When Oliver Queen gets into a car accident, he meets Dr. Felicity Smoak. He had no idea how much a chance meeting would change his life.
Chapter 1

Oliver Queen sighed as he waited for the stoplight to turn green. He looked into the backseat where his three month old son was fast asleep in his car seat. He was surprised William had managed to sleep through the argument Oliver and his mother had when he was packing up to leave.

William’s mother Samantha passed away shortly after he was born. She started to hemorrhage shortly after the nurses took William away to be cleaned off. The doctors did everything they could to save her, but they weren’t able to stop the bleeding in time. Oliver was the only parent William had. He knew Samantha wanted to name the baby after here grandfather, if it was a boy, so he named his son William Samuel Queen.

Moira had been trying to convince Oliver for months to hire a nanny. He had a very demanding job and she didn’t think he could juggle being a single parent and running the family company. He’d told her, multiple times, that if he had to choose between William and his job, he’d choose William. Tonight, at the weekly family dinner, not only did Moira bring up the subject of a nanny, but she presented Oliver with the resumes of several she’d found for him. This led to a huge fight between mother and son.

The traffic light finally turned green and Oliver took his foot off of the brake. He was driving forward when suddenly, something collided with his car. Everything went black.

The next thing he knew, he heard sirens and crying. He opened his eyes to see two firetrucks and an ambulance. People were running back and forth. His arm and side both hurt and he didn’t know why.

“Sir? Sir! Can you hear me?” someone said from next to him. Oliver looked over to see a brunette woman he didn’t know. She was holding a flashlight. He nodded, still disoriented. “Ok, we’re gonna get you out of there. Can you tell me your name?”

“Oliver, Oliver Queen.”

“Ok, I don’t want you to move until I get back.” She started to walk away.

Oliver looked in the rearview mirror. William’s car seat wasn’t there. “Wait, my son- where’s William?”

“He’s over with an EMT. He’s safe.” She told him.

He tried to turn and see for himself, but a shooting pain went through his side. His vision started to go fuzzy and he heard the woman shouting at the other people.

Felicity’s shift was winding down when an announcement came over the intercom. “Dr. Smoak to the Emergency Room. Dr. Smoak, you are needed in the E.R.” She handed the charts she was holding to one of her residents and took off.

She didn’t often get called down to the emergency room, so the situation must be serious. She reached the emergency room and one of the nurses told her to get to the ambulance bay. There had been a car accident. One of the ER doctors was already there waiting.
“What are you doing down here, Smoak?” The other doctor, Dr. Lamb, asked.

Felicity worked in pediatrics, so her presence caught him by surprise. “I guess there was a child involved in the collision.”

Just then, the ambulance arrived. The doors opened and an EMT pushed out a gurney with a man strapped to it.

“Male, 27 years old. Car accident. Broken arm and a laceration on his left side from some debris.” The first EMT said.

Another EMT exited the vehicle holding a baby’s car seat. “We also have a three-month-old boy who was in the car. No visible injuries but protocol-”

“You don’t have to explain.” Felicity cut him off. “Follow me.” She, a nurse and the EMT went towards the Pediatric ER while the rest of the staff took the adult patient in a different direction.

The baby woke up and began crying while Felicity was looking him over. She gave him a very extensive check-up and was happy he was completely unharmed.

Oliver was out of it for most of the ambulance ride and while the doctors started working on him. He thought he remembered them giving him a sedative but he wasn’t sure. While he was waiting for someone to come and reset the bone, the curtain around his bed was pulled back and he saw a familiar face. His friend Sara, who was an ER nurse, was standing there. He was glad Tommy wasn’t working tonight too.

“You know, if you wanted to see me at work, you didn’t need to go to all this trouble.” She said. She started pulling different pieces of equipment out of a cart by his bed. “I’m here to take some blood. It’s procedure.”

“Can you- can I ask a favor?” Oliver said.

“Your family already knows you’re here. They’re on their way.”

“No, not that. Will’s- he was in the car with me. And no one will tell me where he is.”

“I’ll drop this off at the lab and find out what I can.” She said, referring to the vial of blood she’d just taken. “If he was with you, they took him to the P.E.D. to get checked out.”

Someone came to reset Oliver’s arm and they were putting a cast on when Moira, Thea and Robert came storming into the emergency room.

“What happened? Where is my son?”

“Ma’am, you’re gonna need to keep it down.” A passing nurse said.

“Keep it down, how dare-?”

“Mom, you’re causing a scene.” Thea said. “We’re looking for Oliver Queen.”

“Third one on the left.”

“Thank you.” Thea said as they went where she directed. She pulled the curtain back to find Oliver sitting up on his bed. She ran over to him and hugged him.
“Ow.” He groaned. “You’re pulling my stitches.”

She let go of him and apologize. “Stitches?”

“Piece of metal stabbed me in the side. I’ll be fine.” He told her.

“Oliver, where’s William?” Moira asked.

“He was taken to the pediatric ER.” He said. That’s all Sara was able to tell him.

“Someone should-.”

A throat cleared behind them. They turned to see a short blonde woman with glasses wearing a white coat standing there. She was wearing purple scrubs, unlike the blue ones everyone else in the ER wore. “Mr. Queen?”

“Yes?” Oliver and Robert both answered.

“Oliver Queen.” She clarified. “My name is Dr. Smoak, I work in pediatrics. Your son-”

“Where is he? Is he okay? Was he hurt?”

“William is fine. He’s completely unharmed He’s a little fussy, but other than that, he’s perfectly fine.”

“If he’s uninjured, where is he?” Moira asked. “Why didn’t you bring him here?”

“Mom.”

“I needed to be sure either Mr. Queen was awake or another family member was here so he could be discharged into their care. I’ll be right back.” she said. She came back a few moments later with William in her arms. “See, William? Your dad’s right there. Everything’s okay.” She told the boy as she handed him to Oliver.

“Thank you, Dr. Smoak.”

“You’re welcome.”

“Is there anything I should look out for? In case he needs to come back?”

“The inspection was just a precaution, we do it for all children under 5 if they’ve been in an accident. I don’t foresee any issues, but I did include a list of things to watch out for in the discharge papers.” She said. “Have a nice evening and get some rest.” She closed the curtain and walked away.
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Oliver and Felicity meet again.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

After Dr. Smoak had left, the police came in to ask Oliver some questions. It was only then that he learned what had happened. Another driver coming down the cross street decided to run the light. He collided with Oliver’s car, T-Boning it. They were still investigating the accident and the officer didn’t offer up any more information about the driver.

Oliver was only half paying attention to what the officers were telling him. His mind was torn between thinking about all the ways the accident could’ve been worse and what that would’ve meant for William. He was also still thinking about the blonde doctor he’d just met. He should’ve asked for her number or something.

Oliver was discharged and had to deal with his mother fussing over him, despite the fact he was a fully grown man. She started to insist that they return to the mansion when someone else spoke up.

“If you need a ride home, Ollie, I can give you one.” Sara said. “My shift just ended and you don’t live too far from here, right?”

“Like five blocks away.”

“Yeah, it won’t be a problem.” She shrugged. She and Oliver had been friends for a long time. She knew him well enough to know when he wanted to get away from his mother. Right now, he clearly wanted to not be around either of his parents.

“That’s a nice offer Sara, but Oliver really shouldn’t be alone-“

He didn’t have a concussion, all of his cuts had been looked at, the big ones were stitched up and his broken arm was reset. There was no reason why Oliver couldn’t go home and sleep in his own bed, like he desperately wanted to right now. It didn’t help that he was still furious with his mother.

“I appreciate your concern, Mom, but I’m gonna get a ride with Sara. I think its safer for me to be nearby, just in case.”

The mansion was 45 minutes from the closest hospital. If the doctors had missed something looking Oliver and William over, it was better if he was as close as possible.

Sara drove Oliver back to his apartment in silence. He got out of the car and Sara rolled down the window. “Do me a favor? Listen to your doctors. If they tell you to keep an eye out for something, keep an eye out. And if anything happens, call me.”

“Sara, I’ll be-“

“No, don’t try to bullshit me, I know you too well.”
“Fine. Tell Nyssa I say ‘hi’.” He said before walking into the building.

Oliver took the next three days off of work to rest. The medication they gave him dulled the pain at the hospital, but it came back in full force the next day. His family kept calling him, and Oliver answered but didn't have long talks with anyone except Thea. Partially out of guilt, partially out of curiosity, Tommy stopped by the two days after the accident to check on him. It was on the third day, when Tommy was visiting, that something happened.

Oliver needed to take his meds, so he handed William to his friend. The surgical resident was bouncing the little boy up and down when he started crying. Tommy wasn't sure what to do, since it had been a while since he worked with young kids. Oliver came running into the room when he heard the wails.

“Is he okay? What happened?”

“I don't know. I was bouncing him, and he was happy, then suddenly he started crying.” He held his hand against William’s forehead. “He’s kinda warm too.”

“Well, is he okay? Is this because of the accident?”

“How would I know?”

“You're a doctor!”

“Yeah, I’m a trauma surgical resident. I don’t work in peds. I haven’t done pediatric medicine since clinical rotations. Four years ago,” he said.

Oliver didn’t reply. Instead, he took William out of Tommy’s hands, grabbed his wallet, keys and phone and headed out the door. He caught a cab and went to the hospital, arriving at reception and asking where pediatrics was. The woman directed him to the right place.

Oliver reached the pediatrics floor and looked around, feeling panicked.

“Sir, can I help you?” a nurse asked him.

“My son- we were in a car accident three days ago. We were brought here by EMTs. He was fine for the last two days, but then he started crying and now I think he has a fever and-“

“Was your son checked out when you were brought in?” Oliver nodded. “Which doctor?”

“Dr. Smoak.”

She grabbed a clipboard and handed it to him. “Okay, I’m gonna take you and-“

“William.”

“William, back to an exam room. While you’re waiting for the doctor, I need you to fill these forms out.” The nurse told him. She led them both to an exam room, where she took William’s temperature. She left the room after telling Oliver a doctor would be right in.

Oliver checked his phone every fifteen seconds for what seemed like hours, but was actually only about seven minutes. William’s crying started to die down while they were waiting. Then, the door opened.
“Ok, let’s see. What do we have- Mr. Queen?” Felicity said when she looked up from her chart.

“Dr. Smoak.” He said in surprise. William’s crying picked back up and he snapped out of his trance.

“Aww, bud, are you not feeling too well?” Felicity said as she walked over to where the boy was. “What’s wrong?”

“He started crying earlier today, and this is different from his normal crying. I also think he might have a temperature. I asked my friend who’s a doctor to take a look at him, but he’s not a pediatrician.” Oliver explained.

“Ok, let’s have a little look-see.” She said, pulling out her stethoscope. She listened to William’s heartbeat and breathing, and everything was normal. She took a glance at his chart and saw that he did have a fever. She pulled out a piece of equipment and started looking in both of his ears. She also looked into his nose. “Well, it looks like William here has his very first cold.”

“Cold? He’s only three months old. Is it dangerous for him to have one this early?”

“No. Most children get between two and four colds during their first year. Knowing his symptoms, this cold isn’t particularly dangerous, just a little uncomfortable for him. He’ll be better in about two weeks. He just needs some children’s Tylenol and lots of fluids. And rest.”

“How could he have gotten sick?”

“William’s age means he’s very susceptible to colds. He hasn’t been exposed to the cold virus or developed any kind of resistance yet. He most likely came in contact with someone who was sick and that’s how he became sick.” Felicity explained. “The easiest way to prevent him from getting a cold again is kinda simple. Keep him away from anyone that’s sick. Make sure everyone’s washing their hands before interacting with him. Clean his toys and pacifiers regularly.”

“You probably think I overreacted.”

“I think you’re a first-time dad who’s trying his best. He couldn’t tell you what was wrong and you hadn’t dealt with this before, so you panicked. It happens all the time. And trust me, with infants its better to be too cautious than not cautious enough.” She assured him.

“Thank you, Dr. Smoak.”

“You can call me Felicity.”

“Oliver.” He replied. “What should I look out for, in case I need to bring him back?”

“If he starts refusing fluids, if he coughs so hard that he starts to vomit or his spit up looks a little bloody. Also, if he has difficulty breathing or his lips start turning blue. If anything like that happens, call 911 right away.” She said. “If it seems like his symptoms aren’t getting better in ten days, you or your wife should bring him in.”

“Oh, I’m not- William’s mother isn’t in the picture.”

“I’m sorry to hear that.” She said. Suddenly, her beeper started to go off. “I have to go. Feel better William, and take it easy, Oliver.”
Comments? Thoughts?

So, Oliver is a businessman, Sara is an ER nurse, Tommy is a surgeon. What jobs should other characters have? (Laurel, Nyssa, Roy, Digg, Lyla, etc)
Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Oliver meets Felicity again and makes a move.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

William’s first cold was exhausting for both Oliver and William. The infant was uncomfortable and couldn’t do anything about it other than cry. Oliver wanted his son to feel better but he didn’t know what to do, except follow the doctor’s orders. After William’s fever broke and he started to get better, Oliver’s thoughts went back to Dr. Smoak.

There was just something about Dr. Smoak that drew him in. He’d only spoken to her twice, once on pain killers, but every time they spoke, he never wanted to stop talking to her. Thea had been amazing over the last two weeks, helping Oliver take care of William. She volunteered to watch him while Oliver ran some errands. Two weeks after Oliver had rushed to the hospital with William, he stopped by to drop something off to Tommy for Laurel. The attorney was swamped with work after Oliver’s accident, having volunteered to prosecute the other driver who hit them.

Oliver had just finished dropping food off for Tommy and was heading out of the hospital when he heard a voice call out to him.

“Mr. Queen!” He turned to see Felicity walking over to him.

“Dr. Smoak, I thought I told you to call me Oliver.”

“I told you to call me Felicity.” She reminded him. “How’s William?”

“He’s finally done with that cold.”

“Good. Being sick is never fun.” She said. “How are you doing, by the way?”

“I’m fine. Healing.” He waved his left arm that was still in a cast. “Can’t complain.”

“That’s good. I’m glad you’re doing well.”

They fell into silence and Oliver wasn’t sure what to say. “You probably- I don’t wanna keep you from your patients.”

“Oh, you’re not. I’m done with appointments for the day.” She told him. “I just saw you and thought I should say hi. It was nice talking to you.” She said before walking out of the hospital.

“Are you going to stand there or go after her and ask her out?” Sara asked from behind him.

He jumped and turned to see her standing there with a smirk on her face. “How long have you been standing there?”

“Long enough. Go ask her out. I have to get back to my rounds.”
“She’s not-.”

“Go, or I’ll call her back and ask her for you.”

“Fine.” Oliver sighed as he chased after Felicity.

He caught up to her as she was reaching her car. He called out to her so he wouldn’t surprise her and she waited for him to catch his breath when he reached her.

“Is everything okay?”

“Yes, everything’s fine. I was just wondering- will you go to dinner with me?”

“I- let me make sure we’re on the same page here. You’re asking me out. On a date. Like a date-date?”

“Yes.” He said nervously. “Unless you’re seeing someone or I’ve made you uncomfortable, in which case-“

“No, I- yes. Yes, I’ll have dinner with you.”

“Great.” He said smiling. “Tomorrow.”

“I’m on call tomorrow.” She said.

“Ok, the day after tomorrow?”

“Yeah, I’m free.” She told him. They exchanged numbers and she went home.

She really hoped none of her appointments that day ran late and there were no emergencies she needed to attend to. She liked Oliver and was looking forward to going on a date with him.

Chapter End Notes

Thoughts? Comments?
Oliver and Felicity go on their first date.

Oliver kept pacing his bedroom as he tried to figure out what to wear. He knew it sounded dumb, but he didn't want his outfit to clash with his cast. Or maybe he was just really nervous.

“I'm being dumb. You think I’m being dumb.” he said with a sigh.

“Ah.” William said, looking up at him.

“Yeah, I shouldn't worry about the cast.” he said absentmindedly. He held up a shirt. “This one?”

He got another noise in response. “What about this one?”

“Oh.” This sound seemed happier than the other ones.

“Ok, this one it is.”

“You know he has no idea what you're saying, right?” Thea asked from the doorway.

“He’s very smart.”

“that doesn't mean he understands you. He just knows you're making noises at him.”

“well, he picked the shirt.” the article in question was a shirt Thea had told him brought out his eyes.

“I never said he made a bad choice.” She defended.

He didn’t respond and put on the shirt he was holding. He was really glad that Thea was so relieved that he found someone that she volunteered to babysit as soon as he said he needed it.

Oliver had stopped dating when he found out Samantha was pregnant. It didn’t seem right in his mind to date anyone while another woman was having his child. They hadn’t discussed anything about their relationship or raising William in detail. Both kept pushing off the conversation as long as possible. They still hadn’t talked when he got the call that Samantha was in labor. William was born and then she passed away, so the talk became irrelevant. After that, he’d been too busy with a newborn to even think about dating.

“Shouldn’t you be leaving to pick her up?”

“She texted me, asking if we could meet at the restaurant. I guess she’s worried about her last appointment running late or something.”

“Oh.” Thea responded. The reason made sense, but she hoped Felicity’s appointment running late
didn’t mean she might not be able to make it. She didn’t want to ask if that meant it might be canceled, since saying that meant it was definitely going to happen. “Well, have fun. William and I will be fine. Isn’t that right?”

The baby made another happy noise and Thea’s gave Oliver a look that said ‘see?’.

“I’m going, I’m going. Be good for your aunt.”

Oliver arrived at the Italian restaurant where he’d made a reservation before Felicity. He spent the first few minutes making sure his clothes didn’t have spit up or any other baby-related fluids on them. He checked in with Thea and tried to keep himself calm. He was a lady’s man before becoming a father, but it had been a while since he was on a date. He was responding to text from Thea when Felicity reached the table. Startled, he dropped his phone and stood up.

“Sorry, I- wow.” he said upon seeing her. Her hair was down and she was wearing a light blue dress that hugged her curves perfectly.

“It’s a good ‘wow’ right?”

“Definitely a good one.” he said. “Sorry, I didn’t mean to be staring at my phone. I was checking in with my sister. She’s watching William.”

“It’s okay. How is he?”

“Good. he’s starting to sleep through the night.”

“Which means you’re starting to sleep through the night again.” she said knowingly.

“Yeah. I’m not gonna miss waking up every few hours.” he agreed.

A waiter came over and took their drink and appetizer orders. They made small talk while they waited for both. The waiter had just put their appetizers down when Felicity’s beeper went off.

“Frack.” She said checking it. “Sorry, I gotta take this really quick.” She said, heading towards the lobby of the restaurant. Oliver watched as she dialed her cell phone and started talking with someone. She paced back and forth for about five minutes on the phone before coming back to the table. “Sorry about that.”

“Do you need to leave? Is there a surgery you need to get to?”

“Oh, no. I’m not a pediatric surgeon, just a pediatrician. I don’t operate on patients. No, there was just a patient whose treatment we’re changing and my colleague was calling to consult.”

“If you aren’t a surgeon, why were you in the ER that night? If you don’t mind me asking.”

“No, I don’t. It’s standard practice to have at least one doctor from each department in the hospital at all times. Legally, to stay open, there needs to be at least one trauma surgeon, cardiothoracic and neurologist, but pediatrics has someone there at all time, so does oncology, so does obstetrics. I was called down to the ER when the paramedics saw William. There was another pediatrician and a few interns working, but I was called because I have more experience treating kids his age with accident-related injuries.” She said.

“Well, I’m glad you were there.”
“I’m glad you were there too. Wait, that sounded wrong. Obviously I mean I’m glad I happened to be there so I could meet you, not I’m happy you were in a car accident.”

He chuckled at that. “I know what you meant.”

The rest of dinner went really well and as Oliver was walking Felicity to her car, he asked if they could go out again. She said yes instantly, but turned agitated when they tried to schedule a day.

“Look, I probably- you should know this going in. My schedule isn’t predictable. It changes constantly. Patients need me when they need me. I often arrive to events late or have to leave early. We can make plans now, but please don’t get angry or feel like I’m blowing you off if I have to change them later.”

“I understand that.” he told her.

“Ok, I just- I think you should know about my scheduling issues upfront. It’s not really fair to you otherwise.”

“I understand. And I hope you understand that I’m a single-father. William is the most important person in the world to me. And sometimes, I won’t be able to find a sitter or I might need to leave if something happens. So, I’ll the one cancelling plans or trying to find a work around. I’m looking for a serious relationship, but more importantly, I need to be a good dad.”

“You’re a great dad, Oliver.” Felicity said. “And William of course comes first, he’s your son. Anyone who thinks he shouldn’t be your first priority needs a wake-up call. Or to get hit upside the head. My point is- what was my point?”

“Probably something about how we have unpredictable lives and our next date might end up getting postponed.” He said. They’d already reached Felicity’s car and she unlocked the door. They said their goodbyes and Felicity promised to text him the next day.

Oliver came home with a smile on his face. “Date went well, I take it.”

Chapter End Notes

Thoughts? Comments? Suggestions?
Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Oliver and Felicity plan their second date and meet an unexpected obstacle.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Oliver came home with a smile on his face. “Date went well, I take it.” Thea said.

“Yeah, it went great.” He answered. “How was he?”

“Will was fine. He’s an easy kid, no problems.” She shrugged. “You gonna see her again?”

“Yeah, I don’t know when though.” He answered. “We’ve both got pretty busy and unpredictable schedules.”

“Well, I’m happy for you big brother.” Thea said as she grabbed her purse and headed out of the condo.

Oliver worked from home the next day. The only things he had to do were read some reports and attend a virtual meeting, both of which he could do from home. It was a surprisingly slow week at QC, so Oliver chose to make the most of it and spend as much time with William as he could. His son kept fussing every time Oliver set him down for longer than a few seconds.

Felicity walked into the hospital the day after her date with Oliver and was heading towards the elevator when she heard someone call out to her. She turned around and saw one of the nurses from the ER running up to her.

“Hey, Dr. Smoak.”

“Hi. It’s Sara, right?”

“Yeah. Look, this is gonna sound weird, but Ollie reached out to you right?”

“Ollie as in Oliver Queen?” Felicity asked. “Why are you asking?”

“He’s an old friend of mine. And I told him if he didn’t make a move, I’d do it for him.” she admitted. “So, did he work up the nerve or do I need to tell you he’s an idiot but I think he really likes you?”

“He asked me. We went out last night.” Felicity admitted.

“Ok, good. I’m sorry, I know this was weird to ask and you don’t really know me, so-“

“It’s a little weird, I’ll admit. I’m just glad this wasn’t a ‘he’s mine, back off’ conversation.” she said. “Given who he is and how crazy some people will be, it wouldn’t have surprised me.”
“No, I don’t think my girlfriend would appreciate that.” Sara said before checking her watch. “I need to go. I’m glad he asked you out. He deserves to find someone. Have a nice day.”

“I hope you guys get a quiet day today.” The ER was always hectic, but some days were way worse than others.

Felicity went upstairs and prepared for her first patient of the day. It was getting close to flu season, so plenty of her patients for the next week were going to be worried parents convinced their kids slight sniffle meant they already had the flu. It was her experience that parents with kids under 5 brought them in for anything and everything and it was more her job to treat the parents than the children.

Her day was busy, but luckily most of the kids she saw had either a cold, an ear infection or just a tummy ache. There were a few who had more serious ailments, but they were few and far between. During her lunch break, she called Oliver and told him she would be free in the middle of next week for a date. He needed to jump onto a conference call but told her he’d get back to her on what worked for him.

After a very busy day reading project proposals for QC’s applied sciences, Oliver called Felicity back and they got to talking. They made plans to go out to dinner on the following Wednesday night. Over the next week, they talked and texted back and forth, discussing anything and everything.

Wednesday came and Felicity was getting ready for her date with Oliver when her phone rang. It was him. “Hello?”

“Hi,” he said, sounding nervous. “I’m really sorry to do this….” William had been very upset and clingy all day, to the point of screaming every time Oliver tried to leave or put him down at all.

“You can’t make it tonight.”

“I’m sorry, its just- Will’s been really clingy lately and-.” He didn’t want to subject his sister or his parents or a friend to dealing with a cranky baby for a few hours.

“No, I understand. You don’t have to explain.” She told him.

“I’m sorry, I really wanted to see you tonight.” He said. In the background, William began crying.

“No, its okay. He needs you.” She assured him. “We can reschedule. Anything I can do?”

“Well, do you want to come over?” Oliver asked before he could stop himself. “We won’t be able to go out to dinner, but we could still have dinner. I mean, I was really looking forward to seeing you.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yeah, I mean, unless you don’t want to. It’s probably too early to ask you to come over.”

“No, its okay. I’m fine coming over, I just wanted to make sure you were sure. With William being clingy I didn’t want to make things harder on you. I’m okay with postponing our date if you need to.”

“I’m sure. I really wanna see you tonight.”
“Ok, send me your address and I’ll head over.” She told him. Moments later, Felicity got a text with Oliver’s address.

Oliver sent the text and put William in his high chair. “Ok, Will. Let’s get this place cleaned up before Felicity gets here. We don’t want her to think you like throwing your toys all over the place, do we?”

Chapter End Notes

Comments? Thoughts? Suggestions?
Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Felicity and Oliver have their second date, with a very cute third wheel.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Oliver cleaned as much as he could while he was waiting for Felicity to arrive. After he’d ended their phone call, he realized that this was the first time she’d be seeing his apartment. He wanted to make a good impression. He was also worried that Felicity, a pediatrician, might see some of the things he had in his apartment and think he was a bad father.

Before he could get too worried, there was a knock on the door. He opened it to see Felicity standing there. She had her hair down and was wearing a grey and pink dress that appeared to be made out of a t-shirt-like material.

“Hi.”

“Hey.” Oliver responded. “Come in.”

Will was in his high chair playing with a stuffed animal. He dropped the toy when he saw Oliver and Felicity entered and just stared at them.

“Hey there, William.” Felicity said coming closer to him. “I hear you’re a little clingy today.” He let her pick him up without complaint. “I think you just wanted to spend some extra time with your dad. That’s okay. I can share my date with you. Your dad’s pretty cool.”

“I don’t know what’s wrong with him.” Oliver said. “It seems like every time I put him down, he starts screaming.”

She felt his forehead. “Well, he doesn’t feel warm. How does he react to others? Has he been clingy with them too?”

“He hasn’t- we haven’t seen anyone else in the last few days.”

“Who’s been watching him while you work?”

“I’ve been working from home for the last week, so me. I didn’t have anything at work that needed me to be there, so I took the extra time to spend with Will.” He said. “Usually I work a half day in the office and either my sister or his grandparents watch him in the morning. Twice a week, he goes to QC’s daycare for a few hours so he can be around other kids his age.”

“Ah.” Felicity said in realization. “I see what happened.”

“What happened? Is he okay?”

“Yeah, he’s fine. He misses his little friends and the people he usually sees, like your sister. He didn’t get to see them and he doesn’t know why, so he’s a little scared. What if when you put him
down, you disappear too?” She said. “So he’s a little clingy so you won’t leave. Also, you being home messed up his routine a little bit.”

“His routine?”

“Yeah. Kids do well with a routine, which you unknowingly disrupted. He’s used to his days going a certain way but the last few days, he hasn’t done the things he normally does, so he’s a little confused.”

“All of this because I wanted to spend extra time with him?” He asked, sounding upset.

“Well, he’s a baby, he doesn’t know that. He just knows that he isn’t doing the things he usually doing and its confusing.” She answered. “You need to remember that he’s a brand new person. He’s a very tiny human being and he doesn’t know what’s going on. This has never happened to him before and he can’t even Google it.”

“So, I’m not a horrible father or doing anything wrong?”

“Nope.” William started crying and Felicity took him from his father’s arms and started to bounce him gently. “Yes, its very hard to be a baby. I know. But guess what? It’s going to be okay.” She kept bouncing him until he calmed down. “Sometimes, that’s all you can do.”

“Thanks.” Oliver said, feeling better. “I’m not gonna lie, its been a rough few days and I’m always convinced I’m doing something wrong.”

“You’re welcome. Whatever you’re making smells good.”

“Thanks. It’s chicken cordon bleu. I hope that’s okay.”

“As long as cordon bleu doesn’t have peanuts in it, it sounds amazing.”

“Peanuts?”

“I’m allergic.” She said with a shrug.

“That’s good to know.” William began fussing again. “Don’t worry, I haven’t forgotten about you. Can you hold him while I get his bottle ready?”

“Of course.”

Oliver made William’s formula and heated the liquid up in the microwave. He handed her the bottle when it was finished and she held the bottle near William’s mouth, waiting for him to take the bottle. The boy started to drink quickly.

“Oh, someone was hungry.” She remarked. “What formula is this?”

“Gerber. Why? Is that a bad brand? Should I switch him to something else?”

“No, it’s a good brand. I was just curious.” She answered. “And he seems to like it, so there’s no reason switch.”

“Ok because its just- most people advocate breastfeeding but that’s not an option. And it seemed like most new parents I asked said Will should be breastfed, and I was lucky a friend of mine started feeding his daughter formula around the time Will was born and recommended Gerber.” He explained.
“Can I ask you a question?” Felicity asked. “It’s about William’s mother.”

“One name was Samantha. She passed away. She- she started to hemorrhage after labor and the doctors couldn’t- you know, she was ready to be a mom. I was- completely unprepared doesn’t even begin to cover it.”

“I’m sorry. That must’ve been hard.”

“We weren’t- we weren’t together, but we wanted to be on good terms for the baby. So, we were friends but I think the thing that upsets me the most is that she didn’t even get to hold him. He was born and she started to crash so they rushed him out of the room and tried to save her. I don’t wanna think about how I’m gonna answer the questions he’s gonna have when he grows up. Her parents see him at least once a week, I feel like that’s the best way I can honor her memory.” He said. “This got very heavy. I’m sorry.”

“It’s okay. I asked and- I knew there was a chance the answer wasn’t going to be nice.” Felicity said. “I’m sorry she passed away.”

The oven beeped and Oliver went to take their dinner out of the oven and serve it. After dinner, they moved to the living room and spent a few hours playing with Will on the carpet. As it grew late, Felicity told him she needed to go.

“This wasn’t the date I had in mind, but this was a pretty nice evening.”

“Pretty nice?”

“Well, we did have a third wheel joining us. A very cute third wheel though.” Felicity smiled.

“That is true.” Oliver picked his son up and held him. “Wave bye-bye to Felicity.” He took his son’s arm and waved it.

“Bye-bye Will.” She gave Oliver a peck on the lips and waved bye to Will. “Good night.”

Chapter End Notes

Comments? Thoughts?
Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

Felicity and Oliver's relationship hits a milestone, and Felicity gets a surprise.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

After Oliver and Felicity’s quiet date night, they went on a handful of more dates, William-free thankfully. Usually they went out to dinner and occasionally, they'd stop at Jitters afterward for some coffee, or if it was nice, they'd go for a walk.

They were wrapping up another date when Oliver bent down to kiss he goodbye outside of her door.

“I don't suppose your babysitter could stay the night?” Felicity asked him hopefully. They’d been going out for some time and she wanted to do something a little more adult than just kissing. “So I can invite you in.”

“Not this time.” He said regretfully. Thea was really stressing about a test she had, and he knew she couldn't study and watch Will all night. “She has a test tomorrow.”

“That's too bad.”

“Her tests are over at the end of the week. She can spend the night after that.” He told her.

“Sounds like a great idea”

“I've been known to have them from time to time.” he said. He kissed her goodbye and left.

The next day, during his lunch break, Oliver called Felicity. “My family wants to meet you.”

“They do?”

Yeah, my sister told my parents she was babysitting for me more often and they wanted to know why, so I told them I was dating someone and now they wanna meet you.”

“And how worried should I be?”

“Worried?”

“Your parents are Moira and Robert Queen. They wanna meet me, but they also wanna see if I'm good enough for you.” She told him.

“Well, I'm the one who's dating out of his league, so you have nothing to worry about.” He said.

“We talked about your whole self-deprecation schtick. You might not be a doctor, but you're a successful businessman and a great father. You aren't out of my league. Why are we putting people
“Into leagues anyway?” She asked. “Do you want me to meet your family?”

“Yes.” He said. “Do you want me to meet yours?”

“Oh, my mom’s been aching to meet you since I told her I had a date. I’ve just been working up the nerve to ask her to fly out here.”

“The nerve?”

“My mom and I don’t always see eye-to-eye. Were kinda polar opposites.” Felicity admitted. “I mean, we get along but- you’ll see when you meet her. She’s been asking about you a lot. And I do want you to meet her.”

“I can’t wait.” He told her. “Speedy said she can babysit Will overnight on Friday or Saturday.”

“Let’s do Saturday, I have some appointments on Friday that could run a little late.”

Oliver and Felicity had an early dinner Saturday night before he drove them both back to Felicity’s apartment. This was it. They were finally taking their relationship to the next level. As she unlocked the door, Oliver began nuzzling against her neck.

“Someone’s excited.”

“To spend the night, all night, with my amazing girlfriend, you bet I am.” He defended just as she unlocked the door.

“Well, I don’t wanna keep you waiting, do I?” She asked as she pulled him inside. In Felicity’s apartment, things started to get very hot and heavy quickly. “Why don’t we take this into the bedroom?” Oliver kept kissing her and backed her into the wall. “Or the wall. The wall works too. I’ve always liked the wall.”

The next morning, Oliver woke up a little before Felicity and got out of bed. He wanted to do something nice and decided to make her coffee and some breakfast. While he was waiting for the coffee to brew, he looked through his phone. He had a handful of texts from Thea, all status updates about Will throughout the night. Felicity seemed to sons coffee was ready, because she appeared in the kitchen shortly after the machine beeped.

“So, last night was…”

“Yeah.” He replied. He was about to say something else when there was a knock on her door.

Felicity walked over to answer it, expecting it was a delivery. Instead of UPS, a blonde woman was on the other side, bouncing up and down and screaming.

“I’m so excited. Are you excited?” The woman yelled.

“Mom? What are you doing here?” Felicity asked.

Oliver heard the word ‘mom’ and started looking around for his pants.

Her mother lost some of her enthusiasm. “I told you I was coming to visit. My text.”
“Mom, you didn't press send on the text. I never got it.” She explained.

“Oh.” Donna saw movement behind Felicity. “Wait, is someone here? Do you have a man over? Did I-?”

Felicity turned to where Oliver was. “This isn't how I wanted to do this, but Oliver, come here. I want you to meet my mom. Oliver, Mom. Mom, Oliver.”

Thankfully, Oliver had found his clothes and was dressed when he stepped around Felicity. “Nice to meet you, Ms. Smoak.”

“Call me Donna.”

Chapter End Notes

Comments? Thoughts? Suggestions?
“Are you sure it’s okay that I’m coming?” Felicity asked Oliver as they drove over to the Queen Mansion. It had been a week since they’d taken their relationship to the next level, and Oliver was taking her to meet his parents.

“Why wouldn’t it be okay?” He asked. “My parents wanna meet you.”

“I get that, but when you said they wanted to meet me, I didn’t think it meant coming to your mother’s annual garden party as your plus one.”

Every year, Moira Queen threw a massive garden party right before Easter. She invited dozens of people, many of whom had been family friends for years. So, not only was Felicity meeting Oliver’s family, but dozens of people who’d known him for years. Growing up in Las Vegas, Felicity didn’t really have any experience with garden parties. She was terrified she’d do something to embarrass herself and Oliver.

“There’s nothing to worry about. They’re gonna love you.” Oliver assured her as they pulled up to the mansion.

They were gathering their things, and William’s, when a short brunette girl came tearing out of the house. “Finally! Mom’s been driving me crazy asking where you were.” She said dramatically.

Felicity, who was holding William’s baby carrier, chuckled when she heard that. “You must be Thea. We didn’t get to meet last time.”

“Last time you’re the doctor who treated William after the accident. Ollie, why didn’t you tell me the doctor was your girlfriend?” She asked her brother.

“I told you she was a doctor.” He reminded her. “You asked where we met, I said Starling General. I thought you would’ve worked it out. And you’re being kinda rude.”

Thea shook her head and turned back to Felicity. “Sorry, I was just caught off guard. Nice to meet you, Dr. Smoak, officially.”
“My name’s Felicity. I’m only Dr. Smoak at work.” She said with a smile right as William woke up and started gurgling.

“Aw, and Will looks so cute in his little suit.” Thea gushed over her nephew. Oliver was wearing a powder blue suit with a white shirt and William had a matching infant-sized one. “You’re like a mini-Oliver.”

“They do look cute in their matching outfits.” Felicity agreed.

“I’m not cute.” Oliver pouted.

They made their way into the backyard where people were milling about. Oliver was looking around for someone when Tommy spotted him. He nudged the woman next to him and they made their way over to Oliver and Felicity.

“Hey Ollie. Your mom really went all out this year.” Tommy said, gesturing to the set-up. “Hi, I’m Tommy Merlyn.” He said, introducing himself. “This is my fiancé Laurel.”

“I’m Felicity. Felicity Smoak. I thought you looked familiar.” Felicity had seen Tommy around the hospital every now and then. “How’s your residency going?”

“Stressful beyond belief. How’s it been in your department?”

“I’m glad flu season is over.” Flu season was rough because of the influx of worried parents who panicked when their child got sick. Those appointments were stressful, but that wasn’t her main complaint. Felicity wasn’t a violent person by nature, but every flu season she had to deal with anti-vax parents accusing her of trying to give their kid autism or turn their kid gay by offering a flu shot. “I can only handle so many anti-vaxxers before I lose it. I didn’t go to school for eight years for them to tell me that an article they read knows more than me.”

“Oh, and because you’re a pediatrician, you see a lot more of that than I do or Sara.” Tommy said sympathetically. “That sucks.”

Felicity was about to launch into a tirade about how much she hated anti-vaxxers, but before she could, an older couple walked over to them. “Son, are you going to introduce us to your guest?” Robert asked Oliver.

“Dad, Mom, you probably remember Dr. Smoak from the night of the accident. Felicity, I’d like you to meet my parents.” He said, introducing them.

“Nice to meet you, officially.” The blonde said with a smile.

“You as well.” Moira said. She smiled, but the expression didn’t quite reach her eyes. Felicity wasn’t the type of person she’d envisioned for Oliver. From their brief encounter, she knew Felicity was perfectly nice but she wasn’t quite as polished as the women Oliver usually showed interest in. “Oh, I believe the Bowens just arrived. Excuse us, we need to go greet them.” She and Robert walked away.

“She hates me.” Felicity said, watching Oliver’s parents walk away. “Well, maybe ‘hate’ is the wrong word, but she doesn’t like me.”

“She doesn’t know you.” Oliver pointed out.

“Doesn’t matter. She doesn’t think I’m good enough.” Felicity said. She was upset, but mostly, she was offended. Felicity was an excellent doctor. She’d graduated medical school at the top of her
class and was offered an internship at nearly every prestigious hospital in the country. She was an accomplished, well-respected physician, but that apparently wasn’t good enough for Moira.

“She’s got it backwards. I’m not good enough for you.” He said, trying to reassure her. William let out a giggle as he said that. “See? Will agrees.”

“I think he’s just excited about the fun colors and people he recognizes.” She responded.

“Babies can recognize people this young?” Laurel asked.

“Yes and no. Except Oliver, he doesn’t quite make the connection between your face and your name. He’s just kinda like ‘I know this person’ but if you asked him ‘who’s Laurel’, he wouldn’t know.” Felicity explained. “He knows Dad, and that’s it.”

William started fussing, so Oliver started to rock him back and forth. They talked with Laurel and Tommy for a while longer until Tommy saw someone standing behind Oliver and excused himself. Will stop fussing and let out an excited noise, causing Oliver to turn around.

“Hello, Oliver.” An older man said as he walked over with a woman around his age, most likely his wife.

“Hi Frank. Irene.” He returned. “Felicity, this is Frank and Irene Clayton. Samantha’s parents.”

“Nice to meet you.” She said quietly. The situation was awkward. What did the Clayton’s think about Oliver dating so soon after Samantha’s death? Did they think she was trying to replace their daughter?

“Hi.” Irene said before waving to William. “Hello William. Look how big you’ve gotten! He wasn’t this big the last time we saw him, was he?”

“Nope. He’s growing, that’s for sure.” Frank said.

“80th percentile for height and weight.” Oliver told them. “Which is good, right?”

“Yeah. It means he’s growing at the right pace, on track with the standard growth curve. He’s hitting all of the developmental milestones right on schedule, or a little earlier too.” Felicity said.

“How do you-?” Irene started to ask.

“I’m a pediatrician.” She explained. “I actually met Oliver when William had a cold and Oliver had the ‘first-time parent freakout’ as I call it.”

“And he’s- William’s healthy. What happened to- he’s okay?” The grandmother asked.

“Yes. He’s a healthy, happy, perfect baby.” She assured them.

“That’s good to know.”

Chapter End Notes

Thoughts? Suggestions? Comments?
Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

Oliver and Felicity take the next step in their relationship

After the party, Oliver, Felicity and William drove back to Oliver’s apartment. Besides the awkward meeting with the Claytons and Moira’s clear dislike of Felicity, the party was fun. Oliver noticed his girlfriend was quiet, which was rare, and asked her about it.

“Everything okay in there?”

“What? Oh, yeah.” She said. “Just….thinking.”

“Is this about you meeting my mom?”

“I wanted her to like me, I mean she’s your mother, and she doesn’t. But, it’s fine.”

“My mom and I aren’t close. I love her, but she- we’re on civil terms and that’s about it.” he said. “Some things happened over the last year and-.”

“She tried to pay Samantha off or something, didn’t she? Or tried to convince you not to raise William.”

“Pretty much.” He said. “My mother is….my mother. And she’s just gonna have to get used to you being around.”

“Oh she is, is she?” She asked.

“Yes, because I somehow talked you into dating me and I don’t plan on letting you go.”

“Well, okay then.” She said. William began fussing in the backseat. “Oh, don’t worry buddy. We aren’t gonna let you go either.” She reached behind Oliver’s seat to pick up the toy he’d dropped. “Even if you keep letting go of your toys.” She promised him as she handed him the stuffed tiger he’d let go of.

Oliver had already parked the car in his apartment’s garage and sat there watching Felicity interact with William. “Move in with me.”

“What?”

“You heard me. I want you to move in with me.”

“Are you sure about that? I work- sometimes I have really weird hours. Like night shifts or weird 1 pm to 9 pm shifts. And since my work schedule’s weird, so is my sleeping schedule.” She told him.

“So is mine. Between Will’s sleep patterns and the number of virtual meetings and conference calls I have overseas, my schedule isn’t that much weirder than yours.” He assured her. “Unless you brought up your work schedule as an excuse because you think this is too soon, in which case-.”
“No, I don’t. It’s just- dating me with my weird schedule and living with me on said weird schedule are two very different things. There might be days where I wake up a little bit before you go to bed. Or vice versa.” She told him. She’d had one relationship, her first year of her internship, that was ruined by her odd hours and demanding schedule. She didn’t want her relationship with Oliver to suffer the same fate.

“I think we should give it a try and figure it out as we go.” He said. “I love you, I love being with you. I wanna see you every single day.”

“Did you- you just said you loved me.”

“Are you really so surprised?”

“Well, this is the first time you’ve told me you loved me.”

“It is? Well, I love you.”

“I love you too.” She said, leaning over to kiss him. “And my answer’s yes. I wanna move in with you.”

“Fantastic.”

It took about a month for Felicity to get fully moved into Oliver’s apartment, but soon enough her lease was done, her landlord had found a new tenant and Felicity was living with Oliver and William. She put down the very last box she needed to unpack and saw William laying in his playpen with some toys.

She walked over to him and started playing with him. “Aw, if it isn’t my adorable new roommate.”

“I thought I was your adorable new roommate.” Oliver said in a fake upset voice from behind her.

She turned to face him. “I wouldn’t describe you as ‘adorable’. You’re a bit old to be called that.”

“If I’m not your adorable new roommate, who am I?”

“You’re my super hot, successful boyfriend who I live with. Way better than just a roommate.” She said.

“You have a point there.” He conceded. “Now that you’re all moved in, we should celebrate.”

“What do you have in mind?”

“Well, Will’s due for a nap soon. I was thinking we could have some grown-up fun.”

“You mean you don’t wanna watch Baby Einsteins? Bummer.” She said sarcastically.

Oliver put William down for a nap and he and Felicity christened his apartment.
Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

William reaches an important milestone and has a playdate.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

The next few weeks passed quickly and Oliver and Felicity settled into their little bubble of domestic bliss. They each began to adjust to seeing the other almost every day and slowly developed a routine. William also got used to Felicity being around all of the time and sometimes, to Oliver’s surprise. The baby would be fussy whenever his father held him, but quiet down as soon as he was in Felicity’s arms. He seemed to make the connection between Felicity and home before too long.

Three weeks after Felicity moved in, William was playing with some toys on the carpet when he crawled over to a block and picked it up. William had started to stand recently. He couldn’t quite do it on his own yet, but he would sometimes pull himself up using the coffee table and hold onto it for support. Today though, he seemed fine with crawling. He drooled on the block for a few seconds before taking it out of his mouth and holding it out to Felicity.

“Oh, for me?” She asked.

“No!” William yelled. He held it out for her to take anyway. “No.”

Felicity turned to Oliver in shock. “Did he-? Were those-?” William had been making baby noises for a while. The babbles sometimes sounded like he was talking, but it hadn’t reached the point of him saying real words yet. Until now it seemed.

“Will?” Oliver said.

The baby looked over to his dad. “No.” He repeated, as he held out the block to him.

Oliver took the block and his son smiled, clapping his chubby hands happily. “I think Will just said his first word.”

“And we didn’t record it.” She said, sounding disappointed.

“‘We can record the next time he talks and tell everyone we got his first words.” He suggested.

A week later, Oliver took William to his nine-month check-up with his regular doctor and came home to discuss everything the doctor had told him during the appointment.

“I don’t know why you couldn’t have given him a check-up. Then you could’ve just explained it all to me then and there.” He remarked.
“It’s kinda….a doctor treating someone they know really well is frowned upon. And its in this ethical grey area.” She admitted. “Now, if there was an emergency or it was something small, I’d treat William, but as your girlfriend, I really shouldn’t be Will’s doctor.”

“Oh, I guess I didn’t think of that.” He admitted. “Well, Dr. Allen said he was hitting the right milestones for height and weight. We talked about his eating, sleeping and his….bathroom needs.”

“He asked if William’s peeing or pooping has changed. I do these check-ups all the time. You don’t have to tiptoe around the word ‘poop’.” She said. William was making grabby hands towards Felicity, so she picked him up. “Let me guess. Will did great during his appointment and Dr. Allen told you he’s the best baby in the entire world.”

“I don’t think he’s allowed to say that.” Oliver pointed out. “He said all the measurements were good, but when we talked about Will’s development, he seemed a little….underwhelmed.”

“What did he ask?”

“I mentioned Will was starting to learn words like ‘no’. And that he waves bye-bye to people. I said he was standing, but that William wasn’t walking yet.”

“That’s not a bad thing. He isn’t behind. He’s standing, he’ll probably start cruising soon, which is when a child holds onto furniture and walks around that. You can’t rush a baby to walk or talk when you want them to, I have parents ask me that all the time. He’ll walk when he’s ready.” She said. “And I’m pretty sure Dr. Allen would’ve said something along those lines.”

“He did, but when he asked about Will socializing, I told him he goes to daycare a few days a week. He didn’t seem impressed.”

“Well, a few days a week is better than not at all. Maybe he’s concerned that William isn’t around other babies very often when he’s at daycare. He doesn’t seem to have playdates very often.”

“I only know one other person with a baby.” He confessed. “And John’s daughter is a few months older than William.”

“That’s okay. They’re close enough to the same age.” She said. “Call John, ask if his daughter can have a playdate with William. And you two can have Dad-time or whatever.”

“He’s not gonna let me live this down.”

“He’s a dad, he’ll get it.” She assured him.

After a few more days of convincing, Oliver called John Diggle and asked if he could bring his daughter over for a playdate. Digg laughed at Oliver’s awkwardness but agreed. They decided Oliver would host. The CEO thought his friend asked him to host as an excuse to finally meet Felicity, who he hadn’t managed to meet, but had heard a lot about. The day of the playdate came and there was a knock on the apartment door. Oliver was changing William’s diaper, so Felicity answered.

A tall black man with huge arms was standing there holding a baby carrier. He had a diaper bag thrown over one shoulder. “Let me guess, you’re the famous Felicity?”

“I’m famous?” She responded as she moved out of the doorway. “You must be John.”

“My friends call me Digg.” He entered the apartment, put the baby carrier down and removed his daughter. “And this is Sara.”
“Well, hello Sara.” Felicity said, waving to her. “Oliver’s dealing with a poopy diaper, but he and Will should be right out. Your daughter is very cute.”

“Thank you. She inherited that from my wife.” He responded. “Don’t tell her I said that, Lyla doesn’t like being called cute.”

“Your secret’s safe with me.” Felicity promised.

“Okay, now that this little guy has a fresh diaper and a clean butt,” Oliver announced as he walked into the room holding William, “once Digg gets here- Digg’s here.”

“Yeah. You were off in poopy-diaper land when I got here.” His friend said. “And I was getting to know Felicity here. Your girlfriend who you never stop mentioning.”

“Aw. That’s sweet. I hope he says good things.”

“Oh, he does.” Digg said as he put Sara down on the carpet and took out a few toys for her to play with. William soon joined her with toys of his own. “I gotta admit, this isn’t that exciting.”

“Yes, because they’re still babies. Just wait until they’re running around and able to draw on the walls.” Felicity said.

“William’s not gonna do that for a while.” Oliver insisted. “He has to stay a baby for a long time.”

“Good luck with that.”

Chapter End Notes

Comments? Thoughts? Suggestions?
Chapter 11

Chapter Summary

William learns a new word, and a new skill.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

A week after his playdate with Sara, William surprised both Felicity and Oliver during breakfast. Oliver had made omelets for himself and Felicity and was eating his in between feeding his son applesauce. William had been on solid foods for three months at this point, and so far, it was clear applesauce was his favorite. He was laughing happily as he was fed, likely glad that he didn’t have to eat pureed carrots like the day earlier. Oliver didn’t realize this when William was first born, but feeding a baby was a messy job. Applesauce was getting everywhere. William’s breakfast was done, so Oliver turned back to his own food.

“Well, that’s certainly a look.” Felicity remarked. “I personally think we should all walk around with applesauce in our hair.”

“Do I- oh crap. I have a meeting today with the board.” He said, trying to feel where the food was. He’d already learned not to get dressed for work until after feeding his son, but he couldn’t really do anything about his hair.

“Oliver, calm down. The food’s in Will’s hair, not yours.” She assured him. “See?” There was a tiny glob of applesauce in the soft, wispy hairs on William’s head. She grabbed a baby wipe and gently wiped it off of the baby’s head. “You really liked that applesauce, huh?”

William made grabby-hands towards Felicity. “Mama.”

Both adults froze. “Did he- you heard that too, right?”

“Mama.” Will repeated.

“He definitely called me “Mama”. I don’t- we didn’t talk about this. We never-.”

Oliver and Felicity both knew this would come up eventually. William would grow up and have questions about his mother. Samantha was gone, William didn’t have any memories of his mother. He was too young to know that Felicity wasn’t his birth mother. And while she didn’t give birth to him, she still felt like William was her child. Hearing him call her “mama” however, made the whole thing real and Felicity felt guilty.

“Well, you kinda are.” Oliver said after a long silence. “You didn’t give birth to him, but you love him and you take care of him. You do all of the things a mother does. You aren’t his birth mother, but in every other way, you’re his mother.”

“But Samantha-.”

“When he’s old enough to understand, we’ll explain everything. For right now, who does it hurt?” Her boyfriend asked. “You sure you’re okay? I can reschedule my meeting if you need.”
“No, I’m fine. I was just- it caught me off-guard.” She said. Today was one of the days she was off and she was looking forward to a relaxing day. As relaxing a day could be when you’re taking care of a baby, anyway. “Will and I will be fine. Right, Will?”

“No.” He said happily. He then started babbling again in baby-talk.

“That’s right. I did promise we’d go to the park today, didn’t I?” She responded like they’d been having a conversation. “We’ll be fine, I promise.” Oliver did the breakfast dishes before getting dressed for work.

“Daddy’s about to leave. Bye-bye, little man.” He said to his son.

William waved bye-bye to his father before realizing he was still in his high-chair. He started crying, wanting to get down from there. He wanted down so that he could explore and play. Felicity took him out of the high chair and put him on the ground. He started crawling around and didn’t seem to pay Oliver or Felicity any attention.

The rest of the day was uneventful, besides William having learned a new word. Felicity went into work the next day, and Oliver brought William to QC’s daycare. While Felicity was at work, she bumped into Sara in the elevator. The nurse asked how she, Oliver and William were doing.

“Good. He’s growing exactly like he should. He’s a happy baby.” She answered. “He called me Mama.”

“What?”

“He called me Mama yesterday. I don’t really know how I’m supposed to feel.”

“You aren’t happy?”

“I am, but its- I don’t know. it just feels like being happy about it kinda insults Samantha. She was supposed to be the one he called “Mama”. There are all these memories she never got to make with him that I’m making instead.”

“I knew Samantha. Not as well as I do Ollie, but I knew her. She wanted to be a mom, and in a perfect world, she’d still be here. But it seems that wasn’t meant to be. I think she’d be happy William has someone like you in his life. She loved him and she wanted him to be loved. That’s exactly what you’re doing. You shouldn’t feel guilty for that.”

Felicity was still feeling somewhat conflicted about William calling her “Mama” for a few days. The feeling passed the more she thought about what Oliver and Sara had said. A few days after first saying “Mama”, Will learned a new word, “Dada”. Oliver’s face lit up like he’d just won the lottery when he heard the word come out of his son’s mouth. They then played a game where Felicity would point to Oliver and ask William who it was. He’d say “Dada”. Then, Oliver would ask William who Felicity was. “Mama” was his answer.

That weekend, after Felicity got off of an early morning shift, she and Oliver were sitting in the living room watching a movie that neither of them was really paying attention to. William was on the carpet, playing. Oliver was about to ask what the name of the movie was again when Felicity hit him in the arm.
“Get your phone out.”

“What?”

“Get your phone out.” She said. “I think something big’s about to happen.” She’d been watching William for the last few minutes. He was standing up and looking at them. Unlike a few weeks earlier, he didn’t need to use the coffee table or another piece of furniture to brace himself. She took the phone from Oliver. “Sit down on the floor.”

“Why?”

“If you sit down, he might try to walk towards you.” She said.

Oliver moved onto the floor and held his arms out towards William, encouraging him to move closer. William went to take a step, and fell down. He got back up, and tried to take a step, and fell down again. It took a few tries, and a lot of encouragement from Oliver and Felicity, but he took one step. Then, he took another. Then, he fell down.

“Did you get it?”

“Of course, I did. I started recording before you were off the couch.” She assured him. “He took his first steps.”

“I know. We’re in trouble now, aren’t we?” He asked jokingly.

“We’re definitely gonna miss his crawling stage at some point.” She answered. “When they crawl, they’re easier to catch.”

Chapter End Notes

Comments? Thoughts? Suggestions?
Chapter 12

Chapter Summary

William's first birthday arrives and a big change is coming.

Chapter Notes

The panel at SDCC made me feel sad (bc its the last Arrow panel at SDCC), so I wrote this to feel less sad.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

William learning how to walk came with a new round of baby-proofing. It only took William knocking two glasses off of the coffee table to convince Oliver and Felicity to start moving the fragile things to a higher shelf. Now that he was more mobile, it was easier for him to get into cabinets and open drawers. The last thing anyone wanted was from William to hurt himself because Oliver's various kitchen utensils were too easy for him to get a hold of.

“What should we do with the pots and pans?” Oliver asked. William was in his highchair, eating some Cheerios, while they reorganized the kitchen.

“You can leave ‘em. Except the iron skillet, because its heavy.” Felicity told him.

“We should just leave them. They’re in a cabinet he could open back when he was crawling.”

“Look, the only thing he can do with them is bang them together and make a lot of noise.” She said. “They aren’t dangerous to him. And I prefer him banging pots to that annoying as frack singing Beebo toy your mom gave him last week.”

“You don’t like Beebo?” He asked.

“Beebo the character, I don’t have anything against. I’ve given Beebos a lot of “shots” so that my patients won’t be scared.” She said. Kids didn’t like shots, and often brought stuffed toys to the doctor’s office with them so they wouldn’t be scared. Felicity would offer to give Beebo, or whatever the stuffed toy was, a “special magic shot” before the kid got their shot so that the child wouldn’t be scared. “Beebo, I like. Singing Beebo is another matter entirely. Singing Beebo also lives with me. I don’t like singing Beebo.”

“Oh, I don’t like him either.” He told her. “Maybe singing Beebo should mysteriously disappear like the singing bass I bought my dad for father’s day when I was ten. Or the wind-up racecar I had when I was six.”

“Yeah, maybe.” She said.

They finished rearranging things in the kitchen and William was released from his highchair. He immediately started exploring the kitchen, excited that he was able to open more cabinets and
explore them.

He found the cabinet filled with soup cans to be particularly interesting, unlike the unplugged blender in the cabinet next to it. As he explored, Oliver and Felicity stood there watching. They found his curiosity and fascination with things amazing. Such little things amazed him, it was adorable.

William’s desire to explore became less adorable over the next few days, when his exploring resulted in him making a mess in the living room. He seen Oliver’s movie collection and pulled a number of DVDs off of the shelf. He also began playing with a toy, got bored, dropped it and then went to grab another toy. It wasn’t a huge mess, and there weren’t any spills to clean up, but it was still a little frustrating for his parents.

“It’s too bad we can’t put him in baby jail anymore.” Felicity said as she tried matching discarded DVDs with their boxes.

“Baby jail?” Her boyfriend asked.

She gestured over her shoulder. “The playpen. I call it “baby jail” because a baby can’t escape from it. But now that he’s standing and walking, he might try to escape, and possibly hurt himself so we shouldn’t use it. Time to break out the baby gates.”

Soon after he conquered walking, William’s first birthday rolled around. Samantha’s parents decided to forego attending, as her death was still very fresh for them. Oliver made plans for them to see William a few days later.

On his actual birthday, William had a birthday party at Queen Mansion. In addition to his immediate family, Tommy, Laurel, Sara, Sara’s girlfriend Nyssa and the Diggles came to the party, along with a few of the other kids from QC’s daycare.

“I feel like we shouldn’t give William that cake.” Oliver said, pointing to the very well-decorated cake that was on its own table in the backyard. “He’s just gonna smash it.”

“Oh, you never give the real cake to kid under five.” Felicity told him. “You buy a separate, smaller cake for the kid to smash and then you cut the real cake for the guests.”

“Really?”

“I hope so, otherwise your mom asked me to pick up another cake for no reason.” Tommy said. He turned to Felicity and nodded slightly. “Doctor.”

“Doctor.” They went back and forth for about thirty seconds.

“You guys are weird.” Thea said.

“I got my bachelors degree and then went to med school for four years before going through seven years of residency.” Tommy defended. “That’s 15 years of work. If I wanna quote “Spies Like Us”, I’ve earned that right.”

“The two of you just repeating the word “doctor” back and forth is a bit odd.” Laurel pointed out.

“Yeah, I’ll own up to that.”
After the cake was cut, and William got to smash the other one, Oliver was pulled aside by his parents. A strange sense of foreboding overcame him. Their relationship was strained, so he didn’t know what they could possibly want.

“I need to discuss something with you, Oliver. We both do.” His mother said.

“And you decided now was a good time?”

“It can’t wait.”

“Yes, it can. It’s William’s birthday. I don’t want you to ruin it with whatever this is.”

“What we need to tell you will impact William.”

“It’s about Felicity.” His father added.

“What about her?”

Moira pulled out a file folder. “She isn’t who you think she is.”

“You had someone investigate my girlfriend?!” He shouted.

“You’re our son, we needed to-.”

“You didn’t “need” to do anything. I’m a grown man.”

“Oliver, please-.”

“No, I’m not gonna listen to this.” He said, storming away from them.

He walked over to Felicity and said they needed to go. She was surprised and was about to ask why but then she looked behind him and saw the look on his parents faces. They’d done something to piss him off. thankfully, the party was already dying down and them leaving with the birthday boy wouldn’t seem like a big deal. William started to get fussy, so they said they should take him home.

They said their goodbyes and Oliver didn’t even glance in his parents’ direction as they left.

“What happened?” She asked once they were in the car.

“My mom had someone investigate you. She handed me a file, trying to tell me that you weren’t who I thought you were.” He said. “They did the same thing to Sam when she told me she was pregnant.”

“Oh.” She said. “I don’t know what could be in there that I haven’t told you about. My mom’s a cocktail waitress, yes, but you knew that. I told you about Cooper.” Cooper was her boyfriend in college. He’d tried to hack into the Department of Education. The FBI started an investigation, and when they got close to figuring out he was responsible, he tried to kill himself and Felicity in some weird murder-suicide plot. He was currently serving a life sentence plus ten years. “So, unless they found something out about my dad, something I don’t even know, I’ve told you everything there is to know about me.”

“It’s not about you, they just want to control my life.” Oliver said.

“Well, I’m not letting them pull that crap.” She said. “I’m not letting you go unless you say you want me too.”
“You’re not getting rid of me that easily.” He said with a smile.

They reached the apartment. William was given a bath and went to bed. Oliver and Felicity followed soon after. The next morning, Oliver woke up to find Felicity still asleep. Her golden hair was laid out on the pillow like a halo. She yawned and woke up to see Oliver looking at her.

“Good morning.” She reached up and ran her fingers through his hair.

“Morning.” He said. They stared at each other, in their blissful little cocoon for several moments. “Marry me.”

“What?” Felicity had been slowly waking up, but now, she was wide awake.

“Okay, this wasn’t how I was going to ask but- Felicity Smoak, will you make me the happiest man on Earth and-?” Oliver had a whole plan in mind. He was going to take her to the restaurant where they had their first date, and when desert came, he was going to pop the question. Instead, it slipped out because he was just so happy.

“Yes.” She said immediately.

“Yes?” He repeated.

“Duh.” She said with an eye roll.

“Okay. I just need to- I don’t have the ring yet, because I was going to “go out for diapers” later to get it but-.” He took a deep breath. “I’ll have it in a few hours. I’m sorry, I messed this up. I had a plan and then I just threw it away.”

“You didn’t mess anything up. Oliver, I love you. I don’t need some fancy, elaborate proposal or a ring to make me wanna say yes. I said yes because I love you and I wanna marry you.” She assured him before kissing him.

He was about to deepen the kiss when William woke up and began crying. “Terrible timing, little man.” Oliver remarked.

Chapter End Notes

Comments? Thoughts?
Chapter 13

Chapter Summary

Oliver and Felicity celebrate their engagement, and Moira reveals what she learned.

Chapter Notes

 Surprise! A new chapter (finally). I know its been over two months, but time got away from me. Enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

After Oliver popped the question, and they got William taken care of, he and Felicity spent most of the morning in bed. She wanted to show Oliver how excited she was to marry him and how happy she was. After a few rounds of celebrating, Oliver’s phone rang. It was Thea, so he answered it.

“Hey, Ollie, is Felicity with you? You should maybe excuse yourself, because I need to talk to you about you know.”

“What are you talking about?” He asked.

“Your proposal, you dummy.”

“About that…” He started to say, but Felicity took the phone from him and put it on speaker.

“What does that mean? You don’t wanna ask her-.”

“He already did.” Felicity spoke up.

“He already- what?”

“Yeah, I kinda- I woke up, and I couldn’t wait anymore, so I just kinda blurted it out.” He admitted sheepishly.

“You just- I thought you had a plan!”

“Plans change. Sometimes for the better.”

“And she said...?”

“Yes, of course I said yes, Thea. Who wouldn’t want to marry your brother?” Felicity said lovingly.

“Ugh, you two are gross. I’m glad you two are engaged now, but I’m gonna-.” She said. “Wait, if he was picking up the ring to give you this afternoon, what did he-?”

“He doesn’t have the ring. I don’t need a ring. I just need him and William.”
“Well, congrats and all. I’m gonna go now.” Thea said before hanging up. “Ew. I’m happy for Ollie, but that was way too sappy.”

Moira, who’d heard Thea’s half of the conversation, realized what must’ve happened and rushed downstairs. She needed to talk to Robert. They needed to get through to Oliver right away, before his new fiancé got her hooks too far into him.

“He proposed.” She said, storming into Robert’s office.

“What?” He asked, confused.

“Oliver proposed to that girl.” She repeated. “We can’t let someone like that into our family.”

“What would you suggest? He doesn’t seem interested in hearing what you found out. I don’t think he wants to know.”

“What he wants doesn’t matter right now. We can’t let this happen.” Moira vowed before storming out of the room. She was going to make Oliver listen, no matter what it took.

“That’s a nice color, future Dr. Queen.” Oliver remarked when he stepped out of the shower to find Felicity painting her toenails a bright green color. He’d gone out to pick up the engagement ring and proposed properly, which led to more celebrating, which led to him needing to shower.

“Thanks, future Mr. Queen. No, that’s not right. Future Mr. Smoak then. But you aren’t gonna take my name, so-.”

“I’ll change me name to Mr. Oliver Smoak if you want.” He offered.

“No thanks. Oliver Jonas Queen sounds better than Oliver Jonas Smoak.” She said.

“We can meet in the middle and be Smoak-Queens.” He suggested.

“We don’t need to decide right now.” She said before looking at her phone. “I should call my mom, tell her the news.”

“You think she’ll be upset?” He asked. She seemed nervous about making the call.

“Upset? No. She’s gonna be over the moon about it. She loves you, and William. I’m just worried about how loudly she’s gonna to yell in excitement. If you hear glass breaking, you’ll know why.”

Oliver went to check on William, who’d been napping, while Felicity called Donna. No glass was broken, but Donna did insist on switching to FaceTime in order to see the ring. The doctor talked her mom through how to use FaceTime and then showed her the ring. Donna started talking about the but and style, which Felicity didn’t follow, but by the sound of things, Oliver had picked an excellent ring. Oliver walked into the room carrying William while they were still on the phone.

“Wow, he’s gotten so big.” Donna remarked. “I’m coming out there.”

“No, Mom, that’s not-.”

“I haven’t visited you in months. I miss you. I miss all three of you. Besides, we’ve got planning to-.”

“Mom? I’ve been engaged for four hours. Please give us a little bit of time to celebrate and just be
excited before any of the planning starts.” She recommended.

“Fine, but I wanna be included in the planning. My babygirl, my only child, is getting married. I
don’t wanna get left out.”

“You won’t be.” She promised.

Donna hung up soon after. Oliver, Felicity and William spent the rest of the day at home.
William’s vocabulary still consisted only of “no”, “Mama” and “Dada”, but he had started making
connections in his mind. If Felicity asked him where his nose was, he would poke himself in the
nose. They spent some time asking William where different parts of his body were before the boy
started getting antsy. They put him down in the living room with some toys and watched him play.

“It’s too bad he’s so young.” Felicity remarked as he built a tower and then knocked it over.

“Why?”

“Well, imagine how cute he’d be as the ring bearer.” She said. “In a little suit and everything.”

Oliver hummed in agreement. William would look cute in a little suit. He shelved the thought of
how his son could be in the wedding party until later.

The next day, Oliver went to work. He was going through some reports when someone walked into
his office. Looking up, he saw it was Moira. He took a deep breath and set his papers down before
standing to greet her.

“Thea told me you proposed to Felicity.”

“I did.”

“You can’t marry her, Oliver.”

“I love her. She loves me. I asked, she said yes. Why shouldn’t I marry her?” He said. He was at
work, so he couldn’t start yelling, but he wanted to make it clear that he wasn’t happy she was
bringing this up again.

“You don’t know what I found out about her.”

“I don’t care, Mom.” He sighed. “You did this when Samantha was pregnant. You’re doing this
now that I found Felicity. It’s not normal. You should be happy for me, not trying to convince me
it won’t work out.”

“I know it may seem-.”

“She’s a good person, Mom. She’s a doctor. She loves me, she loves William. We both love her.
But for some reason, that’s not enough. You don’t like her. it’s like you don’t think she’s good
enough for me or something. I’m the one who doesn’t deserve her.”

“Oliver, its not- it’s not that simple.”

“Make it simple, or leave. I’m happy and if you don’t understand that, I don’t-.”

“Her father used to work for one of our subsidiaries. Your father fired him, and he didn’t react
well.” Moira said. “He’s currently in prison for stealing and attempting to sell some of our
“That doesn’t have anything to do with Felicity. She hasn’t seen her father since she was seven.”

“Is that what she told you, or-?”

“Her, her mother, all of her friends. What’s your theory? That she dated me to get revenge on our family. She’s not that kind of person.” He said. “What does it say about you, that you think the only reason someone would date, or wanna marry me, is because they have an ulterior motive?”

“Oliver-.”

“Just go, please.” He said, walking back to his desk. He stared at the papers in front of him until he was sure his mother was gone. Then, he called Felicity. “I found out what the PI my parents hired found out.”

“Okay, was it bad? Your voice makes me think its bad. I can’t think-.”

“It’s about your father. He used to work for a QC subsidiary. He was fired and then tried to sell a bunch of our tech to other companies.” He said. “He’s in prison.”

“I don’t- I haven’t seen him since I was a kid. I didn’t- you know I didn’t know about this, right?”

“I know.”

“I didn’t even know he worked for QC. When he left, he was working at Intel.”

“I didn’t ask to see the evidence, but it probably happened after he….when he was no longer in your life.” He said. “I’m more angry at my mom than anything else. She suggested you’re only interested in me to get revenge.”

“That literally makes no sense. No one- who thinks like that, let alone would do something like that?” She yelled. Faint crying could be heard in the background. “Looks like I woke William up from his nap. I gotta go check on him, but we’ll talk later.”

They hung up and Oliver sat in his office. His relationship with his parents wasn’t great, but he couldn’t just ignore this. Maybe it was time for him to slowly start distancing himself from them. They were his parents, but he couldn’t let them keep acting like this or treating Felicity like this.

Chapter End Notes

Comments? Thoughts? Theories?
Chapter 14

Chapter Summary

Oliver and Felicity plan their wedding and tie the knot.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

After Moira had raised her suspicions about Felicity to Oliver, the relationship between mother and son became even more distant. To Moira, Oliver was over-reacting. She was his mother. It was her job to protect both of her children from someone trying to take advantage of them. By looking into Felicity’s past, that’s exactly what she’d been doing. Not only was she concerned about Felicity’s past, but the woman didn't really fit in in Oliver’s world. For Oliver, it was simply the last straw. Moira had had Samantha investigated when she told him she was pregnant. She then tried to pay the girl to move out of town and tell Oliver she’d lost the baby. Now, Oliver was happy with Felicity, and they were engaged, and Moira had her investigated as well. He had no idea what his mother thought she’d gain from any of this, but he was tired of it.

His anger at his mother was part of the reason why he didn’t feel the slightest bit guilty for what happened when Moira met Donna Smoak for the first time. Despite Oliver and Felicity both being angry at Moira, he was her son and Felicity knew they needed to at least try to include her in wedding planning. They decided to have brunch and do some planning while Thea watched William.

Moira arrived at the restaurant first and was shown to the table. She was a little surprised that the reservation had been made for four, but guessed that Felicity, being a doctor and having an odd schedule, and Oliver, being a busy CEO, had decided to hire a wedding planner.

“At least I can be sure this will be a nice affair.” It may be Felicity’s wedding, but Moira could make sure the event itself aligned with her vision. After all, whoever they hired wouldn’t want to ruin the opportunity to work for the Queen family again.

Moira skimmed the menu and looked up when she heard people approaching. Oliver and Felicity entered, holding hands, followed by a blonde woman in a tight pink dress and stilettos. The Queen matriarch fought the urge to roll her eyes. Of course, Felicity would hire an event planner who was completely unprofessional.

The three newcomers sat down and Oliver started to introduce his mother to the woman she didn’t know. “Mom, this is Donna. Donna, this is-.”

“I know exactly who she is.” Donna said with a glare. “You really are a piece of work.”

“Excuse me?”

“Oh, so you’re self-righteous, and you’re deaf. Let me tell you something, sweetie, you’ve got a hell of a lot of nerve. I don’t know who told you that you were so important, and so special that it means-.“
“Mom, we talked about this.” Felicity cut in.

“She’s your mother?” Moira asked.

“What? Do you not see the resemblance?” She said. “I’m getting married, of course my mom’s here to help with the planning. Anyway, we’re gonna have a nice, civil meal and talk about a few things.”

They ordered and started talking about a few small details for the wedding. The colors Felicity was thinking of, what season, how many people they were going to invite. Moira almost commented when Felicity said she didn’t want more than 100 people, but Oliver gave her a look, and remembering the rift between them, stayed quiet.

Then, the topic of a venue came up. Felicity and Oliver had gone on a few trips to different venues outside of Starling where they could have both the ceremony and the reception. So far, their favorites had been a winery about an hour outside the city and a bed and breakfast a little further out.

“You’re not getting married at Covenant United?” Moira said. The Queens weren’t overly religious, but both Oliver’s parents and his paternal grandparents had gotten married in that church. “Our family has gotten married in that church for-.”

“We’re not having a religious ceremony.” Oliver said firmly.

“Why not?”

“Because I’m Jewish, I’m not going to convert, I told Oliver he didn’t need to convert to Judaism for me and, to be honest, I never really wanted a religious ceremony that much.” Felicity cut in. “So, yes, Mom, that means no rabbi or chuppah.”

“Tell me you’re at least gonna break a glass. It’s tradition and you don’t need to have a religious ceremony to do it.” Donna said. “If you do that “something old, something new” blah, blah, blah, you need to do that too.”

“We’ll think about it.” She responded. Truth be told, despite Felicity being ambivalent towards a religious ceremony, she’d always liked the tradition of stepping on a glass when the ceremony was over, liking what the act was symbolic of.

Once the topic of the venue was shelved, the group started discussing a few more things and the conversation got a little more heated. Felicity hadn’t daydreamed about her wedding the way some other girls had when she was a kid, but she knew what she liked and the kinds of things she wanted. Moira and Donna also had their own ideas, often about the same thing, like whether catering should be buffet style or formal seating and a DJ or a band for the reception. None of these decisions needed to be made now, but they came up and the two mothers got into a debate about which one was better.

When it became clear that Moira’s ideas were in complete contrast to Felicity, Donna and Oliver’s, they decided the meeting should be over. Her ideas might’ve been valid, and worth listening to, but at the end of the day, it wasn’t her wedding and Felicity and Oliver were the ones with the final say.

The couple booked the vineyard they liked as their venue and got the date set. Planning a wedding with their busy schedules wasn’t easy, but they managed to make it work. Felicity’s favorite memory of the wedding planning process was the cake tasting. Oliver and Felicity needed to pick
out a wedding cake flavor, and because they didn’t want a tie, they invited some help along.

“Cake!” William said giggling as they walked into the bakery.

“That’s right, we’re here to pick a cake.” Oliver told his toddler. “We need to know which one is the yummiest.”

“Cake!”

“Well, someone is certainly excited.” The owner said from behind the counter. “You must be Oliver and Felicity. I’m Adam.”

“We are, and this is our little helper today, William.” Felicity said.

“Want cake.” William said, looking at all of the beautifully decorated creations around him. He looked like he was in heaven.

“Well, let’s get this little guy some cake then.” The baker said with a smile. As he walked them over to a table, he started chatting with them about their wedding and any requests they had. “Any food restrictions you know of?”

“Well, I’m allergic to nuts, like super duper allergic, so nothing with any kinda nut or nut extract.” Felicity said. “Other than that? I think we’re open to anything.”

Several hours later, William was experiencing a sugar rush and Oliver and Felicity had picked out their cake. They took William to the park for that he could get some of his excess energy out.

A few months later, the wedding was almost upon them. The plans had all been made. Invitations were sent out. The couple took the two days before the wedding off of work to get ready, and they were going on a honeymoon immediately after. The day before the wedding, the wedding party and Oliver and Felicity’s immediate families were at the venue, setting things up for the rehearsal dinner taking place that night and getting a few things ready for tomorrow.

Felicity was telling Thea a story from medical school when she suddenly trailed off. “Thea? Go get Tommy and then call 911.”

“What?” The brunette asked.

“Tell Tommy I need his help and then call 911.” She said. While they’d been talking, she’d been scanning the room and noticed Robert seemed to be acting a bit off. He was pale and sweating quite a bit. When she saw him grab his left arm, she took off towards him. “Does anyone have any aspirin?”

Everyone looked towards her when she yelled and ran over to where she was to see what was going on. Someone handed her a bottle of aspirin and she gave two to Robert. “Chew these and then swallow.” He took the pills, and did as she said, but before the aspirin could do its job, he lost consciousness.

“What’s happening?” Moira asked. “What are you doing?”

“You need to back up and give me some room.” She said.

“My husband is--.”
“Oliver! Take your mother over there!” Felicity yelled at her fiancé who had run over to the crowd with Tommy and Thea. She started doing chest compressions. “Thea, give Tommy the phone.” Tommy would be able to give the dispatcher better information than Thea could at the moment and Robert didn’t have time to spare.

Tommy told the dispatcher that Robert seemed to be having a heart attacked and that they needed an ambulance. He had a pulse but it was very weak. When Tommy got off the phone, he turned to Felicity. “Do you wanna tag out?” Doing chest compressions was tiring, if they were being done right, and Felicity was already sweating.

“No, I’m good. How long til the EMTs get here?”

“About ten minutes.” He said.

“Shouldn’t- can’t you, like, slap him awake or something?” One of Oliver’s groomsmen asked.

“That only works on TV!” Tommy, Felicity and Sara all shouted.

Thankfully, Robert started to come to before the ambulance arrived. “You had a heart attack. An ambulance is on its way to take you to the hospital.”

“I’m fine.”

“You had a heart attack. You could’ve died.” Felicity repeated. “So, you’re getting in that ambulance even if I have to strap you to the stretcher myself.”

Thankfully, Robert believed her threats and let the EMTs take him to the closest hospital where they could run some tests. Moira followed behind the ambulance in her car. The couple returned several hours later. He hadn’t needed an operation and the doctors put him on an aspirin regimen. It took a while for the excitement to die down after the ambulance drove off, but eventually people went back to their tasks.

After Robert and Moira returned, Oliver and Thea went to talk with their father while Moira went looking for Felicity. “The doctors said if you hadn’t reacted as quickly as you did, he might not have made it. Thank you.”

“I was doing my job.”

“You saved his life. If he’d- I’m sorry for how I’ve treated you.” She said. “Welcome to the family.”

Felicity put down what she was holding. “So, let me get this straight: now, you approve of me. Now that I saved someone you care about, I’m good enough for Oliver. it’s a good thing I don’t care about your opinion of me or getting your approval, then because if Robert hadn’t almost just died, you’d still hate me.”

She walked off, leaving a speechless Moira behind.

The rehearsal dinner went off without a hitch, aside from everyone keeping an extra close eye on Robert. The next day flew by as Felicity and Oliver got closer and closer to the ceremony. They decided not to do a first look, wanting Oliver to be completely surprised when she walked down the aisle.

Oliver stood at the front of the altar next to the officiant. He watched his groomsmen escort the bridesmaids down the aisle. Thea, Felicity’s maid of honor, rounded the corner, holding William’s
hand. The toddler was dressed in a miniature version of the same suit Oliver was wearing. After a lot of debate about how to include William, Thea suggested that he could be the Best “Little” Man and walked her down the aisle. Felicity and Donna both thought it was adorable and agreed.

Everyone stood and Oliver’s breath caught as Felicity turned the corner towards him. Her hair was down, curled into soft waves. She was wearing an ivory dress with off-the-shoulder sleeves. It had a form-fitting bodice but flared out at the waist.

“Pretty.” William exclaimed and Oliver agreed with him. Felicity looked so beautiful that he couldn’t believe she was real.

By the time Felicity reached him, he was pretty sure that he was crying. He took a few moments to collect himself before the officiant began the ceremony. He gave a speech about love and marriage before it was time to exchange vows. Oliver started to speak, but got choked up after a few sentences.

“Please don’t cry.” Felicity said. “Because if you cry, I’m gonna cry and while I my make-up claims its waterproof, I haven’t tested it.”

“Sorry, I just- I love you so much. I can’t find the words to say it and- you are my always.” He said. “And I’m so grateful that you’ve given me the chance to be yours.”

They exchanged rings and the officiant spoke again. “By the power vested in me by the state of Washington, I know pronounce you husband and wife. You may now-.”

He didn’t have a chance to finish the sentence “you may not kiss the bride” before Oliver and Felicity had kissed. Everyone clapped and cheered as the couple made their way up the aisle. Once they were away from the ceremony, Oliver sighed.

“You know, its funny.”

“What’s funny?”

“To think that a drunk idiot brought us together.” He said. “I can’t imagine my life without you.”

“Well, you’re never gonna have to.” She told him before leaning up to kiss him. When they broke apart, she had a dreamy look on her face. “You’re my husband now.”

“I know. You’re my wife now.” He said. “Pretty amazing, isn’t it?”

“Uh-huh.” She said before kissing him again.

The reception and their honeymoon flew by. Oliver and Felicity settled into life as a married couple easily. Eighteen months after the wedding, William became a big brother when Oliver and Felicity's twins, Lucas and Mia, were born.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you all liked the ending.

Thank you so much to everyone who read and supported this story!
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