacks for the movies.”

He laughed. “You’re on.”

They both raised their bows and aimed for the SUV that Brickwell was heading toward. “On the count of three,” she mumbled. “One…two….three!”

They fired and the arrows hit the SUV causing it to blow and spark. Laurel looked at him, mean face on, “Daniel Brickwell.”

“You have failed this City,” Roy said, his voice disguiser on.

“Oh, if it isn’t my three favorite trick or treaters.”

“Go to hell, Jackass,” Lexy said.

“And you seem to have failed in your maths. Can't you see there's a lot more of us than there is of you?”

Sin came walking out, bat on her shoulder. “Guess again, Brick-head.” The rest of the town or most of coming out from everywhere.

“This little parade supposed to mean something?”

“It means that your reign here in the Glades is over!” Lexy told him.

He shook his head. “No. I'll tell you what it means. It means the population of the Glades is gonna
It was a melee of fighting townspeople against Brick and his men. Lexy put her bow back in its holster and pulled her batons. She looked at the man who was about her father’s height smirked. “Bring it, Stupid.”

He came toward her and tried to punch her, but she dodged and kneed him in the torso. He groaned in pain. She turned and knocked him in the face with one of her batons and this time he screamed in pain. She turned again and hit him with a kidney shot. She got him to the ground and used the taser end of her baton and put him out.

As she stood she felt something go across her throat and dropped her baton and grabbed the piece of wood. She gripped it and threw herself upwards and with all her might she pulled down taking the man with her. He landed hard on his back and groaned. She coughed as Nick came over and picked up the baton she had dropped and tasered him into unconsciousness. He tossed it to her.

She looked up to see Ted being attacked by Brick himself, and after squeezing Nick’s fingers she took off to help the guy. She took off at a dead run and as Laurel struggled with him, she got onto the SUV and jumped off. She wrapped her legs around his neck and with him off balance from fighting Laurel it was easy for her to take him down. She pulled herself back and took him down too and he hit the cement hard.

He stood and was about to shoot Lexy as she knelt down with Ted when she heard an arrow hit the metal of the gun and she looked up. She smiled and he ran off. Brickwell attempted to shoot Roy and then took off running.

Lexy looked at Ted. “Hey. Everything will be okay, all right? We’ll get you to a doctor and you’ll be as good as new.”

Laurel talked to him as Lexy started to cry. Ted took Lexy’s hand and looked at her. “Hey, you’re my best student, Lex. I’m so proud of you beyond words.”

She smiled and kissed his hand. She heard an arrow whish through the air and watched it land into the leg of a man Roy had taken down. She gasped, tears swimming to her eyes when she saw the color. Hers weren’t all green, the composite of the arrow was black, with green tails. So, that meant that it could only be one person.

“Daddy….?!?”

“Oliver?” Laurel said at the same time as Lexy.

“MOMMY! MOM!”

“I know, Lex. I know, Sweetheart.”

Lexy rushed to her mother and wrapped her arms around her. “He’s alive…he’s…alive!” she sobbed.

This time while comforting her little girl, she cried herself. Lexy looked at her mom. “I’m sorry I doubted you, mama.”

“Oh, baby, it’s okay. You didn’t know any different,” she said and soothed her. “With what you saw
that day I’d probably think the same thing, Baby.”

“Sorry that I didn't come by sooner.”

Lexy felt her legs wobble at the sound of her father’s voice.

“Just wanted to check in on Thea.”

They all turned and looked and Lexy really couldn’t believe it. Standing there hugging her mother was her father…her hero…her best friend.

“Merlyn told us you were killed,” John said.

“I was close.”

“No….no….no….but I… I saw… daddy?” It was like all of the weight she’d been carrying finally pushed her down and she started to collapse but Oliver caught her and held her, savoring the moment. It shattered his heart when he heard her start to cry really hard.

He kissed her forehead. “My little girl.” He looked at Felicity. “I’m sorry that I didn’t reach out sooner. I wasn’t exactly in a… cell service area.” He shook hands with John. “You kept the city together…” He went to Roy. “….saved the Glades. Well done.”

“It was all Lex,” John said. “She kept us together. It was a struggle at first, but she finally found her sea legs with the whole Leadership thing.”

He smiled and hugged her. “As I knew she would.” He looked at Nick. “So, how’d you like being out there?”

He nodded. “It was all right. You’re not mad?”

He shook his head. “No. From what I could see you all were pretty outnumbered, so Lexy did what a leader does and pulled more in.” He saw the blade laying on the table. “It's a gift from Malcolm Merlyn. He went looking for you,” John said.

“It's Ra's al Ghul's, right?” Roy asked.

“Yes.”

“So what are we gonna do about him? I mean, if he finds out about Thea--”

“Merlyn and I are working on that.”

“Sorry? For a second there, it sounded like you said, ’Merlyn’.”

“I need to know how to defeat Ra’s. Merlyn has the knowledge.”

“Merlyn is a monster. You're in this situation, Thea is in this situation because of him.”

“Felicity--”

“Mom--”

“No. Just a few hours ago, I stood right here, and I swore that there was no way that you would ever
agree to work with Malcolm Merlyn, not ever. I guess I was wrong about everything. I need some air. I'm glad you're not dead.” She walked out.

“Mom!”

Oliver exhaled. “I'll talk to her in a minute, Lex.”

Lexy nodded. “Okay.” She hugged him again. “God, when I seen that sword…then he…”

Oliver held her tightly. “I know, Princess. I know. I'm okay. Still a little swore, but okay.” He kissed her hair. “I thought about you the entire time.”

She smiled. “And to think I had an emotional freak out for the last week over you being dead.” She exhaled deeply. “You’re not allowed to die on me anymore.”

He laughed and hugged. “I promise, Sweetheart. No more dying for me.” He kissed her hair. “Have you talked to your brother?”

She nodded. “Yeah. I didn’t tell him you were…or that I thought you were. Just that you went on a business trip.”

He nodded. “Good thinking.”

She smiled. “Yeah. What did you tell Aunt Thea?”

“That I was in Bludhaven, in jail.”

She laughed. “Go talk to mom. And then I need to talk to you about QI.”

“What about it?”

She sighed. “I sold it.”

“Wha…what?”

She sighed. “I know you wanted it, but…”

He smiled and kissed her. “Lexy, it's okay. To be honest with you, I’ve done a lot of thinking while I was coming home and I don’t think with the team, mom and I’s wedding coming up and you that I’d have time to run the company. So…thank you.”

She nodded. “I put half the money in your account. The other half went into my savings. I’m still living off of the first round of money I had, so…”

He smiled. “Good girl. Definitely better with money than your aunt and I were.”

She laughed softly. “Yeah. So Thea told me.”

Oliver walked outside to talk to Felicity. “Felicity.”

"I need some air" really means "I don't want to talk right now’.”

“I'm sorry.”

“For what? Maybe you could be a little more specific. For letting us believe you were dead for weeks or for abandoning every principle you claim to have by getting into bed with Malcolm
Merlyn."

He stepped toward her, but she backed up. “Uh-uh.”

“That's not why you're upset.”

“While you were gone for almost a month, I allowed myself to fantasize, to dream that maybe, just maybe Merlyn was wrong, that you were alive and that you would come back and that when you did you would be different, that almost dying would give you a new perspective on life, that you would just do things differently. That we would get married and raise Lexy and…”

“And we can still do that.” He looked into her face. “Felicity, my absence hasn’t changed my feelings for you. It hasn’t changed the fact that I want to marry you and have more children with you.”

“But see things have changed. I’ve changed. Lexy’s changed. She watched you die, Oliver. She’s had this immense amount of guilt in her for weeks because she blamed herself for your death. I wanted to marry you before you left, but I’m not entirely sure I want to do that now.”

“Wha…what?” he asked stunned.

“I’m not entirely sure I want to marry you anymore, because if this is how it feels to be a woman that you love. That you would start working with a man who turned your sister, a woman you’re supposed to love, into a killer, who killed a woman you used to love. I don’t want to be a woman that you love.”

“Felicity…what are you saying?”

“I’m saying…right now, I don’t know what I’m saying. But for now, I can’t live with you. So, you and Lexy can stay in the condo. You can sleep in our bed and know how it feels to not have me there. And I’ll get a room or something for awhile until I figure out what I wanna do.”

She turned and walked away and he sighed. “Felicity, please…”

She didn’t turn back or say anything. She just kept walking.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for the ending. I promise it'll all end happily...just the way we like it.

Nick will be out in the field more and he'll also help Felicity, so I thought that Lexy could give him a codename. So, here are the ones that I like:

Patriot
Mercenary
Watchman
Brief glimpse into how Lexy feels about her parents’ break up.

Lexy and Nick have a long awaited talk and decide to take their relationship to the real official level.

Chris Jordan walked into the gym that he and Nick frequent and saw his brother lifting weights and by his body language he could tell something was bothering him. He sighed. He pulled his phone out and texted Roy to meet him at the gym. In the months since their lake trip, he and Roy had become pretty good friends and if Nick’s body language was any indication he was going to need his boys.

About 10 minutes later, Roy showed up and looked at him. “What’s up?”

“Look,” he said and thumbed in Nick’s direction. The kid hadn’t moved from the weight bench, and didn’t seem to be tiring.

Roy looked at what his friend was pointing at and saw the kid lifting the weights like a mad man. “Is he pissed?”

He shook his head and answered, “Frustrated.”

Roy looked at him curiously and Chris laughed. “Man, think about it. For over a year all they’ve been doing is kissing. What do you think is going on?”

Roy nodded. He remembered being a 14 year old boy. He nodded. “Right.” That’s when an idea came to him. He pulled his cell phone out of his pocket and texted Oliver and asked him if he was at the bunker.

[From Oliver]: No. Helping Thea with something. Everything okay?

[To Oliver]: Yeah. Everything’s fine. Nick needs to talk and the subject matter can’t be talked about in public.
[From Oliver]: The bunker is yours. Just text when you’re finished.

[To Oliver]: Will do. Thanks.

Roy looked at Chris. “Let’s go get him and work out at the bunker. Plus it’ll be more private. She may be just a kid, but she’s a Queen. If anyone catches our conversation then they could tell the papers and it could blow up bigger than we want.”

Chris nodded. He tapped his brother’s knee as they approached the kid. “Hey, He-Man. Let’s get out of here.”

“What?”

“Let’s get out of here,” Roy repeated. “You need to talk, but we can’t do it here.”

Nick nodded and grabbed his bag and towel. He walked out the guys. They started walking to Verdant, which wasn’t that far from the gym. Chris sighed. “How long have you been frustrated about you and Lex?”

Nick looked at his brother but then darted his eyes to Roy. “Um…I’m not.”

Roy laughed. “Liar. Dude, I was fourteen once. I remember the unrelenting hormones. How long?”

“Um…a few months.” He sighed. “For real about four or five months.” He exhaled. “It didn’t expect it to happen. I mean, I’m okay, not one-hundred percent anymore, but I’m okay where we were at if I knew where we were.”

“What do you mean?” Roy asked. “From what I’ve seen you and Lex are pretty good.”

He shrugged. “I feel like I’m being friend-zoned. It’s been happening a lot more and I’m not entirely sure she even realizes it. It’s like we’re friends who kiss occasionally.” He sighed. “I’d never pressure Aly about anything she wasn’t ready for, but I think I’ve proven that I’m not just with her because she’s incredibly hot.”

Roy and Chris laughed softly. Chris nodded. “I’d have to agree with you on that one, Little Brother. You’ve been together for about fifteen months or something and all you’ve done is basically kiss. I’d say you’ve proven it pretty well.”

“I’d agree with you too,” Roy said. “Thea and I weren’t even together a month and we…”

Nick nodded. “I can honestly say I’m not there yet. But I’d like the option to do other things too, you know? Not just kissing her when she wants to. I mean, I’m not a complete douche I know she was going through stuff the last few weeks with her dad, but…”

“But you want to do other things. Maybe not be totally where the other couples at your school are at but you want to be more progressed than you are?” Roy asked.

“Right. I mean, when she said that she wanted to go at a natural progression now with the relationship I was hoping she’d show me what she meant but I got nothing.”

“Did you talk to her about what she meant by it?” Roy asked. “I mean, you of all people know how easy Sasha is to talk to, Nick. Did you say anything?”

He shook his head. “No. I didn’t know how to ask.”
Lexy walked into the condo that she had been living in with both her parents. Now she spent half of her time in the condo and half of her time in the apartment with Aunt Thea. Her parents’ separation was so messed up right now. Especially since her mother still wore the engagement ring and was still ‘planning’ the wedding with Thea.

It actually hurt for her to know that they could separate for good. She was too young to remember what it felt like for her parents to separate, but for dad and Felicity it was going to hurt more than anything because she liked their relationship. She had never seen either of them happier than they were when they were together. And she had been feeling like lately that she needed to ‘choose’ sides the break up and that made her felt like crap, because who was she going to be choosing? If she chose her father she’d feel bad for mom and if she chose mom, she’d feel bad for dad. So, what was a girl to do?

Not think about it, that’s what.

And that’s exactly what she did. Lately, while her and Nick have been spending time together she could tell he’d been feeling tense and everything and she had a feeling she knew why. Because they hadn’t been like they usually were even when they were alone. And it wasn’t because neither of them didn’t have feelings for each other. Quite honestly she had no idea what she’d do without him in her life, especially when her father was thought to be dead.

And she’d been thinking about talking to him about progressing their relationship a little more. They did the PDA, but the occasional kissing was beginning to get to her now, because there was so much she wanted to do in their relationship and wanted to experience with him that she was wondering if he wanted to experience it too.

“Mama?”

There was no answer. She sighed and shot her a text and then seconds later an answer came back. [To Lexy]: I’m at my office. Did you need to talk?

[To Mom]: Yeah. It’s about me and Nick, but I wanted to ask you something. *sigh* Maybe I should ask dad?

[To Lexy]: No, baby, it’s okay. Come on by. I’ll lock the door and we can have a convo about whatever you want to talk about.

[From Lexy]: Okay. Be there in a few.

Lexy got to the newly minted Palmer Technologies and entered the building. After being reported by Reception that she was here, she headed up to her mom’s office. She stepped off the elevator and slowed when she seen her mom and Ray talking. Her stomach dropped to her toes. Would he be the reason why she practically called off the wedding?

She pulled the door open and overheard the conversation slightly. Ray was trying to convince her mother to help him with something he kept calling ‘the Atom Suit’. She put her hands into her jeans
back pockets and looked at them. “What’s the Atom Suit?”

Ray immediately turned and Felicity yelped. “Dang, Sweetheart. I need to put a bell around your neck.”

She laughed. “Sorry, mom. Gail at the front desk called you and said you were okay with this.”

“I know, I just got into what Ray was talking about.”

She smiled. “Hi, Ray.”

“Hi, Lexy. How are you?”

“I’m good,” she said and then sighed.

Knowing her all to well and hearing that sigh, Felicity knew she wasn’t okay. “Sorry, Ray. I promised Lexy a few minutes.”

“Oh, absolutely. I’m sorry.” He smiled at Lexy. “Nice to see you again, Lexy.”

“You too, Ray,” she said and then faced her mom. “I know that this may not be something you wanna hear, but I’m ready to be a completely normal couple with Nick.”

“Oh, absolutely. I’m sorry.”

“Well, I told him that I wanted to go at a steady pace, but how do I change my mind again without seeming like a total flake?”

She nodded. She knew this was coming and she had told Oliver as such. And he promised to be prepared. “Okay.”

“Okay,” she lowered herself to her chair and looked up at her daughter. “When you say normal what do you mean?”

“Kissing and other stuff,” she answered. “Not sex. I know we’re both not ready for that. I know I’m not, but I’m ready to be his girlfriend and not half the best friend and half girlfriend.” She exhaled and started to pace. “I knew I wanted to do more after he kissed me when I gave him the baton and the gloves. I don’t want to be one or the other with him. I want to be both yes, but I want to be more than what we are now to each other.”

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She smiled. “Do you want to make out with him? Kiss him for several minutes, touch him during that time?”

She nodded vigorously. “And it’s not because Nick’s pressuring me to do it. He’s been nothing but a gentleman, which is why I’m having such a hard time trying to figure out how to tell him that I want to be more to him, that I don’t want to straddle the line anymore. Now I want to plunge in and see where it takes us.” She exhaled and faced her mom. “Did I freak you out?”

She laughed softly. “No. Your dad and I, along with Jennifer and Nathan have been waiting for the start of this conversation. I told your dad that sooner or later, you’d get frustrated and impatient about ‘just kissing’. That at some point you’ll want to be his ‘girlfriend’ in every since of the word. We all agree that neither of you are ready to have sex for obvious reasons, the biggest one being that you’re too young. At least wait until your sixteen and we’ll talk about that.”

She nodded. “Mommy, how do I tell him that I don’t just want to be his best friend or his girlfriend. That I don’t want to be ‘professional’ all the damn time and not show PDA to him. I mean, I know we kiss at the bunker, but mom, He hasn’t kissed me since I kissed him in the bunker weeks ago.”
“Well, I think you and Nick need to have a conversation first before you jump right into the makeout session. Talk about what you will allow and what you won’t. And I’ve noticed that he’s been frustrated with you lately. Is that because you haven’t been very affectionate with him lately?”

She nodded. “I actually hadn’t realized that I was so in my head until a couple of weeks ago. I don’t wanna lose him and I feel that if I don’t speak up and tell him what I’m thinking I just might.”

“Then you need to tell him, Baby. He needs to know what’s going on in your head. He needs to know what you want, just as much as you need to know what he wants. You need to tell each other what you want and need from this new development in your relationship.”

She nodded, sitting down. Felicity continued, “And if you’re going to start makeout sessions then there are going to be ground rules. Your dad’s above the waist rule sticks. The four of us--the Jordans and your dad and I--will NOT budge on that one. Sorry. Trust me that gives you a lot to work with without moving in the direction you’re not ready for. And he will not stay at either the condo or Aunt Thea’s past ten alone. If he does he better be camping out on the couch. You guys will not be sharing sleeping space unless it’s in public quarters. And that goes for the Jordans place too for you.” She gave her daughter a stern look. “Understood?”

She nodded. “Yes, ma’am.”

“Good. And don’t make out all the time at school okay? You can have a make out session before you enter school but please keep the kissing to a minimum, okay? We don’t want to get phone calls that you’re being inappropriate. AND…if for any reason the makeouts at the bunker get out of control then your father and I reserve, along with John reserve the right to add rules about the bunker to the list to. If you break the rules, we will ground you and you will not be allowed to see each other during the grounding, okay?”

She nodded. “So, how do I breach the subject that I want our relationship to change?”

Lexy walked out of Palmer Tech and headed for the condo. It was the safest place to talk to him without being interrupted. Mom said she’d be at work until 5pm and it was 4 now, so…she pulled her phone out of her pocket and texted Nick and asked him to meet her at the condo. He answered back almost immediately and promised that he’d be there and that he agreed that they needed to talk.

About twenty minutes later, Nick used the key that Oliver had given him over the summer and walked into the condo. “Aly? Baby?”

She smiled when she heard his voice. “In the kitchen, Nicky,” she called.

As he headed for the breakfast bar that separated the kitchen from the dining room, she greeted him with a long drawn out kiss. He pulled his jacket off and looked at her. “Am I safe in assuming that this is going to be a good conversation?”

“God, I hope so,” she said going back to what she was doing in the kitchen, cutting watermelon up. “Want some?”

“Sure,” he said put his jacket on the back of his stool. “Do you wanna go first or do you wanna wait to talk about what you needed to?”

“Um…I’ll go first. I have a feeling our subjects are the same anyway.”
He nodded. “Okay.”

“I’m going to ask you something and I want you to be absolutely and totally honest with me, okay?”

He nodded. “I’ll certainly try.”

She nodded. “Are you happy with where our relationship is right now?”

“Um…” he stuttered.

“Cuz, I have to admit, I’m not.”

He nodded. Then said, “No. Not particularly. If I’m being totally honest here, I want do do more--not strip down and get naked with you--at least not yet, but I want to do more.”

She nodded. She put the knife down and looked at him. “Me too. I just didn’t know how to bring it up to you. However, after a very long talk with mom, if we do take our relationship to the next step, we have to talk about what we expect from the next step.”

He nodded in agreement. “Totally agree.”

“Good. You go first.”

“Me?” he asked a little surprised.

“Yes, you.” She exhaled. “Nicky, I love you to pieces, but you always wait to hear what I want--now normally that’s not a bad thing--especially in a relationship, but I can’t be a very good girlfriend if you don’t tell me what you want too.”

He took a deep breath and slowly let it out. “I want to feel like your boyfriend and not just your best friend. I know I’m your best friend, but it’s like you’re always so guarded like you’re trying to put boundaries between certain aspects of us. And it makes me feel like I’m doing something wrong or that your compartmentalizing our relationship.”

She stopped, a little surprised by his admission. She sat the knife down and walked around to a stool and sat down beside him. “What do you mean?”

“Like, um…take my parents and Chris, when we’re at Chris and Rachel’s you let me hold your hand, put an arm around you, kiss you. But when we’re at mom and dad’s it seems like you put this distance between us that basically is like a huge sign that tells me not to pass.” He sighed. He knew admitting any of this could cause a fight between them but at least it would be out there, right? “I want to be able to hold your hand without you jerking your hand away or forcing us apart all because my parents walked into the room. It makes me feel like we’re hiding our relationship sometimes.”

Her heart broke at his admissions. She hadn’t realized she had really done that. She just thought she was showing respect. “Oh, Nicky, I didn’t…I didn’t mean to make you feel like that. I thought I was showing respect for your parents. I didn’t mean to make it seem like they couldn’t see us being affectionate toward one another.” She sighed.

“I want to be able to kiss you and not just a peck at the end of the night. I feel like a jerk if I even think about asking you if I can kiss you like I used to at the door, because you wanted to take our time and all that.”

She smiled softly. She took his hand and immediately felt the spark she’d always felt. She pulled his
hand toward her and he stood to his feet, coming toward her. She took his face in her hands. “I’ve been waiting for that kiss. I love those kisses, especially at the end of our nights together.” She tilted head up to him slightly. “Promise me you will never stop those?”

He smiled and pressed his lips to hers and then pulled back slightly licking her top lip. She gasped softly feeling her blood boil. “I promise. Also, I don’t like the fact that we only kiss ‘sometimes’. I mean, I like our relationship, our friendship, but the intimacy could use some work.”

“I couldn’t agree with you more,” she said. “Wanna hear what I want? And maybe you’ll get the courage to say what you want.”

He nodded. She smiled. “I want to make out with you,” she admitted openly. “And really make out with you. Next time we double date with Chris and Rachel, I don’t want to be the ONLY couple not making out.” She sighed. “We’ve have spent over a year expressing to each other how we feel about each other I think it’s time we start showing that we’re a couple.”

She looked into his eyes. “Do you realize that Emma asked me if we had broken up because it didn’t seem like we were a couple anymore?”

He nodded. “Yeah. Ryan had asked me the same thing.” He looked into her eyes. “I love you, Lex. I don’t see myself going anywhere without you, but I can’t be one or the other and I can’t straddle the line between boyfriend and best friend. I want to be able to kiss you, hold you, hold your hand in front of whomever I want without you thinking we’re doing something wrong. You’re my girlfriend and as much as I love being your best friend I need to be your boyfriend. You asked me what I needed?”

She nodded. He took her face in his hands, rubbing his thumbs over her cheeks. “You. All of you. And I don’t mean little glimpses I mean all of it. I need to know that you want to show me you love me, that you want to be with me as much as you love telling me so. And I don’t mean we need to jump into having sex because I’m not there yet and I know you’re not either, but I need actions as much as the words.” He sighed. “I know it’s unusual to hear a guy say that but it’s true. I want us to both take the next step in this and start doing what normal couples our age are doing.”

She nodded. “Let me see if I got this right. You need to hold my hand, hold me and kiss me?” He nodded. She smiled up at him. “Does that count real kisses and not the pecks on the lips we’ve been doing. Cuz no offense to anyone, but it’s driving me crazy that you won’t kiss me like you did on that mat a couple weeks ago or that you won’t kiss me like you did after we saved the City last year.”

He smiled. “It’s been driving me crazy that those are only sporadic too. I hate not kissing and I mean really kissing you.”

“Good. So…new rule PDA is a must and that includes kissing.” She looked into his eyes. “And Nicky, any time you want to hold my hand or me just do it. You don’t need to ask--well, you know what I mean.” She stood, wrapping her arms around his neck and smiled up at him. “I don’t mind the PDA one bit. I would love for you to hold me anytime you want to or is appropriate, but I want right now is for you to kiss me.”

He smiled down at her as his heart thumped and his pulse surged through his veins, pushing all the blood to a particular part of his anatomy. Lexy stared up at him, her heart hammered more in her chest as their gazing became stronger. He had never looked at her like this before. He’d been telling her that she was the center of her universe for months now, but looking into his face, into his eyes now and she could actually see it, feel it.

He closed the gap between them in an instant and pulled her to him, covering her mouth
possessively. This would be the only time he’d get a chance to do this, he’d make it good. The feel of his lips on hers, sent her stomach into a violent swirl and her heart jack-rabbiting in her chest.

Parting her lips, she let him possess her mouth and to her delight he did. His tongue moved into her mouth with urgent passion and tangled with her own. His tongue was pushing her to new sensations, sensations she knew if given the opportunity she’d allow him to make love to her here and now. The passion within the kiss, was turning everything inside of her into a puddle, melting everything. She had never been kissed like this before and she didn’t know exactly how to respond to it. So, she did the only thing she could think of and poured everything she felt into the kiss.

He moved one of his hands and tangled it into her soft curls as he deepened the kiss. He had never felt anything like this before. She felt wonderful pressed against him. He backed her into the dining table and broke the kiss long enough to put her up on the table. He then took her mouth yet again and deepened the kiss.

Remembering that there was one point of business they had to talk about she broke the kiss. She put a hand to his chest and tried to even her breathing before she spoke. Finally she said, “There’s something we gotta talk about.”

“What?” he asked stepping back.

“Apparently our parents have talked about when we decided to shift here and um…they came up with rules we have to follow. Mom told me today.” She proceeded to tell him everything they had talked about. “And if we break one of the rules we’re gonna be grounded and won’t be able to see each other until we’re ungrounded.”

He nodded. “It sounds reasonable, right?”

She nodded. “I agree. Totally.”

She sighed as he hugged her. Finally, she’d feel like she had a boyfriend and not a best friend she kissed occasionally. She looked up at him. “Wanna help me with another problem?”

“Always,” he answered.

“Help me get my parents back together?”

He smiled and kissed her nose. “Let’s go.”
Lexy looked out the large window of her aunt’s apartment and exhaled slowly. Her parents were currently separated and despite Felicity telling them that they could have the condo, they insisted on her taking it and they moved in with Thea for awhile. Lexy just hoped that they’d reconcile soon, because she hated her parents being apart. Especially since all her attempts to get them back together stretched into awkward silences.

Her cell phone rang and she pulled it out of her pocket. She looked at the caller ID and answered, “Yeah?”

“Hey, Baby, it’s mom. Ready to suit up? Dad and Roy are getting ready to take down one of the guys you’ve been tracking.”
“Be right there,” she said and quickly left the apartment. She walked out of the building and hopped on her bike. She peeled out of her spot and headed for Verdant. She quickly got changed and they were out again.

They chased the guy for awhile and Lexy tapped her earpiece. “Staying on the ground, gonna cut him off before he can run.”

“Got it,” both Oliver and Roy said in unison.

As the guys chased him down, Lexy got ready to take him out using her baton, when suddenly Laurel came out of nowhere and took him down. Lexy looked at her Godmother. “What the hell is wrong with you?!”

“What the hell do you think you’re doing?!” Oliver demanded to know.

“Your job apparently,” she shot back.

“My daughter had him, Laurel. She didn’t need your assistance. I told you that I didn't want you out here.”

“And I told you that it wasn't your call to make!”

“No, I said it was mine,” Lexy said. “And I told you I was going to back up my father’s decision.”

“You were doing fine as Leader--”

“But I’m not!” she yelled back. “My stint as the leader is just that, a stint. I didn’t like it and I’m certainly not good at it.”

“You weren’t that bad,” Laurel told her. “And besides, you let Nick out--”

“Nick’s not here!” she countered. “He hasn’t been since that night with Brick. And if daddy decides to bring him out here then it’s his choice.”

Oliver looked at her. “Will you think for a second about what it would do to your father if something happened to you? What you're doing is selfish.”

“Fighting for your city isn't selfish. It's what a hero would do.”

“You're not a hero.”

Laurel just stared at him for a moment then said, “Maybe it's best if we stay out of each other's way.”

They went back to the bunker and started putting their equipment away. “How did it go out there?” John asked looking down at the computer screen.

“We ran into Laurel. Again,” Oliver said frustrated.

“Diggle, how could you sign off on her doing this?”

“Oliver, you might not notice, but she's not exactly lobbying for anyone's permission.”

“She has yours.”
“She also had Lexy’s.”

“That was until she basically treated me like a kid while out there. I will not let her cut in on my take downs.” She looked at her father. “I won’t. I’ve worked too damn hard for this position, dad. I won’t let your friend take it from me.” She turned and walked away.

“No one can replace you, Alexandra.”

“Remember that,” she shot back.

John looked at Oliver. “I didn’t. Not at first, but she can definitely hold her own out there.”

“You have a visitor. Or as I like to call him, your new BFF.”

“I see things are still running smoothly down here,” Malcolm said as he walked into the comm area.

“What do you want?”

“It's been weeks since your return. I thought it past time we spoke.”

Lexy walked out in a pair of jeans, knee-high boots and a sweater. “Mr. Merlyn? What…what are you doing here?”

“Mr. Merlyn? I thought you hated me.”

She shrugged. “I don’t hate you. Not anymore. I just don’t like the crap you seem to do to my family.”

Malcolm didn’t say anything more, he just said to Oliver, “Nanda Parbat is remote, but I wouldn't delude yourself into thinking that Ra's al Ghul missed your televised return to Starling City.”

“Your point, Malcolm?”

“We can't merely wait for Ra's to mobilize his forces. It's time to bring Thea into the fold.”

“She's not ready to know my secret. Our secret,” he said with a side glance to Lexy.

“I disagree. But in any case, if we have to protect Thea and to defeat the League, the four of us need to join forces. But I don't see how we can do that if she is still to believe that her brother is a reformed playboy and failed businessman.”

“The four of you?” Felicity said. “Is my daughter in danger?”

He nodded. Felicity almost lunged for him but Lexy stopped her. “Mom.” She looked at Merlyn. “Mr. Merlyn.”

“Yes, Alexandra.”

“Um…with our current working relationship and the fact that your my aunt’s biological father, I’d like to say, I'm sorry for treating you the way I have been.”

He nodded. “Thank you. And I apologize to you. I shouldn’t have attempted to intimidate you or antagonize you. So, I apologize.”

She nodded. He looked at the young girl. “And I’m really glad you got your dad back.”
She smiled. “Me too.”

He left and she turned to see her mother glaring at her. “What?”

“You’re friends with him?”

She glanced down at her mother’s left hand. She’d been telling her for the past few weeks that she wasn’t sure if her and her dad would get back together and get married, but seeing that ring on her hand told Lexy everything she needed to know. “No, but mom, if I’m in danger of Ra’s coming after me too don’t you think there doesn’t need to be animosity between us?”

“Oliver, I told you before, if Thea finds out you’ve been lying to her all this time, you will lose her...forever.”

Lexy scratched her head nervously. “But Uncle John, this concerns her. True if Malcolm wasn’t such a douchebag then neither of us would be in this position. But I do think after telling the Jordans our secret that Aunt Thea needs to know.”

“Why?” Roy asked.

“Because how much longer do you think we’re all going to be able to lie to her before she figures it out? She’s not stupid, Roy. You know that. She’s running an entire business by herself that should tell you how intelligent she is.” She sighed. “Daddy, since you were gone me and Aunt Thea have gotten closer. She’s actually pretty okay with being an aunt now. I don’t think I can lie to her anymore.”

Oliver nodded. “Okay, Sweetheart.” He kissed her forehead. He looked at Felicity. “Co-parents, right?”

She nodded. “Absolutely.” She looked up at Oliver. “I want our daughter safe. I don’t care how you do it. And as much as I hate the idea, if Merlyn’s right, maybe Thea does need to know now.” She raised a hand when he tried to speak. “I know you didn’t want her to know, but with these guys now after you and after Lexy, she’s gonna need all the back up she can get and we both know she can’t trust Merlyn.” She stood and looked into Oliver’s blue eyes. “The three of you need to band together and come out the other side of this.”

He nodded. “Okay. I was just going to ask if you were okay with her going to Nanda Parbat if it came to that.”

She smiled and nodded. “Of course. I forgot you don’t need my pep talks--”

Not worrying about the others he said softly, “I’m always going to need them, but not as much as I need you. Can we talk at some point?”

Felicity looked at Lexy who was pleading with her to do it with her puppy dog blues. She looked back at Oliver. “Yeah. Later.”

He nodded. He turned. “After school tomorrow we’ll tell Aunt Thea together, okay?”

She nodded and hugged him. “Mmm. Thank you, daddy.”

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As promised after school that day, Lexy and Oliver went to Verdant to tell Thea their secret. They
walked into Verdant and they both heard what Chase said and Lexy wrinkled her nose as she walked in. “I gotta say, I am SO glad I already have a boyfriend, because if those are the types of lines I gotta look forward to I may just stay single.”

Thea laughed. “Lexy.”

Lexy walked up to her and hugged. “Hey, Aunt T.”

Thea hugged Oliver, “Ollie.”

“Hey, Speedy.”

“I’m so happy you’re home.” She looked into his eyes and knew something was bothering him. “What?”

“We have to show you something.”

Lexy took the clipboard and pen from her, then took her hand, following Oliver toward the secret entrance. “Where are we going?” Thea asked.

“The basement.”

“I...thought that you said that it was flooded.”

Oliver punched in the code and the door popped open. “I lied.”

“WE lied,” Lexy emphasized.

He pushed the door open and Oliver walked ahead of both of them, Thea went next and then Lexy. “Ollie...” she said as she descended the stairs. She sighed nervously. “What’s going on? You're kind of-- kind of making me nervous.”

Oliver walked over to the light switch, but Lexy stopped him, tears in her eyes. She was just as nervous as he was. “Daddy, wait.” Lexy took a deep, shaky breath and released it. “Aunt Thea.”

She turned.

“Whatever happens, please remember we love you.”

Oliver pushed the large light switch up and the entire basement was bathed in light. The computers powered up and came to life. Lexy nervously bit her bottom lip as she watched her aunt, tears were now rushing down her cheeks.

“I know that this isn't going to mean much,” Oliver began, “I've given you no reason to believe me when I say it.” Lexy gasped out a sob as she waited. “But I lied all of this time to protect you.”

She stopped in front of the cases that had their suits. “You're... You're him.” She paused. “And Lexy is...is her.”

“Yeah.”

“That night with the--the hoods, and... that woman in black, that...”

“Was Ra’s al Ghul's daughter,” Oliver said softly.

“That was you. All those times I got so mad at you for being...a flake, or telling me something I
knew that had to be a lie.” She turned to them both. Oliver stood quiet, his eyes watery from unshed tears and Lexy was about a minute from ugly girl crying. “You were…you both were saving someone’s life.”

Lexy’s breath hitched. This was it. This was where they were going to lose her forever.

“Thank you,” she finally said. She went into Oliver’s arms. He didn’t wrap them around her yet from shock. His arms went around her as she said, “Thank you, Ollie. Thank you.”

Lexy fell into the table she was standing next to and began to crying, releasing the tension and the nervousness. Thea heard her and held her brother’s hand for a moment then walked to the young girl. “Hey.”

“Hi,” she said through her tears. “You’re really not mad? And you don’t hate us?”

She laughed softly, smiling at her. “Of course not.” She pushed her niece’s curls out of her face and said, “You’re a hero, Lex. You can’t get mad at heroes.”

Lexy lunged into her aunt and began to cry in relief. “God…I thought we would have taken about fifteen thousand steps back.”

She laughed and wrapped her arms around her tighter. “No. We’re back where we were yesterday.” She looked into her niece’s very blue eyes. “Actually, I think we’re a couple of steps forward now.”

“Oh, thank God….” she said and continued to hug her. “Want a tour?”

“Hell yeah!” Thea said smiling. She saw the batons in their chargers. “But first are those your screaming sticks?”

She nodded. “Yeah.” She pulled them from their chargers and twirled them into her hand. “Wanna hold one?” she asked holding it out to her.

“Won’t it like screaming at me or something?”

She shook her head. She turned it again and pointed to the spot that would make it scream and said, “Right there is the pressure point. If you don’t squeeze it, it shouldn’t go off unless it’s malfunctioning which in the two and half years I’ve had them they’ve never done that.”

She took the baton from her and looked at it. “It’s lighter than it looks.”

She laughed. “Yeah. Indestructible light-weight metal that packs a punch and not just for your ears.”

Thea handed it back. “How come you do both and Ollie’s only got the arrows?”

“Uh…that’s a long story actually,” Lexy said. “Daddy?”

He cleared his throat. “Okay, Thea…”

They got back to her condo and Lexy and Thea sat on the couch, while Oliver seem to moodily stare out at the Starling City skyline. “You know how many times I’ve wished that I could thank the Arrow and his partner for things they’ve done for the city?”

“Probably as many times as I’ve wished we could have this conversation.”
“Did mom know?”

“The night that she died, she told me that... she'd known for a while.” He walked closer. “I was worried that you'd be angry.”

“Only 'cause you broke my window. Although I did kind of kick your ass.”

Lexy laughed. “You knew that was coming.”

“You didn't. But you did have a good teacher.”

“You were looking for Malcolm that night.”

“We know about each other.”

“Wait, Malcolm knows that you're the Arrow? Does he know about Lex too?”

They both nodded. “I am amazed that he didn't tell you,” Oliver said.

“Then why did you... tell me? Why now?”

The door opened and Lexy sighed. It was Malcolm. “I really hate that you never knock.”

“Because Ra's al Ghul is coming for us. All of us. And the only chance that we have to survive is to work together. To trust each other.”

“He's right,” Malcolm told her.

“No. No, no, he's not.” She stood and turned to her father. “I turned my back on everyone I know, including my own brother and my niece because you told me there was nobody else I could trust.”

“I was only trying to protect you.” He stepped toward her but she backed away.

“Yeah, by driving a wedge between me and Ollie? Between me and Lexy? You manipulated me.”

“Thea…” Oliver attempted.

“Let her go.”

“Daddy, he’s right. Give her some time.”

Oliver’s cell phone rang and he answered, “Yeah.”

Oliver and Lexy walked into the Bunker, everyone was waiting, including Nick. It’d been about a week or so since their conversation and if she had to tell someone she’d say that they were doing better than ever. Nick seen her tear-stained face. “You’ve been crying!”

She shook her head. “Not sad tears. It’s okay.” She took his hand and wrapped it around her waist as she listened to her mom talk and watched the screen.

“Apparently the federal marshal guarding Werner Zytle just started shooting while Zytle waltzed off in the panic.”

“This is my favorite part.”
They watched as Laurel knocked marshal out cold. Lexy snickered. “Nice, Aunt Laurel.”

“That’s pretty convenient. Guy decides to wig out, and Zytle takes advantage.”

“That’s not what happened,” Nick said. “It was too calculated to be coincidence.”

“Nick’s right,” Oliver said. “It’s not convenient, it’s planned. Those are the effects of his vertigo.”

“Zytle was in a full set of restraints. How did he even manage to dose a federal agent?”

“He didn’t. One of the reporters did.” Laurel walked into the Bunker. “What’s wrong? Was my form off?”

“She's right. About the reporter,” Felicity cut in.

“We need a name—”

“A name and address on our clumsy reporter. I'm on it,” Felicity snapped.

Lexy exhaled. Oliver looked at her. “Suit up, Sweetheart.”

She nodded. She started walking back toward the changing area, when she seen Laurel lift her bag and put it on one of the tables.

Oliver watched her too. “What do you think you’re doing?”

“I’m coming with you.”

“No, you’re not.”

“I just gave you your only lead!”

“Can I talk to you for a second? Alone?” He looked at Lexy. “Get dressed, please.”

She nodded. She quickly got dressed in the green suit that she’d been wearing more, even with dad home. She pushed the hood down and walked out to where everyone was. She walked to her mother and bent down. “Question.”

“Ask.”

“Do you ever want to marry daddy?”

“Of course!” she exclaimed.

“Then, pardon me for saying this, but the Bitch ‘tude as got to go.”

Felicity looked at her curiously. She sighed. “Mama, I love you more than anything in this world, but if you want to get your guy back snapping at him because he’s doing something you don’t like won’t do it. What it will do is push him further back until he knows he can approach you again. When you’re in Bitch ‘Tude, you’re unapproachable. It’s okay in the boardroom and in here…sometimes, but with daddy…not so much.”

Felicity looked at her and smiled. “I’ll try to push the ‘tude away, Sweetheart.”

“Thank you.” She hugged her around the shoulders. “I miss you.”

“I miss you too. And your daddy.”
Lexy kissed her cheek. “Then you know what to do to fix it, mama.” She straightened and walked over to Roy and Nick.


She shrugged. “What else would you call it?”

He laughed and hugged her. “I love you.”

“Love you too.”

Moments later, Roy went upstairs to tell Oliver they found the reporter’s work address. They both came back down. Lexy looked at Nick and gave him a long lingering kiss. He smiled. “Be careful.”

“Always,” she whispered.

The Arrow kicked the door in. “Anthony Walker!”

The Sparrow and Arsenal walked in behind him. He walked toward the man who was shaking and sweating. “Where's Werner Zytle?”

“He's not--he's not here.”

“You helped him escape today!”

“Zytle, he threatened my wife. Said he could get to her, that he'd kill her if I didn't do this, then--”

“Do what?”

He opened his coat and showed them the bomb vest. Lexy closed her eyes for a second and then put her hard face on as Walker said, “Kill you.” He stood with the detonator in his hand. “I'm so sorry.”

“Anthony...give me the detonator.”

“He'll kill my wife.”

“We can protect her. I promise. Now hand me the detonator.”

Instead of doing as the Arrow had asked, Walker looked up at the ceiling and said, “God forgive me.”

Roy immediately turned and ushered Lexy quickly to the window. They both jumped through one and Oliver jumped through the other. Roy and Lexy landed on the taxi cab below with a thud. She ended up rolling off. Oliver landed on a dark colored sedan.

“Dad!” she yelled.

Oliver straightened on the car and looked around. He looked down on the ground and slid off the car. “Baby?”

“My elbow, dad.”

“Okay. Let’s get you back.”
They got her back to the bunker and both men put their weapons down and Oliver ushered her to a table. He lifted her up on the to the top of the table and helped her with the top of her suit.

“Sweetheart, what about Nick?”

“I can go,” he said as he stood.

She shook her head. “It’s a sports bra. He’s seen me in one of those while we were working out.”

“What happened?” Felicity asked coming to them.

“She bashed up her elbow,” Roy told her.

“Oh, God…”

“Felicity,” Oliver said, but she was hovering over Lexy. “Honey!”

Felicity’s head shot up. “What?”

“First aid kit, please.”

She nodded. “Right.” She walked to where they stored them and asked, “Why do you guys smell like smoke?”

“Because we narrowly adverted dying tonight,” Lexy said.

“And all you got out of it was a busted up elbow?” Nick asked.

She nodded. He laughed. “Who are your angels?”

She smiled and paused as if she was thinking about it. “Um…James, Cynthia, Janine, Ryan, Moira and Robert.”

Oliver laughed softly. “Who are they?” Roy asked.

He laughed harder. “Janine is her mother. Ryan’s her uncle. James and Cynthia are her maternal grandparents and then my parents.”

She shrugged out of her jacket, hissing as the fabric scrapped across the wound. “Ow!”

“I know, Baby, I’m sorry. Let me see, okay?”

He looked at it. It was a 4” gash on her arm that started above her elbow and went down. “Did your elbow go through the window?”

She shrugged. “Couldn’t tell you. It’s kinda blur. It was either the window or the bumper. It had one of those weird bumpers on it.”

“You landed on a car?” Felicity asked.

They nodded. Nick laughed. “You know, being your boyfriend has never been boring.”

She laughed. “Do you really want it to?”

He shook his head. “Absolutely not.”

“Okay, Nicky. I need ya here,” Oliver said. “Hold her hand as I clean this thing up.”
He nodded and took her hand.

Oliver and Lexy got back to the condo and Thea called out to them. “Ollie? Lexy?”

He helped her out of her jacket. She smiled up at him. “Thank you, daddy.”

“You’re welcome, Baby.” He looked up to see Thea coming downstairs. “I’m sorry, did we wake you?”

“Can’t sleep. Apparently insomnia is a common side effect of finding out your brother and niece are vigilantes.”

Oliver and Lexy laughed softly. She hugged him. “You smell like smoke.” She pulled back and looked up at him. “Korean barbecue?”

“C4. Yeah.”

“Yeah, it was like a real life action-adventure movie, Aunt Thea.”

She smirked, then looked at Oliver. “It’s nice that we can tell each other this stuff now.”

“It is, actually.” They both sat.

“You always had the lamest excuses,” she said nostalgically.

Lexy laughed. “I’d like to think mine were pretty good.”

She nodded. “Pretty good. Actually back then I didn’t really care.” She looked over at her. “I’m glad that changed.”

“Me too.” And she truly did.

“Lame excuses are sort of an occupational hazard.”

“What was tonight’s hazard?”

“Roy, Lexy and I were looking for the man that escaped from the courthouse earlier today. Found a bomb instead.”

She held up her arm. “What did you do?”

“Landed on a taxi, rolled off and somehow gashed the heck out of my elbow.”

She winced as Lexy showed her. “Ouch. That might scar.”

“That’s okay. My boyfriend kinda thinks they’re sexy.”

Thea laughed. “Yeah, I don’t know how you do it. Just risk your life out there for people every night.”

“It’s my job.”

Lexy cleared her throat.
He smiled. “I’m sorry, Sweetheart. It’s OUR job. It is our job to keep the people of this city safe. And that includes you, too, Speedy. Listen to me. I’m always going to hate Malcolm Merlyn.”

“Me too,” she said. “Even though a couple days ago I told him I didn’t.” She seen the look on Thea’s face. “Hey, he’s your dad. I’ll tolerate him, but do not ask me to get to know him because I will tell you what I told Nick when he asked me to get to know Carolyn…’Screw you.'”

Oliver and Thea laughed. “Grandma don’t like you, huh?”

She shook her head. “She hates the fact that I speak my mind. She thinks that if Nick and I are going to get married that I should be the submissive girlfriend.”

Thea scoffed. “Honey, no Queen woman has ever been submissive. Don’t start now.”

“Never. Besides, Nick told me if I even tried he’d break up with me.” She rose off the couch. “I’m going to go take some ibprofen and go to bed. I have an American History test tomorrow. Good night.”

“Night, Sweetheart. Sleep well.”

“I will certainly try. Good night, Aunt T.”

“Good night, Lex.” She watched her for a few seconds. “Hey, Lex.”

“Yeah?”

“Thank you.”

She flashed Oliver’s smile. “Any time.”

Oliver looked at his sister. “As I said. I’m always going to hate him. But right now, he is a necessary evil.”

“We can take care of ourselves—”

“Not against Ra's al Ghul. You have to trust me on this.”

“I do. But I don't trust him. I can't. And I won't.”

The next morning, Thea awoke to music playing a weird thumping sound. She pushed the covers back and got out of bed. She padded through the her room and downstairs. “Ollie?”

“Good morning, Speedy.”

She came around the corner to see Lexy doing about six backflips and then a really high somersault. “Wow…was she a gymnast in another life?”

He laughed. “Janine used to be,” he said softly. “Breakfast?” he asked placing a mug of coffee in front of her.

“Does she do that a lot?”

He nodded. “Usually at the bunker, but she said something about needing to work off some energy
and since we don’t have a salmon ladder here--”

“A what?”

“Salmon ladder,” he said. “It’s an exercise device for strength. Lexy can go back and forth and down that thing for hours.”

“She must have some amazing abs.”

He nodded toward Lexy as she came toward them. Thea looked at her and seen the very toned 4pack on her. “I hate you,” she mumbled.

“What?” she asked a little taken aback.

Thea smiled. Oliver chuckled. “Your abs, Sweetheart.”

“Oh. If you want them I can help you get them.”

“How’d you get them?”

“Um…two hundred sit-ups and crunches a day.”

“You’re kidding?” she asked stunned.

She shook her head. “I also run about ten miles.”

“In a day?”

“About three to four times a week, yeah.” She smiled. “And that’s not counting jumping rooftops and catching the bad guys when Roy and dad can’t.” She snatched a watermelon block from the bowl on the counter and started walking toward the stairs. “Jumping in the shower.”

She waited until Lexy was out of earshot and then she said, “Is she for real?”

He nodded. “Yep. She started that regimen herself though. Not me.”

“Huh. That girl will forever be a size 2,” she muttered.

He laughed.

That night, Nick and Lexy came downstairs and Nick looked at everyone. “What’s on the agenda tonight?”

“Uh….Lexy, sweetie, can you go get Roy, please?”

“Um…is this like some attempt to get me to leave the room so you can talk about me or something?” she asked.

Felicity smiled. “No. Not at all. Please.”

She nodded. “Upstairs?”

Felicity nodded. “Thank you, Sweetheart.”
“You’re welcome. Nicky they talk about me I expect a full report.”

“You got it,” he said.

Oliver smiled at his friend. Was it weird that he considered his daughter’s boyfriend a friend. “So, you and Lex doing better?”

He nodded. “Much better. A lot can get resolved if you talk. You two should try it.”

The room fell quiet for about a minute when suddenly they heard Lexy’s squealing laughter and then she screamed, “Roy, put me down!”

He sat her on the floor inside the bunker. “There you go.”

“What happened?” Oliver asked.

“One of our trackers sent a signal from the Starling City docks,” John explained.

“Except we don’t have any tracking devices in the field,” Felicity said. “Unless we do.”

“It’s Laurel,” Oliver said.

“You tagged Laurel with a tracer?” Roy asked.

“I told him to,” Lexy told them. They all looked at her shocked. “I brought her into this. She was doing it recklessly. With us she was organized, but the reason I told dad to let her loose was because I knew she’d have a problem listening to him. And when she gets the tude after dad barks an order I can’t even tell her anything. So, I told him to cut her loose.”

Oliver continued, “If she’s going to be reckless, I need to know what she’s doing.”

“Well, she’s definitely doing something. I’m just not exactly sure how reckless it is.”

“I ran the manifests on all these shipping containers that you see here. One of these leads back to Zytle’s old supplier.”

“Looks like Vertigo's back in business,” Roy said.

“She’s going to get herself killed.” Oliver looked at Roy and Lexy. “Suit up.”

Lexy sighed. “Man, I hate that stuff. It made daddy scary.” She looked at Nick. “Nicky.”

“Yes,” he said and followed her to where she changes.

That got out of the prying eyes and Lexy put him up against the wall and took his mouth so fast he didn’t even have time to catch up before she pulled back. She sighed. “I love you.”

“I love you, Baby.”

She walked behind the partition and started changing. She then walked out a few minutes later. She started pulling her boots on. Minutes later, she walked out with Nick, fully dressed. She began putting all her equipment on.

They got to the docks just in time to save Laurel from a beat down that could have killed her. Arrow
looked at Sparrow and said, “You stay with Laurel.”

She nodded. She hopped the shipping containers and got to Laurel. She helped her get out of the way. Lexy looked down at her and she started calling her Sara and saying she was sorry. Lexy sighed. “Damn it.”

“How is she?”

“High on Vertigo,” she replied. She glared at the man. “If I get my hands on that psycho little man I may just kill him,” she muttered.

Arrow started going for the truck as Zytle pulled away. “Dad! When need to get her back.”

He turned and picked up his oldest friend.

They got her back to the bunker and hooked her up to an IV. They got Laurel sedated when Thea came downstairs. “You need to go back upstairs. Now!”

“Hey! Don't talk to her like that. You brought her in; you don't have the right to kick her out.”

“I'm not.”

Lexy slapped at him. “What is wrong with you?!”

“I'm protecting her.”

“By telling her what to do? Work with Malcolm Merlyn, let him get his hooks deeper--”

“Enough. She's my sister.”

“She makes her own choices, Oliver!”

Lexy slapped at her friend and pushed him back. “Hey!” She looked into his eyes. “Chill out.”

Thea spoke, her voice shaking. “It's ok. I-- we can talk later. I just--just, is Laurel ok? Is she a part of this, too?”

Oliver turned to his sister. “She's going to be fine. I promise. Just... Please go back upstairs.”

She turned back and walked upstairs. Oliver turned back to Roy. “What the hell was that?”

“You think you're the only person who can stand up for Thea?”

“I'm trying to figure out why you're standing up to me!”

“All right, maybe we just need to throttle back,” John said.

“No. We need this. Oliver, you were gone. Dead. At least we thought you were, and we had to go on with our lives,” Felicity told him. “And doing that meant not doing things your way.”

“Fine! I'm back now.”

“That doesn't mean that we can go back. You haven’t even acknowledged the fact that your daughter ran this team while you were gone and did an amazing job. And you do not have the right
to come back here and question everyone's choices.”

“All right, stop,” Lexy said.

“Just let me know if there's any change in her condition,” Oliver said and started for the stairs.

Lexy waited for the sound of the door closing and then she turned on her family. “Are you happy now?”

“Lexy, don’t--”

“NO! You will listen to me!” she screamed. She sighed and ran a hand through her hair. “Did you set out to hurt his feelings? Huh? DID YOU?!”

“Sash, listen--”

“No, Roy, you listen,” she said. “For Thea’s entire life--her entire life--all dad has done is protect her. And just so you know it was her choice to go with her father. HERS. No one else’s. But it was his manipulations that kept her away. It was his manipulations that killed Sara. And it was his manipulations that now has a price on my head. My head.” She looked down at Laurel and then back up at everyone else. “I’m scared…” she too a shaky breath. “I’m scared that I may die. Or dad will for real this time….or Thea…we..we…we…we just…she’s finally accepting me.” She wiped her tears. She bent her head down and began to quietly sob and then brought her head back up and said, “I won’t lose another family member. I won’t!” she screamed.

“Okay, Lex, calm down,” Felicity said as she attempted to put her arms around her daughter.

“Don’t touch me,” she said. “I’m also angry with you and dad.”

“For…?”

“Separating.”

“Honey, we don’t need to talk to you about that.”

She scoffed. “Right, because I’m just the child. Forget the fact that I went to school one day and my entire life was moved out of home. Forget the fact that after you went upstairs to talk to dad, dad came back down and informed me that I would be bouncing between our house and aunt Thea’s.” She sniffled. “I just got my entire world back together and with one conversation you and daddy tore it apart again.”

She took a deep breath. “If working with Malcolm Merlyn, training with him, will help us in beating Ra’s Al Ghul I don’t see what the problem is? As long as my entire family comes home I really don’t care how it starts happening just as long as when it’s all over Ra’s is dead and three Queens walk through that door.” She turned and started walking out.

Roy caught up to her. “Hey, Hey, Hey….” he pulled her into his arms. “Sometimes I forget despite your immense amount of strength, that you do get scared.”

She took a breath and then walked out of the room. “I need to be alone.”

“This seat taken?” John asked when he came upstairs to see Oliver drinking at the bar.
“It's a free country. Apparently.”

John sat.

“The first time that we went after Zytle, I told you that this was my crusade. Doesn't seem to be the case anymore.”

“You're right. It isn't.”

“Diggle, I get that I was gone for--”

“No, you weren't gone--you were dead. And all of us, including me, we were ready to hang it up.”

“Why didn't you?”

“Because I realized we weren't just fighting for you; we were fighting for ourselves, too. That includes Roy. And, yes, that includes Laurel.”

Oliver sighed. “She's not a soldier.”

“Neither were you.”

“That's not the same thing, and you know that.”

John sighed. “What I know, Oliver, is that you started something. Something strong enough to live on past you. Question is, can you live with what it's become?”

They fell silent for a minute and then John said, “Your daughter was just downstairs lighting into everyone until she told us what is really going on.”

“Which is…?”

“She’s scared. She’s scared that she’ll be alone.” He held up a hand. “She has Felicity and Laurel, me, Roy and Nick. But she wouldn’t have you and Thea.” He sighed. “That little girl is scared that she’s going to die. She’s seen Ra’s herself and I think for the first time in her life and in the time I’ve known her I can say she’s truly scared of someone.”

Oliver nodded. “So am I.” He sighed. “The last thing I want is her scared, but Dig, Merlyn--”

“She told us that too. And man, do you really think teaming up with Malcolm--”

“Yes, but I’m not teaming up with him. This is a one time deal. Until we defeat Ra’s. Then my alliance with him is over with. I’m only bringing Lexy and Thea along in the training because they’re Queens too and Ra’s may go after them if I die.”

John fell silent. Thinking about what they talked about and then he said, “What do you need from me?”

“What?”

“What do you need me to do?”

Lexy sat on the roof of Verdant, looking out over the city when her phone buzzed. She pulled it out
of her pocket and sighed. She walked to the roof entrance and went down. She got downstairs and looked at everyone, “What’s going on?”

“We got a ping on one of the drum Zytle stole.”

“Where is it?” she asked.

“Daggett Pharmaceuticals. 5th and Kingsley. Looks like Zytle found a place to change those chemicals into some new Vertigo... And he's got hostages.”

“Where’s Roy?”

“I can’t reach him,” John said.

Lexy sighed. She looked at Nick, then her dad and approached him. “Daddy.”

“Yeah, Baby?” He seen the slight furrow in her brow. “Headache?”

“Crying too much,” she said. She looked at Laurel and then Oliver. “Look, I know you don’t think Laurel is ready, but we need her help. And I know I brought her in and told you to let her go, but I’m asking you to bring her back. I brought her on because I was trying to show her another way to channel her anger and grief. Sometimes it worked….sometimes it didn’t. But she has the same heart you do about this City.”


“Oliver. There isn't anything that you can say to me that I don't already know.”

“Actually, there is.”

Lexy took Nick’s hand and pulled him into her changing room. She then turned to him and kissed him softly. “I love you.”

“I love you,” he said. “Why didn’t you tell me you were scared?”

She exhaled. “Because like my father was trying to do with Aunt Thea, I was trying to protect you.”

He took her face in his hands and looked into her eyes. “Well, stop, please. I love that you think you need to protect me, but, Baby, I’m a big boy. I can take care of myself.”

She smiled up at him. “I know.” Their lips met in a soft, gentle slide and for the first time since they talked, there was no tongue involved. She pulled back, their lips making a soft smacking sound. “I’m sorry.” She kissed him again. “I gotta get dressed.”

They took down Zytle for the final time and then Felicity told Lexy and Oliver to get back to Thea’s condo. They rushed back and Lexy immediately ran into the apartment. “Aunt T? Aunt Thea?” She ran to her and hugged her. “You okay?”

She nodded. Oliver ran to his sister and soothed her. Thea began, “I thought that I was stronger. I thought that I could keep myself safe.”

“Who was he?”
“One of Ra's agents.”

“Roy... Could you give us a minute?” Oliver asked. Roy looked at Lexy. “Lex.”

She looked up and smiled. “I love you.”

“Love you. Always remember that.” He kissed her hair.” Roy left, but not without sliding a glare to Malcolm.

Thea glared at nothing as she said, “Really hope you're not expecting a thank you.”

“No parent needs gratitude for saving their child.”

Lexy straightened. “Has anyone ever told you you’re an arrogant asshole and a dick?”

Thea scoffed in surprise and looked at Oliver. He smirked. But Lexy was on a role now. “This is all your fault. You!” she screamed. “And all because you're afraid of Ra’s...too afraid to own up to your own fricking manipulations of other people. I hope it felt good to manipulate people around you.”

“I thought you didn’t hate me, Alexandra.”

“I don’t hate you. I despise you. I loathe you! I think you’re a bottom feeding scum sucking jerk who should rot in hell for all the pain and misery you have put on people.” She pointed to her aunt. “Her hating you isn’t my fault, or my father’s...it’s yours. You did all this. Your lies did it. How dare you tell her that she couldn’t trust us! How dare you make her believe that you’re the only person in the world she should trust when in reality you’re the one she shouldn’t trust at all!” She glared at the older man. “You’re an awful person and even more horrible father and if she does come to forgive you better praise to whatever God you worship for that blessing because if you were my father or even my grandfather I think I would disown you.”

“Whoa….” Thea stuttered. “That was amazing.”

She sighed. “Thank you. However, we do need him.”

Oliver sighed. “We do.”

“I didn't ask to be a part of this. I didn't ask for any of this.” She exhaled. “Maybe you're right. Maybe we can't do this without him.” She glared at him. “But I am never going to forget the things you've done. Or the person that you are.”

“Understood.” He paused. Lexy knew that it was more for dramatic affect for himself than anything. “But before we can begin, there's something that only the three of you can do. Ra's al Ghul preys upon the fears of his enemies. Conquer your own fear, and you eliminate that critical advantage. For you, there is only one place on earth uniquely suited to doing that.”

Lexy sighed. “Are we going to that dang island.”

He smiled. “Yes.”

“I hate that place.”

“Why?” Thea asked.

“Because for dad it holds a lot of awful memories.”
They went to the bunker to tell everyone what was happening. Oliver talked to the rest of the team while Lexy talked to Nick. He sighed. “I’ll miss you.”

“I’ll miss you too.” She kissed him again. “I’m coming home in a few days, Nicky. I promise.”

He nodded. “I know, but…”

She kissed him again. “Listen, I’m doing this for my aunt, okay? I have to do this. Nicky, please, understand.”

“I understand, Baby. But doesn’t mean I have to like it.”

She smiled up at him and tucked her hand behind his head and kissed him deeply. “I know. I love you.”

“I love you too.”

Roy walked up to Lexy. “Can I cut in?”

She laughed and hugged him. “I love you too.”

He sighed. “Come home, okay? As much as I like to pretend that you’re not and as much as you’ve shown me I’m your rock, you’re mine too, okay? I need you probably even more than you need me.”

She smiled and kissed his cheek. “Thank you for finally telling me that, but I knew.”

Felicity watched them go, but called out to Oliver. He turned. She walked up to him, which ended up being a jog. Without a word, she tuck her hand behind his head and pulled him down for a long, passionate kiss. She pulled back. "I love you."

He smiled and kissed her softly. "I love you too. We'll see you in a few days."

They kissed one last time.

“Aunt Thea, Welcome to Lian Yu. The place where Oliver Queen the Billionaire playboy died and the Arrow was born.”

Oliver laughed. “Yes, thank you, Alexandra for that introduction.”

Thea was still laughing. “She’s a riot, Oliver.”

He smiled. “Yeah. She is.” He exhaled. “She was one of the lights that helped me pull myself from this place.”

“Really?”

He nodded. “I didn’t want her growing up without me. Or getting her first boyfriend without me to give him the fatherly warnings.”

“Yeah, when are they supposed to come anyway?” Lexy asked, smirking.
“Come on, Smart ass. Let’s go.”

They hiked through Lian Yu for two hours and as they got over a set of rocks Thea was complaining, “Come on, Speedy, we have four more miles to make before nightfall.”

“Ah, God. I get that Malcolm wants to whip us into shape so we can face the League, but don’t you think it's a little bit excessive?”

“We've been here for two hours. Are you complaining already?”

“I--I started thinking it after the first ten minutes.”

Lexy laughed.

“Well, give it time. Eventually this place will feel like home.”

“It does not look like home.”

“It was for me. For other people, this is Purgatory.”

“I do have to admit…it’s pretty.” Lexy sighed. “But I still don’t like it.”

Thea smiled. “Why not?”

“Because this is the place that kept my father from me for five years.”

“Actually Malcolm did that with the explosion of the yacht,” Oliver told her.

“I know,” she said. “But Malcolm’s not worth hating, so…”

“Oh, that’s right. Because hate is lesser of the two things he said to him.”

She laughed. They’d been teasing her on the entire flight here about how she talked to Malcolm. “Look, I ain’t taking it back. That man bothers me. And he really pisses me off, but since we need him, then I’ll use him. But don’t expect him to become a part of my inner circle.”

“Never even thought about it, Princess.”
Chapter Summary

Oliver, Thea and Lexy go to Lian Yu to train...only to encounter a former friend, turned enemy.

Thea learns the truth about Merlyn and about what happened to Sara.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

“You probably won’t like this when I tell you, but listen to Lex on this. She’s been training with these things since she started and she’s a natural. Which is why I gave her the batons.”

Thea nodded. She looked at Lexy. “Don’t be too hard.”

She smiled, folding her arms over her chest. “No promises.” She waved her fingers in a ‘gimme’ type of gesture and Thea handed the bamboos to her. “Okay, stand like this,” she demonstrated. “Make sure you have an anchor to keep you on balance, because if you don’t…” she moved quickly, so quickly Oliver didn’t have time to react and he found himself on his back with Lexy standing over him, the end of the bamboo pointed down at his chest. “…that can happen.” She smiled down at her father. “Sorry, daddy.”

He chuckled. He took the hand she held out and pushed, while she pulled him to his feet.

Thea laughed. “Your daughter can take you down?”

He nodded. “My daughter can take a former Special Forces Soldier down.”

“You know, I’m not as little as I used to be. I’m about five-two now, you know.”
They began the training and Lexy realized that she didn’t need to explain anything to her. She was either a natural or Merlyn taught her. “Okay, now you’re just making me feel like an idiot.”

“Why?” she asked and ducked on her left.

“Because I was explaining those things like you’ve never used them and clearly you have.”

She ducked again. “Sorry about that.”

She shook her head. “Don’t be.”

They continued training and Lexy looked at her dad. “Daddy?”

He ducked as Thea swung. “Yeah, Baby?”

“I’m gonna go for a run.”

He nodded. “Okay, sorry.”

She shook her head. “Don’t worry about it.” She took off.

“She gonna be okay?”

He nodded. “She wasn’t lying when she said she didn’t like it here. She doesn’t.” He ducked again. “Did you learn all this in nine months?”

“Malcolm's a good teacher.”

She did a move that was a cheat move and Oliver looked at his sister. “Did he teach you to cheat?”

“There's no such thing. There's only survival and death.”

“He's not wrong.”

Awhile later, Lexy was still gone and they were getting hungry. Thea sighed. “She’s okay, right? Or should we go looking for her?”

He shook his head. “No. She’s fine. She spent some of her summer with me here once. She knows her way around.” He then picked up a big stick and beat on a tree some kind of code.

“How do you know she heard that?”

He smiled. “Give it twenty minutes and we’ll find out.”

While they waited, Oliver cooked up dinner. Lexy came running up to the camp. “What’s for dinner?”

He smiled and looked at Thea. Thea sighed in surprise. “How did you hear that?”

“We’re the only ones here,” she said then eyed her father. She laughed. “Dad trained me to listen.”

Oliver smiled. “Time to eat, Sweetheart.” He handed her a plate.

She smiled, “Thanks, daddy.”

“This is good. What is it?”
Lexy smiled. “If you tell her, I will stab you with the knife in my boot.”

He laughed. “If I told you what it was, you probably wouldn't eat it.”

Thea put the piece down and looked at Lexy, “You keep a knife in your boot?”

She nodded. “Yeah.” She tapped her right ankle. “Right there.”

“Huh.” She turned to her brother. “Is it weird? You know, being back here with me?”

“Well, I've been back here before. You know, in a lot of ways, this place reminds me of who I am. Or, I guess... who I've become. It's probably why Malcolm suggested we train here.”

“It's kind of cool that we're here, though. It's like there's really no more secrets between us anymore.”

“Yeah.”

“When you were here...did you ever think you were going to see us again? Get home again?”

Lexy was pulled out of her sleep one night by her father shaking her awake. “Lexy, Sweetheart, wake up.”

She immediately sat up and looked up at him. She could see the worry on his face. “Daddy? What? What is it?”

“Thea!”

“Ollie?” She looked at him curiously. “The fire went out. Ollie, what is it?”

“We need to get off the island. We're in danger.”

“What are you talking about?”

Lexy pushed the blanket off of her and stood. She stood in front of her father and took his face in her hands. “Look at me.” He didn’t. “Dad, look at me,” she said more firmly. This time he did. “What is going on? What's wrong?”

“Slade Wilson's here.”

Lexy dropped her hands. “Wha…what? How?”

“Ollie, that is ridiculous.”

“It's not. You just listen to me. Slade was-- I was keeping him prisoner here!”

“What do you mean, "was?'”

Oliver’s satellite phone rang. He answered. “Hello, Oliver.”

“You let him out!”

“You told me you lost your duel with Ra's despite your willingness to kill him because you hesitated. For you and Thea and even myself to have any hope of surviving the next encounter, you need to regain that killer instinct born of a primal need to survive.”
“You're sick.”

“Your SAT phone is going to stop working after this call.”

Angrily and frustrated, Oliver busted the phone and threw it.

“Ollie!”

“Merlyn set Slade loose as an object lesson.”

“That's insane!”

“He thinks it'll help me regain my killer instinct.”

“If he doesn't kill us first! Come on. We gotta go.”

Lexy sighed. “Well, I guess it’s a good thing I brought these.”

“Brought what?”

Lexy picked up the long bag she’d been carrying and pulled something out. She tossed one to her dad and then crossed a set of silver rods and tossed them to Thea. “Those aren’t the screaming ones but they will pack quite the hit. And if my suspicions about dad’s old friend are correction, then you won’t need the three, four thousand volts anyway.”

“What?”

“My batons are also tasers. That’s how I took down the soldiers.”

“Lexy, what makes you think that Slade isn’t…”

“Because mom gave him the antidote when he took her, remember? There shouldn’t be any reason to assume that he’ll be the Hulk right now. He’s just a former soldier who is probably really pissed off that you put him here.”

Oliver nodded. “Come on. We need to go.”

“However,” she said as she walked. “If I’m wrong, I have a plan, but you may not like it.”

He stopped and turned to her. “What?”

“We split up--”

“No, I’m not leaving Thea out here alone. She doesn’t know--”

“Not the three of us,” Lexy said. “Me and you. If I’m wrong--which is a fifty-fifty chance of that, then we may need one of us to bail the other out. And the only other one besides you who knows this island, is me.”

He looked into his daughter’s eyes and he could see the determination there. He fell silent for a long few minutes. “Okay. Um…you’re right.”

“You’re going to leave your thirteen year old daughter--”

“She’s fought Slade before, while hopped up on the Mirakuru. If she’s right and he’s just a regular guy now, then she’ll have no problem taking him down. But if she’s not and he still is, then…”
“Daddy, I’ll be okay. If I have to I’ll turn these all the way up and get out of there.” She smiled up at her father. “You of all people know know that I’m a pretty good hider.”

He laughed. “You’re right.” He hugged her tight. “And all grown up.” He hugged her tighter. “Okay. Go…be careful.”

She nodded. “Love you.”

“Love you…to the moon and stars.”

She stopped and turned to him. “I haven’t heard that in about eight years, daddy.”

Oliver and Thea were arguing about how to get out of the prison Slade put them in. Lexy looked around everywhere, then listened again for the 4th time then, she opened the hatch. She climbed down a few steps, then closed the hatch. She hopped off the ladder and landed on the ground in a kneeling position. She did the combination and walked through the door just as Oliver was about to break Thea’s arm.

“You know, there’s an easier way to do that.”

Thea exhaled in relief. “Oh, thank God!”

Lexy smiled. “Good to see you too, Aunt T.”

“What took you so long?” Thea asked.

“I thought I was being followed by our lovely, Australian friend, but either he’s waiting for me to come out or…I’m paranoid.” She looked around and realized that the door was automatic. “Well, I won’t need these,” she said and slipped them back into her pocket.

“You can pick locks.”

She smiled. “Among other…very illegal…things.” She smiled cheekily at her dad. “Good thing I became friends with a juvenile delinquent before you got home.”

“Who?” Thea asked.

“Roy,” Oliver and Lexy said in unison. “Remind me later---”

“You’re not not going to yell at him for teaching me to pick locks, dad. That’d be stupid and very fatherly of you.”

He laughed. “I am your father.”

“I know and I’ve never regretted a moment of being Alexandra Queen, ever. I’m proud to be your daughter…and a Queen. But when I became friends with Roy I knew there was going to be things he was going to teach me that weren’t legal.” She looked through the bars at her father. “I was eight. I wasn’t stupid.”

He nodded. “And you had just survived almost being raped, so…”

“Oh, my God…”
She nodded. “It’s true. Your ex, my best friend, saved my life.” She quickly picked the lock. She opened the door. “Let’s go.”

“What kind of sick bastards would rape an eight-year-old girl?”

“The kind that are very much dead,” she said simply.

Oliver stopped her once they got topside. “What do you mean dead?”

“Just that. Dead.”

“Who killed them? Not…?”

She shook her head. “Not me. Ted did.”

“Who’s Ted?”

“My boxing coach,” she said, “And my guardian angel.”

Thea sighed. “Wow…I did miss a lot.”

She nodded. “You did, but don’t worry. It’s all good now.” She looked at her dad. “Ready for the next phase of the plan?”

“Does it have anything to do with getting the hell off this island?”

She laughed. “That’s the final step actually. This next step is to put Slade back.”

“How are we going to do that?”

Lexy smiled. “Funny you should ask that, Aunt T. How would you like to play vigilante?”

They started running. Thea started veering off toward another path. Realizing what it was Oliver and Lexy ran after her. Lexy tackled her to the ground and Oliver pushed them both out of the way, he got a spike in the shoulder.

“What the hell was that?”

“It was a booby trap.”

“What kind of psycho would put that thing there?”

Oliver groaned. “Me.”

Lexy walked over to her dad when she seen the spike sticking out of his arm. “Oh, daddy.” She winced when he pulled it out.

“Slade’s going to be at the plane. We need to move.”

“No!”

“No, no, no, we need to rest, we need to rest, we need to rest, just a few minutes, ok?”

“Slade gets to--”
“Dad, no, please.”

“He will kill us if you end up passing out, okay?”

“Okay, okay, okay. Couple minutes.”

Lexy sighed. “Good. Now take off your jacket.”

“What?”

She sighed. She turned her eyes to her father, giving him a no non-sense look. “Dad.”

He looked at her. She then said, “Don’t make me give you the Janine Bradford ‘don’t fuck with me’ look. If I remember correctly from mommmy’s journals you didn’t like it then.”

“Fine.” He pulled his jacket off slowly.

Thea watched as Lexy pulled the knife out of her boot, then unzipped her coat. She slashed at her shirt, just enough to create a hole she could rip. “Lexy, what are you doing?”

“Just relax, Thea.” She ripped the shirt all the way around, until her shirt now showed her midriff. She put the knife back in her boot and started wrapping up the wound.

Thea huffed, impressed. “She’s cool under pressure.”

“It’s a facade,” he told his sister. “She’s scared.”

“How can you tell?”

“Well,” he started putting his arm back in his jacket, “besides her being my daughter, the light has left her eyes.” He looked into her matching blue eyes. “Despite everything that she has seen and done Lexy has kept that light in her eyes, but when she gets scared the light leaves.” He kissed her forehead. He smoothed a hand down her gorgeous blond hair. “Baby, I will get us out of this.”

“I know,” she said. “But I was optimistic that maybe he would have…” she sighed. “Never mind.”

She cleared her throat. “As long as we got Roy back, that’s all that I care about.”

Thea smiled. “He really is your best friend, huh?”

She shook her head. “He’s more than that. Before daddy came home, and I found Nick…he was my everything. He still is and he’ll forever be my rock. He was there for me when no one else could be.”

She looked at Thea. “Or wanted to be.” She exhaled. “Come on. Let’s get out of here and go find Slade.”

“He probably left by now.”

She shook her head. “He hasn’t.”

“How do you know?” she asked.

“Because unless he knows how to hotwire a plane—which I highly doubt—he won’t be getting far without these.” She held up the keys to the plane. She looked at her father. “However, before we go, I think there’s something we need to tell Aunt Thea, daddy.”

“No. This isn’t the time!”
“Then when is?!” she yelled. “Huh? How do you expect her to stay focused if we’re lying to her…again?” She looked into his eyes and said, “We promised no more secrets. The three of us…that’s all we have left. That’s it. If we can’t trust each other with our secrets then what’s the point of being a family. We told her our biggest secret…now tell her the most devastating one. I love you more than anything in the world, but daddy, you have to learn when to back off and let Aunt Thea be the big girl that you always knew she’d be. She’s an adult, daddy. And Sara was her friend. She needs to know.”

“Malcolm killed Sara.”

“No. No, he was in Corto Maltese with me, okay?”

“He didn’t kill her directly. He used someone. He put them under the influence of a drug...so she wouldn’t know what she was doing.”

“She? She who?”

“You killed Sara.”

“Oh, God.”

Lexy stood and walked to her Aunt. “Hey--”

“No, Sara? No, she--she was my friend! How could you not tell me?!”

“Because you weren’t you.”

“Oh, God.”

“You had no control over your actions. You cannot blame yourself.”

“Dad’s right, Aunt T.” She raised her hands up to her face. “This isn’t your fault. None of it is.”

“You were right about Malcolm, okay?! He doesn’t love me! I’m an idiot.”

“No, you’re not,” Lexy told her. “You’re not an idiot.” She looked at her dad and then at Thea. “You’re a Queen. You look for the best in everyone. It’s our family curse. Sometimes it bites us in the butt and sometimes we get lucky.” She looked her in the eyes. “Look at me, please.”

Thea looked into her eyes. Lexy smiled. “I love you. I’m always going to love you. There’s nothing that you can do--especially not while under the influence of a drug your biological father put you on--that could ever change that. You’re my family. I’ve never given up on you and I’m certainly not going to start now.” She looked at her dad. “And you know where daddy stands on it.”

As she backed away to think, an arm came around her neck and a gun to her head. Lexy gasped, pulled her batons. “Slade.”

“Hello, Miss Queen. Still hero-worshipping your father, I see.”

“I always will. If you’d actually had a relationship with your son you may actually know what it feels like to love someone unconditionally.” She glared at him. “And I’m not talking Shado, you psychotic asshole.”

She twirled her baton in her hand. Oliver stood. “Slade, don’t.”

Lexy looked into her aunt’s eyes and gave her a swift nod. Thea immediately disarmed him and
threw him off balance. “Learned a lot.”

Oliver pummeled him and they tumbled down the hill. Lexy gasped, “Dad!” She looked at Thea. “Come on!” She rushed down the hill after the two men.

As they got there, Slade got the upper hand on her father. She took one of the batons and slapped him in the face with it. She looked him in the eyes and said, “We’ve gone a few rounds before, Slade. I think I could still kick your ass.”

He attempted to punch her and she back bended out of the target punch. She spun and hit him with her baton again. He groaned. They fought and Thea watched her in awe. With each throw or hit he threw and connected, she took and delivered a few of her own. She stared, watching, open mouthed. “She’s amazing.”

He nodded. “Yeah. And about thirty percent of that I didn’t teach her. She learned it from Roy and from Ted.”

They heard her scream out in pain as her forearm snapped. To Thea’s surprise again, she didn’t stop. She just kept on going. He got the upper hand on her again and grabbed one of her batons, putting it to her throat. “Lexy!”

Oliver stopped her. He looked his daughter in the eyes and nodded. She kicked up her legs and put her entire weight and power in it and flipped him onto his back. She picked up the baton and she hit him in the gut. He screamed in pain. She coughed and Oliver and Thea jumped in to take him. They fought him, the three of them. Finally Thea ended it by hitting him in the back with a large stick. She put a gun on him. Lexy exhaled, wincing. “Aunt T, don’t!”

“You killed mom!”

“And he will continue to pay for his crimes, but not like this! You're not a killer!”

“Yeah, tell that to Sara!”

“What happened to Sara is not on you! What happens to him is! All this is what Malcolm wanted. He freed Slade to prove that we’re killers because he wants you to be just like him. You got to prove to him that you’re not.”

Lexy groaned. “Please, Aunt Thea, don’t do this.” She looked her aunt in the eyes. “He’s not worth it.”

Thea shot the gun anyway. Lexy quickly walked up to her and took the gun. She put the safety on it and slipped it into the back of her pants. Oliver walked to Slade and checked on him. He pulled him to his feet and they started back toward the prison.

They got him locked up again and as always he’s taunting them. “A flesh wound. You're clearly not the killer that your brother is, Thea.”

“Yeah, I wish that were true.” She walked out.

“She's lost, your sister.”
“No, she's not.”

“You can see it in her eyes. She's being touched by darkness. Was it Merlyn? He's an interesting man to do that to his own daughter. So now you've lost your father, your mother, and now your little sister.”

Lexy sighed. “Oh, shut up!” She yelled. “You’re so full of yourself. You know nothing about my aunt, or me, or my father. And just because you lost your precious little Shado--”

“Lexy.”

“No, dad. I’m saying it.”

“Doesn’t give you the right to torture us because you lost the love of your life. She didn’t even know you loved her, Slade. It was an impossible choice Slade. One that there was no right or wrong answer. Just like when you held the sword to my grandmother and Aunt and asked my father to choose.” She looked him dead in the eye. “Why do you think that my grandmother chose for him? Because she knew he wouldn’t be able to choose.” She exhaled. “Look, I’m sorry that all this bad stuff has happened to you, but you can’t blame one man for your consequences, man. It’s not right. You were brought to this island because of something you did a long time ago. What you did from then on out was your decision. No one else’s. Maybe finally sitting in this cell and having nothing to do but think about it will make you see that.”

She turned and started to walk out, but stopped. “And for the record. I know exactly what kind of man my father is. And I’m not looking at him through the hero-worship glasses you think I do. I see him as the man that I not only love because he gave me life but as my partner. He’s done things, things he’s not proud of and because of those things it’s never made me prouder to be his daughter. I know what you were trying to do by telling me all the horrible stuff he did, but you see, despite what you think, Oliver Queen, my father, doesn’t keep secrets from me. He never has. Not even when he got on the yacht eight years ago that killed my grandfather.” She looked at her dad. “He just never knew that the trip on the yacht would take him away from me for five years.”

She turned to her father and told him she was going to check on Aunt Thea.

“Very articulate, your daughter.”

He nodded, pride in his eyes. “Yes, she is.” He looked at his old friend and turned and walked out.

_____________________________________________________________________

They got home and Lexy dropped her bag by the door. “I need a real bed and about eighteen hours of sleep.”

“I’m with ya there, Lex. But first I need a shower…about ten showers.”

“I want a bubble bath…just not right now. Too tired.” She fell back on the couch and sighed. She put her arm over her eyes as her father and aunt talked about everything.

“No, that would complicate things, and despite everything that he has done…we still need him.”

“I agree. I guess A.R.G.U.S. is looking for a few guards to volunteer for island duty.”

“You almost got us killed,” Oliver snarled.
“I simply had more faith in you and my daughter than you obviously have for yourselves.”

“But it wasn’t just me or Oliver out there. You almost got my niece killed! How could you do that?”

“To challenge you, to see if you could work—”

“How could you make me kill a friend?”

“He should not have told you that.”

“Why because it would diminish the tainted view she had of you, Merlyn?” Lexy asked from the couch, her arm never leaving her eyes.

“I trusted you. I let you into my life. How could you have done this to me?”

“Because you are my daughter, Thea, and I care about you.”

“Oh, God, that's sick. And not even remotely true!”

“You do not understand the danger we face from Ra's al Ghul!”

“It’s a danger you created!” Lexy said, standing to her feet and coming toward the older man. “You did this to us! You did this to all of us and because you’re too much of a damn coward to face the ancient bastard on your own! We’ve got to fight your damn battle for you!” She glared at the man. “If I die because of your cowardice, I will come back and forever haunt you!” She stormed upstairs.

“She’s still angry.”

Thea glared at him. “Just stop! Stop using him as an excuse. Stop acting like you didn’t do anything to cause this. The only person that I'm afraid of right now is you.”

“Please, do not do this…”

“Oh, just stop. I will work with you to stop Ra’s. Because that's what my brother says we need to do. So I will be your student. I'll be your partner. Even if I have to, I will be your soldier. But never again will I be your daughter.”

Thea left too. Merlyn turned to Oliver. “You shouldn’t have told her.”

“Why? Because it’s just one more kid you’d lose?”

He sighed. “Your daughter’s not afraid of me like I thought she’d be.”

“She has no reason to fear you, Malcolm.”

“I thought all little girls were afraid of the boogey man?”

He shook his head. “Not Alexandra Queen. She’s never been afraid of the boogeyman, or the monster under her bed. It was the monsters in real life she was afraid of.” He looked at the older man. “But men like you, she will never fear you, because she knows deep down you’re just a coward who’s been hiding behind the League’s protection.”

Chapter End Notes
This was the trip that helped cement Thea and Lexy's relationship.
Chapter Summary

When Thea decides to exact her revenge on her father, Oliver, Dig and Lexy go to Nanda Parbat to get him back.

Chapter Notes

Because you guys have been so awesome about me updating, I've decided to upload 3 chapters this time. Enjoy!!

Lexy quickly walked through the Glades, careful to not be seen. She slid into an alleyway and walked into the building. She flipped her hood down and said, “Dad.”

No answer.

“Dad!”

This time, Malcolm, Oliver and Nyssa walked out of the shadows. Nyssa looked at the blond haired girl and folded her arms in front of her. “Why am I here with the man that killed Sara?”

“Because I asked you to come.”

“Why?” Merlyn snapped.
She glared at him. “Because you’re a jackass and this is the only way I can see any of us getting out of this.”

“What’s your plan?”

“We’re all going to trick Ra’s Al Ghul.”

“You’re crazy!” Malcolm and Nyssa said in unison.

She smirked. “You haven’t heard the plan yet,” she told them folding her arms over her chest.

“What’s the plan?”

“I’m going to help Roy put a bug in Thea’s ear to confess to what you put her up to. She’ll turn you into the league…..”

About 20 minutes later, she finished telling the plan. “So…what do you think?”

Nyssa couldn’t help it she smiled. “I have to admit, for being so young, you scare me a bit.”

She laughed softly. “Thanks?”

Nyssa nodded. “You’re welcome and that was a compliment.”

Lexy looked at her dad. “So….what do you think?”

“It’s not going to make your mother very happy.”

She shook her head. “It doesn’t have to. As long as you, me and Merlyn put on a convincing show to make everyone closest to us believe it that’s all that matters.”

“Can you do that?” Malcolm asked. “Can you pretend that kind of hurt--”

She shrugged. “I’m not entirely sure, but I’m certainly going to try. However, when dad comes to rescue you, Uncle John will probably come and I’ll insist on it.” She looked at her dad. “Everyone already knows that I go everywhere with you. It wouldn’t shock them for me to go with you.”

Oliver nodded. “Still, your mother won’t be happy.”

“Mom doesn’t need to know.” She looked at Nyssa. “You willing to go through with your end? I know it’ll be difficult, but…..”

She nodded. “I’m willing. It’s a good plan….Eibad al Shams.”

“Thank you, Nyssa. I appreciate you compromising--”

“Say no more. I must go.”

Lexy spun around and put the blade to Merlyn’s side and dodged his blade as it came toward him. She then got out of the way as her father and aunt took him on. Nick leaned up against the table and talked to Roy, “Okay, normally, I would find the fact that my girlfriend wielding a sword to be extremely hot, but--”

“But not when you know it could quite possibly get her killed?” Roy said sliding his eyes to his
friend.

He nodded. “Yeah. Tell me I’m not the only one worried about this.”

Roy shook his head as Merlyn spoke. “You both have a long way to go. Particularly you, Oliver. You’ve spent years preparing to bring a bow and arrow to a sword fight.” He turned to Lexy, “However, you…”

She exhaled. “What?”

“You’ve either swung a sword before or you’re a natural.”

“Well, Uncle Tommy did fence with me once when he got ‘stuck’ babysitting me when I was like ten, so….he taught me a little.”

“Uncle Tommy?” Thea asked.

“Tommy was my Godfather,” she answered. “According to him and dad, they were like brothers… so, Uncle Tommy.”

Thea nodded. “Nice.” She looked at her father. “However, that’s almost funny coming from you, considering you’re the reason the League is targeting us.”

“Thea has the club closed for renovations. I’ve reinforced all the entrances with A.R.G.U.S. tech. We’re secure.”

“John.”

“My friends call me Dig. You shouldn’t even speak to me.”

“Uncle John.”

“Yes, Small Fry?”

“Wait a minute, please.”

She turned to her father and he nodded. “Go ahead.”

She walked to her bag and crouched down. She dug through it and pulled 3 things out. She handed a book to him. “The book Aunt Lyla wanted to read. And…an iPod full of songs and other stuff I thought Sara would like.” She smiled. “And this.” She held out the necklace to him. Her eyes sparkled. “It’s her birthstone, with her zodiac sign.”

He smiled and kissed her forehead. “You will always be my favorite niece.”

She smirked. “I’m you’re only niece.”

“Which is why you’re my favorite!”

Merlyn turned to Oliver. “If the club is as secure as Dig says, perhaps you, Lexy and Thea should relocate here.”

“We discussed that. Thea wants to stay in the loft.”

“I have only been able to survive in Starling City because the League has no idea where in the city I am.”
“Aww,” Lexy said, “Bully for you, Jerk.” She glared at him. “Call me Lexy again and I will skin you where you stand. That nickname is only reserved for family. And you may be my aunt’s biological father, but you are nothing to me.”

“We are not leaving the loft.”

“You and your sister have the same stubbornness. Clearly it comes from your mother’s side of the family.”

“At least she didn’t get someone’s cowardice,” Lexy called over her shoulder.

Roy smirked. “I have to admit, despite what’s going to happen, hearing Lexy’s jabs during these sessions has got to be the most entertaining part of the whole thing.”

“I’m always curious, where did she get her sarcasm?”

“I’d guess half of it is Oliver and the other half is her mother,” Laurel put in.

“You’d be right,” Lexy said from her spot at the table.

A little while later, Lexy walked upstairs to see Thea deep in thought. She stepped behind the bar. “You know, when I owned this place, I always thought I’d have a fall back career.”

“Fall back? You’re amazing at being the Sparrow. You don’t need a fallback.”

She nodded. “I do, because I don’t plan on doing this much when I’m too old to move.”

Thea laughed. “Well, by then I may be too old to remember you.”

She laughed to herself. “Want something to drink?”

“No thank you and do not touch the alcohol. I know you watched me come home enough times drunk but you will not pick up my bad habits.”

She shook her head. “I don’t plan on being a drinker. Maybe socially, but the concept of being able to get drunk has never appealed to me.” She leaned on the bar. “We can talk you know. I know that I’m only thirteen but—”

“Honey, it has nothing to do with your age. You’re the most mature teenager I have ever seen, besides, Nick. Trust me it’s not your age.” She sighed. “It’s a lot of things. I’m thinking about Sara, Malcolm, the League.”

Lexy nodded. “I feel ya there. I’m worried.”

“Why?”

“I don’t want to die,” she admitted. “I’m afraid to die. I know that sounds strange, being what I do and everything, but this time it wasn’t my choice. The choice was made for me because I’m Oliver Queen’s daughter and your niece.”

Thea leaned over the bar and squeezed her hand. “I know. And I promise, your dad and I will not let you die. If anything I’ll stand in front of the arrow for you.”
She smiled softly. “I love you, Aunt T.”

“Love you too, Lex.”

“This is hardcore.”

Lexy smiled playfully at her best friend. “Hey, Blue Eyes. Getcha a drink?”

He laughed. “Sure. Water.” He looked at Thea then Lexy. “When Dig said he was fortifying the club, I figured there'd just be a few extra locks and cameras.”

Both Thea and Lex laughed.

“Are you okay?”

“No. No, not really.”

“What's wrong?”

“Ollie told me that I can't tell anyone.”

Lexy smiled.

“Whatever it is, you have to be able to talk about it with someone. Someone who's not your brother,” Roy told her.

“Does the niece count?”

Roy shook his head. “No.” He smiled. “Pretty necklace.”

“Thanks. Bought it downtown. Stop changing the subject, Harper.”

“I killed Sara. It was Malcolm. He--”

“We know,” they said in unison.

“And none of you told me?”

“You know last year when I kind of went off the rails for a bit? Yeah... I was also under the influence of something. And just like you, I killed someone. A cop.”

“Roy…”

“They didn't tell me, either. And when--when I found out…”

“You wished that you didn't know.”

“Look, I'm not going to lie to you and tell you that the feeling ever goes away, but I can tell you that it gets easier, Thea.”

“You don't have to see that cop's family almost every single day. I can't imagine that it's going to get any easier.”

“And I don’t think it should.”

Lexy looked at both of them. “It doesn’t and it hurts even more when it’s someone you cared about.”
“How do you do this every night, Lex?” she asked. “Knowing the arrow the beat down you gave someone just may have killed them?”

“This maybe naive of me but three years ago when I decided that dad needed a partner in the field and not just sitting comms I knew I may have to kill people and I figured as long as the City is safe for the kids that live in this City and someday my kids to be able to enjoy their lives then I know I’ve done my job despite the people I’ve killed.” She put her drink down on the bartop. “Grab your jacket, T.” She came around the bar. “You’re coming too, Blue Eyes.”

“Lex…where…..?” Thea asked and looked at Roy.

“Just follow her. I’ve learned in the five years I’ve known her she’d cut off her arm before actually getting us hurt.”

They walked out and went into the place where they hid the motorcycles. She tossed Roy a set of keys. “Dad’s bike is right there.”

“We’re taking the bikes?” Roy asked.

She nodded. “Dad’s not going to be using his tonight, so get on and let’s go.” She grabbed a helmet and looked at her aunt. “You can either join Roy on dad’s or get on mine. Either way works.”

She got onto the back of Roy’s bike and Lexy tossed her a helmet. She threw her leg over and sat. She then started it and kicked the stand. She smirked at Roy. “Let’s see if you can keep up, RJ.”

He laughed and started his own bike, chasing after her. They pulled up to the curb of an abandoned building and Lexy got off the bike. She bent down to a pouch that was on the bike. She pulled out a pair of silver batons and put them in the back of her jeans. “Let’s do this.”

“Sash, is this…”

“It is. It got through to you, hopefully it’ll get through to Aunt T.”

“Is this where Sara died?”

Both Lexy and Roy shook their heads. “The cop I killed…his family lives across the street.”

“Why would you bring us here?” Thea asked.

“Because what I gotta say worked for Roy while sitting here, so I’m going to try it on you. She pushed the metal door open to the roof and walked out onto the open surface. She walked to the edge and hopped up. She walked along it like a tightrope and then sat, legs dangling over the side.”

They both joined her. Lexy watched the family in the window and smiled. “You know, Roy may not see Mrs. Parker everyday, but I do. I come here every night after we’ve taken down another drug dealer or whatever and I just sit and watch.”

“Why?” Thea asked.

“Because my best friend had overdosed on Mirakuru and had killed her husband. Every week, I drop off money to her.”

“Why?” Thea asked. “You don’t even know them?”

“No, but it was our actions that killed her husband.” She sighed. She looked at Thea and turned to face her. ‘I’m gonna tell you what I told Roy. What you did wasn’t right, but it wasn’t your fault. I
know it’s going to be awhile for you to see that, but it’s true. Malcolm Merlyn did it because he’s an asshole and a coward.” She sighed. “I’d like to think I know my family pretty well and even as sassy and mean you can get you’d never willingly take a life… which is probably why Malcolm drugged you to do it.

“Aunt T, I love you. You’re my family and a friend. I hate to see you hurting. You don’t deserve it, Malcolm does.” She took her hand. “Make your amends. Make your amends by helping us not only taking down Ra’s but maybe even Malcolm too. I know it will be hard to make your amends to Laurel and she probably won’t make it easy for you, but know that the pain may not get easier, it will get easier.”

“Have you ever killed anyone?”

She nodded. “Quite a few people. I electrocuted someone dead because he held Roy.” She looked into her Aunt’s dark eyes. “If I could I’d take it away for you, but I’m not and I can’t. However, if you want I can show you what helps me get past my own grief or anger.”

She nodded. “That’d be nice.”

She nodded. “Good.” She sighed and swung her legs against the old building. “You know I didn’t like Sara at first.”

“Really?”

She nodded. They continued to talk and then they all left the building and Thea hugged Lexy. “Thank you.”

“You’re welcome, Aunt T.” She sighed. “I love you.”

“Love you too.” She hugged her again. “I’m gonna walk. I’ll see you at our place, okay?”

She nodded. “Be careful.”

Lexy gasped as she slammed into the mat and found herself looking up at her boyfriend. She groaned. “Nice move, Nicky.”

He chuckled softly. “Sorry, baby, are you okay?”

She laughed and let him pull her up. “I’m fine. I just didn’t think that were to the point where you could take me down.”

He smiled and walked to her. He put an arm around her waist and kissed her softly. “Sorry.”

She laughed. “Don’t worry about it.”

Oliver, who was doing sword said, “He is taller than you and he is growing muscles from the workouts, Lex. My guess is while you’ll be about 5’6 or so he’ll be at least six foot. It’s to be expected that he’d figure it out.” He looked at his daughter, smiling. “You’ll just have to figure out other ways to stay on your feet. Especially if your boyfriend keeps being your sparring partner.”

She laughed. “Thanks, dad.”

“I can’t remember Sara's smile.”
All 3 of them turned to see Laurel standing in the bunker. She continued, “It's weird, isn't it? I mean, I know Sara used to smile and--and laugh, but when I close my eyes and I try and picture it, all I see is the way that I found her. You know, sometimes, the only thing that keeps me going is the thought of one day finding her killer.”

Lexy looked at her suspiciously. There was something very strange about this whole thing. “We will. I promise.”

“How do you do that?”

“Do what?”

“What are you talking about?” Nick asked.

“Lie,” Laurel said. “Right to my face. Thea told me, Oliver. She told me everything. How could you keep this from me?”

“After what you wanted to do to LaCroix and Merlyn? Do you really need to ask me that question?”

“I'm not so consumed with vengeance that I blame Thea for Sara's death.”

“Really? Because I remember a time not long ago that you wanted to kill—wanted my father to kill my best friend because of your anger!”

“But I didn’t!”

“Because we talked you down. I will not lose another family member because you want to get Sara’s Killer, Laurel.

“I don’t blame Thea. I blame Malcolm Merlyn.”

“I need him.”

“He murdered my sister.”

“With the League targeting us, he is the only chance I have of saving mine. This is how it has to be.”

“It's really amazing...the way Merlyn always finds a way under your protection.”

“Don’t fucking pull that,” Lexy said. “You don’t get to do that.”

“He killed my sister!”

“And as soon as one of us is able to kill Ra’s Al Ghul I will bring him back myself and let you have a go, but I will not let you get my aunt killed because of your pain and grief for your sister.”

“That’s not fair!” Laurel screamed.

“And neither is what you’re about to do to my family!”

“I'm sorry, Laurel.”

“You know, it's hard to remember a time...when I was actually in love with you.”

Lexy sighed. She looked back at her father. “I’ll keep an eye on her. I’ll call you if she does anything stupid.”
He nodded and let her go. She grabbed her black leather Moto Bomber hoodie jacket. She grabbed her batons from the chargers and headed out the door, snatching up her phone as she went. She got on her bike and followed Laurel.

Lexy followed her to the docks and watched as she attempted to attack Malcolm. She exhaled. She tapped her bluetooth. “Hey, Arrow, Arsenal?”

“Yeah?” Oliver responded.

“We have a problem. Laurel’s attempting to attack Malcolm.”

“Okay. Keep your eyes out for the League.”

“What?” she asked.

“Thea turned Malcolm in.”

“Fricking fantastic! Like my night couldn’t get any worse.”

As if on cue, the League showed up and Lexy exhaled. “They’re here.”

“Be careful.”

She sighed and jumped out of the shadows. “Nyssa.”

Nyssa, Lexy and Merlyn fought. However, as much as Nyssa and Lexy seemed to go toe to toe for some time and then Nyssa got the upper hand and they carted Malcolm off.

Laurel walked over to Lexy. Lexy backed away. “You’ve got to be the stupidest bitch I know.” She stomped off.

Oliver stormed downstairs, he had gotten the call that Laurel came back without Lexy and he had rushed right over. He and Laurel began to argue. Nick spun around, “HEY!” The argument continued. “SHUT UP!” He pounded on the desk. “BOTH OF YOU!”

“What’s wrong?” Oliver asked.

“I can’t get Lexy on her comm. She’s not answering!”

“What do you mean?”

“Just that. She’s not answering.” He exhaled. “Oliver, I’ve searched everywhere I can’t--”

“No need.”

They all spun around and Nick was on his feet in seconds. He had her in a hug instantly. “Are you okay?”

“Yeah. I’m fine. Pissed, but fine.” She pulled her bluetooth from her ear and tossed it down at the computers. She pulled her jacket off and glared at her father. “Your ex is stupid!”

“Lex--”

“No!” She glared at Laurel. “Yours and Thea’s stupidity could get me and my father killed, You
idiot.” She growled. “What in the hell were you thinking going up against a fucking League of Assassin member?!” She slapped her chest. “I couldn’t even do that and I’ve done it. Sara was the one that taught me how to fight against them, Laurel. It’s the only reason why I’m able to go so long against them, but I can’t defeat them.” She sighed. She glared at the dirty blond. “If I die because of your stupidity I will come back and make your life a living hell.”

“Lex--”

“GET OUT!”

“Lexy--”

She spun on her and gave a death glare that actually was freaking Laurel out. “I SAID GET OUT!”

“In case anyone’s wondering,” Roy said, “That’s Oliver mode right there.”

“Where were you?” Oliver asked her.

She looked at her father. “I’ll tell you later.” She smiled at Nick. “You too.”

“I got something. Unless it's a big, fat coincidence that the security cameras at Starling City Aviation just went dark.”

He looked at Lexy. “Suit up, Sweetheart. We’ll handle this.”

They got to the aviation field and fought Nyssa, but the rest of the soldiers got away. They threw her into a cage in the bunker. They got the location of where Nanda Parbat was and Oliver talked to John. He went downstairs to Lexy. “Alexandra.”

Lexy turned and straightened. “Sir?”

“I’m going to ask you something and I want you to be sure one-hundred percent of the answer.”

She nodded. “If it’s about whether or not I’m going with you to Nanda Parbat the answer is yes. Abso--”

“No!” Felicity exclaimed. “Lexy, you can’t--”

“Mom, I have to. This is my fight just as much as daddy’s.” She exhaled. “Besides, if daddy’s going to die this time then at least I get a proper goodbye.”

Felicity didn’t know what to say to that, especially when Oliver gave her a stern look. He looked at her. “You’re absolutely sure.”

She nodded. “Positive.”

Lexy packed up an outfit or 2 when she heard a knock at her bedroom door. She looked over her shoulder. “Come in.”

Nick walked into the room and took her hand in his and pulled her to him. He tucked his hand
behind her head and then kissed her senseless. She moaned in surprise and then fell into the kiss. He pulled back and kissed her lips softly. “I love you.”

She blinked and then looked up at him. “I love you.”

“No, Aly, I mean it,” he told her. “I love you. Just come home to me, okay?”

She nodded. “Always, I promise.” She kissed him softly. “I love you, Nicky. And believe me when I tell you…you’re going to be the reason that gets me through this.”

He took her face in his hands. “Always. Just promise me you’ll come home.”

She nodded. “I promise.” She kissed him again, this time dragging it out a little longer. “I love you.”

-Nanda Parbat….

In Nanda Parbat, Oliver, John and Lexy went over the plan. Lexy pulled out her collapsible bow and activated it. As they went over the plan, flamed arrows aimed for them. Oliver and Lexy fired several flamed arrows back at them and then a few of their own, while John shot at them. One got away, but they gave chase.

They get inside and take out the others, and find Merlyn. They attempt to get him down, but it’s been a trap and they are held captive.

Hours later, Lexy came to on a cold damp floor hearing her father and Dig talking. She moaned and started to sit up. Oliver looked at her. “You okay, Sweetheart?”

She nodded. “Yeah, I think so. Any idea how we’re gonna get out of here?”

“You know, every time I close my eyes, all that I can see, all that I can hear, feel is... just the fall. I couldn't live like that, couldn't live knowing that, uh...there was someone out there who beat me.”

“Yeah, that makes sense.”

“No. It's egotistical and insane.”

“So is putting on a mask and jumping off of rooftops, Oliver. To do that, you have to be in a certain mindset. Every soldier on the battlefield, man, has to believe he's coming home. Otherwise, he's paralyzed. Ra's got in your head.”

“What was the favor you wanted to ask me?”

“I don't think now is the right time.”

“We're not dead yet.”

“Yeah, Uncle John, just ask.”

“Now might be the only time.”

“I always assumed if I ever got married again that Andy would be by my side. When I lost my brother...I never thought I'd get another one. So pretending for a moment that we aren't two dead men chained to the floor...how you feel about being my best man?”
“I feel pretty good about it.”

The door opened and Maseo walked in. “Oliver, it's time.”

Oliver nodded. He crawled to Lexy and kissed her forehead. “Whatever happens, remember that I love you, Baby Girl. Okay?”

“Daddy…?” she said looking up into his eyes, hers filling with tears. “I love you too, daddy.”

He was hauled out and presented in front of Ra’s Al Ghul.
Chapter 26

Chapter Summary

Well, Lexy's plan started out to be a good one...until Ra's Al Ghul offered Oliver something greater. Will he accept?

Chapter Notes

Here's update 2 of 3. You guys are amazing. And I apologize for the slow updates. Sorry this one is shorter than my others, but I couldn't seem to make it longer. However, the last one is definitely longer to hopefully make up for this one.

“I want you to take my place. I want you to become the next Ra's al Ghul.”

Lexy sighed. “So...what do you think they’re going to do with us?”

John looked into the girl’s eyes and he knew he couldn’t lie to her. He knew he couldn’t lie to her. Wasn’t entirely sure he wanted to. “Small Fry, I have no idea what they’re going to do with us.”

She sighed and nodded. “Okay,” she said softly. However, Nyssa had told her this was going to play out like this and that as it played out she would have to act stupid to make people believe that she didn’t know. Although, she wasn’t altogether sure she could lie to Nick.
Making her mother believe her was one thing. Making Roy believe her…that would be hard. Nonetheless, because she knew the guy’s reaction to her plan then he’d talk her out of it or force her to stop. And they were too damn close for that to happen. But, Nick….Nick knew every nuance about her and she wasn’t sure she could lie to him about the plan that they had. That she had come up with. She knew even if he didn’t agree with it, that he would stand beside her while she did it, but not without knowing the entire truth about it.

The door opened again and Maseo walked back in. He pulled them to their feet and made them walk. They walked into some grand banquet hall or something and Lexy listened to what was going on.

“And what if I say no?” Oliver asked.

Ra’s looked at him. “Then you are free to leave. With your compatriots, as a gesture of good will. All debts forgiven, and all blood oaths waived.”

Lexy couldn’t believe it. He was letting them go! Wait, he was letting them go….but why?

Oliver turned slowly to the fountain and then looked back at Ra’s. He then walked up to his daughter and took her hand as he said, “Let's go home.”

They got back to Starling and Lexy took a deep breath. Oliver and Lexy went to the condo. Lexy walked in and called out to Felicity. “Mom?”

Lexy came out of the back bedroom and ran to her daughter. She wrapped her arms around her and held tight, kissing her hair repeatedly.

Felicity moved to Oliver and without preamble, and then kissed him senseless. “I missed you.”

“I missed you,” he whispered against her mouth before taking it again.

Lexy knew a hint when she saw one, she quickly looked around the house for Bella, picked the puppy up off her bed and grabbed her keys, walking out the door.

Felicity had this desperation for the man from the moment that he had told her he was going to Nanda Parbat. She had originally wanted to distract him with her body so that he’d miss the flight, but then she realized that she didn’t want their first time together again to be because she was distracting him from his suicidal mission.

She tipped her head back, allowing him access as he kissed down her throat. She moaned as he licked down the cord in her neck. “Mmm…you know, I was going to seduce you that night…. ” she moaned again as he switched sides, “so that you wouldn’t go that night.”

“Why didn’t you?” he panted against her throat.

“Because… I… I didn’t want our first time back together to be because you missed your flight to Nanda Parbat.”

His lips took her mouth gently, coaxing her, caressing her. “I missed you so much.”

“Show me,” she said against his lips before she wantonly took them.

“Wrap your legs around my waist,” he commanded. She did as he carried her to the bedroom they
shared. She flicked her shoes off before he walked to the bed and the mattress sank under their weight as he gently laid her down.

His mouth covered hers in a passionate heated kiss. As they kissed, they stripped each other of their clothing. Once they were both naked, soft, sexy lips tugged kisses down her body. “Oh, God… Oliver….”

“I want you. I want to marry you…” he said as he kissed back up her body. “I want all three of us back in the same house.” His hands stopped at her breasts and caressed, nipped and sucked on the nipple.

She arched off the bed. “Oh, damn, Oliver!”

He started the foreplay and she stopped him. “No. No foreplay this time, just get inside of me,” she said eagerly. “Please, Oliver….”

Knowing when not to tease her, he rose up, aligned himself with her entrance and eased himself in and for him it was like coming home. “God, Baby…” he whispered.

She arched off the bed, her head going into the pillow at the wondrous sensation of having him inside of her again. “Move,” she ordered. “Make me come…”

“Felicity,” he moaned and twisted his hips seductively when he was fully seated inside of her.

“Mmm…that’s it.” She held him close and whispered, “Show me, O-Oliver.”

The plunges were deep as they hit that bundle of nerves that seemed to be elusive for most men. Not for Oliver Queen. He seemed to bring her to orgasm in under 5 seconds by hitting….right there. For a few moments all that was heard was the erotic sounds of skin slapping skin, guttural moans of pleasure tied in with Felicity’s screams. Soon, they were both toppling over the edge and he collapsed on top of her, promising he’d move in a second.

She wrapped her legs around his waist and held him right there. “You’re good right here.” She held onto him for dear life.

Meanwhile, at the Jordans, the 2 young lovebirds were engaged in some heated kisses of their own. They were sitting in the family room, Lexy was straddling him and they were kissing like their lives depended on it.

“Nicky…(kiss)… “can I… (kiss).….tell you something…. (kiss).….without you getting mad?” she asked.

He pushed his hands up her thighs and then her waist and stopped. “Depends,” he panted. He curled his tongue inside of her mouth, teasing her. “What’s the subject?”

“The League,” she breathed, trying to take a big enough breath to continue their make-out.

“Can it wait?” he panted.

“Yes, but I don’t want it to,” she said and pressed her hands to his shoulders. “I haven’t been one-hundred percent honest with you.”

He looked into her darkened blue eyes and knew even though she was extremely turned on right this
was important to her. He took a breath and placed his hands on her legs. “Okay, Baby, talk to me.”

Lexy took a breath and began the story. She just hoped Nick didn’t hate her in the end.

Awhile later, after Lexy and Nick showed up to the Bunker, hand in hand and looking like teenagers in love. Oliver met them at the front entrance and they went in together. Lexy and Nick continued downstairs as Oliver and John talked. They then went downstairs too. Laurel looked at them all, “Well, thank God. You know, just because I'm furious with you, that doesn't mean I want you dead.”

“What about Malcolm?” Felicity asked a little shakily. She was just so glad to have them both home. “I mean, I know Laurel wants him dead, I mean, is he?”

“Nope. We got him back.” He walked over to Nyssa’s cage and punched in the code to release the door.

“Well, I suppose congrats, and why, oh, why, did you do that, are in order,” Felicity said. She was trying to understand, despite their amazing sex back at the condo, but she couldn’t seem to justify what was going on.

“Oliver, what are you doing!?” Laurel asked.

“You're free to go,” he told her.

She cautiously stepped outside the cage and said, “My father would never trade my life for yours. And he certainly wouldn't do it for Malcolm Merlyn's.”

“He didn't.”

“If no bargain was struck, then how are you still alive?”

“Go home, Nyssa.” Nyssa walked out.

Oliver glanced at Lexy, who was being held by Nick. Felicity was confused. “Ok. Well, I don't understand anything anymore.”

“Why did Ra's--”

“It doesn't matter. Let's focus on what does. Somewhere, there is someone that needs a reminder that we are still watching over this city.”

Felicity turned to the computer and a couple of keystrokes later and she said, “Well, there is a robbery in progress at the Kingston Property depot on Third. New shipment just arrived. I'm assuming whatever it is, it's worth a lot of money.”

“Ok. Suit up,” he said to the team.

“Oliver…” Roy attempted.

“Suit up.”
They got to the robbery just in time and as the henchmen were looking through the crates, the 4 of them came into view. Lexy and Oliver from the sky. Oliver and Lexy shot their arrows into the men and then she walked one way and Oliver the other.

Noticing that Roy needed help, Lexy came in and knocked their legs out from under them. She slapped one in the face hard with the baton, knocking him cold. Laurel had the other. Lexy walked over to the diamonds and picked up a bunch. “Arsenal.”

Roy walked over and bent down to see what she was looking at. “Diamonds?”

She nodded. “But they don’t look like very expensive ones. The clarity’s wrong.”

“The clarity?” Roy asked. “Since when have you known about clarity?”

“Couple years ago. A jewelry taught me. I’ll explain more later.”

“Arsenal. Sparrow, what do we have?”

“The head guy got away...with these,” Roy told him.

The next day, after school Lexy went downstairs to the Bunker and began researching the new boss in town. She smiled when she felt very familiar lips on her shoulder. “Hey, I thought you had a thing with Chris?”

He placed kisses from the curve of her neck to her shoulder. “No. Rachel’s not feeling well so he’s taking the day off at Jitters to tend to her.”

She smiled and tilted her head upright so he could kiss her. He gave her a long drawn out kiss before asking, “What are you looking for?”


A few minutes later, Lexy shot out of her chair. “Found him!”

“Who?” Dig asked.

“That guy,” she said. “He has his lips sewn shut. They call him Murmur.”

“Hey, Lex, come look at these,” Roy told her.

She walked over to him and looked down at the diamonds.

Oliver came downstairs awhile later and asked for an update. They gave him one. Nick sighed. “It’s a long shot but I could ask my dad if he’s heard of Amar and if he knows why he’d want perfectly useless diamonds.”

Oliver nodded. “Okay. Go.”

Nick nodded, kissed Lexy goodbye and left.
Oliver smiled at Lexy. “What do you want to do?”

“I know a couple of fences from my less socially responsible days. I could talk to them, see if I can find out where Amar is trying to move these diamonds.”

“That's a good idea.”

“Roy, I’ll go with you.”

He nodded. “Okay.”

Nick walked into the precinct and smiled at a couple of cops he knew and continued to his dad’s desk. He stopped when he seen the picture that was being displayed to everyone. “God, I hated this picture.”

Nathan smiled up from his computer. “Hey, Nicky, what can I do for you?”

“Can I ask you a couple of questions?”

He nodded. “Sure.”

He looked around and then whispered, “It’s Team stuff.”

Nathan nodded. “Alright.” He looked at his partner, “Eric, I’ll be back, okay?”

“Sure thing, Nate.”

They walked outside and Nathan asked, “What’s up?”

He showed him the file. “Have you seen or maybe met him?”

Nathan looked over the picture for a minute. “I haven’t had the pleasure no.”

Nick nodded. “Okay. Would you by any chance know the reason as to why he would steal lesser quality diamonds?”

“Um…actually, there might be one possibility, yeah.”

“What?”

“He wants revenge on the cops who put him there.”

“Yeah, but why diamonds for revenge?”

“Because diamonds can penetrate kevelar, Nicky.”

Nick’s blood went ice cold. He knew what that meant.

Everyone met down in the bunker as Nick showed up, he announced, “We have a problem.”

“What?” Oliver asked.
“He’s not stealing these diamonds for profit. He’s doing it to kill.”

“Kill?” Felicity asked. “What do you mean?”

He sighed. “I talked to my dad--by the way--” he looked at Lexy, “--Sunday dinner my house. Mom insists.”

Lexy nodded. “I’ll be there, as always.”

“Diamonds can punch through kevelar,” he told them.

“And?” Oliver asked.

“Who wears Kevelar?” John asked Oliver.

Lexy’s jaw dropped. “Your dad!”

They got to the precinct just in time. Team Arrow fell through the ceiling and started shooting. Lexy tapped her earpiece. “Hey, Watchman.”

“Yeah, Baby?”

“Have you talked to your dad yet?”

“No, he’s not answering his cell.”

She looked at Roy and he nodded. She scanned the room to see if she could see Nathan. She flipped her batons in her hand and charged one of the men. He smirked. “Whatcha gonna do, Little Girl?”

She hit him in the face, stomach and then dropped to a kneeling position and tasered him. She stood and one took the opportunity and sneak up on her, holding his gun like a rope on her neck. She threw all her body weight forward and knocked him off his feet. She then punched him in the chest. “Jackass.”

She looked around and found Nathan. “Detective Jordan.”

He looked up. “Sparrow.”

“Call your boys. They’re worried.” She then left with Roy.

They got back to the Bunker. Lexy found herself pulled into a hug by Nick and she hugged him back. “One, great job and two, just heard from my dad. Besides the bullet wound in his leg, he’s good.”

She smiled and kissed his lips. “I’m glad. Sorry he got shot though.”

He shook his head. “I’m not. He’s alive that’s all that matters.”

Felicity looked at Oliver. “Nice work.”

“Not without a few casualties, but Amar is in custody.”
“So that's a no on the whole victory dance thing, then?” Felicity teased turning to him.

He smirked. “You know me. I don't dance.” He walked to her and kissed her softly. “But I do occasionally say...thank you.”

“You're welcome.”

“And you were right.”

“Ah, a "thank you" and a "you were right." I should really be recording this,” Felicity suppressed her laugh.

“I started all of this because of my father, to...right his wrongs. It became something more. But I never stopped to think about it or about why... until you asked me to.”

“And what was the answer?”

“Tonight at the precinct, the only thing that I could think about was... those police officers, and how their families were counting on me, and Roy, and Diggle, to get them home safe. That's why I'm doing this.”

She straightened and wrapped her arms around his neck. “So... that means a pass on becoming the most handsome Demon's Head ever?”

He laughed softly and kissed her lips. “It means I'm not ready to give up on what we're doing here.”

“You know, you're always saying how you just want me to be happy...you know, the thing is, as long as you're in my life, I am.” She kissed him again, this time more deeply. “Come home, Oliver.”

“What?”

“Come home. Both of you. The house isn’t the same without you.”
Suicidal Tendencies

Chapter Summary

It's John and Lyla's wedding day....however, it gets interrupted by a report that the Arrow is killing people in the city again.

Team Arrow gets a visit from a couple of their friends in Central City...Barry's sister and her own version of Iris, Carter Stephens....who needs Dr. Palmer's help.

Chapter Notes

Again, you guys are amazing and I am very thankful for every one of you.

We are coming to a close on this story soon. So, there will be updates every Wednesday. See you on March 13th

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Nick and Lexy walked into the wedding hall where John and Lyla were having their ceremony and they greeted John. John hugged Lexy and looked at her beautiful burgundy off-the shoulder high-low dress. “You look beautiful, Small Fry.”

She smiled. “Thanks, Uncle John.”

John shook hands with Nick. “And you’re looking good. Nice way to match Lex with the tie.”

He laughed. “Yeah. Thanks. I hate it, but…..”

John chuckled. “We all hate it, Man. But if it makes your girl happy then you should always do it.”
Not long after Oliver got there, did the ceremony kick off with Ray Palmer being the minister for them since their officiant got deployed. The reception was immediately following. And after the first dance by the bride and groom, a bunch of couples stood to go dance to the next song, Michael Buble’s Everything.

Nick walked up to Lexy and held out his hand. “Dance with me?”

She smiled. “Absolutely.”

Felicity held Oliver’s hand as they watched their daughter dance with her boyfriend. Lexy sighed softly. Lexy looked up at Nick and smiled. Her heart thudding so hard in her chest and her stomach doing fluttery flip-flops. She smiled. “Thank you for wearing a tie today.”

He smiled and kissed her nose. “Don’t you get it? For you I’d do anything.”

She smiled and touched his face lovingly and nodded. “I do get that and the feeling’s mutual.”

He nodded and spun her out and pulled her back in. “Good to know.” He kissed her lips. “I love you.”

She smiled. She’d never get tired of hearing that. “I love you.”

As the song faded, Annie Lennox’s Walking On Broken Glass began playing. Roy walked over and held out a hand to Lexy. “Shall we?”

She smiled. “Absolutely.”

They got into position and moved their feet as if their feet were the ones making the piano beginning to the song. Lexy grabbed Thea’s hand and pointed at her feet. Thea watched as she crossed them over as she walked, making it look like she was skipping. Thea repeated it and she smiled.

Roy waved Nick to join them and Nick immediately jumped in and picked up the moves. They did a few hip-hop moves and then they began doing a shuffle type move. By the end of the song, all 4 of them were laughing hysterically.

After that song, The Temptations’ My Girl began playing and John cut in. “My stealing her, gentlemen.”

She laughed softly and put her hand in John’s and then around his shoulder. “You do realize you’re not supposed to dance with me to this song right?” she teased.

“Who says?” he asked swaying with her.

“It’s more for a father daughter dance then Niece and Uncle Dance.”

He spun her and then brought her back to him. “My day, my rules.”

She laughed and danced with him. “It was a really good day, Uncle John. I know you were feeling like you left something out or that Aunt Lyla would be disappointed, but any woman would be perfectly happy with this kind of wedding day.”

He smiled and kissed her forehead. “Thank you, Small Fry.”

She kissed his cheek. “I’ll miss you while you’re gone, but do me a favor…?”

He nodded. She smiled from cheek to cheek. “Have fun. For the days you’re in Fiji, don’t think
about us and just enjoy yourselves. You and Aunt Lyla deserve it.”

About an hour later, Lexy walked up to Oliver and Felicity, just as Stevie Wonder’s For Once In My Life began playing. She smiled at her mother. “May I borrow him?”

Felicity nodded. Lexy smiled and looked into her father’s eyes. “It’s our song, daddy. Please.”

Knowing he’d never be able to tell her no with that look in her eyes, he nodded. He looked from Nick, Roy and John said, “You tease me and there’s an arrow with your name on it.”

Laurel laughed. “Just dance with your daughter, Ollie.”

Oliver began dancing with Lexy. Swaying in time to the music and she smiled up at him. “Thank you.”

“For what?”

“For wanting me,” she said. “For taking care of me. I know by the time you came home I was already pretty much all grown up, but you have no idea how much I still need you, daddy.”

He smiled, his eyes tearing up a little as he leaned forward and kissed her forehead. “You’re my baby, Sweetheart. Nothing will ever change that. You are my best accomplishment in the world, Lex. You and your brother.”

She smiled. Oliver smiled down into her face. And he began saying the words to the song (not singing, he’d never do that to her):

For once I have something
I know won't desert me
I'm not alone anymore
For once I can say
"This is mine, you can't take it"
Long as I know I have love
I can make it
For once in my life
I have someone who needs me

She smiled and kissed his cheek and whispered, “Always.”

His pocket buzzed and he pulled his phone out. They looked at blog post.

ARROW RETURNS TO KILLING

Mayor Castle and Ray Palmer to hold Press Conference.
Lexy looked up at her father. “What in God’s name…?”

Oliver shook his head. He looked at the rest of the team and they were looking at him too.

On the jet that Dr. Carter Stephens, her childhood best friend, owned, Grace sat in one of the plush and comfortable leather seats, looking at her emails when a blog popped up from Starling City. She immediately clicked it. She read the headline:

ARROW RETURNS TO KILLING

MAYOR CASTLE AND RAY PALMER TO HOLD PRESS CONFERENCE

“Oh, holy shit,” she muttered.

Carter looked up from the report he was reading and saw the concern etch into her features. “Baby?”

She didn’t look up. Carter put his laptop on the fold out table. He moved to where she sat. He’d been wanting to kiss her for days, but had been holding off. With everything so up in the air between her and Cisco, he’d been holding off doing anything more than the 2 kisses that they shared together. But God, did he want to.

When a couple weeks ago he was telling her what she deserved in a guy he was telling her what he was going to do for her if and when they got together. He loved her so much he thought his heart would burst with it or his body would implode, but he wouldn’t push her to be in a relationship with him. If she wanted it then it was going to be at her pace. “What’s wrong, Baby?”

She finally lifted her big blue eyes in his direction. She sighed. He already knew who the Arrow was. He’d known for awhile. She cleared her throat and began reading:

“Three men were found murdered late Friday night in the East Glades, each shot with a single green arrow dead center in the chest. Though any forensics were still forthcoming, the SCPD believes that the vigilante known as the Arrow is behind the deaths, corroborated by an eye-witness report placing him at the scene…..”

“I thought you said that Oliver and his team weren’t killing anymore?”

She shook her head and looked into his green eyes. “They aren’t!” she exclaimed in shock. “Carter, I’ve known them for over a year. They’re good people. Sure, I didn’t completely understand his reasoning for beginning to kill people, but Oliver hasn’t killed anyone, at least not intentionally in two years. In my eyes he’s redeemed himself in that.”

“Oh.” He believed her. She had such conviction in her voice when she spoke that it was a little hard not to believe her. He put a hand to her cheek. “I believe you, Cricket. I really do.”

She sighed. “But this doesn’t make sense,” she muttered. “He’s gotta be being framed or something.”

“Well…” he smiled. “There is a reason why I have the ability to manipulate technology, Blue Eyes.”
She laughed. “Do you think you could?”

He nodded. “If it’s got a camera and remote access I should be able to.” He looked at her. “Tell me the address and we’ll see what we can find.”

She smiled and leaned forward, pressing her lips to his in a thank you. “You’re the best.”

“Thank you.” He ignored the flip-flop his heart did when she said that. She recited the address to him and he punched it into his laptop. She sat back in her seat and allowed him to do his thing.

The entire Team Arrow, except Laurel was at the Bunker watching the press conference. “There were eight victims total, all shot with arrows. However, one escaped and has given us a statement.”

“Which remains uncorroborated, so the district attorney’s office is going to continue to investigate before filing charges,” Laurel said, cutting her father off.

“So which one is it; Is the Arrow being implicated here or not?” One reporter asked.

“We’re not sure of anything yet. We have a statement from Mr. Palmer,” Mayor Castle said.

Reporters began shouting questions before Ray spoke. “While it's hard to ignore all the good the Arrow has done for the city, it is equally hard to ignore the evidence of his apparent guilt. In any case, the Arrow needs to be apprehended, and at least brought to trial, not justice.”

“You know, I was starting to like that guy,” Lexy muttered. “Not so much anymore.”

“I didn't know he was going to do that,” Felicity said watching it, stunned.

“And I am devoting all of my substantial resources towards making certain the Arrow is apprehended.”

Reporters continued to shout questions, but Oliver shut the screen off.

“You have to meet with Lance and tell him it wasn't you,” Roy insisted.

“My word doesn't carry a lot of weight with him right now.”

“So, bring in the culprit. Figure out who's doing this and why.”

“Well, we know who's doing this. The League of Assassins,” Felicity said.

“So this is how Ra's al Ghul handles rejection, huh?” John asked.

“No, I think the point is that he doesn't. He's trying to turn the city against me; make the offer to take his place more appealing.”

Lexy looked at her father. Their plan was falling apart. Neither of them had expected Ra’s to offer him the role as the next one in line. And they definitely weren’t expecting this. “Daddy, we have to do something.”

“We are--or you and Roy are. Hit the streets. Whoever's doing this is targeting criminals. We need to know who they're going to hit next,” Oliver told them. He looked at Felicity. “We need all the information that the police have from the crime scene. Whoever is under that hood has to leave a
trail, something to follow.”

“How can we help?” John asked.

“Go to Starling City airport,” he told them.

“Ok, to do what?” Lyla asked.

“It's called a honeymoon.”

John scoffed. “Fiji can wait.”

“No. Fiji can't wait. All right? This is still your day, and I'm not going to let Ra's al Ghul ruin that.”

“Oliver…” John attempted.

“You followed me into the lion's den once already. This time, choose your family. Go, live. We got this,” he told them.

“How about us? Do you think we could help?”

Oliver looked up to see Grace and Carter both standing there. He smiled. “Ahh…our friends from Central City.”

Lyla looked at Oliver. “Wha…?”

He smiled. “Lyla Michaels, Dr. Carter Stephens and Barry Allen’s sister, Grace.” He smiled. “Or as Central City knows her, Gaia.”

Grace smiled. “Nice to meet you.” She held out a medium sized square present to them. “Congratulations. I hope you have a wonderful marriage.”

John smiled. “Thanks, Grace.” He looked at Oliver and then Grace. “I know what you can do, but is he…?”

She nodded. “He is. He can manipulate, create and shape technology. Any technology.”

Carter nodded. “Even affects my eye sight…when I allow it.”

John looked at Oliver. “Looks like you got it covered.”

The newlywed couple left. Grace sighed. “I’m sorry this is happening to you, Oliver.”

He nodded. “Thanks, Grace. Won’t Central City miss the other half of their dynamic duo?”

She laughed. “Probably, but this is important to me to be here so…and Barry knows that.”

He nodded. “So, do you have something?” he asked.

Carter nodded. “Actually I do.” He looked at Felicity. “May I…?”

“Absolutely,” Felicity said, moving over.

“Thank you,” he said and took her chair when she stood.

Felicity walked over to Grace and muttered, “He’s so hot!”
Grace laughed softly. “I know,” she whispered. “And trust me with all the stuff going on with me and Cisco and the break it has gotten really hard to keep my hands to myself. I swear ever inch of that body is begging me to touch it.”

Felicity snickered and glanced at her own dream man. “Oh, I know that feeling. Trust me, every time we’re intimate it gets harder and harder to keep my hands off him.”

Carter cleared his throat. “Grace.”

“Yes?”

“I can hear you,” he told her. He looked up at Oliver. “Got it.”

Grace’s face immediately flamed at the thought that he had heard everything she just said. She sighed. “We were in the plane when I seen the email about the blog post. So, Carter used his magic and tapped into the warehouse footage.”

“You got footage?” Oliver asked.

He nodded. “Yeah.” He cued it up. “Now, I analyzed your moves and this guy’s…” he spun in his chair, “…it’s not the same person.”

“What do you mean?” Felicity asked. “They fight and shoot the same way.”

Carter shook his head. “Not really no.” He turned fully in his chair. “A fighter can mimic another fighter’s moves all day long, but there will always be something of themselves that will show through.” He looked at Oliver. “You fight, like Barry, to subdue the threat. This guy…this, whoever he is….is fighting to draw attention to the Arrow. And he knows the best way to do that is to make it look like you’re killing again. That’s his sole intention is to draw them to the Arrow so that you will be hunted.”

Oliver nodded. “Ra’s Al Ghul.”

“Who?” Grace asked.

“Ra’s Al Ghul,” Carter said. “He’s the leader of the League of Assassins who are stationed in Nanda Parbat. A Hindu province.”

Oliver looked down at him curiously. “How do you know that?”

“Long story, but the short answer is…I quickly got into the corporate technology world after the Particle Accelerator exploded and gave me these powers. Some businessmen have been endlessly curious as to how I was able to get some of my inventions off of development and into a tangible thing that they’ve used means to get to my blueprints.”

Oliver nodded. “Okay, then.”

Grace smirked. “The only thing is Carter hasn’t even told me where he’s put them.”

Carter smirked. He turned in his chair. “When we actually share intimate details…and you know what I mean, then I’ll show you where the blueprints are.”

Oliver cleared his throat. “Anyway, show me.”
“Anything?” Oliver asked as he practiced his sword play.

“I'm accessing traffic cameras, ATM cameras, phone cameras; I'm hacked into 911 and squad car chatter.”

“And?”

“No sign of evil Arrow.”


“Hi,” Grace said.

“Hey, Miss Lexy.”

“Los Alcones are unloading a huge shipment of narcotics. The entire gang is going to show up for protection. This is exactly the kind of thing that fake Arrow would go after.”

“We really need a better name for him,” Felicity said bitterly.

“When is this happening?”

“Right now. I'll suit up.”

“Roy...this is the League. I've got it,” Oliver told him.

Lexy waited until she heard him leave and then looked at Roy. “Suit up, RJ.”

He nodded. Felicity spun. “Lex, you can’t! Your dad--”

“He’s not my father in this bunker and right now he’s so distracted by the bodies piling up he isn’t thinking straight.” She looked at Roy. “Go. Now.”

Roy and Lexy got there just in time to help Oliver take down the fake Arrows. “You can't kill them all, Oliver. Where one falls, two more arise.”

“Maseo…”

“You asshole!” Lexy exclaimed.

“You can’t believe in this! Murdering all of these people just to prove a point!”

“No. To persuade you. My master sees something in you. Don't fight it. Embrace it!”

“You know me better than that.”

“Don't let your recalcitrance take any more lives.”

Lexy sighed. “Dad, this isn’t going according to my plan.”

“I know.”

“He wasn’t supposed to see you as the next Ra’s! That wasn’t the point to this!”
“I know!”

“What plan?” Roy asked.

The next morning, Grace woke up and stretched in her bed. They had gotten a 2-bedroom suite at the Plaza, but all Grace could think about was how badly she wanted to crawl into bed with the handsome blond haired man. If she had maybe they could engage in some morning carnal activities. She exhaled. She missed sex. Even before the break she and Cisco hadn’t had sex in awhile and now she was coming up on 2 months without sex.

She had thought about a casual fling to scratch the itch, but she didn’t want just anyone. She wanted Carter. She sat up in bed as a knock sounded lightly on the door. “Gracie, honey?”

“Come in, Carter.”

His heart did a backflip in his chest at the sight of her. Her hair rumpled from sleep and her looking very tired. What he wouldn’t give to crawl back into bed with her and wake up lazily after noon. “You’re up.”

She smiled. “I am.” She stood and headed for the door. She saw the look of lust shift in his eyes, making them a darker green. She shivered with anticipation. She couldn’t help but wonder what it’d be like to have him wrapped around every inch of her and buried deep inside of her.

“I got us pancakes if you’re in the mood.”

She smiled. He could be the sweetest guy. “I am interested.” She walked out with him.

As she was about to sit down she found herself intensely framed by his glorious body. She felt her stomach do somersaults as her heart thudded in her chest. She looked into his eyes and smiled. “Are you going to kiss me?”

“God, I want to,” he whispered.

“Then do it,” she told him.

Never needing to be told twice, he advanced on her. She gasped when he closed the gap between them. He stood so close she could feel the heat from his body. He sucked in a shaky breath and tilted her eyes to meet his. She could feel the hunger vibrating off of him and her heart began to race and her pulse jumped. Her eyes met his and she was stuck. There was no way she could move now, not with him looking at her like that. Like she was the sexiest woman alive and he was claiming her for his own.

He swirled his knuckle at her throat. She felt her heart thundering and her pulse raced as her entire body warmed. He tilted his face down to hers and was inches away from her mouth. “I want you,” he whispered against her mouth. “I need you.” He looked down into her eyes and dropped his voice an octave. “Just this once show me what’d be like to kiss you without you having someone else.”

She stuttered incoherently as she felt her body catch fire as his lips met hers in an explosively intimate, gentle kiss. She subconsciously moved her hands up his chest and gripped his shirt. His lips were like velvet as they they explored her mouth. She opened her mouth on a whimper and he pushed his tongue inside gently.
His hand went from her neck to deep into her chocolate curls and pulled her closer while wrapping the other arm around her waist. He almost smiled against her mouth as he felt her fall into the kiss with him. He loved the taste of her, the textures of her mouth and he deepened the kiss. God, he never had a woman want him, respond to him the way Grace did and their wants were mutual. He could tell by the way she fisted her hands into his shirt to keep him close.

She wrapped her arms around his neck as pulled herself closer to him. She felt the goosebumps go all over her skin when his hands slid down her sides to rest on her hips, he pulled her to him, forgetting to be gentle. She couldn’t seem to catch her breath as they continued to kiss and she couldn’t seem to get close enough to him for what she wanted.

Coming back to reality…their reality, they both backed up. Grace was panting and trying to get a coherent thought in her mind to speak.

Oh, yeah, she needed more of that.

Grace and Carter walked into Ray’s office and the man in the suit straightened. “Good morning,” Ray said. “Carter, I wasn’t aware you’d be bringing someone with you.”

“This is my partner, Grace Allen. Grace, Dr. Ray Palmer.”

Ray nodded. “Ahh…the woman behind the AI programming.”

She nodded. “Yes, nice to meet you. If you don’t mind me asking you looked to be concerned by something.”

He nodded. “I am. I just discovered something about a colleague.” He folded his arms over his chest and asked, “Do you know an Oliver Queen?”

Grace nodded. “I do. My brother became friends with Oliver last year when he came to Starling to follow up a lead on our mother’s murder,” she said. “He’s become a friend, along with his fiancee and daughter.”

He nodded. “Yes, Felicity Smoak,” he said.

Carter smirked. “You know, Ray, if I was a betting man I’d say you were bitter at losing Felicity to the former Billionaire Playboy.”

He shook his head. “Nope.”

“So did you figure out what was going on with the arm contracting the way it is?” Carter asked immediately trying to change the subject.

“Yeah. I did. Are you really going to graph this to your body?”

He nodded. “It’s a long story.”

Grace saw what Ray was looking at and exchanged a look with Carter and then looked at Ray. She opened her mouth to say something when Felicity walked in, “Ok, I had no idea the sheer number of crazies that were in this city until you set up that 1-800 line for Arrow tips.” She took her coat off and noticed Carter and Grace in the room. “What’s going on? Ray?”

“He’s helping me with my own supersuit,” Carter told her.
“Cool.”

“Oliver Queen is the Arrow.”

Carter and Grace never shifted in emotion.

“What?” Grace and Felicity said in unison.

“I have a 140 IQ and three Ph.Ds, it’s pretty hard to insult my intelligence, but I think you just did. It all makes sense now. I mean, your, uh, sudden disappearances, your apprehension with helping me on the mission; you’ve been working with the Arrow this whole time.”

“How did you find out?” she said slowly.

“High spectrum portable radiograph, colloquially known as the X-Ray machine. Plus, your facial recognition software. Nice code, by the way.”

“Hey, you got the suit working.”

“Hmm.”

“Uh….Grace and I going to step out.”

Ray nodded. “I’ll be a few minutes.”

He nodded. “Take your time.”

Carter and Grace walked out of the office and Carter put Grace between him and the glass and said, “You have to tell Oliver. He’s so hellbent on taking this guy down he’s not going to listen to Felicity.”

She nodded. “You’re right.” She sighed. “Okay. Be careful. Don’t let him know about…”

He nodded. “I promise.”

She sighed again and started walking away. She got about 3 steps away when she turned and kissed him hard, fast and hotly. She pulled back. “We gotta talk about this when we get home because…” she exhaled. She tapped his chest and turned, left out the elevator.

Grace rushed down the steps of the Cave and rushed to Oliver who was practicing.

“Ray knows about you being the Arrow.”

“What?” Oliver asked a little perplexed.

She took a deep breath. “Ray knows you’re the Arrow.”

“What? How do you know?”

She took a deep breath. “Please, don’t be mad at me. Barry says you have a bad temper.”

“I do, but I promise. What?”

“Okay, here’s my end of things. Carter moves back to town, tells me about his powers then informs me that he’s building a supersuit that is entirely run by him, no one else. He’s going to put in a nuero
implant to help harness the powers.” She sighed. “Anyway, he asked for Ray’s help in adapting it—literally—to his body. So for the last couple of weeks or so Ray and Carter have been conversing.” She continued the story. “And apparently he used Felicity’s facial recognition software and scanned the warehouse where you were last night. He scanned your face, Oliver. He knows. He used his own supersuit to x-ray the place.”

“Supersuit?” Oliver asked.

Grace nodded. She began to tell him what was going on with the supersuits.

“He knows,” Felicity muttered as she rushed to her computer.

“God, he knows.”

“Who knows?” Lexy and Nick said in unison.

“Last year, Ray's fiancée was killed by Mirakuru men. And now he wants to protect the city, so he built a suit out of military-grade technology and he wants to put you in jail, so he used my software to track you down, and he scanned you with his X-Rays and now he knows that you're the Arrow and he's going to tell the cops.”

“Palmer knows I'm the Arrow?” Oliver asked. “And he has his own mission to protect the city?”

“I have been getting a lot of that today. Look, it's not important. Here's what is-- he's going to tell the police who you are!”


“Look, he's probably on his way to the precinct right now. What are we going to do?”

“Wait, wait, wait,” Grace said thinking quickly. “Laurel’s the ADA. She won’t let that go any further because it’d be outing her too.” She puffed out her cheeks with a heavy exhale. She smiled turning to Carter. “Carter....”

“What?” he said. He seen the look in her eyes and groaned. “Oh, man, the last time you had that look I got grounded for a month.”

“Well, think, now you’re twenty-four years old and your dad can’t ground you anymore.”

He sighed. “What’s the plan?”

Oliver attempted to talk to Ray, but it didn’t work. So, later that day, Carter walked in and stared the man down. “After you come to Central City for calibrations on your suit, I business together is forever concluded.”

“What? What are you talking about?”

“I can’t work with someone who would viciously and without evidence attack a friend.” He looked him in the eyes. “You’re not the man I thought you were.”
“And Oliver Queen is?”

Carter looked him in the eyes again and said firmly, “You know one thing I’ve discovered about relationships, Ray, is you’ve got to learn to trust people. And especially the one you’re in love with.” His eyes never left Ray’s. “I love Grace with every fiber of my being and beyond and I may not know Oliver for long, but I know in the short time I have known him, he’s been a friend to me and he’s helped Grace and been there for her.”

He walked around and faced him again. “You see, because I love Grace, I trust her with her judgment of people and she says that Oliver’s good people. I believe her.”

“What’s your point?”

“If you even remotely cared about Felicity like I figured you did despite the fact that she’s engaged to your arch nemesis you would trust her when she tells you Oliver isn’t who you perceive him to be. He isn’t that man anymore.”

“Do you honestly believe that?”

He nodded. “I do, because Grace has a very determined view on murderers since her mother was murdered when she was younger and if she even thought for a second he had continued the way he started then she wouldn’t have anything to do with him.”

He exhaled deeply. “So….after our business is concluded don’t ask me for anymore favors and don’t ask Grace for an upgrade to the system.”

Lexy looked out at the City from the top of the building she liked to observe from. She exhaled deeply.

“Nice view.”

Lexy smiled. “Hey, Aunt Grace. How’d you find me?”

“Wasn’t hard.” She walked to the ledge and sat down next to her. “So, Carter went to Ray and told him after he came to Central City to do calibrations on his suit with Cisco that our business with him is concluded.”

Lexy’s full lips went into a smirk. “Is that what you asked him to do?”

She shook her head. “Nope.” Took a breath and released it. “With Carter I’ve never had to tell him or ask him to do something. He’s always just known. He’s been protecting me since I was four years old. Twenty years later and he’s still doing it.”

“And let me guess, you don’t like it?”

She laughed. “Sometimes it can be annoying as hell, but….actually it’s nice to know someone cares about me that much to want to protect me.” She looked at Lexy. “I know this may be inappropriate for me to talk to you about but I can’t talk to my sister about it--”

“Just say it. It’s about you and Cisco and Carter, right?”

She nodded. “We’re on a break, but I’m thinking it should be a break up.”
“Why?”

“Because I’m falling hopelessly in love with my best friend.”

Lexy laughed. “Yep. Been there….still am,” she sighed. “Grace, if you honestly feel like the love you have for Cisco is nothing like the way you feel for Carter, then you need to do you all a favor and break it off before someone gets hurt.” She looked at her friend. “I can tell you act differently around him compared to Cisco.”

“You know my sister says the same thing. And my dad.”

“He loves you, Grace.”

“I know--”

“No, I mean, Carter, really loves you. The way he looks at you….“ she paused looking at her friend, “…you won’t find that in just anyone.” Her cell phone rang, interrupting their discussion and she pulled it out of her pocket. “Hey, Mama.”

“Hi, Baby. You suited?”

“I can be,” she said. “What’s up?”

“Gang activity at a warehouse. Get suited up, Sweetheart.”

“Will do.” She hung up. “Do you think Gaia would mind coming out to play?”

Grace smiled. “Heck no. She’ll even bring a friend with her.”

Lexy laughed and recited everything to her.

Lexy, Roy and Oliver met back up in the power plant after searching it. Lexy sighed. “I don’t understand, what’s going on?”

“That must be disappointing. I’m sorry there’s no one around here for you to kill, but, uh, I kind of faked that 911 call.”

“Palmer…”

“Ray, what are you doing?”

“I’d say you have the right to remain silent, but I’m not a cop.” He fired a ray out of his suit arms and they jumped out of the way.

However, it was stopped by Carter with his suit. He pushed it back at him. Ray tumbled back.

“Carter?”

Carter looked at his friend. “I told you Ray, they were my friends.”

Ray fired again and this time Grace used her metal power and formed a wall to protect her friends. Carter landed on the ground and then snapped his fingers. Ray began shutting down and falling out of the sky.
"I didn't help you make the suit and Grace didn't let you use the software to attack our friends, Ray."

He's trying to turn on the suit again. "What are you doing? I told you to stay away from him! He's dangerous!"

Grace scoffs, "From what I can see that's you, Doc."

Carter glared at him. "And not only that but I don't particularly like being TOLD whom I can spend my time with."

Ray sighed, "What happened to my suit?"

"Don't worry. It still works." He smirked. "I'm just the kill switch."

"How?"

“That's my secret and if you wanna keep yours I'd keep my mouth shut about who Oliver Queen spends his nights as, because I can easily out yours to the business community and we'll see if you can run Palmer Tech without investors.”

“You wouldn't?”

“I would. One thing you should learn about me, Palmer, I'm a man of my word, so do remember what I said, cuz I'd hate to take a brilliant mind out of the industry.”

Oliver smiled. “You realize I could have just as easily disabled him with his weak spot, right?”

Carter laughed. “Sorry. Wasn't trying to intrude, but he's using our software to mess with our friends.”

Lexy smiled. “No intrusion. That's a really cool trick.”

Chapter End Notes

This is the last update...for a few days anyway. What did you think?
Public Enemy

Chapter Summary

Ra's Al Ghul is making it very difficult for Team Arrow to help keep the City safe...especially when he reveals to him who the Arrow is....along with the Sparrow.

Lexy quickly adapts another phase of her plan. It just involves her best friend and rock taking the fall.

Chapter Notes

In this chapter there is a makeout session between Lexy and Nick. If you don't want to read it skip to either "A continuous beeping" or the page break to continue.

Lexy looked up from her history book and smiled as Nick just stared at her. “What?”

He shook his head. “Nothing.” He put his book down beside him and walked to where she sat on the couch. He put a knee next to her thigh and kissed her passionately.

She pulled back, their lips lightly smacking. “What….what was that for?”

“Because I love you and,” he pushed her back against the pillows on the armrest, “you’re actually really hot studying.”

She laughed softly into his mouth as he covered her mouth with his own. She moaned and he pushed his tongue inside. Her entire body seems to catch completely on fire. She tangled her tongue with his as she pulled him closer allowing him to deepen the kiss.

A continual beeping distracted Lexy enough that she ended the kiss just as his fingers were about to caress the skin at her mid-section. “That might be important.”
He nodded. He pushed himself up and she leaned over to the coffee table and reached for her phone. She saw that it was her dad calling and answered, “Hey, daddy.”

“Hey, baby. Still at Nick’s studying?”

“Yeah, is everything okay?”

“Um...yeah, there’s been an incident can you turn on the television for me.”

“Sure.” She picked up the remote and clicked the TV to life and the blond anchor on the screen continued to talk about the incident at City Hall.

“We have confirmation that Mayor Castle was pronounced dead at the scene. Palmer Technologies CEO Ray Palmer was taken to Starling General Hospital where he is listed in critical condition.”

“Oh, God….daddy….what happened?”

“Maseo,” he answered. And for Lexy that was enough.

“Aly,” Nick said turning it up.

“...and had this to say on the incident-- I just requested a first degree murder warrant for the Arrow. And reinstated the anti-vigilante task force with shoot to kill orders if necessary for any member of his team. Excuse me.”

Her stomach dropped. “Daddy....”

“Okay, Lex, focus, Sweetheart.”

She exhaled. “Right. Okay, what do you want me to do?”

“I want you and Nick to go to the hospital and check on your mom and Ray, okay?”

She nodded as she answered, “All right. We’re going now.” She stood and walked to the coat rack. “Grab your coat, Babe.”

He stood and walked to the coat rack, snatching his jacket too. They walked out of the house together. Nick shot a text to his mom and dad telling them what was up.

While at the hospital, Lexy paced, nervous and upset. This wasn’t going to plan. None of it was. Maseo and the League wasn’t supposed to be trying to force her father to join them. That wasn’t the plan. What was the plan for them to get close enough to Ra’s and for dad to take the kill shot. But dad and the rest of them wasn’t supposed to be made public enemy number one.

She pushed her hand into her jacket pocket and realized her hands were shaking violently. She took a deep breath and took hold of her phone. Nick was off talking to Nathan about something with Chris, so she was in the hospital alone while mom was in the chapel praying or something. She needed someone before it all fell apart and she….she pressed Roy’s contact and waited.

When it went to voicemail she swore. “Hey, it’s me,” her voice shook as she spoke. “Roy...I need you….this wasn’t supposed to happen like this. Call me when you get his. Love you.”

Without nothing else to do, she hit another contact. She waited for someone to answer. “Hey, Grace, I know this a really…. (strangled cry)....bad time, but uh...I need to talk.”
Grace Allen looked up at her brother and Carter and her heart hammered in her chest. She clicked it to speaker. “You’re on speaker, honey. We’re at the house. I’ve got Uncle Barry and Carter here with me. What’s wrong?”

“Hey, guys,” she said trying to sound happy and all she sounded like was she was about to cry.

Carter gave Grace a pained expression. “Hey, Sweetheart. You okay?”

“No,” she answered, crying. “My plan wasn’t….it wasn’t supposed to happen like this.”

Barry looked at his sister and Carter and then at Joe. “What plan, Lexy?”

“You’re gonna think it’s crazy, but….” she told them the entire plan.

“That’s a damn good plan,” Joe said. “What went wrong?”

“What didn’t go wrong?” she asked, not wanting an answering. “Now that Ra’s knows that daddy survived his sword he wants daddy to join the League of Assassins. And because daddy turned them down the first time, Ra’s is trying very hard to make it difficult for dad to say no this time.”

Carter took Grace’s hand and tilted the phone toward him. “Okay, Lexy, Sweetheart, listen to me, okay?”

“Okay,” she sobbed.

“I know it’s feeling like everything’s spiraling right now, especially since Ra’s has his own plans, but do you remember what I told you that my number one rule was?”

“Um….” she thought about it for a second. “If the first shot doesn’t work, adapt the plan?”

He smiled, laughing softly. “Close enough. I know you didn’t think you needed another plan or an adaptation to the plan, but now you do, so….adapt the plan to the new circumstances and counter attack Ra’s plan.”

“How? The Arrow, Sparrow and the rest of the team are now on the City’s hitlist. There’s not exactly anything we can do.”

Grace smiled. “Sweetie, there’s always something you can do.”

Joe’s eyes got large. “Hey, Lexy, honey?”

“Yeah, Joe?”

“Do you donate money to the police?”

“Yes,” she said trying to catch his plan.

“Well, honey, I think it’s time you play Spoiled Rich Girl Again.”

She smiled. “You mean threaten to pull my money from the SCPD?”

He nodded. “And whatever other funding that they got through you, your family’s foundation and the Queens.” She saw her mom step out of Ray’s room and sighed. “I gotta go.” She hung up the phone and looked at her mom. “Is Ray okay?”

She shook her head and told her everything. Lexy didn’t understand. “Why won’t they do it?” Then
she answered her own question, “Because they’d be liable if he died.” She sighed. “All right, I’m gonna do something I haven’t done in about 2 years.” She walked into Ray’s room and looked the man in the eyes. “Do you really want to try the nanotech idea you had?”

He nodded. “Yeah, but the hospital--”

“They only won’t because they don’t want to be sued for something going wrong and you dying.” She scratched her forehead. “If you sign an affidavit saying you will not hold the hospital personally responsible if something goes wrong and I raised a stink--”

“Why would you do that?” Felicity asked.

“Because a wing in this hospital is named after my great-grandmother Bradford.” She sighed. “If my memory serves I do believe I still have some clout as the only Bradford left to do something.”

“Why would you do that?” Ray asked.

She smiled. “Because as much I tried not to, Dr. Palmer, I like you. I can’t think of anyone else who I’d rather have frustrate and irritate me more than you.”

The door to the room opened and Lexy looked up and then at her mom, then back again. “Grandma?”

Donna Smoak smiled. “Still doesn’t get old.” She waved Lexy over.

Lexy slowly walked to her grandmother, her own heels clicking on the floor. “Grandma,” she said in her embrace. “What...what are you doing here?”

“I got the first flight out.”

“Oh, Boy....” Lexy muttered. She looked at Felicity and Ray. “I’m gonna go talk to people. I’ll let you know anything when I know.”

“Thank you, Lex,” Felicity said.

“Yeah, Lex, I can’t think you enough,” Ray told her.

“You’re welcome.” She patted her grandmother’s arm. “I’ll be back.”

“Where are you going?”

“I’m going up to administration to demand some action.”

“You’re thirteen--”

“And I pay a lot of money through my family’s foundation to help keep this hospital up to date. If they can’t do an experimental procedure to save my friend’s life then I guess I’ll have to withdraw the grant and the money we donate every year.”

Donna looked at her daughter. “Remind me not to piss her off.”

After she finished raising a stink with the hospital she pulled her phone back out and shot a text to the team. She put it back in her pocket and then tapped her bluetooth and talked to her dad. “Hey.”

“Hey, Beautiful.”
“I’ve got an adaptation to the plan I’m pretty sure you’re going to hate, but I texted Nyssa and told her to meet us.”

“Okay, where?”

She told him where and then hung up. She called Nick. “Hey, Handsome.”

“Hey, what’s up?”

“Can you meet or have you been grounded, Watchman?”

“I can meet,” he said. “Where?”

She told him the site too and then said, “However, there’s something I need to tell you and I hope you’re not mad.”

And about 15 minutes later, Nyssa, Oliver, Lexy and Nick met. Nyssa smirked at the young blond. “What’s your adaptation to the plan?”

She looked at her father. “Daddy, you’re gonna become the next Demon.”

Oliver looked at his daughter. “Alright, I’m listening.”

After their meeting, the entire team met back at the bunker. Surprisingly besides Dig coming into the field, Oliver was allowing Nick to come to. They were all finishing suiting up when Nyssa walked in. “I have Maseo's location. A building called Magnuson Plaza.”

“Yeah. The company that owns that building went belly up a few months back,” John replied as he pulled up the blueprints to the building.

“Apparently the League has been using it as a safe house and staging ground for its attacks,” Nyssa explained.

“How'd you find this out?”

“I am daughter of the Demon.”

“In other words, don’t ask.”

“Your primary concern should be the League. You can place Maseo in the same cage you put me in, but my father has an army at his command.”

“One step at a time.”

“Oliver…” they look at digital blueprints.

“We're going to have to spread out if we're going to cover that entire building. Nick, stay with Lexy and keep your head on a swivel.”

Nick nodded and clicked the lever back on his gun. He put it into the the holster behind his back.

“Dig, I want you on over watch.”

“Copy that.”

“What about her?” Roy asked.
“Don't confuse my inclination to provide you information with a willingness to take up arms against the League.”

“She’s not coming with us,” Lexy told them. “Nyssa, thank you for your help,”

“Ealaa alrahab w alsiea, Eibad Alshams,” Nyssa said.

She nodded and put her knife into her boot. She looked at her dad. “Let’s do this.”

They went to the building and began searching it. Neither of them got anything. They met back up with Oliver. “We scoped out every floor, nothing,” Roy told him.

“Same with the parking garage,” Laurel told him.

“Diggle!” Oliver said slapping his comm.

“North side is clear.”

“You think Nyssa played us?”

“No--”

“Hang on, I got movement. Upper level, southwest corner.”

They went up and Oliver shot an arrow at Maseo, only to have the other man catch it. The entire team, including Nick, began fighting the League guys. Lexy took off running toward one of them and jumped in the air, did a flip and kicked her legs out, keeping them straight. She did a corkscrew type twist and the guy was on the ground. She took her baton and tased him in the side of the neck.

They fought until Oliver had Sareb on the ground with an arrow pointed at him. They heard the clapping and looked up. Lexy took her baton, slapped the guy in the head with it and then straightened. Nick put the safety on his gun and then straightened himself. “Clearly I chose well selecting you as my heir.” Oliver held an arrow to him. “Killing me will only win you the mantle you reject.”

“If'll stop you.”

“I have legions who live only to see my will done. No, boy. You have but two choices-- you either ascend to the calling of Ra's al Ghul or you will spend the rest of your days in a cage.”

“You're not going to take me prisoner.”

“No, I'm not.”

They heard the roar of the helicopter first and then looked up as the man in the loudspeaker said, “This is the Starling City police. Put your weapons down and your hands up. You are all under arrest.”

Lexy looked at her dad. “Daddy.”

“We’re gonna jump,” he whispered to her.

She nodded. She walked over to Nick. “When I say go we jump. Now, this will only work if you totally trust me.”
He nodded. She nodded. “Go.” She said and they ran, jumping over the side. Using her roping
arrow, she swung over and grabbed Nick’s hand just like her dad did Laurel’s. Nick crawled his
hand up to her wrist and locked on as she did. They dropped down and started running.

As they ran, they were cornered. Lexy sighed. She knew what was coming next. She walked to her
dad. “I love you.”

“I love you too.”

She sighed. She looked at the others. “Go for the door!”

“We’re not separating!” Laurel said.

“They don’t want you they want me,” Oliver told her.

Lexy glared at her. “Now, go!”

“So, now you’re in--”

“MOVE!” she yelled in a big booming voice. She ran with Roy and Nick. “Roy, remember the plan
if we ever had to run?”

He nodded. “Yeah. I remember.”

She nodded. She kissed his cheek. “Don’t get dead. Love you.”

He smiled and separated, signaling with Laurel to go the other way. Finally getting far enough away,
Lexy stopped. “Nicky, stop.”

“Baby, you okay?” he panted.

She nodded. She stomped her foot.

Back at the bunker, Thea heard the beeping first. “What is that?”

Laurel looked at Oliver and he smirked. “That would be my co-pilot.”

“She put a tracker on herself?”

He nodded. “On the inside of her boot. In the heel.” He opened up the tracking system. “The
Cemetery.” He sighed. “Should have known.”

“Why would she be there?”

“The Bradford family mausoleum,” Oliver told his sister. “It’s the meeting place for her and Roy if
they ever got separated.”

Thea scoffed, smiling. “Oh, my God….what are they the Ying and Yang twins?”

John shook his head. “No. They are each other’s rocks.”

About 10 minutes later, Roy, Lexy and Nick came into the bunker and she glared at Laurel as she
put her bow away. “Lex, I’m sorry--”

“Don’t talk to me!” she yelled.
“Wha...what?”

“If you had done what I told you to begin with he wouldn’t be this fucking pissed off!” she yelled slamming her fists on the table.

“I was worr--”

“Of course you were!” she screamed. “I care about your father, you know. I know he’s hurting because it’s the exact same pain you didn’t let me cope with when I was little and we thought dad died in the accident!” She sighed. “If you told him to begin with that Sara died I don’t really think we’d be in this situation right now.”

She pulled her mask off. “Of course, if Aunt Thea’s douchebag father wasn’t such a coward and took his punishment like a damn man then neither of us would be in this situation.”

Roy chuckled. “Tell us how you really feel, Lex.”

“I’ve underestimated Ra's, and now we're all paying the price. I'm sorry.”

“Daddy, don’t.”

“What are you talking about? Ra's is after us because of Malcolm.” Thea looked into her brother’s eyes. “What don’t I know?”

Lexy’s phone buzzed and she pulled it from her pocket. She looked at the message and sighed. “I gotta go play ‘Lexy’.”

“What’s wrong?”

“That was mom at the hospital. She needs to talk to me about something.”

He nodded. “Take Nick with you.”

She nodded. “I’m gonna go change.” She kissed his cheek. “Love you.”

“Love you,” he said and then stopped her by taking her hand. “To the moon and stars.”

She smiled, remembering her response, “To the Milky Way.”

He laughed softly. She quickly changed and she and Nick left. She rushed back into the hospital. “Mama, how’s Ray?”

“Okay. They are refusing the nanos anyway.”

She sighed. Donna looked at her granddaughter. “I suggested Felicity do it, but...”

“She’s not a doctor.” She smirked. “However, I know one.”

“Medical doctor?”

She nodded. She pulled her phone out of her pocket. She dialed a number. “Hey, Grace, it’s me again.” She smiled. “I’m okay. It’s a long story. Um...do you have a couple of hours to come play Operation?” She smiled, almost squealing. “Thank you. I so owe you the next time you and Carter in town or vice versa.”

She hung up only for it to vibrate in her hand. She answered, “Hey, Aunt Laurel.” She listened.
“Yeah, I’ll be right there.” She smiled. “Love you too.”

Laurel and Lexy walked into Lance’s office. Lexy smirked. “Hey, Old Man. How ya doin’?”

“We need to talk.”

“Aren’t you getting tired of these little chats? Because I know I am.”

Lexy walked over to him, eyebrows raised, “Too frickin’ bad.”

“Let’s cut through all the crap. You don’t think the Arrow’s behind these murders. You’re just pissed off because he kept Sara’s death a secret from you.”

“That is not why. That is not why! I mean, maybe at first. Yeah. But then I realized, he is the reason Sara got killed.”

“Dad, that is ridiculous.”

“Are you listening to yourself?”

“No. You, Harper, Sara….her,” he said pointing at Lexy. “The freaks in Central City, the Huntress; I got a new guy flying around the city. All these masks? They started with him. And Sara died only because she was part of it all, too.”

“No, she didn’t!”

“You have no idea why Sara was killed.”

“She ended up in the League of Assassins ‘cause she was marooned on Lian Yu. ‘Cause she got in that boat with Queen.”

“So what? Now Oliver's to blame?”

“Oliver, the Arrow, either way, same guy.”

Laurel and Lexy were surprised at first, but then Lexy recovered quickly. “Congratulations. You have figured out the million dollar identity.” She leaned on the desk. “My father did not get Sara killed. He would have died first before he let that happen.” She narrowed her eyes at him. “Now, you listen to me you narrow minded fool!” She sighed. “My father did not force Sara on that boat. He didn’t hold a gun to her head and force her on it. She went willingly—”

“Because your father made her—”

“Sara wasn’t stupid, Quentin. She was in love with him. Always had been. Even before Laurel got with him. She got on that boat with her own free will.” She looked into his eyes. “She was young and naive. Just like my father was young.”

“He was a father though.”

She nodded. “Right. But to keep up appearances he pretended only with you guys that I didn’t exist. My father has known about me from the moment I was conceived.”

“Tell me something. Why do you do it?”

“For the same reasons you strap on that gun and badge every night, detective.” He continued telling
them that he always knew it was Oliver and at some point she tuned him out. She cleared her throat. “I’m leaving. I’ve got to go check on my mom.” She pulled open the door. “Oh, and Captain?”

“Yes?”

“If you want to continue with the number of cops you’ve got now, your best bet is to call off your dogs before you find yourself in a serious lack of money.”

“Are you threatening me?”

She shook her head. “Nope. One thing my grandmother, Moira Queen taught me is never make a threat you can’t follow through with.” She looked him in the eyes. “The Commissioner is an old family friend of my grandfather, James Bradford. They’ve known each other for several years. In fact he was my mother’s godfather.”

“Why you little—”

She slammed the door shut. “You’re going after my family! And you don’t expect me to do anything!” She patted her chest. “They’re my people. Just like those men out there are your guys. They’re mine and just like you I don’t particularly like it when a man on a personal vendetta threatens my people. And that includes your daughter. So, unless you suddenly want there to be a Blue Flu I would call off the manhunt.”

They all showed up to Dig’s apartment and Lexy was talking on the phone. “Look, I don’t care what you have to do, I told you I wanted to speak to the commissioner and trust me until I have that old man on the other end of this phone I will make your jobs very hard!” She clicked her phone off.

Oliver looked at her. “What are you doing?”

“Playing a card I almost completely forgot about until recently.”

“Which is…..?”

“Grandpa James’ friendship with the commissioner.” She narrowed her eyes at her father. “Don’t give me that look. I am Moira Queen’s granddaughter. I know how to get shit done just like she did.” She sighed. “However, that’s as far as my power can go. They’ve frozen my bank accounts and Aunt Thea’s. They have made it extremely impossible for you to get away.”

Oliver decides to make a deal and turn himself in to save everyone.

The door to the interrogation room opened and the entire team, except Laurel walked in. “You shouldn’t be here.”

“Oliver, neither should you.”

“What were you thinking? Were you thinking?!”

“I was thinking clearly. I asked Laurel to make a deal-- I turn myself in and all of you receive full immunity.”

“No!” Lexy exclaimed.

“No, Oliver. You are out of your mind if you think we're just going to stand here and let you take the fall for all of us.”
“I started all of this. It's my fault to take, and this is the best way to save lives, including yours. So stop worrying. I've been through far worse than prison.”

“This is insane. How could we live with ourselves if we let you do this?” Roy told him.

“Roy, I'm just going to need you to! The only move that Ra's has left me is telling the truth. You have no idea how powerful the truth can be.”

“Oliver, this is the wrong move!”

“John... You followed me this far. All of you have followed me this far, but I need you to follow me just a little further. Until it's over.”

Lexy sighed. “All right that’s enough.”

“Excuse me?”

“I said that’s enough!” She put her hands on the table.

“Alexandra Olivia--!”

“No! You don’t get to play the father card, dad! Not this time! Her eyes welled with tears. “Every single one of you is my entire world,” she turned to Oliver, “But you’re the center of it, daddy. You always have been.” She quickly wiped her tears away and looked at her father. “I...I...I can’t lose you again, Daddy. I can’t!”

“I know, Baby. I know.” He looked at the others. “Can you give us a few minutes, please?”

They nodded. They walked out and Lexy sighed. She leaned into him. “I hate this part.”

He nodded. “Me too. But you did so well.”

She sniffled. “Thanks. I tapped into the sadness I felt when you died the first time.”

He smiled. “I need you to be strong for me. Just a little bit longer, okay?”

She nodded. “Yeah.”

“I know it’s hard, Baby. But we’re so close. So very close.”

She nodded. “Next phase--break you out.”

He nodded. “Go.”

“This isn't fair. This isn't right. All Oliver has ever done was protect people. Help people.”

“We can't stay here,” John said coming downstairs. “This place isn't secure anymore.”

“And then what? We just bug out and allow this to happen? Enjoy our new immunity?”

“Roy, I don't know! I have no idea. If I did, you'd be listening to it right now.”

“If anyone of us were in there and Oliver was here, he would think of something. And it wouldn't matter what the consequences were.”

“Then I guess it was a good thing I was taken care of on the streets by a former juvenile delinquent.”
Roy smirked. “What’s your plan?”

“We’re breaking him out.”

“We are?” Felicity asked.

She nodded. “I have a friend in the police department who told me which way they were
transporting him. Plus, I talked to Aunt Lyla,” she said. She turned to Roy. “However, I need you.”

Roy smiled. “Name it.”

Oliver sat cuffed inside the transport van heading to Iron Heights. Lance was riding along with him.

“Lian Yu.”

“What about it?” He asked softly.

“This, uh, Ra's character, he told me that Sara made it to the island with you. You didn't feel like
sharing that with me? Huh? I mean, I'm only her father. Well, I was. When did you decide that you
knew what was best for my family?”

“I love your family.”

Lance slapped him. “You got the right to remain silent. Take it!”

“Just ask me what you want to know.”

“What do I want to know? Well, was it worth it? All that pain and misery you brought back from
that island? Merlyn, Slade Wilson? Wouldn't it be better if you just died there?”

“The reason I came back was to try and save the people of this city.”

“I hate to break it to you, but saving people isn't your specialty. Tommy. Hilton. Your mother. My
daughter. And now you're set on killing Laurel, too.”

“I didn't want her to be involved in this. I didn't want anyone to be involved in this.”

“But you involved me. You spent a year making me look like a fool. You spent a year making me
your accomplice. You have any idea what you've done, huh? What you've done to all of us, to the
people you claim to care so much about? You've made us criminals! You've made us liars and
victims.” He glared at him. “Not to mention what you’ve done to your own daughter. Why did you
let her do it?”

“I didn't. All I did was tell her the truth. She's the one who followed me, besides she already had that
hero in her from her time having to practically raise herself cause my family pretended she didn't
exist luckly she had Roy to help her through those hard times.” He looked up at Lance. “It’s not like
your daughter ever made it easy for her either.”

“What?”

“Yeah. Laurel informed a five-year-old girl exactly what kind of man her father was. And unlike any
of you, she wasn’t able to grieve me or mother because my family and yours wouldn’t let her.”

“Is that why you didn’t tell me about Sara’s death? For some sick revenge?”

“No. I didn’t tell you about Sara’s death because Laurel was afraid that you would die too from the
grief because of your heart condition.” He raised his head. “It was my daughter who kept trying to
tell her to let you grief. That she didn’t let her do it that it was only right that she allowed you to do
it.” He narrowed his eyes at Lance. “I may have done a lot of horrible things in my youth but I did
one thing right and I will cherish her forever.”

Lance scoffed. “You, Mr. Queen, are not a hero. I’m not even entirely sure you’re a good father.
You’re a villain. But you know that, don’t you?”

The sound of an arrow hitting the metal of the van had the transport stopping and Lance looked at
Oliver. “What the hell are your people doing?”

“I told them to stand down.”

Lance got out of the van. “Well, I guess your word carries as much weight with them as it does with
me.” He pointed the gun up at him. “Get down on the ground!” The hooded man jumped down.
“Get down on the ground!”

A disguised voice said, “You’ve got the wrong guy.” He moved to his knees. “Oliver Queen isn’t the
Arrow.” He pushed his hood back, it’s Roy. “I am.”
Broken Arrow

Chapter Summary

Team Arrow learns to let others help them...especially Oliver.

And finally, a plan of Lexy's works.

Knowing her dad was in the interrogation room talking to Roy, trying to talk him out of it, she walked in. She closed the door. Oliver looked up at her. “This wasn’t a part of the plan, Alexandra.”

She nodded. “At least not a part of the plan that you knew about,” she told him. She folded her arms in front of her and stared her father down. “I love you but this City can’t be saved without the Arrow. And I talked to Roy. I’ve been counseling him actually and daddy, him fighting as Arsenal didn’t help as it did me to fight as Sparrow for him to get over his guilt. He believes this is what he has to do.”

“But you’re letting him go to jail—”

“Do you think I want him to?!” she screamed. “He’s my rock, daddy! My rock!” She was ugly crying right now. “He’s always had my back. Always. And now I’m gonna have to watch him be carted away….” She went to Roy. She grabbed one of the chairs at the table and sat next to him.

“I want to say something to you, okay?”

He nodded. “I hope...I pray that you find the peace you’re looking for while you’re in there because this...this...is killing me, Roy.”

He leaned his forehead to hers. “I know, Sash. I know. It’s killing me too. I don’t want you to be alone like you were before Oliver came back.”

“Me neither,” she cried. “Who do I tell my secrets to now?”

He released a watery laugh. “You could always tell them to your boyfriend.”

She laughed too. “I’m afraid he’d think I’m weird.”
“You are weird,” he smiled. “But, Sasha, honey, if he loves you even half as much as I believe he does then he wants to hear them. He wants to know every nuance and weird thing about you.” He smiled. “He loves you, Sash. You will never find a love like I think that kid has for you.”

She smiled and kissed his cheek. “I love you. You’ve been my rock since I was eight years old and I’m really going to miss you.” She took his hands. “You’re the big brother, uncle whatever that I never knew I wanted, but now that I have you I don’t know if I can let you….”

He squeezed her fingers. “You’re gonna have to, Sasha. This is for the City and the Team.”

She nodded. She stood, kissed his cheek and pressed her forehead to his. “I love you, Roy Harper. And I will always love you. There’s nothing in this world that I wouldn’t do for you. If you need anything, even while in prison, call me. Without hesitation, I will be there.”

He nodded. “I promise. I love you, Sash.”

She looked at her father and then walked out.

Lexy walked into the club with her dad. “Aunt T.”

She turned and looked at Oliver. “Please tell me it wasn't you that put him up to this.”

“Of course not, but I'm going to do everything in my power to make it right.”

“You ok?” John asked as they joined them.

Lexy saw Nick coming behind them. “Nicky.” She wrapped her arms around his neck. He kissed her neck and soothed her.

“I'm fine, but we need to get Roy out of prison.”

“Well, it looks like we might have another problem to add to our ever-growing list,” Felicity said and they all turned to the television.

“...multiple homicides at Starling National Bank. Channel 52 has acquired surveillance footage of the incident…”

“Makes sense. The bank-robbing meta-human, why stay in Central City when you have plenty of banks and no Arrow?”

“Ok. Ok, we need a plan to extract Roy. In the meantime, Felicity, call S.T.A.R. Labs, see if they're tracking any meta-humans that have left Central City.”

“SCPD. According to city records, you got a basement down here.”

“You already have Roy Harper in custody.”

“Yeah, and I got a warrant that says I can search that basement. Sorry for the rush, but I didn't want to give you a chance to turn that place into a storage room again.”

Nick wrapped his arms around Lexy’s waist as Lance looked at Nick. “Nicholas Jordan. I thought you’d have better--”

“Finish that sentence and I will make damn sure that your boss hears that you have a personal vendetta against the Queens, Lance.” Nick kept his arms around her as he looked the older man in
“You and I both know what the commissioner is going to say to this.”

“And what’s that, Nick?”

“You’ve already got your man. Stop going after the Queens.” He narrowed his eyes. “In fact, I think the guy that was in charge of the task force you put into place walked after Roy was arrested right?”

He scoffed. He went downstairs and found everything that they had used for the Arrowcave. He told the men to break it all down. “Now, I got you, you son of a bitch.”

“You wiped the entire place?” Oliver asked.

“And moved some of your more sensitive trunk items. You're welcome.” She looked up at him.

“But you didn't wipe Roy's prints.”

“Oliver, Roy already confessed. We didn't see any point in losing both of you,” John told him.

“I'm not losing Roy.”

Felicity looked at him. “Look, I know we’re on shaky ground right now, but I’m not going to lose you. We’re getting married in a few weeks, Oliver and the only way that will happen is if you’re actually there with me.”

He exhaled. “You’re right.” He kissed her. “I’m sorry.”

She smiled and kissed him this time. “I love you.”

“And I love you.”

“What about that metahuman that is out there killing people?” Felicity asked.

Oliver sighed. “We need to grab my back-up weapons cache in the secondary layer.”

“You see those plainclothes?”

They look.

“Lance will have them follow you everywhere you go. You try to nab even so much as a purse snatcher, and they'll pounce.”

“Somebody needs to protect this city. We are dealing with a meta-human. Call Barry.”

“Actually, I have a better idea,” Lexy said. “If you don’t mind.”

He smiled. “Sweetheart, you’re one of the heads of this team. What?”

“Call Ray and Carter,” she said and smiled. “They are both guys with a super suit that could help us without taking any manpower from Central City.”

Oliver smiled. “Good idea. Call Carter.”

She smiled. She pulled her phone out and dialed. She smiled. “Hey, Carter, it’s me. I know it’s late, sorry.”

“No, Lex, it’s okay. Is everything okay? Aunt Grace and I saw the news. Is your dad okay?”
“Daddy’s fine. I need you actually.”

“What do you need?”

“You and your super suit.”

“What’s the problem?”

“A meta is robbing banks and killing people.”

“In Starling City?”

She nodded as she said, “Yeah. I thought they were a little far from home too, but he’s here.”

“Okay. Let your dad know I’ll be right there.”

She nodded. “Okay. Thanks….Uncle Carter.

He smiled. “You’re welcome, Sweetheart.”

“We’re meeting at Palmer Tech.”

“I’ll be there.”

As they got to Palmer Tech, Lexy’s phone rang. She answered, “Hello?”

“Hey, it’s me. Where are you guys?”

“We’re heading inside now.” She looked at the number of the parking structure they were in and said, “Number twelve.”

“Okay. Meet you at the elevators.”

As they waited at the elevators, Carter walked up. “Hey.”

Felicity smiled. “How’d you get here so fast? Thought you’d be like four hours something.”

He shook his head. “No. I got my neurotransmitters implanted, along with the nanotech that forms my suit.”

“Which means what?” Oliver asked.

“It means that all I have to do is think about it and my suit will form to my body.” He looked around and seen the camera above them. He stared at it for a minute and then looked at the others. He brought his suit to the forefront and they watched as the red and black armor conformed to his body. He smiled inside his helmet. “The helmet comes off.”

Felicity nodded. “That’s really cool, but aren’t you afraid to alert security?”

He shook his head but Lexy spoke. “You disarmed the camera on our end, didn’t you?”

He nodded. “Yeah. They’re still seeing us talking to each other at the elevators.”

They walked into Ray’s lab. “Oh, hey, Felicity, check this out. I finally got the neural network online, so when my brain tells the gauntlet to wave, and…” he saw Oliver, Lexy and Carter. “Hi.”
“Hi.”

Ray looked at him sincerely, “Sorry to hear about what's happening to you. Uh, if there's anything I can do to help…”

“Well, actually, that's why we're here.”

“Oh.”

“You know how I try to keep my work life and my other work life separate. I meant to tell you that. Did I tell you that? Well, there's a…”

“There's a meta in Starling City that's killing people.”

“A meta, as in human?”

“Yeah. So, obviously we need to catch this plasma death thing guy. Ugh, now I see why Cisco gives them all names. The police are all over Oliver, so... we need you.”

“And you're ok with this?”

“We need your help,” Oliver said simply.

He looked at Carter. “And you’re okay with this?”

He nodded. “I wouldn’t be here if it wasn’t. We do kinda have to make it a quick thing though. There’s a lot of shit going down in Central City right now and Grace needs me.”

“How is your girlfriend?” Ray asked. “Is she cool with this?”

“Grace is cool with anything that I wanna do.”

Ray smiled. “So it's a team up. High-five!”

Oliver high-fived him awkwardly.

Carter laughed. “Come on.”

They waited while Ray went to talk to someone at the bank. Lexy pulled her phone out of her pocket and checked her messages. She smiled and hit call on her phone. “Hey. Where are you?”

“I am currently walking out of dad’s precinct. Dad and Lance just got into a screaming match over my life decisions and my friendship choices.”

Her stomach dropped, her face contorting in worry. “Uh-oh. What happened?”

“Nothing for you to be that worried, Baby.”

“Does that mean we gotta break up or something?”

That got both Oliver and Felicity’s attention as John turned too. She hit speaker and Nick said, “Are you kidding? Our moms are planning our wedding, Babe. Dad would never do that to either of us. Even if you are a criminal.”

She laughed, grasping for her father. Oliver kissed her hand and she leaned into him now. “Good. By the way, you were on speaker.”
“I know. I heard your mom’s tiny little gasp when I was talking to you about that. You still at Palmer Tech?”

“Yeah.”

“Good. I’ll be there in ten.” He flipped his leg over her bike. “By the way, I borrowed your bike.”

She laughed. “I wouldn’t have made you a key if it wasn’t okay. See you soon.”

“Yep. Love you.”

“Love you too.”

Ray walked back into the room. “Boyfriend, Lex?”

She nodded. “He’s on his way in.”

Carter walked over. “Sorry. I was checking in with Grace and Barry.”

Felicity shook her head. “Don’t worry about it. How are they?”

He nodded. “Okay. Things are getting….intense,” he told her.

Oliver hung up with his sister. “Roy holding up?” John asked.

“For now.”

“Hot off the presses.”

“What are those?”

“I visited the bank today. Uh, the manager's a friend of mine. I beat him at squash every Tuesday.”

Oliver rolled his eyes. Lexy smiled. “Nice to know you keep in shape, Dr. Palmer, but could we, please?”

“Right, sorry. I took a few photos of the crime scene. Actually, "photos" is a bit reductive these are enhanced resonance scans. It occurred to me that if we can't see his face because of the radiation, we need to remove the radiation.” He did something on the screen and explained, “So, if we interlace the resonant scan's frequency with our news footage, we get this. There he is.”

“Run a facial recognition,” Oliver told her.

“Way ahead of you. Jake Simmons. He's already in the system. Serial bank robber, which explains Starling National. Last known address, Central City.”

“Where is he now?”

“He was last seen on a traffic camera at the corner of Gantner and Yount. There's a processing plant there; he went in, never came out.”

“It’s abandoned.”

They looked up and Nick walked into the room. Lexy smiled. “Nicky.”

He smiled and kissed her. “Hey.” He looked at Ray. “Nick Jordan.”
“Ray Palmer.”

“The plant,” Lexy said.

“On it.”

“Whoa, whoa, whoa, hold on a second,” Ray said. “I thought the whole point of this team-up was you not being spotted out as a vigilante.”

“Stop calling it a team-up, Ray. This Jake Simmons is not just a meta-human, he is a killer. And you're not ready for that.”

“Look, I'm--I'm not going to try to equate our experiences, but superpowers are based in science, and I am a man of science. So if there's any way to defeat this guy, I'm the one who's best able to figure it out.”

“Fine. The second that you get in over your head…”

“I'll run. Fly, probably.”

Carter looked at Oliver. “I'll go with him. I may not have killed anyone yet, but I’ve gone up against some pretty good baddies I think.”

“Thank you,” Oliver said.

The fight with the metahuman didn’t go well for Carter and Ray, but it did give Carter a reason to call Grace. In fact, that’s exactly what he did while Oliver was talking to Ray about fighting against people. Felicity ran up to Ray. “Oh, my God, Ray, are you hurt?”

“Heh, "hurt" would be a step or two up from how I feel right now. But... just a second.” He walked away.

“You're lucky to have gotten out of there alive. If Carter hadn’t known to.”

“It wasn't that bad, was it?”

“It was way worse, Ray.”

“Right. I need shields!”

“That's not the answer,” Oliver told him. “You need to anticipate your opponent. You need to trust your instincts and not just your tech.”

“My instinct is to trust my tech.”

“Well, you need to stop,” Carter told him. “I’m fortunate to an extent to not have to worry about it with myself.”

“Why not?” Ray asked.

“Because my abilities are fused into my body because of a blast that killed several people over a year ago and put my girlfriend and her brother in the hospital for months.” He cleared his throat. “However, I learned to defend myself by my Junior year in college so that I wouldn’t be getting shoved into storage closets and whatever.”
“Ray, when I'm out in the field, my bow, my arrows, those are just tools. I'm the weapon.”

“That's poetic.”

Lexy sighed, frustrated. “It’s true.” She looked at her friend. “You’re relying on your tech way too much. And if you keep doing that then it will get you killed.”

Carter looked at Oliver. “I hope it was okay, but I called Grace. If any one of us metas and supersuits can take him down it'd be her.”

Ray cocked his head curiously. “Why?”

“Gracie can control the Earth's elements, electricity is one of them.” He smiled. “And Lexy what is one element that can negate plasma?”

She smirked and cuffed her hands around Nick’s arms. “Um...electricity.”

He nodded. “Good job, kiddo.”

“The suit recorded over ten terabytes of data, which were uploaded in real time to a geosynchronous satellite.”

“That is a huge energy suck.”

Nick leaned over to Oliver. “Hey, do you have like medical tape or something?”

“No. Are you hurt?” He asked concerned.

He chuckled softly. “No, but I’m seriously going to fall asleep and I thought I’d use the tape to help keep my eyes open.”

He chuckled softly. In a rare bout of affection, Oliver hugged his shoulders and kissed the top of his head. “This is all fascinating. How do we find Simmons?”

“Light bulb, literally. I--no, actually, figuratively.” Ray laughed. “Uh, just before Simmons beat me, I blasted him with my compressed light beams, and he thanked me for topping him off.”

“He absorbs energy and turns it into weaponized plasma.”

“And if we can manually get into the city's power grid, we might be able to track where he's getting his extra juice.”

“Hey, did you all know that there is a major electrical surge going on?”

Carter smiled and walked to her, kissing her. “Hey.”

She smiled. “Hi.”

“OLLIE!”

Lexy smiled and walked to Grace. “Hey, Aunt Grace.”

“Hi, Sweetheart.”

“How can you tell the electrical surges?” Ray asked.
“Because it’s like when you can feel something before it happens. I can feel electricity, water, geological elements, the weather.” She smiled. “It’s a wondrous thing to be Gaia.” She pointed at the screen. “Who’s Lurch?”

“That’s our Plasma Man,” Carter told her, putting an arm around her waist.

She leaned into him. “And he absorbs energy and makes it into plasma?” They all nodded. She waved it off. “Oh, that’ll be easy.”

As they talked about the metahuman, Carter overheard the conversation and held up his hand. “Be right back.” He walked toward them as Oliver said, “I'm going to break him out.”

“Oliver. You can end up in a cell right next to him.” John moved in front of him.

“John, if you know what's good for you, you'll get out of my way.”

“Oliver, if you know what's good for you-- and for Roy--you're going to need to stay put.”

“I can't do that.”

“Oliver, listen--” John attempted to stop him.

“Get your hands off of me!”

Carter stepped forward this time. “Okay, Guys, come on.” He looked at Oliver. “John’s right. If you even attempt to step foot in that prison Lance will have you kissing the pavement before you can even get past reception.”

“I don’t care.”

Carter put a hand to his chest. “Well, you better start to care!” he said, raising his voice. “You can’t just think of yourself or Roy right now, Oliver. Think of Felicity and Lexy. They need you.”

“Listen, I know what you're going through, man! You have to rely on Palmer to take care of this meta while Roy sits in a prison. But listen to me, man-- you have to throttle this back, Oliver. You have to. Before you lose everything.”

“I've already lost everything. I'm not going to lose Roy.”

Lexy and Felicity exchanged a look and then went after him. They caught up to him outside. “Oliver!”

“I can't believe that you and Diggle are ok just sitting on your hands while Roy fights off all of Iron Heights!”

“It is not that simple!”

“No, Felicity, if anything was ever simple, it's this.”

“Then what? You're going to jail, too?”

“I can't just do nothing.”

“I think John’s right. I think you're struggling with doing nothing; with Roy, with Ray, but right now, you need people to help you. You need to let them. Maybe... there is something more going on with you than just what's happening with Roy and this meta-human. You have sacrificed everything
to be the Arrow. Even you and me. But... Whether or not you break Roy out of Iron Heights, there is no more Arrow. Ra's took that from you.”

“I was told once that a man cannot live by two names. Well, right now, I can't live by either. So I don't know who I am.”

“I do,” Lexy said strongly. “I know exactly who you are. You’re my father. My hero. I don’t care what Lance does...he can’t take that away from you.” She looked into his eyes. “Daddy, please, I know it’s hard to not do anything. Why do you think you’re seeing me gripping Nick so tight right now, because I would love nothing more than to break him out of there now. But daddy, we can’t go ahead of schedule.”

“What?” He looked down at her. “What are you talking about?”

“You don’t really think that I would let Roy volunteer his freedom unless I had a plan to make sure he didn’t serve any more time than he needed to, do you?”

He smirked. “Okay, what do you got in mind?”

“Aunt Lyla’s taking care of it. She’ll call me when she’s set.”

They were interrupted by a beeping from something in Felicity’s hand. “Uh, Ray finished the transponder. I have to upload it to a power source and, uh, hopefully it'll bring us right to Simmons.”

“I'll go with you.”

“It is adorable how you keep forgetting that Lance is after you, but, uh, it's a quick errand and you need practice in letting people help you.” She kissed him deeply. “I love you, but you need to trust in our daughter’s plan. As scary as this is for me to admit, Lexy knows what she’s doing. You need to believe in it too.”

“Do you think the plan to find Simmons will work?”

“Well, it's Felicity, so, yes. Heh. Except the tracking, firmware seems to be malfunctioning.”

“What?”

Grace hipped her way in front of the computer as she said, “That’s not a malfunction. That’s Simmons. He’s drawing directly from the power station.” She hurriedly clicked the keys as she looked at the screen.

Ray attempts to call Felicity. Grace rolled her eyes. “If he has her she won’t answer.”

“Which one, Grace?” John asked.

“It’s the one Felicity’s at.” Grace pulled her dress shirt from her pants and pulled it off, revealing the top of her suit, without the jacket. Pulled her boots off and took her pants off. She pulled her jacket from her bag and put it on, pushing her hair from the collar. She pulled her boots back on.

“I'm sorry, but the blonde can't come to the phone at the moment.”

“I swear to God, if you hurt her--”

“You'll what... fly away again? I am talking to the man in the suit, right? The one who thinks a piece of scrap metal makes him some kind of hero? It doesn't.”
“Ray, hang up. Don’t antagonize him.” Finally having her stuff on she looked at the team as Oliver said, “Diggle…”

“Oliver, you can’t go out there.”

“It’s Felicity!”

“Oliver, you won’t make it in time,” Ray told him.

Grace looked at Oliver. “Hey, do you trust me?”

He nodded. “Then trust that I will get her back so that we all can celebrate your wedding, okay?” She walked to Carter and kissed him. “I love you.”

He smiled. That would never get old. “I love you too.”

She flew toward a window, phased and went through it, then jet-propelled away, heading for the power station. She tapped her earpiece. “Can you hear me?”

“Loud and clear, Baby,” Carter said. He smiled at the others. “I may have tapped into the comm system.”

“Ray, use your remote access thing and have Oliver take over,” Grace told him. “If we’re going to defeat this thing we’re going to do it together, but you need his skills.”

Lexy walked to the computer. “Do you think you can do it, Gracie?”

“Yeah. I’ve taken on some heavy hitters in the last year. I think one guy who shoots plasma will be no problem.” She landed at the power station. “I’m at the station. Going in.”

“Be careful,” Carter said anxiously.

“As always,” she said. She walked inside, keeping her eyes out for anything. She came inside and listened for a moment, then headed for them. She found Simmons attempting to choke Felicity. She held her hand up and the electricity sparked. She smiled and shot it toward Simmons, he screamed in pain. She came out of the shadows. “Get away from my friend.” She looked at Felicity. “Go.”

“Who are you?”

“Aww,” Grace muttered. “I’m offended. Being that you’re from Central City I think you’d recognize me.”

He got an evil sneer on his face. “Gaia. Flash’s Little Sidekick.” He fired at her.

She quickly blocked it with an invisible wall and it bounced back hitting him. He screamed in pain. “It’s partner, Jackass. Big difference.”

Ray showed up, being remotely linked with Oliver. With Oliver’s fighting he and Gaia took on the Plasma man and when she got thrown into the plant somewhere, Ray was on his own. Grace hit a wall hard and groaned. She rolled down the wall and groaned.

“Gracie, baby, you okay?”

“Yeah. Nothing a really long bubble bath won’t cure.”

John scoffed. “You’re thinking of bubble baths right now?”
She laughed wryly. “Water heals me, John. By the time I get out of the bathtub, I’ll be completely healed.” She flew back into the fight and hit Simmons with all her might. She landed. She used her powers and fired at him with several volts of electricity. As Simmons was attempting to pick himself up, she turned to Ray. “You do it.”

“What?”

“What? Grace, he can’t!” John told her.

“Yes, he can,” she told them. “He came into this building to save Felicity.” She looked into his eyes. “Normal guys wouldn’t do that. Heroes would. You’re a hero, Ray.” She exhaled slowly. Listen to me. Don’t let that asshole in your head. You’re an amazing guy. And you will be an incredible hero, I know it. You just have to believe in yourself.”

Simmons threw a punch and Grace blocked it. She looked at Ray. “Believe in yourself, Ray. Fight back!” She pushed Simmons’ fist. “Now, fight!”

He fought Simmons with everything. With one last punch and as he fired up his eyes, Ray stopped him by covering his eyes and punching relentlessly. When he went down for the count, she smiled and high fived with him. “Great job!”

“No for my next problem.” She looked at her father. “Do you trust me?”

He nodded. “With my life.”

She smiled and kissed his cheek. “Good.” She looked at Nick and kissed him quick. “I’ll be back. Keep dad company.”

He nodded. “Keep out of sight. Lance has men everywhere.”

She smiled. “Thank you, but I’ll be all right. I was sneaking around this City way before Lance had the juice to do what he’s doing.”

Lexy waited at the designated spot that Lyla told her to wait and began pacing. She smiled when she saw the unmarked vehicle pull up. Roy stepped out and she hugged him. “Hi.”

He held her. “Hi. I can’t believe your plan worked.”

She laughed. “Thanks. Well, right about now Dad and Aunt Thea know, so we need to go.”

He nodded and hopped onto the back of her bike as she slipped on. She fired it up and headed for the bunker. They went into the entrance and they walked in just as Felicity said, “He doesn’t mean forgive us for that. He means... forgive us for this.”

Roy came into the room with Lexy behind him and Oliver’s eyes filled with tears. “How?”

Lexy spoke, “Don’t get mad at Uncle John, mom or Roy. This was my idea.”

“Your idea?”

She nodded. “Yeah. Once you were in the precinct I called Aunt Lyla. She has a contact through A.R.G.U.S. that can make a death look real. I asked in a favor and...”

“Everyone thinks the Arrow is dead. Which means Oliver Queen is innocent.”
“You did all this without asking,” Oliver said, looking at his daughter.

“How many times have you saved one of us without asking? This time we had to save you.”

“If everyone thinks you're dead...then what happens to Roy Harper?”

“He gets a whole new life.”

They waited just outside of town. Lexy was an emotional mess. She was ugly-girl crying as everyone said their goodbyes. Grace and Carter were the first ones to say goodbye. Roy looked at Oliver. “Tell Thea, well, tell her I'm alive, first. Then tell her that I'm sorry I had to leave without saying good-bye.”

“I feel like you're throwing your life away,” Oliver said.

“I'm not. I'm starting a new one,” he assured him.


“I'll miss you most of all, Scarecrow,” Felicity said hugging him. “Just be ready to get a million calls on that untraceable satellite phone I stuffed in your bag.”

He laughed. He hugged Nick. “You take care of her, okay?”

He nodded. “I'll miss ya, man.”

“Me too,” he said. “Promise me you’ll take care of her, Nick.”

He nodded. “I promise.”

He smiled. “Good. I’m trusting you.” He pulled Lexy in for a hug. “Thank you.”

“F-F-F-For what?” she asked as she held him tight.

“For always having my back,” he kissed her hair. “Sash, you’re the best friend I’ve ever had. I know this will be hard for you.” He pushed her hair out of her face. “That’s the best and the worst thing about you, Sweetheart. Once you let people in. They’re in. And you don’t want to let them go. But you have to let me go.” He turned her to face Nick. “Let him in. The same way you’ve let me in. Let him in and I promise you you’ll never ever regret it.” He wrapped her his arms around her shoulders. “Let him be everything to you and I bet your relationship will get stronger.”

She turned to him again and sobbed, “I’m going to miss you!”

He wrapped his arms around her. “And I’ll miss you. Every day.”

She sniffled and kissed his cheek. “Bye, Roy. I hope you find the new start you’ve been wanting.”

“Thank you.”

She backed up and wrapped her arms around Nick’s torso. Nick kissed her hair. She looked at Roy. “I promise. I promise I’ll let him in.”

He smiled. “Good.” He got into his car and took off.
She exhaled hard. “Daddy?”

“Yeah, Sweetheart?”

“Can Nick and I go riding, please?”

He nodded. “Yeah. Go ahead.”

She smiled. “Thank you.” She kissed his cheek.

“Be back before midnight. And watch out for the Blues, okay?”

She nodded. “Promise.” She walked over to Grace and Carter. She looked at them both. “Roy was right. Once you’re in, you’re in.” She looked into their eyes. “So, please, remember that. If I have made you family then you’re family always.” She hugged Grace. “Bye, Aunt Grace.”

She hugged her tight. “Mmm. Goodbye, Sweetheart.”

She moved to Carter. “Bye, Uncle Carter.”

He hugged her tightly. “Bye. If you need anything do not hesitate to call us and I will make sure that we get here, okay?”

She nodded. “Thank you.” She pushed her hair out of her face with her hand. “Love you both.”

“Love you,” they said in unison. Carter watched her for a moment and then looked at Oliver. “Amazing kid you got there.”

He nodded. “Yeah, she is. Besides her mom,” he pulled Felicity in for a kiss, “that girl is my light.”

Carter looked at Ray. “Did you wanna come back with us to Central City and watch as we put Red Eyes in a cell?”

He nodded. “Yes, I would.”

Grace smiled. “Then we’ll see you there, Dr. Palmer.”
The Fallen

Chapter Summary

When Thea dies, Oliver vows to make it right and strikes a deal with Ra's Al Ghul.

Lexy's hoping that her secrecy with this all doesn't make her lose the most important person in her life.

Lexy opened the door to Aunt Thea's condo, laughing with Nick. “Aunt T?!” She turned and her whole world stopped. “Oh, God….” She ran to her and slid onto the floor. “Nick! Grab the blanket, quick!” She reached for the phone. She dialed 9-1-1. “Yes, I need an ambulance….”

The paramedics wheeled her into the emergency room and they yelled over each other to say information. Lexy was talking to her dad. “No, daddy. I didn’t see anyone. There was no one in the elevator, nothing. I need you.” She hung up the phone and watched as they worked on her aunt.

Oliver rushed in not long after she had hung up and they watched, both emotional, as they tried to bring Thea back. Lexy sobbed and held onto her father. As they waited to hear word, both Lexy and Oliver paced. Then the doctor stepped out and said, “We did the best we could under the circumstances, but her injuries were extensive. Even if she were to regain consciousness, we can prolong her life for as long as you wish. But... it might be best to consider other options. I am truly sorry, Mr. Queen.”

“No!” Lexy exclaimed, sobbing. “No, no, no!”

Nick came to her, holding her as she fell to the floor. She put her arms around her middle and she rocked back and forth. “No!”

Oliver tried to keep himself together as his daughter cried, but his eyes filled with tears. “May I see her?” he asked softly.

Lexy looked up at Nick. “I….I….can’t….”
“I know, baby, I know.” He rocked her back and forth as she continued to sob. “Shh….shh….shh…..”

Neither of them noticed as Merlyn walked into the room. Felicity rushed into the hospital and came to her daughter. “Lexy.”

“Mommy!” she wailed. “Thea’s gone!”

“Wha...wha...what?” Felicity asked.

Nick held her tighter. “Thea died.”

“Oh, God, no….” Felicity looked over at Oliver. “Oliver!”

“Oliver, we came as soon as we could. What happened? Oliver. They just left her there. To die.”

“Oliver, is--is she?” John asked.

“It's bad.” He stood up and looked out the window. “What is it?” Felicity asked.

“Smoke.”

“The League? Screw 'em. At least until we get our bearings, Oliver. Come up with a plan.”

“He's won. There is no plan. Stay here with Thea.”

“Daddy?”

“Stay here with your mom and Aunt Thea, okay?”

She nodded. “Okay.”

Oliver put a hand on Nick’s shoulder. “Take care of her for me.”

He nodded. “Always.”

They walked into the condo that Felicity and Oliver share and saw him packing. “Dad?”

“Oliver, what's going on?”

“Oliver, where are you going?”

“Away.”

“You can't just leave like this. You have to tell us what's happening.”

“There's a way for me to save her.”

“Thea? Come on, Oliver, that's not possible.”

“Yes, it is,” Merlyn said as he walked in. “There are waters in Nanda Parbat. They've permitted Ra's to live for over a hundred years. And in rare instances, told in legend, those waters have been used to restore the dead to life. He offered to use the Lazarus pit on Thea, didn't he?”

“Lazarus, as in from the bible, Lazarus?”
“The pit's real,” Oliver said softly. “I've seen it.”

“Me too,” Lexy said. “When he held me captive he showed me. Don’t exactly know why considering if you do take his offer I’d be ‘dead’ to you anyway.”

“It can save Thea.”

“Right. But only if you become the new Ra's.”

“Ok. Well, even if a magic hot tub were not crazy talk, we're not going to let you go and join the League of psychotic murderers, even if it is to save Thea.”

“Which this wouldn't. The waters change a person. In the soul. Even if they work, the Thea you get back will not be the one you lost.”

“This is your fault!” She stormed toward him and punched him in the face, making him stumbled back. “This is all your fault!” She backed him into the wall. “Give me one good reason why I shouldn’t go get my boyfriend’s gun right now and fill you so full of holes the wind would whistle through you?”

“Thea—”

“Is dead! Because of you, Malcolm. No one else, you! If you had taken your punishment like a big boy then we wouldn’t be here right now and my aunt wouldn’t be rotting in some hospital bed.” She exhaled. “I have no reason whatsoever to keep you alive anymore. None.”

Oliver stopped her. “Sweetheart, it’s okay. Come on.”

Oliver…” Felicity began.

“I'd prefer that we didn't do our usual "please don't go" dance.”

“We're not going to. Because I'm coming with you. Assuming that this works, someone's going to need to bring Thea back home.”

“We're all coming with you,” Nick volunteered. He looked at Oliver. “You’ve done so much for me.” He looked at Lexy and then at Oliver. “Let me love the one thing you cherish most, let me help you.”

He smiled. “We need a way to get to Nanda Parbat.”

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The flight to Nanda Parbat was going to be a long one. So, Nick and Lexy went to sleep. Surprisingly, Oliver and Felicity let them sleep together, as long as someone could see them. So, Nick climbed in behind Lex on the large leather couch on the plane and wrapped his arm around her. She curled into him and surprisingly despite what she's been through she was out in minutes.

After the kids went to sleep, Felicity put a blanket on them and then took one to Oliver. She tapped him on the shoulder. “You look chilly.”

“Yeah.” He covered himself up. “Where are the kids?”

“Asleep. Dig’s watching them. I let them sleep together on the couch. I figured we could bend a rule under the circumstances.”

He nodded. “Yeah, I think she needs it. And she did make that promise to Roy to let him in, so…”
She took a seat in the seat in front of him. “Thanks for letting me be here for you.”

“You're welcome. I didn't have much of a choice, though, did I?”

“No. I wanted to make you think you had grown a little as a person.”

He smiled. “I know that I've only told you a little about the five years that I was away.”

“Well, if by "little," you mean hardly anything. I came back to Starling City before they found me on the island.”

“I don't understand.”

“It was complicated. I saw Thea. She didn't see me. She had a drug problem. So I... confronted her dealer. And I broke his neck. And I did it because I was angry, sure. But I also did it because I felt like I was protecting her. All I've ever wanted to do was protect her. Malcolm told me. He warned me what Ra's might do. But I never thought... I failed.”

When they got to Nanda Parbat, they walked for awhile until they were about to the compound. Lexy stopped when she saw the hoards of League members. “Dad.”

They all stopped and stared. “What is that?” Felicity asked.

“The League.”

They walked to Ra’s Al Ghul. “It's the League. Welcome home, Al Sah-him.”

Lexy nervously stood in the room with the torches and the Assassins and some priestess woman. Her mom was standing beside her and Nick on the other side of her. It was all going to plan until this happened. If she still wasn’t in acting mode for her part in the plan then she’d actually attempt to kill Ra’s herself.

However, could one of her plans ever go off without a snag?

This one being Thea dying.

She held more firmly to Nick’s hand as they watched as the roped plank that held Thea was being risen as the priestess chanted. They lowered her inside the pit and she watched anxiously as the pit bubbled and then stilled. Seconds later, Thea came out and attacked Oliver. Nick held her hand and kept her back.

Someone sedated her and Oliver put her in bed. Where he, Malcolm and Lexy waited for her to awaken.


Thea looked her in the eye. “I don't know you.”

“Thea, it's--it's me. It's Ollie.”

“Ollie's dead.”

Lexy gasped. Thea looked at her. “And what the hell are you doing here.”
Lexy slid off the bed. Thea looked up at Malcolm. “Dad?”

Lexy sighed and went to Oliver. Oliver said to Malcolm. “Ra's told me that the confusion would pass. You have no idea what you've done.”

“What I've done? She's alive, Malcolm. What I did saved her life.”

“She thinks Moira's still alive.”

“And she hates me,” Lexy said.

“She'll be fine.”

“You don't know that.”

“Yes, I do. Because you, Diggle and Felicity are going to take her home and she will recover.”

“And what is that worth?”

“Felicity….”

“No, this is wrong! It is just wrong!” She stormed out.

“I need to talk to you. What is happening here is perverse! What you are doing to Oliver. What you are making him do; I am not going to let it happen.”

“You can leave us,” Ra’s says to Maseo. Maseo leaves and Ra’s says, “You have a great fire within you. I can see now why Oliver loves you.”

“If you knew the first thing about love, you would not be ripping Oliver away from his family.”

“I am merely helping him fulfill his Destiny.”

“Yeah, I know all about the "survive my sword" prophecy, and I am here to tell you that I could really give a crap. Me and John and, God help me, Malcolm, are not going to let this happen, and we have friends, and we have resources and we will go to war to get Oliver back.”

“You know, many lifetimes ago, I loved a woman immeasurably. And she loved me. And we had a son and then a daughter, and for many years, I felt I was the most fortunate man in the world. My life was bliss. And one night, a man came to my door and he gave me a horrible choice-- to leave without saying a word to them, or to stand and watch them tortured and then killed. And I left without a farewell. And to spare them pain, I endured an agony worse than death.”

“Sounds like to me you gave up too easily, You self-righteous almighty asshole.”

He smirked at Lexy. “Ahh. Eibad Al Shams--”

“My name is Alexandra Queen. Learn to use the one my father gave me, or never speak to me again, but I will not let you take my father from me.” She put her hands on her hips and went nose to nose with him. “You did that once. You will not do it again. So, you will have to kill me to get him.”

“There's one immutable truth about life... It is often more cruel than it is fair, and rarely provides an opportunity for any of us to find closure. And all your posturing and all your threats of war will merely delay the inevitable, causing you to forfeit the opportunity you have. This was denied me. You need to tell Oliver good-bye. Tell him how much you love him. Tell him whatever it is your
heart needs to express. And do it now. Before he is lost to you forever.”

Lexy and Felicity walked to Oliver’s room and they knocked. They walked in. Oliver looked at them both. “I remember the first time that I thought I’d never see Thea again. When my father’s boat went down.”

“But you did see her again. And you’ll see her again... Again.”

“This is different. I’ve just been thinking about the... person I was. The brother that I was. The father that I was. And how he probably died when that boat went down.” He paused. “All this time, I’ve been struggling with who I am...”

“And you think who you're supposed to be is... The next Ra's al Ghul?” Felicity asked as Lexy sat in front of him.

“Honestly? I don't know. The only thing that I can know for sure is that everything that I've done; every--everything that happened, it led me right here, to this moment. And Felicity, if that's true, then... I don't know what it was all for.”

Lexy took her father’s hands. She knew that this was all part of the plan. They adapted again after Thea had died. This was the one plan that she refused to let be adapted again, especially when they were so close. So, here goes the best acting job of her life...well, mostly. “I do. If anything it’s so that I could see that you are the best father a little girl could ask for. I know right now it feels like your life is out of control, like you have no idea who you are, but daddy, you’re everything to me.”

He smiled, his eyes filling with tears. She gave him a watery smile. “I know I have mom, but it would be really nice to have you too. And it’s going to be extremely hard for me to walk away from you when we leave this island.”

“I know, Sweetheart. And it’ll be hard for me to see you go.”

“Daddy, we haven’t been apart since you came home...not really anyway. I don’t...I don’t know if I can do this.”

He smiled, kissed her hands and her forehead. “Yes, you can. You can do anything. I believe in you. I know you’ll do good in life. You’ve got mom, Nick, the Jordans...”

“But I won’t have you!” she exclaimed. “Daddy, you’re the last one. I won’t have anyone else anymore.” She looked at her mom. “No offense.”

She nodded. She knew what her daughter meant.

Lexy looked at her dad. “Please...” her tears spilled as she sobbed. “Daddy, I don’t want to lose you. I lost mommy....and uncle Ryan....grandpa and grandma. Your mom and dad. Thea. Roy....please, not you too.”

When she finished he was in tears too. “I know, baby.”

She hugged him. “I love you daddy. To the Milky Way. You’ll always be my hero.” She kissed his cheek. She ran out of the room and to Nick’s room. She burst in and ran to him. She began crying.

He held her, soothing her. “Hey, you okay?”

She held on from around his neck. “As long as I have you.”
He wrapped his arms around her. “Always.” He looked her in the eyes. “Baby, talk to me.”

She sniffled. “Daddy’s gonna take Ra’s place.”

“I figured as much.”

She exhaled. “Promise me when this whole thing is done. The whole thing...that you won’t hate me.”

“What?” he asked her, utterly puzzled by the request. “Lexy, I have no idea what’s going on right now, but whatever it is…” He took her face in his hands and kissed her softly. “I love you. And I mean I really truly love you. There is nothing that could happen from now to whenever this is done that could change that, except make me love you more.”

She wrapped her arms around him. “God, I hope so.” She sighed. “Because I can’t lose you, Nick.”

“And you won’t.” He kissed her. Sealing his promise with a kiss.

John walked into Nick’s room and smiled softly when he saw them curled up with one another, her head on his shoulder. He walked over to her. “Small Fry.”

She moaned. “Yeah?”

“It’s your mom and dad, come on.”

She quickly sat up and she and Nick ran out of the room. She walked into the room and looked at her mom in the robe and looked at her dad redressed. She sighed. “Oh, nice, mom. You praying mantis him.”

“I wasn’t going to bite his head off.”

“Of course not,” Lexy said and knelt down to check her father’s pulse. She looked at her mother. “Have you lost your damn mind?”

“Don’t swear at me.”

“Well, when you do something stupid...so stupid that it could get us killed I think I have the right to swear at you.”

“How did you do it?” Nick asked.

“I stole some of that powder that that creepy priest lady used on Thea. Wasn’t sure exactly what I was going to do with it when I got it, but I…”

“Yeah, how did you know you were going to completely lose your mind?”

“Thank you, Uncle John.”

“Or commit suicide. Was your plan to sneak Ra’s prize out unconscious without getting us all killed?”

Nick exhaled. “You know I hate to agree with the psychotic who got us into this mess but Merlyn’s right.”

“I know it's an insane idea, but I couldn’t do it. I couldn't leave him. We have to get him out of here.”
“Mom, we can’t!” she said keeping her voice down. “Don’t you get it! They’d have us killed where they found us if we even attempted to get him out of here.”

“So, you want him--”

“Don’t you dare!” she seethed. “I want him out of this damned place as much as you do. But this wasn’t the way.”

“Felicity, this place is like a fortress. There’s no way we’re getting Oliver out of here without Ra's knowing.”

“We can’t. You can.”

“If we get caught, he'll kill all of us.

“Then we can't get caught. I have seen enough movies to know that the scary fortress always has a secret exit. You were Ra's right hand stooge for years. If there is anyone that knows the way out of this hellhole, it's you, so don't even try to play games with me.”

“Oh, my God… I think you’ve seriously lost your damn mind,” Lexy said. She picked up a glass and sniffed. “You sure you didn’t slip yourself something.”

“No, of course not.”

“Do you hear yourself right now, mom? This is insane!”

“You’ll understand when you’re in love--”

“Don’t even go there,” she told her. “I love Nick like you love daddy. Don’t equate how I feel to some child thing. It’s not. And besides one has nothing to do with the other.”

Merlyn spoke, “The catacombs. It's rough terrain. It is not going to be easy.”

“How do we get there?”

“Through the temple.”

“Mom--”

Felicity kept her eyes on Merlyn. “Go get Thea and meet us back here in five minutes. Go!”

“This is totally and utterly insane mom.”

“I’ll do anything for your father.”

“Yeah, but couldn’t you have waited to do something wild and crazy and something that will likely get us killed when I’ve lost my virginity. I know there’s a special place in heaven for me, but I’d much rather experience it first.”

She smiled. “Sorry, Baby.”

They left, John’s got Oliver over his shoulder. “Which way?”

“Temple's this way, come on!” He drags Thea with him.

Nick and Lexy run hand in hand too. Merlyn and Lexy fight off the Assassins, while Nick protects
John and Felicity. They get to the catacombs and get trapped. However, Oliver woke up and Lexy sighed.


“Oliver, please!”

“Thank you for trying. I love you all the more for it. But this only ends one way.”

Oliver took them off the property of the fortress. “This is as far as I go.”

“Oliver, the jet's less than a mile away,” John reminded him.

“Where are we going to fly to?”

Thea looked at him confused. “Ollie, I don't understand.”

He smiled down at her. “Malcolm is going to take you home.”

“Aren't you coming with?”

“No now. You go on, I'll catch up.” He hugged her. “I love you, Thea. Don't ever forget that, ok?”

John looked at him. “Oliver… Oliver, I don't know what to say.”

“I do. John, you're the best man I've ever known. And whatever happens, you're my brother.” They hug, and Oliver’s eyes fill with tears. “And please, take care of my little girl. She’s going to need you more than ever.”

Keeping a hold on him, John said, “I promise.”

He walked to Felicity. “I am afraid I will never forgive myself for leaving you here.”

“You told me once that... life is precious. And that you wanted more from it than I could offer you. Don't give up on that. The only way that I'm going to survive this... is if I know that you're out there living your life, happy.”

“We're always saying good-bye to each other. You'd think I'd be good at it by now.”

“Well, let's not say good-bye this time.”

They kissed. Felicity walked away. Giving Oliver time with Nick and Lexy. “You.” He looked at Nick. “You are going to become an amazing man some day, Nick. And if you are so lucky as to marry my daughter, just know that I couldn’t have asked for a better man for her. Take care of her. Become that rock that Lexy needs.” He hugged him. “And know….I love you, man.”

Nick’s breath hitched. “I love you too,” he said softly, hugging him. “I would be honored to call you ‘dad’ at some point, Oliver. Thank you for everything.”

He nodded, smiling.

Lexy smiled at Nick. “I’ll be right behind you.” She looked up at her dad. He smiled down at her. “We’re getting closer baby.”

She nodded. “And it’s getting harder. I’m beginning to rethink this whole ‘dying’ thing, daddy.”
He chuckled. “Trust Grace. She’s got a plan remember.”

She nodded. “I know.” She sighed. “Are you sure you’re going to be okay with the final step?”

He nodded. “I think so. But I want a family vacation when this is all over.”

She laughed. “I promise.” She hugged him. “I love you daddy. To the milky way.”

He smiled. “I love you, Baby Girl, to the moon and stars.”

When they got back to Starling, it was dark out, but Nick took her home with him. And the next morning, while she slept, Nick called a family meeting, with everyone. He looked at his parents, brother and Rachel. “Oliver’s gone.”

“What do you mean gone?” Rachel asked.

“I mean…” he proceeded to tell them everything that happened. “And now, Oliver’s joined the League to protect us all. Lexy’s gonna need us…more now than ever. She is officially an orphan. You could count Felicity, but she’s gonna be out of commission herself until she grieves him too.”

He took a deep breath.

Chris looked at his little brother. “There’s something else.”

He nodded. “I have a feeling Lexy has had a plan this entire time.”

“What do you mean?” Jennifer asked.

“It’s just something she made me promise before we fell asleep.”

“Which was…?” Nathan coaxed.

“She made me promise her that when the whole thing is done that I won’t hate her.”

Chris looked at him suspiciously. “That sounds like to me that she knows how this will play out.”

“What did you say?” Jennifer asked.

“That it wouldn’t matter what happened I’d always love her.”

Meanwhile, in Nanda Parbat, Oliver was taking the first steps in taking Ra’s Al Ghul’s place…..
Al Sah-Him

Chapter Notes

**Tagging this for major character death**

Oliver aka Al-Sah-him is back in Starling with his men to bring Nyssa home. To protect her, the entire team tries to stop him.

While protecting another teammate....one falls....

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Just like her father, Lexy was taking herself through her own training. She seemed to be all consumed with it as she ran miles upon miles throughout the City. She climbed the salmon ladder thousands of times. She used the dummy and hit it, used her batons on it and kicked it several times. She used tennis balls and brought her arrows up to par.

She felt like shit for one thing. She felt terrible for leaving her father there. Then she felt like shit for keeping the plan from Nick and her mom, but she knew the fewer people that knew what she and her father were up to the fewer people that could talk her out of the plan. They were extremely close. She knew as of this moment her father was being conditioned to become Ra’s himself.

Her cell phone rang and she pulled it from her pocket. “Yeah?”

“Hey, Small Fry. We got a group Halcones on the docks. Wanna join me?”

“Be right there.” She tapped her bluetooth. “Nicky.”

“Yes, Baby?”

“Still coming to dinner with me at Uncle John and Aunt Lyla’s?”

He smiled. “Wouldn’t miss it for the world. How long you gonna be?”

“About an hour,” she said. “Give or take. Why don’t you head over there and play with Sara?”
“Okay,” he said. “I love you.”

“I love you.”

Nick walked into John and Lyla’s home and called out to Lyla. She smiled. “Hey, Nicky. Where’s your better half?”

“She’ll be here. She’s helping yours with the problem at the docks.” He handed her the pastry box. “Lexy made it. She said she promised you dessert, so….”

Lyla smiled and kissed his cheek. “Thank you.”

Thea and Felicity watched as Sara’s face lit up when she seen Nick. Thea smiled. “Looks like you got a fan.”

He smiled and kissed the top of the little girl’s head. “I’ve babysat her a few times.” He kissed Felicity’s cheek. “Hi, Felicity.”

“Hi. How’s our girl?”

He nodded. “She’s doing okay. She’s getting better and she’s getting a lot more skilled that’s for sure.”

“And here comes the Cat-5 prong into the Ethernet port!”

“What the heck are teaching her?” Nick laughed.

“Even if she knew what that was, even if I knew what that was, I think Sara’s still a little young for chicken cacciatore.”

“Well, my mom used to feed me nachos from the bar at the Grand before I was off the bottle, and I turned out normal.”

“Ish,” Thea teased.

John and Lexy walked into the house and Lexy put her bag down by the couch, while John dropped his gun on the dining table.

“John…what’s the house rule?”

“No Glocks on the dinner table,” he said and picked it back up to put it where it needed to go.

Lexy smiled and wrapped her arms around Nick’s shoulders. She kissed his cheek. “By the way that’s gonna be our rule too.”

“How’d it go out there tonight?”

Lexy pulled her jacket off. “It was pretty good.”

“Your intel was spot-on. Caught four Halcones at the docks trying to unload a shipment of M16s.”

“Well, I’m especially proud that you didn't get yourself killed,” Lyla said as John sat down. She looked at Lexy. “Both of you.”

She sat down next to Nick and kissed him. “Thanks, Ly.”
“That was my favorite part, too.” They kissed.

“If you're going to keep going out into the field, we should really design you some sort of…”

“Do not say "costume."”

Lexy laughed.

“Ok. Identity concealment.”

Nick smiled. “Suit.”

“Look, eventually we're going to have to figure out a new status quo, a working one, now that…”

The room fell silent.

“Ollie's gone,” Thea said.

“How are you doing?” John asked.

“Having never been resurrected before, I don't really have anything to compare it to.”

“I mean about Oliver. Being gone.”

“I don't know. Mornings are the worst. I can't really... leave the loft, so it's nice to be able to come here.”

Lyla put a hand on her arm. “You are always welcome in our home.”

“I just miss him. The fact that he's gone because of me--”

“He wouldn't want you blaming yourself.”

“Mom's right. He wouldn’t. Aunt T, he loves you that's why he did it.”

She nodded. “I know.”

John looked at Lexy. “How about you.”

“What about me?”

“How are you?”

“Um...emotionally exhausted,” she admitted.

“Why?” Felicity asked.

“Because...I am,” she said. It was a little hard to explain. She sighed. “I miss him. Very much. This morning at school something really cool happened and I almost called daddy to tell him.”

John smiled as he watched her eyes well with tears. “Well, the next time something cool happens call me.”

She nodded. “I will. I promise.”

He smiled. “Good. Now, pick up your glass.” He raised his own. “In the military, they have a saying for a soldier that makes the ultimate sacrifice. Gone... but never forgotten.”
“Gone, but never forgotten,” Lyla recited.

Lexy began to pace as she listened to Nyssa tell them all about her father and that he would be there to hunt Nyssa down. “Oliver wouldn't. I don't see how,” Felicity said breaking her out of her trance.

“I think what she's trying to say is that Oliver would never do anything to hurt you, Felicity. And the only reason why he joined the League is to protect the people he loves.”

“Now what you need to understand is that Oliver Queen is dead. He's a memory,” Nyssa informed them.

“Apparently, the League has some of their recruits undergo a process of reprogramming.”

“Like brainwashing? Oliver never said that he was signing on for brainwashing.”

“Why would he?” Lexy asked breaking her silence.

“What?”

“Why would he tell you, mom?” she said. “Let’s pretend for a moment that he actually knew that this is what would happen. Why would he tell you? You’d just try to talk him out of it and he was doing it to save Thea.”

Nyssa gave her a curt nod. “The League's ways are shrouded in ritual and ceremony. Oliver would not even know what's happening to him.”

“I don't care! Oliver, he is stronger than that!”

“I did not come here to debate. Laurel insisted that I bring this news to you myself, but I can see all I'm doing is damaging your memory of him. Perhaps it is better for you to not think of what Oliver has become. You can have that luxury.”

Laurel stopped her. “Wait, where are you going?”

“To face him, and if necessary, my destiny. I will not cower in the shadows waiting for death.”

“Great. Now what are we supposed to do?”

“Nothing. No offense, but Nyssa is insane. Oliver is still Oliver.”

“Nobody knows the League better than Nyssa. And did you see the look on her face? She was terrified. I didn't even think that was possible.”

“Even if Nyssa's right about Oliver…” John said.

“Which she isn't.”

“Oh, mom stop it.”

“What?”

“Stop. You have no idea what kind of reprogramming tricks--”

“Getting between her and the League isn't an option. And since when does Ra's daughter become someone we stick our necks out for, Laurel?” John asked.
“I know you're furious with Ra's for what he's done to Oliver. We all are. But Nyssa, she saved my sister's life. She gave her a home. She's a good person. In spite of everything that she grew up with. And the last time I checked, protecting good people, that is what we do.”

“Fine. Nyssa does seem to have an idea where we can find Oliver and the League.”

“Well, then I guess we shouldn't have let Nyssa leave alone.”

“No, it's fine. I just put a tracking device on her. This isn't my first day.”

Felicity looked at everyone. “This is insane! Oliver wouldn't--”

“Enough!” Lexy said, using her best Queen voice.

“Excuse me?” Felicity said. “I'm your mother--”

“Not while we're talking about League stuff or the Team, you're not. You're just another team member.” She saw the look on her mother's face and said, “Hey, it’s your rule. Not mine.”

John looked at Lexy. “As Leader, what do you want us to do?”

She sighed. “Get your gear.” She looked at Nick. “You too.”

He nodded.

Lexy stood at her location and tapped her earpiece. “Got anything, mom?”

“Nyssa hasn’t stopped moving.”

“Lexy, I’ve been thinking if anything happens with Nyssa, I think you and John should let me handle it.”

“What, fight him? Kill him?” John asked. “Laurel, it's not going to come to that. Look, I'm with Felicity. There's nothing that Ra's al Ghul can do that can turn Oliver against the people he loves.”

“Nice secret headquarter upgrade. Does Mr. Palmer know you guys are in here?” Thea asked looking at the new setup.

“Yes. He's out of town. And how did you get in here?”

“My dad's a super villain and you left your doors unlocked.”

“Right. I have been distracted. 'Cause you and Mr. Diggle are trying to save the city by yourselves? Look, I've been thinking. Um, maybe, rather than me sitting at home, alone, miserable, maybe I could... be out there helping you guys. You seem like you're shorthanded one, and vigilante skills run in my blood.”

“Thea, this might actually be the worst week ever for this conversation.”

“What's going on?”

“I--I can't.” She walked to another computer.

“Felicity, I cannot be handled right now.”
“It's possible-- and I stress possible-- that Oliver is back in town with the League.”

“I don't understand. Why would Ollie come back here?”

“They're after Nyssa. Ollie would never--Nyssa thinks he's under some sort of League mind voodoo. But it's going to be fine. We're handling it.”

“You are a terrible liar.”

“That is true.”

“Do you know where he is? I mean, maybe I could just talk to him.”

“Thea, I don't know what doctor's orders are for when someone gets brought back from the dead, but I am pretty sure getting into a fight with the League of Assassins goes against them.”

“I can get through to him.”

“Please, Thea. Oliver wouldn't want you involved. He did what he did so that you would stay out of harm's way.”

“Yeah, well. It sounds like Ollie's not here anymore.”

“And it’s not me you have to go through to join.”

“Then who? Mr. Diggle?”

She shook her head. “Your niece. Oliver made her his second in command and she’s taken to being Leader quite easily. So, if you want to join us you’ll have to talk to her. However, the last time she let someone on the Team, she became a loose cannon, so….”

“Okay, I see dad,” Lexy said. “Now remember, no one makes I move until I say so. Which means, whatever and I mean whatever you see that happens if I do not say go you don’t move.”

“Lex, that’s cra--”

“Do you understand?”

They watched as Oliver and Nyssa fought on the rooftop. When he got Nyssa on the ground and held a sword to her throat, Lexy said, “Move now! Go.”

She hopped down and using her batons made them scream. Knowing her team was behind her, she confronted her father. “Can’t let you do that.”

He stared her down and she kept her eyes steady. “Back away from her.” She held her father’s gaze. “Now.” She looked him in the eyes again and said, “I know somewhere inside of you is still the man that used to be my father. So, I’m appealing to him. Let her go.”

Oliver continued to stare her down and then he jumped over the side once he saw John and Laurel.

Lexy walked into Thea’s Condo and called out to her, but stopped when she seen Merlyn. “If you want, I can come back later.”

Thea shook her head. “No. I need to ask you something. According to Felicity you’re the one I ask,
“So…”

“In what capacity are you asking me this?” she asked.

“As the Sparrow and now Leader of Team Arrow.”

She nodded. “Ask.”

“Wait, she has to ask permission to join her brother’s team?” Merlyn asked.

“It’s my team just as much as my father’s. And besides, the man I saw tonight was not my father.” She looked at Thea. “Will it be a problem for you to take orders from me? I know before—”

“That was before. Lex, you’ve been doing this for three years. You’ve earned your position. So, yes, I will take orders from you.”

“Good, because I may need you for backup tonight.”

She nodded. “Tell me what your plan is.”

Lexy met with John and Felicity at his apartment and they went upstairs. As soon as they walked in, Lexy felt really off. “Uncle John, something’s not right.”

“Yeah, I feel it too.” He looked around. “Lyla?”

Sara started crying. Lexy walked to her and lifted her out of the crib. “Oh, baby girl.” She held her close as she soothed her. “It’s okay. You’re okay.”

John answered his phone. It was Oliver.

The baby quieted down. Felicity smiled. “You’re really good with her.”

She smiled. “As long as you’re calm they’ll stay calm.” She shrugged. “Dad taught me that one.”

He hung up and picked up Sara from Lexy’s arms. “Thank you.”

“Any time.” She smiled. “You know I love my little cousin.”

He kissed the top of her head.

“Laurel!” John bellowed.

“What happened?”

“Oliver and his new friends took Lyla.”

“What?! Where’s Sara, is she ok?”

“Yeah, she’s with John’s neighbor.”

He slammed Nyssa against the wall. “What's wrong with you?!”

“Hey, it is not Nyssa’s fault!” Laurel defended.

“No, just her people. You call yourself warriors. You claim to have honor. Well, if you knew the
meaning of the word, you would know there are some lines you do not cross!”

“Ok, John, back off.”

“You back off!” John yelled.

Lexy stepped forward. She pulled on John’s arm. “Uncle John, come here.”

“I am truly sorry. I never meant for any harm to come to you or your family.”

“Yes, Nyssa? Then prove it. Hand yourself over to the League.”

“What?! We're just going to negotiate with him now? Are we just going to give in? Turn over an innocent person?”

“No, she’s not! If she is then so am I!” Lexy told her.

“She's not innocent! She's the daughter of the Demon. She's killed hundreds of people.”

“Enough!” Lexy exclaimed with Felicity.

Felicity continued, “The only thing that matters is getting Lyla back.”

“I don't care how we do it.”

“Yes, you do. Trading one person's life for another-- we're supposed to be better than that.”

“It's all right. Of course you should exchange me for your beloved. I won't see an innocent life taken for mine.”

“What? No. I'm not going to let you commit suicide. Don't you remember what you said? These past few weeks have been some of the best of your life.”

“I remember. And I remember telling you that happiness is something denied to me.”

“Where's the exchange take place?”

“No. There has to be another way. Another way to save Lyla without turning Nyssa over to the League. And if there isn't, even if you get Lyla back safe and sound, Oliver won't be the only one who lost his soul.”

Lexy sighed and ran her hands through her hair. “We could always fight.”

“What?”

“We could fight,” she said. “When the odds are always staked against you you find a new set of odds.” She smiled. “My great grandfather used to say that.” She looked at her family. “So, let’s find a new set of odds and stack them in our favor.”

John knew when she had a plan. “What’s the plan, Small Fry?”

“Do you and Aunt Lyla have a code word?”

“What? Like a safe word?”

She shook her head. “No. A codeword. My dad and I have one. We’ve had one since he started being the Arrow--before I joined.”
“We have one. It’s an incident that happened on one of our missions.”

“Good,” she said.

“Were you really going to do this without me?”

She turned and smiled. “You’re right on time, Nicky.”

“They're here.”

“Search them.”

Sareb walked over and searched John first as he demanded. “Where’s my wife?” Sareb moved down. “Where's my wife?!”

Oliver motioned for them to bring Lyla out.

“You son of a bitch. Whatever Ra's did to you…”

“Don't you dare touch me,” Felicity said.

Sareb looked behind him. Oliver shook his head. Sareb turned to Lexy. “You touch me and you better hope you’re wearing a cup because I have a pretty good aim with my knees.”

“Oliver, this isn't you. Look at me. I know you're still in there somewhere.”

He looked at Nyssa and commanded, “Bind her.”

“Dad, don’t do this! Please!”

“You're free to go.”

“Johnny!” Lyla exclaimed quietly running to John.

“It's ok, I'm here.”

“I thought they were going for Sara.”

“Everything's fine, Sara's fine. I told Felicity this is just like Jakarta.”

She walked over to Felicity and they both faked as if they were hugging as Lyla grabbed the guns she kept on her.

“Kneel before the true heir to the Demon,” Sareb told her.

“I kneel before no one.”

Lyla turned and fired. The entire team jumped into action and began fighting. Oliver and John fought while the others fought the Assassins. Nyssa and Laurel fall and they drag Nyssa away. Lexy sees it. “Nyssa!”

Lexy saw as her father raised his sword to stab John and slid across the floor, moving herself in front of John. She looked into his eyes. “Stop!” she exclaimed. “Daddy, I know you’re still in there. Don’t do this! Please!” She looked into his eyes. “I love you.” She kept her voice strong as she said, “I love you...to the milky way, daddy. Don’t do this. Come back to me.”
Without preamble or even saying a word, he plunged into her and she gasped.

Felicity’s entire world seemed to stop in that moment. Nick’s blood drained out of his face as he watched his girlfriend’s limp body fall to the concrete. “Lexy! No!”

He pulled the sword out of her and turned to everyone else. “The last anchor that was holding Oliver Queen to this world has fallen. Long live...Al Sah-Him!”

An arrow pierced through to his hand. He turned and they all heard Thea say, “Get away from her.”

Felicity couldn’t feel her legs.

Nick’s entire body was going numb. Lexy lay there, in a heap bleeding and he couldn’t be with her. “Get away from her, or the next one goes in your eye.”

He pulled the arrow from his hand and walked away. Nick stumbled to where Lexy lay and rolled her onto her back. “Baby,” he said, his voice full of tears. “No....”

John knelt down beside her and checked her pulse. They watched as he bent his head and then they seen his back shake like he was crying.

Felicity gasped. “No!” she screamed as if she was in pain. She began to collapse, but Laurel held her up and eased her to the ground.

“No, John!” Nick screamed. “She can’t....John....” he didn’t care if it wasn’t manly, he bent forward and put his forehead to her chest and began releasing wailing sobs as the grief seemed to suck him inside.

Thea walked over to them and looked at everyone. “Is she...?”

Laurel nodded. Thea went to her knees too. “No...”

After the grieving teammates left her, promising they’d be back later to get her body to bury her, Al Sah-Him walked back into the warehouse and lifted her into his arms. Sareb looked at his old friend. “What are we going to do with her?”

“Proof of life,” he said, keeping his voice hard as his baby lay limp in his arms. “Or in this case, lack there of. I want to prove to Ra’s that Oliver Queen is no more.”

Chapter End Notes

I promise Lexy's death isn't what it seems. Just bare with me.
Nick numbly walked into the new headquarters and looked up to see his dad standing there. Nathan asked no questions as he rushed to his son, sorrow etched in his own features. He held the back of his head as he felt his son's arms go around him and then it seemed to have broken the dam that was keeping Nick together.

“She’s gone!” he said into his dad’s shoulder. “I was just here two hours….”

“Shh…” Nathan said, his eyes welling with tears. He looked at the team as he held his son. “Why would he do this? Oliver loved her.”

“It wasn’t Oliver,” John said. “It was Oliver’s body, but that wasn’t Oliver. I thought I had seen a glimpse in there somewhere, but…when he did….”

Felicity turned into John’s arms and began crying again. “My baby….”

“I need….” Nick’s breath hitched. “I need…to go….get cleaned up.”

John sighed as Felicity moved out of his arms. “That boy….”

“What?” Nathan asked keeping his voice down as he looked at his friend. “What happened?”

“I….nothing happened,” Laurel assured him. “I had chalked up his ‘I love yous’ and all that to just teenage stuff. Like mine and Oliver’s feelings for each other back then, but that’s….”
John blew out his cheeks. “He loves her. Down to his very soul he loves her.” He took a deep breath trying to keep himself together so he could tell him what happened. “But I swear it was like when she….when…” his voice shook. “....when she went it was like half of himself seemed to have died with her.”

Nathan nodded. “Jen and I suspected as much.” He shook his head as he said, “There isn’t I love her a little. Those are real feelings he has for her and this will be rough for him. I think when he comes out I’m gonna take him home. Are you guys gonna need anything?”

They shook their heads. Felicity looked up at the older man. “My Baby back?”

He gave her a watery smile. “I wish I could, Felicity.”

Meanwhile, in the bathroom, as he attempted to change out of the suit that S.T.A.R. Labs gave him, he stopped when he saw a bit of Lexy’s blood on him. He looked at his hands and they were smeared too with her blood. He let out a tortured scream as he fell to his knees.

Nathan pulled the door open and saw his son curled in a ball sobbing. He went to his knees. “Oh, Nicky.” He pulled him to his feet. “Come on, Son. Let’s get you home.”

Felicity watched the teen leave and then out of nowhere she screamed and then pushed a computer off the table as she collapsed into it and sobbed. John took a breath and took Felicity. “Come on. You’re coming home with me tonight.” He looked at Thea as she tried desperately to keep it together. “You too. Come on.”

He looked over his shoulder at Laurel. “Laurel?”

“I’m heading home too,” she said. She stopped when she saw the photo on Felicity’s desk. Her chin quivered as she looked at the beautiful young girl. “Damn it!” she exclaimed.

“You sure you’re gonna be okay?”

She nodded. “I’m just gonna change and then head out. See you tomorrow. Maybe.”

He nodded. She waited for them all to leave and then she collapsed to her knees and sobbed herself. Such a young beautiful girl and she was gone. She’d never see that smile. Or those eyes...she would not hear her laugh again.

She pushed herself to her feet and walked out, still in her suit and went back to the warehouse. She went to the spot where Lexy had fallen but saw nothing except her blood stain. “What the hell….?”

John got Felicity and Thea back to the apartment and just as he opened the door, the sound of Sara crying greeted him. He looked at Lyla and she was in tears as too as she tried to put her daughter to sleep. “Oh, Lyla....”

“I’m sorry. I couldn’t help it,” she said trying to pull herself together. “I was trying to put her….to sleep and then I looked at the mantle....”

He looked over and smiled. Sitting there was the picture he took of Lexy and Sara when they brought Sara home from the hospital. “Let me take her.” He cleared his throat. “Felicity and Thea are staying the night. I didn’t think it was right that they were alone.”
She wiped her tears and shook her head. “Oh. Make yourselves at home.”

“Thank you,” Thea said. She walked over to one of the other pictures they had of Lexy. “She was really, really pretty….” her chin quivering as she touched the picture.

“Yes, she was,” John said rocking Sara. “And the best thing about Lexy is she never knew how pretty she actually was.”

“She has Oliver’s eyes,” Thea murmured.

“I think...I think….that’s what…” Felicity stopped to cry for a moment then continued, “…why she thought she could get him to stop. It’s hard to do something when your eyes are staring back at you. But….” she sobbed.

Lyla went to her friend and held her as she cried. She did not understand what Felicity was going through. Lexy may not be hers biologically but she loved her as if she was.

They would miss her.

-Nanda Parbat....

Al Sah-Him carried the lifeless body of Oliver Queen’s daughter to his master. He laid her out. “I brought back proof that Oliver Queen is officially dead.”

Ra’s Al Ghul looked down at the body and then at Al Sah-Him. “Good.” He turned to a couple of his soldiers and said, “Dispose of her body.”

Not far from the compound someone watched as the young girl was tossed and waited until the coast was clear and then walked over to her limp, lifeless body and picked her up.

After a long trek, he found the cabin Oliver had said would be here and he knocked. He looked at the woman who lived inside. “I need your help.”

“Who is this?” she asked.

“Alexandra Queen. Oliver Queen’s daughter.”

“Is she…..?”

“No,” he said and laid her on the bed. “She’s not dead. She’s still alive, but I need your help. When she wakes up she’ll be weak for a few hours. I need your help so that I can take her home.”

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It was a couple of hours before Lexy came to.

She bolted upright, and gasped like she was gasping for air. Malcolm came toward her. “Alexandra.”

She looked at him, but then laid back down. “Where am I…?” she asked.

“Nanda Parbat,” he told her. “Do you remember?”

She stared up at the ceiling as it all came back to her. She began to cry. “Oh, God…I made….”
Nick laid back and adjusted his hands on the bar and began lifting. He’d been doing this a lot over the last week. He now understood why Oliver had done it so much. It stopped him from thinking. And if he wasn’t thinking then he didn’t think about her.

However, thinking about her just now to realize he hadn’t thought about her made him put the bar back on the bench. He sat up and he watched as a girl sashayed her way to him. “Hi, Handsome.”

He sighed. “Hi,” he said.

“I’ve been watching you work out here for about a week, and I gotta say I like your form.”

He scoffed. Lexy was right. Women did see very unattached men as an aphrodisiac. “I don’t think so.”

“What?”

He sighed. He laid back.

“His girlfriend just died. Show some respect, Lady.”

Nick looked up and laughed softly as he watched redhead scamper off. He looked at Rachel. “Nice. Thanks.”

She smiled. “Hey, what’s family for?” She sat on the edge of the bench and tapped his knee as he dropped his legs on each side. “How are you doing?”

“I’m fine until I think about her and then it flashes in my mind how she….”

“Yeah. I figured. The workout helping?”

He nodded. “Until I thought about the fact that I don’t think about her when I do workout and then I get depressed all over again.” He sat up. “I miss her, Rach. I mean, really, really miss her. Like it hurts so much. I miss her.”
She smiled. “I know, honey and I’m sorry. I wish I could help you.”

He nodded. “I know. Everyone does.”

“Perhaps a walk to clear my head,” Oliver lied to leave the banquet hall.

“I will send a guard to accompany you.”

“If I can’t protect myself, I don’t deserve to inherit your mantle.”

“Come on, Lexy.”

She sighed and trudged with Malcolm the rest of the way to the spot. She knew where they were going. She looked up and smiled when she saw that familiar face staring at her. “Hi, daddy.”

He looked at Malcolm as they continued to climb. “You’re late.”

“Sorry. Nanda Parbat's not exactly the easiest place to infiltrate.”

“Don't joke! Things are worse than we thought.” Oliver looked at Lexy. “But first.” He hugged her. “I’ve missed you.”

“I missed you too, Daddy.”

They went to a secluded spot and Oliver proceeded to inform them of what was going on.

“Tomorrow? Ra's plans to transport the virus to Starling on a plane.”

“That is oddly modern for the League. Do you think Ra's suspects you?”

“He has no reason to.”

“I warned you it would be difficult.”

“I just thought that I'd-- ahem--we'd have more time when you explained to me that my ascension to Ra’s would include the destruction of Starling.”

“I anticipated you wouldn’t be Ra's for months. More than enough time to dismantle the League from the inside.”

“Malcolm, we need help.”

“From all accounts, you were... too good at convincing your friends that you'd allied yourself with Ra's. You killed your own daughter in front of them. I don't think I carry much credibility with them.”

“It doesn’t.” Lexy sighed heavily.

“What’s the matter?”

“I’m just wondering how Nick’ll deal with all this. I don’t want him to hate me.”

He smiled. “I don’t think he’ll hate you, Sweetheart.”

She sighed. “I hope so.” She looked at Malcolm. “Don’t worry about whether they’ll trust you. Once you bring me home safe I’m sure it’ll be okay. To an extent.”
“And if not I know someone who they'll trust.”

Thea got out of the car and slowly walked up to the entrance of the shop. “Hi, I'm looking for Jason.”


Jason wheeled out from under a car and he was surprised to see her.

“Jason?”

“That's right.” He stood.

“I have a ’67 Mustang that needs a little work on it. Somebody said you were the guy to see.”

“You came to the right place.”

They talked about what happened and then Thea said, “Can we go somewhere else and talk.”

“There’s my place.”

“That’s a good answer.”

Felicity walked into Ray’s office. He offered to listen if she wanted to talk. She declined with a thank you. Then he had her sign some papers. When she finished her phone buzzed with a text message: **We need to meet.**

“So now Malcolm Merlyn can summon us.” Felicity paced the abandoned warehouse. “I really don't like the idea that he can summon us.”

“Any idea what this is about?” Laurel asked, she glanced at Nick.

He shrugged John asked. “No, but Merlyn assures me that he'll be waving the white flag.”

He came out of the shadows and walked to them. “I'm sorry. I forgot the flag.”

“That's too bad. I would have told you where you could put it.”

“What is this about, Malcolm?” John asked.

“Yea, because I don’t really want to be in a room with you longer than I have to be,” Nick told him.

“Well, this isn't going to be easy for all of you to believe--”

“Only because you're a sociopath and a liar.”

“Be that as it may, this would be much quicker for all of us if we could fast forward through this cynicism and reach the conclusion that I am telling you the truth.”

“About what?”

“Oliver. His allegiance with the League is a charade.”

“Why would you even begin to play with our emotions like that?”
“This plan was born the moment Oliver realized that he had to capitulate to Ra's to save Thea and Lexy.”

“Don’t you dare speak her name!” Nick seethed.

Felicity walked to him and touched his arm.

“And instead of sharing this plan with us, he trusted you?” John asked, a little skeptical.

“The man who had my sister murdered.”

“Well, I am better practiced in the art of deception. And no offense, none of you are particularly good actors.”

“I'm out.”

“You've seen for yourselves how dangerous Ra's and the League are. The circle of trust had to remain as small as possible.”

“Until now? What changed?”

“Forget it, Felicity. There's nothing he can say that we can believe,” John said.

They turned to continue walking out and almost ran Laurel stopped abruptly. She backed up.

“Lexy?”

John, Nick and Felicity turned. Standing there looking amazing was Lexy. Felicity gasped as she backed up. John looked her up and down. “Wha...what?”


She sighed. “I will explain everything if you all will please sit down.”

They walked back in and they sat down on the brown leather couch that was in the building. Lexy sighed. She looked at Nick. “Ask.”

“What happened? We saw your dad stab you with the sword….”

“All part of the plan,” she said. She looked at everyone. “My plan.”

“It was your plan?” John asked.

She nodded. “Yes, and I couldn’t include either of you in--even though I wanted to so badly--because your reaction had to be genuine so that any of those assassin guys that were going to report back to Ra’s could say it was real.” She sighed. “I had Grace make me up a fake skin packet that would bleed with contact of the blade. It would also go deep enough to simulate me being stabbed.” She lifted up her shirt and touched her skin. “See?”

Nick slowly walked to her and touched her stomach. He then looked at Felicity. “There’s nothing there.” He looked at Lexy. He wrapped his arms around her and held on. “God, I’ve missed you!”

“I’ve missed you too,” she said. She looked up at him. “That’s why last week I asked you if you’d ever hate me because we’re coming to the end of this thing and…”

He hugged her and then kissed her. “No. Don’t hate you.”
“Could we?”

“Oh, keep your panties on, Merlyn. Geez.” She sighed. “We’ve hit a snag in our plan.”

“Why?” John asked.

“Because apart of dad’s ascension as Ra’s includes not only getting rid of his anchors to the City….me but leveling the entire town.” She sighed. “Dad needs our help.”

“Which is why I brought along a friend of Oliver's.”

“My name is Tatsu Yamashiro. And your city is in great danger.”

“You expect us to believe her? We never even met her. We never met her, right?”

“No,” Laurel answered.

“Apart from my brief time helping Oliver recover from the wounds Ra's al Ghul inflicted on him, my life has been one of... isolation.”

“Ok, Merlyn, this is your big plan? A woman who we've never met or even heard of?”

“Oliver doesn't like to speak about the past.”

“Apparently, he's not so forthcoming about the present, either.”

“My son was killed by the virus Ra's intends to use on your city.”

“Are you--you're Akio's mother?”

She nodded slowly.

“Oliver was with me when it happened. He knows that the danger you all face is very real.”

“Ok, you know what, how many times are we going to believe him after everything that he's done?”

“I am not privy to your history with Malcolm. This request comes from Oliver.”

“We're not sure that's any better at the moment.”

“Look--”

Lexy looked at her family. “Look, I get it. You’re angry with daddy and probably with me. And I’m so sorry for that. From the bottom of my heart.”

Felicity looked at her daughter. “Lexy, honey, we’re not angry with you. We can’t be angry with you.”

“I am not playing a game here. My daughter lives in this city, remember? This is everything I have on the bioweapon.” He handed John a dossier of the information they’re going to need. “I've arranged passage for all of us to go to Nanda Parbat. If you're coming... be at Ferris Air before sunrise.”

She exhaled. “Look, I know he’s the Supervillian everyone is trained to hate because of all the crap he’s done--”

Felicity threw herself into Lexy’s arms. She held on tight. “God, I missed you!”
She smiled and hugged her again. “I promise, mommy. No more dying.” She looked at John. “Are you ma--” He hugged her. “Guess not.”

“I’m mad, but I’m too relieved that you’re okay and standing here in front of us to express it.” She hugged him again. “I love you too, Uncle John.”


Nick walked up behind her and wrapped his arms around her shoulders. He kissed her temple. “God, I can’t believe you’re here!”

She exhaled. “Can we get out of here, please?”

They nodded and headed up to the new headquarters. Once there Felicity played the footage for them and they watched. “How could we not know about this? How could anyone not know about a terrorist attack in Hong Kong?”

“Because Beijing had us believing that these deaths were caused by a local chemical spill.”

“You don't really believe Merlyn?”

“Well, looking at this, we can't afford not to believe Merlyn.”

“He is a mass murderer who has lied to us so many times it should be a drinking game. And I have never even heard of this Tatsu person.”

“Tatsu is someone daddy met when he left the island. He’s done it a few times,” Lexy told them.

“When you say a few--?”

She exhaled. “A few. He never gave me a number. I just know that he lived in Hong Kong being forced to work with some agency that is apart of the US. He didn’t go into details.”

“But how did they find him?” Laurel asked.

She shrugged. “I’m not one-hundred percent on that.”

“Listen, Felicity, I don't know if you're right that Oliver's gone forever or not. Truth is, for me, it doesn’t matter. If there's even a possibility of this kind of danger in my city, I'm reporting for duty.”

“Me, too.”

“So am I,” Nick and Lexy said in unison.

I don't believe them. And even if I did, I can't go back there. Not after what they did to Oliver.”

“Okay, Mom. That’s your prerogative,” Lexy told her. “We’re not going to force you.”

They got onto the plane, even Felicity. Nick joined them also. They got to Nanda Parbat by sunlight the island’s time. They got to a hill and could see the aircraft Ra’s was going to use to distribute the virus. Lexy straightened when Malcolm did. She motioned to Malcolm and he pulled his bow out and shot an assassin.
They continued toward the vehicle and the assassins came out of everywhere. They fought the assassins while Felicity attempted to disarm the plane so that it couldn’t fly. However, it didn’t seem to be enough. The assassins destroyed Felicity’s gear and they watched as the plane began to fly away. “I had some insurance come along.”

“What kind of insurance?” Malcolm asked.

“The atomic kind.”

They looked up to see Ray flying around. He did well, he stopped the plane. But he fell out of the sky. Lexy took off for him. “Ray!”

“I’m okay, Miss Lexy.”

They are taken hostage by Ra’s. They are brought before him by Oliver and the others. “Chinese have a saying. Stir the grass, and you startle the snake. My ruse with the plane was meant to reveal any traitors among me. How did you know of the virus? Of the plane?”

“Maseo told me, and I told them,” Tatsu lied.

“So a dead man told you. How convenient. He said only three men knew about your plan. You, him, and Oliver.”

“Oliver Queen is dead. I am Al Sah-him.”

“This would not be the first time that Sarab has betrayed me to Maseo Yamashiro’s weaknesses. And though your timing was a function of my gambit, it was nevertheless fortuitous. You see, by tradition, Ra’s would contemplate mercy upon his enemies on the eve of a wedding.”

“You are getting married? I guess there really is a kettle for every pot,” Ray said sarcastically.

“” The wedding is mine. I am betrothed to Nyssa al Ghul.”

Felicity looked devastated.

“Take them below,” Ra’s Al Ghul said. “However, Eibad Al Shams stays with me.”

Lexy turned and looked at him. “That is not my name.”

“Excuse me?” he said.

“That’s not my name,” she said. “My name is Alexandra Olivia Queen. Daughter of Oliver Queen and Felicity Smoak. And you will address me as such.” She looked at the man and said, “I will not allow you to insult me by naming me what my father hasn’t named me, because unlike him I know exactly who I am.”

The others were ushered out.

“Oliver has a very spirited daughter. I bet you made him proud.”

“I’d like to think so.” She glared at him. “If you expect me to scared of you by you circling me like a vulture then you are sadly not going to get what you want.” She narrowed her eyes. “So, tell me what you want and I’ll go be with the rest of my team.”
Lexy was tossed in the cell with them, with chains on her hands. Felicity gasped and helped her up. “You okay?”

“Yeah.” She looked at everyone in the room and then peeked at the window. “If I tell you something you have to swear to me you won’t say anything.”

Felicity nodded. “Absolutely.”

“All of you.”

“Of course,” Laurel said.

“It’s about daddy,” she said. She saw the frustrated looks. “I know you don’t believe him and you have every right, but Malcolm’s not on our side. Not anymore.”

“What do you mean?” Ray asked.

“He just told Ra’s that daddy was the one that told us of the virus.”

“So, what happens to Oliver now?”

“He has to prove his loyalty to keep the ruse going.” She exhaled. She motioned for them to come closer. “You have to trust me. Daddy’s only doing this whole thing to prove himself loyal to him. So that when he gets Ra’s alone he can take him out.”

“Kill him?” Felicity asked.

She nodded. “Yes. But you have to trust me. Whatever happens please know I have a plan and a backup plan and backup plan to my backup plan.”

“Who are you?” Laurel asked smirking. “There is no way that you’re thirteen.”

She laughed. “I’m the Arrow’s daughter.”

Ra’s with Al Sah-Him threw Merlyn back in with them. Ra’s Al Ghul broke the vial on the virus and tossed it in after he got Tatsu out. “Oliver, if what Malcolm said is true, if you’re going to do anything, now is the time!” Felicity insisted.

“Ra’s.”

He turned to Lexy. She firmed her gaze. “Sawf tataefan fi aljahim likuli dhunubik , 'ant muryd sonofabitch!”

He smirked. “Oliver should have really taught you respect.”

“He did for those who deserve it, however, I don’t think he would have actually allowed you to take a father from his daughter.” She looked at him. “Let me ask you something.”

He looked at her and she proceeded. “What would you do if someone took your daughter from you?”

“Kill him.”

“And you wondered why I was here. I was trained by Oliver Queen, who was trained by some of the bravest men I know. One of them is in this room. So you better hope that kills me because if it doesn’t I will hunt you and I will kill you….with my bare hands.”
She looked at Al Sah-Him. “You.” He looked at her. “YA vse yeshche veryu v tebya. ya vsegda budu.” (I still believe in you. I always will)

“Al Sah-him has said that the swordswoman is inoculated, so you can take her to another chamber.”

“No! Oliver! Oliver, we believed in you!” Laurel insisted.

“Seal the room.”

“Dad, don’t do this. Daddy!”

“Oliver, listen to me. Oliver! For the love of God!”

“No, Oliver! What the hell are you doing?! Come on, you got to get us out of here!

“We trusted you. You asked us to trust you and we trusted you!”

“Don’t do this! Oliver!”

As Al-Sah-Him married Nyssa, the people from Oliver Queen’s former life were being taken out slowly by the Omega virus.
The remnants from Oliver Queen’s old life all lay dead or virtually dead. They were scattered throughout the dungeon of the fortress. Felicity and Lexy were both the first to come to and soon after everyone else too. The room filled with gasps and coughs.

“Not that I'm complaining,” Ray said, “but shouldn't we be dead by now?”

“Oliver tried to kill us,” Felicity panted.

“Ra's tried. Oliver was forced to let him appear to be successful.”

“So now we're back to trust Oliver, and while were at it, trust you, too?”

“Yeah, because the last time I checked, you tried to make a deal with Ra's to save yourself.”

“In order for our plan to work, Ra's trust in Oliver had to be complete. And after that plane fiasco, it wasn't. Oliver needed to demonstrate one more time his loyalty to Ra's.”

“Which I guess brings us back to... why aren't we dead? Not that I'm complaining,” Ray asked.

“Oliver…” Malcolm started peeling something off his hand. “...was vaccinated against the Alpha Omega virus five years ago. An associate was able to draw a version of the vaccine from his blood.”

“A synthetic skin graft.”

“Upon our incarceration, I was able to vaccinate each one of you cutaneously. I saved your lives.”

Everyone fell silent. “I believe the words you're searching for are "thank" and "you."”

“Once I’m able to breathe normally I may say it.”

Felicity cleared her throat. “Ok. Assuming this is all some part of a brilliant double-double cross or triple cross-- I'm losing count-- your master plan still has one major flaw, since we're still chained in a dungeon.”

Lexy smiled. “That’s the best part.”
“What?”

“I called in a favor.”

They could hear thunder outside and then a fight going on outside their cell. Lexy smiled when she saw Barry. “Hi.”

He smiled. “Hi, Sparrow.”

“Wow! I mean, this is like a real dungeon!”

“Barry!” Felicity exclaimed.

Grace laughed. “Barry focus.”


He broke them out and they rushed into the assassin weapon room to gather their things. Lexy looked at her team. “Let’s go home.”

-Somewhere over Starling City…..

The League of Assassins’ plane was getting closer to the City. As Oliver was able to see the city lights in the distance, 2 engines blew and they started to descent. “What's happening?”

“Two engines are down. We're trying to compensate, but they've been tampered with.”

“Sabotage?” Ra’s turned to Nyssa. “You! This is all your doing.”

“Don't!” Oliver told him. “Nyssa had nothing to do with this.”

“You were delivered by the prophecy. You wed my daughter. Your name is Al Sah-him and you are Wareeth al Ghul!”

“My name... is Oliver Queen!” He yelled.

“Oliver Queen is dead. And soon, you will be, too!”

Nyssa fought the assassins while Oliver and Ra’s fought. During the fight, Ra’s apparently tried to appeal to him. “I handed you my crusade! My holy mission!”

“I already have one.”

The plane began making it below what was the minimum and the plane began to alert them. With the cargo door already opened because of Nyssa’s fight, Ra’s picked up the parachute and looked at them both. “Survive this, and I will come for you again and again until your end of days! But first, your city will perish!” He jumped.

“We don't have much time,” Malcolm said as they walked into Felicity’s temporary headquarters.

“For what? I thought you said Oliver had a plan.”

“Yeah, and in the event that it doesn't work, he has a back-up--us.” Malcolm turned to everyone and
began giving orders, “John, let's determine the status of our arsenal. Laurel, go to your father; Start mobilizing the police. Mr. Palmer, I need you to find something that will neutralize an airborne contagion. Miss Smoak, let's find out where our League of Assassin friends might be.” No one moved.

They looked at Lexy and Malcolm said, “I'm sorry. Did I mumble?”

Lexy looked at them. “We follow him for now.” She glared at him. “But just because I used you for a plan doesn’t make us playyard buddies. I still do not trust you.”

A repetitive beeping sounded. “Ah, guys, I set up a proximity alarm to detect an unauthorized entry to this level. It's going off like crazy.”

Oliver and Nyssa landed in the headquarters from the ceiling. Nyssa had her bow ready.

“Nyssa,” Oliver told her. He walked toward John, but John hit him. “You son of a bitch!”

“Maybe we should give these guys the room,” Roy suggested and Nick, Malcolm and Laurel left the room.

“Nyssa looks happy. You two on your honeymoon?”

“What the hell's going on, Oliver? Start talking!”

“The reason that I have kept Malcolm close for the past several months is because he had critical intel on our enemy. He knows Ra's. He knows the League. And he knew that if I was appointed his successor, that meant Starling City was marked for death. The only way that we were going to defeat the League was from the inside. I had to get close enough to Ra's to find out how he was going to destroy the city... And stop him.”

“You trusted Malcolm Merlyn more than you did the two people closest to you!”

“John, it wasn't about trust! It was about making sure that you and you were safe. I had to keep the circle as small as possible.”

“How did you expect to repair all this once you got back?”

“I didn't. I flew with Ra's and the virus to Starling and I sabotaged the plane. The plan... was to kill Ra's and destroy the virus. It didn't work.”

“How did you expect to survive the plane crash?” Felicity looked into his eyes. “You didn't. You never expected to have this conversation. You were planning on dying. So that was your big plan. Sacrificing yourself to take out Ra's.”

“It was the only way. At least now that it didn't work, I get a chance to tell both of you how sorry I am.”

“Sorry won't cut it, Oliver. Not this time. But we have bigger problems than hurt feelings and broken trust,” John said. “Laurel needs to contact her father. Ray needs to find a way to counteract the virus. I'm sure Malcolm told you...we don't have a lot of time.”

“Dad, I think Nick should go to Nathan. Captain Lance may not be too agreeable with helping us. Especially since he believes that Roy’s dead and it’s the Arrows fault.”

He nodded. “Right. NICK!”
He walked in. “Yes?”

“Talk to your dad and see if he will mobilize people against Captain Lance’s orders, please?”

He nodded and left.

Everyone reports back, except Laurel and Nick. Oliver walks to Felicity. “Where are we? Nowhere. Ra's is old school. Every way I have of finding him is new school.”

“It might be because you’re looking at it wrong.”

“Looking at it wrong...what?”

Lexy laughed. “Mama--”

“God, I’ve missed that.”

Lexy hugged her shoulders. “Love you.” She cleared her throat. “Okay. Look for something out of the ordinary. From what I’ve learned it’s the things out of the ordinary that are the most obvious places.”

Felicity looked at her daughter. “Who are you?”

Lexy smiled. “I am the Arrow’s daughter.”

Oliver smiled. She smiled back.

“Traffic lights were down for 20 minutes at Adams and O'Neil. All computers at Starling National Bank are offline. The entire top floor of the Essex Hotel is closed. There's an electrical spike at 52nd and Robson.”

“Wait, go back. The top floor of the Essex is closed.”

“My father doesn't frequent hotels.”

Felicity looked at the emails that were exchanged. “According to internal emails, the floor was shut down for a Damien Darhk. A name like that has to be an alias.”

“Damien Darhk is in Starling City.”

“Why doesn’t surprise me that you know who that is?”

“My father's most bitter enemy.”

“That's why Ra's hasn't released the virus. He wants to use it to kill Damien Darhk. This was never just about my ascension. Ra's wants to take out his Nemesis.”

“Looks like you weren't the only one with a hidden agenda.”

Oliver sighed. Lexy looked at him. “Uncle John, you promised.”

“Sorry, Lex.”

“This can work for us. Ra's wants Damien. So we give him Damien.”

“We trade Damien for the virus. That is remarkably ruthless and cold-blooded. I approve.”
“Oh and how we live for your approval,” Lexy said sarcastically. “Thank you, Jackass.”

Putting their plan to action, Oliver used his binoculars and checked the people. “Count two on the roof, one on the penthouse floor.”

John countered with, “I got two guarding the elevators, another three going in and out of the service entrance,” from his position.

“And a patrol in the stairwell,” Merlyn said. Which he had taken out.

“Same for the northwest corridor,” Nyssa said. She too, had already taken them out.

“Keep Darhk's men from joining the party,” Oliver told him. Lexy and I are getting into position.”

“Damien Darhk,” they both said after crashing into the window.

“You know, the hotel's going to bill me for that window.”

“Turn around!” Oliver said.

“This is bold, even for Ra's.”

“Ra's al Ghul wants you dead. He's planning a bioweapon to take you out.”

“Well, that's a considerable amount of work to go to. Ra's certainly must want Mr. Darhk off the board. Oh, you seem surprised. Mr. Darhk left Starling the moment he learned of Ra's' intention. It's amusing the Demon's Head thinks he can catch my employer unaware.” His phone rang and he attempted to answer but was shot dead.

“Hello, Al Sah-him. Apparently, both our plans did not go as we'd hoped.”

“I'm going to find you,” Oliver vowed.

“It was a bold gambit, hoping to leverage Mr. Darhk, but one which had done you no good. I set in motion the death of your city 10 minutes ago. The Alpha Omega shall be disseminated by means of four vessels. Four instruments of death. And I doubt that you and your friends will have time to stop all of them. Unlike you, Oliver Queen, I'm a man of my word. And I swore that you would see your city perish.”

Lexy’s stomach dipped in horror. “Daddy.”

He turned. “Let’s go, Sweetheart.”

They both got back to headquarters and Felicity looked up. “John, Malcolm, and Nyssa are on their way back. What happened with Darhk?”

“He was gone. Man that I found was a cut-out. Ra's plans to release the virus at four points across the city.”

“I worked out a containment system that can safely neutralize the virus, if we can get our hands on it.”

“Well, we need four of them, and a way to spread the inoculant if this gets out of control.”

“I scrubbed through all the information that Malcolm gave us on the Hong Kong attack five years
ago. The Alpha Omega virus gave off a low-level emission from its RNA, almost like radiation.”

“If you can hack the keyhole hexagon satellite, you can tune the quadband to search for it... Which you've been doing for the last five minutes.”

“We need probable locations where he would release the virus as soon as you can get them.”

“Where do you need us?”

Oliver looked up to see Nick, Nathan and Chris standing there. He smiled. “I told you to get the police ready not bring back help.”

“They insisted,” Nick told him, smiling.

They get into position to take the bioweapon, with the City’s police department backing them up. Dig found one of the guys and began fighting him. When Thea came out of nowhere and shot him in the back with Arrows. John looked up and smiled. “Nice threads.”

“Thanks.”

He opened the briefcase. “Felicity, the briefcase is empty. It's empty!”

“Shit!” Lexy exclaimed. “That means the assassins are the virus.” She reached for Nick. “Don’t let their blood get exposed to the open air.”

Nick and her began searching for Ra’s men who had the virus and found one in the middle of the City. They began fighting him. They fought him and then she used her batons and tasered him. “We need to get him somewhere fast.” She tapped her earpiece. “Mom. Abandoned warehouses.”

“How about the one that you died in, Lex?”

“That’ll work.” She tapped her earpiece again. “Everyone hear that?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“Aunt Thea?”

“Yep. You’re pretty good with this whole command thing.”

She smiled. “I should be. I’m the Arrow’s daughter.” She looked at Nick. “Come on. Let’s get him somewhere.”

He nodded. He pulled his phone out. “Yo, Chris. Need your car man.”

“On my way, Nicky.”

She smiled. “We need to come up with a codename for your brother.” She walked up to him and kissed him. “At least until you can drive.”

He laughed and pulled her to him again. This time taking her mouth passionately. She moaned and fell into the kiss. “I love you.”

“I love you,” she whispered. “More than anything in this world. And I mean that.”

Chris pulled up. “Yo, Lovebirds! Let’s do this.”
They loaded him up into the car. They got in. “Where to?”

“The warehouse where I died.”

“Wha…?”

Nick nodded. “You heard her. The warehouse where she died.” He sighed. “I think it’s time I confronted the ghost.”

After everyone was bandaged and everything, Oliver stood to say something to everyone. “When I started this, I wanted to keep you as far away from it as possible, because that has always been my instinct-- to go it alone,” he said to everyone but especially to Lexy and Thea. “But the truth is that we won tonight because I wasn’t alone. I thought that this crusade would only end with my death. But even if I had died tonight, it would live on, because of you... and you. Oh, and you.”

“It’s true. This city isn't lacking masks.”

“Heroes. Which is why I no longer need to be one.”

“What are you saying?” Felicity asked.

“Ra’s took the Arrow identity from me. I couldn't be that person even if I wanted to be. And I don’t want to be.” He walked to Felicity. “I told you that... I couldn't be the Arrow and be with you. I want to be with you.” He smiled at her. “You told me that I have become someone else, and I would like to... maybe discover a little more about that person. If you'll come with me.”

“With you where?” Thea asked.

“Um... Some place far away from here. Even without me, Starling still has heroes to watch over it.”

John suddenly stood and walked out.

“John…” Felicity tried. Oliver walked out to talk to him.

When he came back, Lexy stepped up. “I’d like to say something, please?”

He nodded. She took a breath. “Daddy, I can’t go with you and mom.”

“What…? Lex--”

“I know, Sweetheart. Your place is here.” He kissed her forehead. “Protecting this City.”

She looked at everyone and pulled her phone out. She texted John: **If I continued to be the Leader of the team, will you follow?**

Seconds later, she received, **In a heartbeat. I love you, Small Fry.**

She smiled. “Okay. If I was to still continue to be the Leader, would you all be okay with that?”

Laurel smiled and folded her arms in front of her. “I thought you didn’t like it?”

She shrugged. “I’ve gotten used to it and you guys have never made it hard. What's made it hard is me.”

Thea looked at her curiously. “What do you mean?”
“I mean, I wasn’t confident enough in myself to lead the team. I’d like to believe that now I am. That is if you’ll let me.”

Laurel smiled and hugged her. “Anytime….anywhere….”

Thea smiled too. “And I would absolutely.” She hugged her. She looked at her brother. “If you’d like she can stay with me at my place while you guys go rediscover who you are?”

“What do you think, Lex?”

She nodded. “I’d like that.”

“Okay. Good.” Oliver walked up to Lexy and hugged her hard. “Remember what I said. I want a family vacation.”

She nodded. “I know.” She hugged her father. “I love you, daddy.”

“I love you too, Baby. To the moon and stars.”

She smirked in a teasing challenge. “The Milky Way’s further away.”

He laughed and pulled her into his arms. “So, you’ve said.” He kissed her hair. “I love you.”

“I love you too.” She hugged her mom. “I love you. Have fun with daddy. I’ll see you 2 in a couple of weeks for the wedding.”
Chapter Summary

Here’s the wedding!! It’s just a fluff piece...a nice way to end it I think after all the drama. So enjoy!!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

-May 30, 2015.....

Oliver took a deep breath and exhaled. “Dig.”

“Yeah?”

“I wanted to thank you for coming. I know things between us right now are really intense, but uh, it means a lot to me and Felicity.”

He nodded. “You’re welcome.”

“Could you ask Lexy to come in here, please?”

He nodded. A few minutes later, Lexy walked into the groom’s suite dressed in a pink-peachy colored dress and her curls were in full view. He smiled. “You look beautiful.”

She smiled. “Thank you, daddy. You look very handsome.” She laughed softly. “But your tie is awful.” She walked to him and fixed the tie on the tux. “There.”

He smiled. He sighed again.

“Nervous?”

He nodded. “Yeah. I didn’t think I would be.”
She laughed. “Well, there’s reporters waiting for you, but Nick and Nathan were kicking them off the hotel’s property. Apparently they think it’s a big deal that the former Billionaire Playboy is getting married.”

He laughed and kissed her forehead. “I got you something.”

She nodded. “Oh, daddy, you didn’t need to do that.”

He smiled softly. “I did.” He exhaled. “Your mom and I are taking a very extended honeymoon—which you know.”

She nodded. “I know.”

“So, I’ve arranged for you to stay with the Jordans. Please, remember that the rules still stand regarding you and Nick, okay?”

She nodded. “I know. And I promise we’ll abide by them totally.”

He went into a red bag and pulled out a black velvet necklace box. He handed it to her. “It seemed appropriate. With everything you’ve done for the last three years, hell in the last year. You’ve always been the best part of me and I have never ever regretted you being in my life.”

She smiled, her eyes filling with tears. She laughed as they spilled. “Dang it. I promised myself I wouldn’t start crying.”

He laughed. “Sorry.” He took a deep breath. “You’ve been through a lot in your life, Lexy. A lot more than one person will ever go through in their own. And you’ve come out stronger for it. And I know you’ll continue to come out the other side of it all.”

She opened the box and gasped. It was a silver arrowhead locket. “Oh, daddy.”

He smiled. “I had it custom made for you. Open it.”

She opened it and smiled at the picture that was on the left side of the locket. “It’s you and mommy.”

He nodded. “Your mom had always said it best when she said that you were our beginning of both of us.” He looked into her eyes. “I’m hoping you’ll use the other side for your own beginning. If that’s with Nick then fantastic. If not, then I hope you find your own happily ever after.”

She smiled and hugged her dad. “Thank you. It’s beautiful.”

He took it from the box and she turned her back on him. He clicked it into place and she turned. “It looks beautiful. Just like you.” He kissed her hair. “I love you, Sweetheart.”

“I love you too, daddy.”

“Hey, may we come in?”

They looked over and saw the entire Team Flash, including the new member, Iris walking in, all dressed to the nines. They waved them in and they greeted each other. Barry hugged Oliver. “Congratulations, Man. With everything that you went through this year I bet you didn’t think you’d get here, huh?”

He chuckled. “No, definitely not.”

**************************
The wedding march began playing and the guests, the wedding party and the groom watched as the beautiful blond headed toward her future. Felicity was dressed in a Madelyn Kole lace, mermaid style gown that had beading all throughout the lace. She looked absolutely beautiful. When Felicity got to the makeshift alter, she handed her bouquet to Lexy and she took Oliver’s hands.

The minister began, “Good afternoon, family and friends of Oliver and Felicity. We gather here today to celebrate the love that these two share for one another. Today they join their lives in the union of marriage. To all their guests, they are happy to share this moment with you. They have known most of you for several years. You watched them grow up, you went to school with them, or you worked with them. Because you are the ones who have supported them and known them so well, it is only fitting that you are the ones to share this once-in-a-lifetime moment with them.”

He looked at Lexy. “And to their daughter, Alexandra, they are thrilled to be sharing it with you. You were the reason that the two of them got together.”

Felicity stopped the minister. “I’m sorry, Sir. May I?”

He nodded. She smiled and looked at Lexy. “Sweetie, the day you came wandering into my office several years ago, I knew you were going to become a big part of it. I just…” her voice cracked as she spoke, “I just didn’t know how big. You have filled a hole in me that I didn’t even know was there. Thank you for helping me discover a better, stronger part of myself. Being your mom has been the best thing to ever happen to me.” She sniffled. “You’re the reason why we’re here now because if neither of us hadn’t realized how much we love you we wouldn’t have realized that there is something deeper between us. So, thank you.”

She laughed and hugged her mom, tears streaming down her face. “You weren’t supposed to make me cry. You promised.”

The guests laughed as mother and daughter embraced. Lexy looked at her parents. “Now finish this up so that everyone else can get to the real part of this whole thing--the party.”

They laughed. Oliver looked at the minister. “You heard her. Keep going.”

The ceremony continued with the usual honoring the people that have passed and telling their story to everyone. Then came the vows, “At this time the bride and groom have requested to say their own vows.”

“Felicity, I promise to be faithful, supportive, and loyal and to give you my companionship and love throughout all the changes of our life. I vow to bring you happiness, and I will treasure you as my companion. I will celebrate the joys of life with you. I promise to support your dreams, and walk beside you offering courage and strength through all endeavors. From this day forward, I will be proud to be your husband and your best friend.” He pushed the ring onto her hand.

Felicity took his ring and began, “I choose you, Oliver, to be my husband, as my friend and love. I will love and serve, honor, and protect you. I'm choosing today to spend the rest of my life with you. I will walk with you when life is good, and thru every storm. I humbly open my heart to you as a sanctuary of warmth and peace, where you may come and find a refuge of love and strength. I will love you enough to risk being hurt, trust you when I don't understand, weep with you in heartache, and celebrate life with you in joy. I love you today, tomorrow and into our silver years together.” She slid the ring on.

The minister smiled. “You may kiss your bride.”
Oliver smiled and walked to her, taking her face in his hands and kissing her softly. “I love you,” he whispered before kissing her again.

The couple turned to their guests and the minister says, “I now present to you Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Queen.”

The guests clapped wildly.

The reception was waiting to really get started with the bride and groom’s first dance. So, Lexy, took the stage that was in the front of the ballroom of the hotel and took the mic from the stand. She turned it on. “Good evening all.” She smiled. “For those of you who don’t know, I’m the daughter of Oliver and Felicity. And I guess I was the one who was instrumental in getting the two of them together.”

She smiled adoringly at both of them. “Well, to kick off this party, we need the bride and groom to start dancing, so, I wrote a song for them and our dear friends and my adoptive aunt Grace and Uncle Carter are going to sing it.” She put a hand to her heart. “I love you, guys. You mean more to me than anyone else in the world. And I really hope you have many, many, many happy years together.”

She passed the mic to Grace and Carter walked onto the stage with her. While the DJ cued up the song.

Male: Before you even knew me, you knew me best
Female: Before you ever asked me, I said "yes."
Both: White roses scattered on the ground
Male: Your mom's a mess as you come walking down
Female: I breath in
Male: and I breathe out
Both: I'm gonna fall in love for the first time. You're gonna show me just what it feels like.
Female: I'm gonna walk like I've walked down the aisle my whole life.
Both: Giving it all to... you know I'm yours for worse or for better. I say I do, but I will forever.
Male: And I would wait at the end of the aisle my whole life.
Both: I'm giving it all to you.
Male: you know my heart's gonna break when I take your hand
Female: you know that I'm gonna lose it when we first dance
Both: We'll spend the night with everyone
Male: Throw your bouquet
Female: When the cake is done
Male: I'll take you home
Both: The night has just begun
Both: I'm gonna fall in love for the first time. You're gonna show me just what it feels like.
Female: I'm gonna walk like I've walked down the aisle my whole life.
Both: Giving it all to... you know I'm yours for worse or for better. I say I do, but I will forever.
Male: And I would wait at the end of the aisle my whole life.
Both: I'm giving it all to you.
Both: And in the morning when I wake up... yeah…
Both: I'm gonna fall in love for the first time. You're gonna show me just what it feels like.
Female: I'm gonna walk like I've walked down the aisle my whole life.
Male: My whole life
Both: Giving it all to... you know I'm yours for worse or for better. I say I do, but I will forever.
Male: I'd wait for you at the end of the aisle my whole life.
Both: Giving it all...
Giving it all to you.

As they sang, the couple danced and the guests watched, happily. When Grace and Carter finished, they kissed as Oliver and Felicity kissed. Oliver took the mic from Carter. “Now, let’s dance!”

And they did. All through the night and into the evening.

Oliver and Felicity left that night about midnight and headed to their honeymoon suite upstairs before they left in the morning for some warm, tropical honeymoon.

Chapter End Notes

Okay, All this is the end....for a while. I’m taking an extended break from the Daughter of the Arrow Series.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!