Shattered

by flipflops

Summary

Years ago Oliver Queen fled is home and his friends. He left the only girl he could ever a love, a girl who wasn't his to love. A phone call leads to Oliver returning home to secrets, love and the best surprise he never knew he always wanted.

Notes

Hi! Here is my new story. I wanted to add a note here. I want to point out before you start reading that this story is about how complicated life and love can be, especially when you're young and in love. Everyone makes mistakes in this story. I write characters that (I hope) grow and learn so if you need Felicity or Oliver or anyone to be perfect this might not be the story for you.
Oliver Queen is sitting on his small balcony overlooking the street below, it's alive with activity. He smiles or what passes as a smile. He loves this tiny village in Italy. The people are friendly and the food is the best he's ever eaten.

He's been traveling the world for five years. He's seen a lot of things and had a lot of women. If he's honest with himself he isn't traveling, he's running. He wants to stop running, but like they say: "You can't go home again". This is especially true for him. He could go back to where he was born and raised. His parents, especially his Mother, would be thrilled. His little sister would welcome him with open arms, but Oliver can't go back there.

He sips his wine and waits for the phone to ring while thinking back on why he really can't go home again, he abruptly stops that train of thought or he will be drunk before the night is over. His family thinks it's because he wants to explore the world and live the life of a crazy reckless heir to a billion dollar fortune. The truth is something he hides from the world.

It's Sunday night and Oliver doesn't have time to wallow in self-pity and self-reflection. Every Sunday night his sister calls him. This has been their routine since he more or less settled down here. He won't say he put down roots but this is the longest he has stayed in one place since he left Starling City. He has a best friend to confide in, he has steady work and a nice apartment. He knows his neighbors, his produce man knows what he likes and doesn't and he has an emergency contact number that is local. It's a place to land.

It's dusk and the street is emptying out. People are hurrying home for supper. There is a light breeze keeping him cool. Life is... bearable, he muses. His urge to go home is under control for now; he no longer awakens in a cold sweat reaching for someone who will never be there, at least not for him. He stops breathing for a moment when he pictures her smile. He doesn't think it will ever not hurt to remember her. He takes another drink.

One of his neighbors, an Australian transplant, is coming up the walkway. Oliver watches him as he happily makes his way towards the building. He looks up and sees Oliver and waves and Oliver waves back. Meeting his fellow transplant is one of the best things to happen to Oliver on his travels.

Slade Wilson and his beautiful wife, welcomed Oliver into their small apartment building with open arms. They made him feel like family. They've fed him, take care of him when he drinks too much and offer advice on most things in life. They've done their best to make him a whole person. They never overstep by asking what or who he is running from.

Oliver is startled from his thoughts by the phone. He grins brightly, Thea. He walks inside the french doors, and heads to the phone. He actually has a landline here for his calls to Thea. "Hello."

"Ollie! How has your week been?" He smiles to himself. He can't help it. He loves his sister and misses her more every day Thea is the only person he has kept in touch with since he left home in the middle of the night five years and eight months, six days and four hours ago. He notes as he looks down at his watch. He tells himself he's not pathetic that he does something like know down to the minute how long it's been and with that he knows he is pathetic. He still can't go home and face them because he is THAT pathetic.

"My week was excellent. I wrote two more articles and I spent some time taking pictures for the magazine." Oliver has fallen into writing and photo journalism. He always loved taking pictures, and he has a good eye. People started asking the playboy billionaire to let them publish his photos and
thoughts. It was a joke at first to everyone, including Oliver. Now, people pay him well to do something he loves.

"How was yours, Speedy?" She hates the nickname but let's it go. She starts talking about her friends at school then about their parents. Apparently, Robert and Moira Queen have not changed their parenting style. He is only half-heartedly listening until she talks about one of the three people they never discuss. He never told her not to mention them, Thea just knew. He suspects she may have put some of the pieces together of this particular puzzle.

"... Sara picked it out. I love it...so, Mom and Dad bought the dress for me AND are throwing them an engagement party tonight since Tommy is like family. Who would have thought they'd end up together?"

Oliver can hear his heart beating as blood rushes to his head. Tommy was marrying Sara? He had to have misunderstood. "Thea, how can Tommy marry Sara--he's married...to--" He swallows and tries to get his emotions under control.

"He's married to Felicity." His voice still cracks over her name, his pulse races and he feels lightheaded. He hasn't said that name, that word aloud for years. Not since that last night.

He hears Thea suck in a breath. "I'm sorry--I shouldn't have brought it up. Let's talk about Italy."

Oliver is tempted to do just that, run from the pain and heartbreak, but something pulls at him. Okay, not something, someone. The same person who has always had this effect on him. The first time he laid eyes on Felicity Smoak she pulled at some part deep inside of him and not the part most women did. No, she had this way about her that made him want to get to know her, protect her and love her: mind, body and soul. It was and still is the most intense reaction he has ever had to another human being.

"I want to hear about them. How can Tommy marry Sara?" Oliver is stern with his insistence.

Thea sighs.

"Tommy left Felicity or maybe she left him. They split up two years ago, when she found Tommy in bed with Sara...." Oliver leans forward and puts his hand to his heart.

"Tommy and Sara?" He says slowly. Thea was one of the few people who caught him looking at Felicity. He was looking at her like she was his everything is what Thea told him. He played it off and convinced her he loved Sara.

"I'm sorry, Ollie. They have been having an affair since--well since you were all in college together. On and off, I guess. He only married Felicity because---anyways, she's not mad. Felicity I mean. She and Tommy are friends." Thea pauses, "I think."

Oliver is trying to process all of this. He should care that Sara was cheating on him, but he doesn't. He didn't really care about her like he should have back then and that was five years ago. He should also be upset his best friend was screwing his girl, but that'd make Oliver---well, something Oliver doesn't want to be. He thinks back to the girl left out of this equation: Felicity. He pictures her face and his heart thuds in his chest.

Once again, his kid sister can read him from thousands of miles away. He muses that maybe she never believed his lie about Sara with her next words.

"She's single. Felicity....if it means anything to you." She tells him barely above a whisper. Oliver swallows. Does it? Should it? Can it?
"Ollie.."

It does matter. Felicity Smoak is single. Tommy Merlyn is off the market and not in play. His decision is made. His fate was sealed the second Thea let it slip that Tommy had let Felicity go. The only woman that ever could have come between them is free and Tommy has moved on. Oliver doesn't know if Felicity ever had feelings for him, but he needs to know! He can't blow this chance.

"I'm coming home." He tells Thea and hangs up; he will call her back later. He needs to talk to Slade about the apartment, his editor about his stories, but that can be done from home. He needs a ticket. A ticket for Starling City.

Oliver opens his laptop and buys his ticket. He didn't bother to look for a better price. He doesn't care the price. He should start to pack but even though he can tell Slade over the phone about his impromptu trip, he decides against it. He grabs his key from the table by the door and heads for Slade's apartment.

Oliver bangs on the door. Lightly knocking never works on their door. Shado pulls it open and looks at him. "Oliver? " She looks at him with concern. He assumes he looks like a man possessed. "Are you okay?" Slade comes up behind her and pulls the door further open.

"Come in." Slade and Shado move to their small dining table. Oliver follows. They all gather around the small table and sit. The light overhead is casting hard shadows and giving the room an eerie look.

"I need to go home..." Slade and Shado look at one another then to Oliver. She speaks, "Is everything alright? Did something happen to your family?"

Oliver shakes his head, 'No. Nothing like that." He stares at his folded hands resting on the table.

When he looks up his two friends are staring at him in confusion and worry. He trusts them more than almost anyone yet he's never told them why he left or why he stays gone. He's scared to open that wound. Before he was scared to voice it and scared he wouldn't stop the emotional bleeding that would ensue. Maybe he should. He needs some perspective. Perhaps he is being an idiot going home to a girl who never wanted him or his love.

He takes a deep breath and decides to tell them as much of the truth as he can. He doesn't look at them because he fears their judgment. "I might not come back...if things go the way I want..If she wants me." His words slowly fading. He keeps his eyes on the cracked wooden table. There is a crack that almost the shape of Australia.

He looks up when he hears a chair scrape across the floor. Slade is standing and pulls out his wallet. Oliver is confused. Slade hands some money to his wife. "You win, My love"

Oliver looks between his two friends, confused. "I told my darling husband only a woman could make a man run as long and as far as you have run. He said it was money."

She smiles at Slade, "I win!" She sings as she does a chair dance.

Oliver can't help but laugh. It feels good knowing they know. "Tell me about her?" Shado asks him with a touch of concern in her voice.

Oliver can't keep the smile off his face, "Her name is Felicity." Shado smiles back at him, "How appropriate based on your smile." He nods. "It is."

"Felicity is amazing. Special...everything...the stars, the moon, the sun..." He looks away blushing. When he looks back his friends are smiling at him. He realizes they are happy for him, at least for
"Sounds like true love." Shado looks happier for him then he could ever be for himself.

"Yeah...except she wasn't my girl, but for me she's it." He thinks back to how the world was a better place when he was in her orbit. Sure, he's existing now but with her; he was alive for their brief shared moments.

"She was my best friend Tommy's girl. I was her friend. A good friend, A best friend maybe but only a friend. She loved Tommy." Oliver tries to keep the pain and jealousy out of his voice but he fails.

"What happened?" Shado reaches across the table and takes his hand.

"I left and never looked back." Slade and Shado both look at him with curious expressions. "I wanted her. It was getting to the point where I was willing to betray my best friend, my brother for all intents and purposes. She wouldn't, couldn't live with herself if I ever did get her to stray from him."

He thinks back on the night before he left at daybreak. "I was taking care of her, we were both drunk. Tommy and my then girlfriend were both off somewhere else." Oliver thinks back on Thea's words. "They were probably together." He says softly. He'd like to be mad at Tommy and equate the two situations but he can't.

"Felicity was a lightweight. A glass of wine and she was tipsy, more and she was drunk." He smiles remembering her that way. "This night she was celebrating. She was graduating from college, early. Younger than us but smarter." The pride clear in his voice.

She had accepted a position at Merlyn Global and everyone assumed they'd marry. Tommy knowing this too got down on one knee and asked her to marry him. Oliver feels the bile rising into his throat. He swallows it down and tries to tap down the feelings of inadequacy he felt when she accepted the drunken proposal and the roar of laughter and applause from their friends. Oliver knew they'd sober up and might actually go through with it. That's when he hit the bottle, HARD.

"I was drinking too. I saw her stumbling around the second floor. We had the party at my parents' house. They were out of town...When I saw her, she looked at me and asked me for help."

Oliver remembers her leaning against the wall by his bedroom. He was really wasted, but he knew better than to leave a beautiful girl alone. She looked so lost, so innocent and she looked at him with complete trust that he'd take care of her. She said "Save me". He wanted to save her, he wanted to be her hero so much.

He took her into his room and helped her into his bed. Oh, how he had always wanted her there with him. There were so many nights he would stay up all night picturing her here with him. Then there were the nights she had come over to help him pass one class or another and he had wanted to just tell her that he's in love with her. Now, she is here, in his bed, and he should leave. He should find Tommy so he can take care of her.

When he went to leave, planning to lock the door because if he stayed.....well, he didn't know what might happen. He didn't want to take advantage of her. She looked up at him such trust, "P'ease. stay." He smiled down at her; he locked the door then went back to her and climbed in beside her. He could never refuse her anything.
"She asked me to stay with her. I helped her into my bed to sleep it off. The next day, I woke up and she was gone. I'd dreamed about her telling me she loved me. That she wanted to run away with me..." He didn't tell them they made love in his dream and it was everything.

Shado squeezes his hand. "Go get your girl, Oliver!" She smiles. Slade clears his throat. She looks at him, "What?"

"What if the girl doesn't want him? What if this is a fool’s errand?" Slade is always logical, reasonable and analytical. He's a lot like Felicity in that way. Oliver thinks about what they both said.

"At least, I will know I tried. I told her how I feel and she made a decision. I never told her... I never told her I was in love with her."

The next day Shado and Slade drop him off at the airport. Shado wishing him luck and Slade telling him not to be an idiot over this girl. Oliver boards his plane and tries not to worry that he is making the biggest mistake of his life. He orders a drink as soon as the flight attendant comes around. He downs it and orders another one. The older lady next to him eyes him. He shrugs. He needs the liquid courage. He seriously considers ordering another one. It's a long trip home so he forgoes it for now.

Oliver starts drumming his knees with his hands. The older lady looks over at him. He smiles shyly. He should try to sleep but he knows that's a lost cause.

"Are you okay?" She asks him.

"Yes. Just going home to win a girl…. I hope." She smiles at him like a mother would her child who is doing something sweet.

"I'm sure she will come around. You're a handsome devil." Oliver feels himself blush at the woman's compliment. He's out of practice with this sort of thing.

"It takes more than a pretty face to win her over. She's...special. Beautiful, smart, loving and the most remarkable person I know."

"Oh, honey just tell her that and you're half way there." Oliver smiles knowing the lady means well, but Felicity has always been a challenge. For a long time he thought that was why she was always in his thoughts. Then he came to the conclusion it wasn't the thrill of the chase but her. Everything about her.

The lady turns off her light and puts an eye mask on. She's going to sleep. Oliver looks out the window at the darkness. He thinks back to the first day he met Felicity Smoak, Girl Genius.

"Tommy, I'm really not into meeting your latest hook up and I'm not into entertaining her friend." Tommy ignores his complaint as they pull up to a trendy coffee shoppe. They get out and Oliver follows Tommy inside. If he pouted, he would be pouting right now. He really isn't in the mood to take out the ugly friend, again. He's tired of this shit.

"There, in the back right corner. Isn't she beautiful?" Tommy sighs longingly. Oliver looks at his friend who looks in love with the girl already. He follows his line of sight to the back. There he sees a stunning blonde. She smiling and talking to her friend. Another blonde with her hair pulled back in a ponytail. Oliver can't see her face only her hunched over a computer. He assumes he's here for blonde and nerdy while Tommy gets future Miss America.

Great. He really needs to discuss what being wingman means to Tommy.
They walk back to the table and to his surprise Tommy slides into the side with the blonde ponytail. Oliver takes the extra step to the other side next to the bombshell. He eyes Tommy wondering if this is a joke. He said he was going to need Oliver to take the smart friend. He had looked longingly at this girl by his side. Oliver looks up at the nerdy girl.

"Oliver Queen, meet Felicity Smoak. The mother of my future children and probably my Sugar Momma, when the old man cuts me off." The girl looks up from her laptop, drops the red pen from her mouth. Oliver's heart starts beating so hard he wonders if the others can hear it. She's beautiful. Everything about her is beautiful. For a moment he is jealous of that red pen.

"You think I will support your hedonistic lifestyle? No way, Merlyn. You have to earn your way." She teases him back. Tommy leans in closer. Oliver wants to swat Tommy away. She's funny too and doesn't take any Merlyn bullshit.

"Oh I will baby...just you wait." She blushes. Oliver can't help but watch the pretty pink hue take over her skin. She finally turns to him. "Hi." She says shyly.

He just nods. Smooth Queen. Tommy speaks up before Oliver needs to think of something to say. "This my friend is Sara Lance. Gymnast and all around badass. She's also competing for Miss Starling City." Oliver looks over at her. She's pretty, confident and built. His attention is drawn back to the girl with the computer, Felicity. There's something different about her. She's beautiful but there is something…..drawing him to her. He shakes his head. He isn't the romantic idiot type.

Tommy asks for coffee orders. "Ollie, why don't you help me?" Oliver rather talk to Felicity but he follows Tommy. He keeps looking back to see Felicity. Once she is actually watching him with a shy smile on her face.

"Isn't she great?" Oliver still doesn't know which one Tommy means. Tommy normally dates girls like Sara but he sat down next to Felicity. He just shrugs.

"Listen thanks for being willing to take her friend out. It means a lot to me. I know I said I wanted her...but" Oliver just listens hoping Tommy will tell him Felicity is the girl he's taking out. Oliver notices Tommy looking at him funny.

"You're okay with this, right?" Oliver thinks they just switched dates. He was supposed to be with the girl that is pulling him towards her like the moon does the ocean, without saying a word.

"Sure, A girl is a girl, right?" Tommy laughs. Oliver throws it out there hoping Tommy will agree. He doesn't.

"No, this one is special." Oliver knows he means it. She is special to Tommy. They walk back to the table and hand the girls their drinks. Sara has moved to sit next to Felicity. Now, Oliver has no idea what's going on.

After they talk and get to know one another, Tommy stands up. "You ready?" Sara stands up. Oliver almost shouts with glee. He's hoping Sara isn't into being pushed aside. He has no idea why but he wants to have a date with Felicity.

Tommy looks past Sara and to Felicity who is still seated. Sara moves back and Felicity slides out of the booth.

"Ready as I will ever be. I can't believe I'm doing this." She puts her computer in the bag and secures it on her shoulder. She doesn't grab her red pen, so Oliver does and pockets it. Tommy turns to the table. "Have fun guys!"
He puts his arm around Felicity and escorts her out. Oliver watches the whole time hoping it's a joke. They step outside of the coffee shoppe and he kisses her cheek.

Shit.

Sara clears her throat.

"Tommy was taking me out. Then he called her to confirm but acted like it was just to include her." "..." Oliver doesn't know what to say so he just stares at his coffee. "I think you wanted to go out with her" "..." Oliver still says nothing. She sits down across from him.

"My sister has been after you for years...Since High school." Oliver is now a junior in college. "Who is your sister?"

"Laurel Lance?" Oliver tries to hide his disgust. She's after his money and family connections not him. Sara comes over to his side of the booth. "Here is the plan. I get to piss my sister off and you get me. Tommy will tire of Felicity, she's a great girl, but not his type...then I get Tommy and you can see if you can get a date with her."

Oliver looks at the girl in front of him. Sure, why not. "Okay."

Oliver should have walked out. He should have waited for Tommy to move on. He didn't. He thought any part of Felicity was better than nothing at all. He just needed to be around her.

He finally drifts off to sleep with thoughts of finally seeing her again playing through his head.

Felicity is sitting in a store buying her daughter a dress for Tommy's wedding. She looks so grown up and proud as she smiles up at Tommy in his tux. She takes out her phone and snaps a quick picture as she wipes away the tears. Her baby is growing up. Tommy looks over at her. He frowns.

Tommy looks down at Mollie, "Sweetheart, why don't you go get changed while I talk to your Mom?" She gives Tommy a high five and runs into the back. She smiles after her little girl.

Tommy walks over and sits down beside her. "I'm sorry is having her in the wedding too much for you?" She turns her head to face Tommy Merlyn, her ex-husband and now friend.

"No. She's just growing up so fast. It hits me hard. She'll be five soon." Tommy hugs her. "I wanted her to grow up with a mom and dad...brothers and sisters. She won't have that Tommy."

"Hey...hey...come on, she has me. You know that. She knows that. My marrying Sara..." Felicity gives him a go to hell pouty look over her glasses. He smiles. "...sorry, she who should not be named won't change that."

Mollie runs out dressed in her normal clothes and jumps into her lap. "Are you sad, Mommy?" She shakes her head. "No. Just hungry." Which is true. She's very hungry. Tommy walks them out to her car and puts Mollie in her car seat while Felicity gets behind the wheel. She listens to them high five and tells they are hugging. "Love you, Little Bit."

"love you too, Daddy T." Felicity smiles.

Tommy walks to the driver's door. "If you need me, call me. You two are still my family." She nods without saying anything. Tommy looks into the back seat. "See you Friday."
Felicity starts the car as Mollie starts waving to Tommy. "Where do you want to eat?" They both know she can't cook. "Pizza Perfect!" She smiles. That's her girl!

Felicity and Mollie arrive home to find Thea Queen perched on the stairs outside their apartment. Mollie drops Felicity's hand and runs to Thea, "Auntie Thea!" She scoops her up and looks at Felicity with guilt all over her face.

They enter the apartment and Felicity moves to the kitchen with Thea and Mollie following. She gets out plates and serves pizza and salad. She is wondering why Thea is here and looking at her like that. They've never been exceptionally close or even the drop by type of friends, at least not after Tommy. They all eat with Mollie doing most of the talking while Felicity looks at Thea trying to figure out why she is here. When she sees Mollie it's usually when Tommy has her. Thea has avoided Felicity and seems to be like her Mother in her hatred of Felicity.

After they finish eating, Felicity helps Mollie clear the table. After the kitchen is cleaned Felicity looks over at Thea, "Mollie needs to bathe." Thea just looks at her. Felicity puts Mollie in the bathtub. They talk about Tommy and the wedding, school and Mollie's deep desire to be a mermaid. She loves their chats. It's one of the best parts of her day. After she helps Mollie into her pajamas, Thea comes into her room to read Mollie bedtime stories.

Felicity starts pacing the living room while chewing her thumbnail. She can't imagine why Thea is here. She would have told her if Tommy was hurt, right? Why does she look guilty? Felicity is lost in her own world when she hears a throat clearing, "She's asleep.." Felicity just looks at Thea, waiting and hoping it isn't bad news. Please don't let it be bad news.

Thea sits down without being asked on Felicity's small couch. Felicity moves to sit across from her in the arm chair. Thea looks around. "You have a really great apartment...Mollie seems to like it here. I mean, it isn't Merlyn Manor--"

Felicity watches the young girl with a tilt of her head. What is she talking about? Thea stretches a little and makes a face. "I think I messed up really bad or maybe..." She looks hopefully to Felicity, "I did something amazing!?!" Felicity quirks an eyebrow at her.

"Okay." Really what else can Felicity say. She has no idea what the hell is going in Thea's head or what she could have possibly have done.

"I told Ollie." Felicity heart drops into her stomach and her breathing irregular. She takes a few calming breathes.

"Told OI--Told him what exactly?" Her voice is cold and devoid of emotion. Felicity has done her best to block Oliver and emotions from ever crossing over. Felicity doesn't discuss him. They (the people closest to her) don't say his name and they never EVER discuss him being gone and why.

Thea looks around the room and then back to Felicity, "I told him Tommy and Sara are getting married." Thea is studying Felicity, looking for a reaction. She has none. Tommy is marrying Sara, her former best friend and her former husband are getting married. She fails to see how this would mean anything to Oliver.

"Oookay...?" Felicity tries to sound noncommittal but it probably comes out snarky. Then she gets it. Oliver is coming home to get Sara back.

Thea slowly starts talking, "He didn't care. He couldn't possibly care less. Even when I told them they had apparently been having a thing since college." Felicity shrugs. Old news to her. Why would she care? Oliver cheated on Sara a lot.
"Well, thanks for sharing that..." Felicity starts to stand to show Thea out, but the young girl stays seated. Oh boy, this can't be good. Felicity sits back down and waits. She feels she is ready for whatever Thea will say next. She was wrong. Very, very wrong.

"When I told him about YOU and Tommy... divorcing...about you being single...he cared. He cared a LOT. Like a whole hell of a lot." Thea studies her.

Felicity’s mouth goes dry and her world just did that spinning thing. He cares? Why? Since when? Does she care that he cares? She kind of does care, in the 'ha! sucker I am so over you way'. Then she pauses and thinks, she is over him as long as he is an ocean away. This has no bearing on her life at all.

"He cares, okay. Got it." Felicity tells her flippantly.

She looks to Thea who looks sheepish, "He's coming home."

Shit. Well, damn. Now it has something to do with her and her life and her being over him thing. Shit. She can't have him here. Then she remembers those blue eyes and that smile and just like that all the feelings Felicity has pushed down into the deepest part of her psyche are back. The friendship, the attraction, the mistakes and him leaving. He just left. No goodbye dinner, no call, no text...nothing but emptiness.

Emptiness and the most precious gift.

"Oh." is all Felicity can say. She nods several times. Then she finds words again. "I don't see why you felt the need to tell me. Oliv...he and I don't run in the same circles. I'm obviously not going to the wedding...but thanks for telling me."

Thea doesn't get the hint that it's time to go. "I told you because he isn't coming back to be Tommy's best man or to be part of the family business. He is coming back for you. He didn't care like I said until YOU were brought up and he was told you're single." Thea tells her with conviction that says, he will get what he wants. He always has, but not this time.

"Well, then I guess he's in for a disappointment." Thea smirks at her.

"You've tried to resist him before, it didn't work so well."

Felicity straightens, "He isn't the person I thought he was before. I thought he was the type of person I could rely on, I thought he was my friend."

Thea smirks again, "Whatever you say Felicity. I just felt I should tell you. I didn't mean to tell him, the wedding part slipped out and then he ASKED about you." Felicity's anger is starting to shine through.

"The time to ASK about me was five years ago---" She stops speaking.

Thea looks at her and smiles brightly. "I knew it. You don't have to say it, we all know it but pretend we don't." She rises from the couch and walks to the door, "Ollie...he will care." With that Thea slips out the apartment door.

Doubtful. He knows." Felicity retorts to an empty room.

She goes through her nightly routine on autopilot. She gets the breakfast stuff ready for the morning. She makes sure Mollie's things for pre-school are ready. She takes a shower, gets ready for bed and gets her own things ready for tomorrow.
When she settles down in her bed to read her book, she grabs it and opens it to the page she's on. She doesn't read a single word in the entire half hour she was in bed. She sits it back down. She moves to her dresser. Felicity knows she shouldn't do what she is about to do, but she can't stop herself. She sits on the floor and opens the bottom drawer. There in the back is a small box.

She sits back on her heels for a moment and contemplates what she is about to do. She reaches in slowly and pulls out the box. It's an ordinary box to some people. It's shaped like a tiny suitcase, it has a small latch on the front and it's made of wood. She painted it bright green years ago. It looks innocuous enough, but for her? This box is more lethal than Pandora's Box. She takes an unsteady breath. She flips the latch and slowly raises the lid.

On top is Mollie's first baby picture. She lifts it out and smiles. She places it gently on the floor beside her. Under that is copies of all the letters she sent to Oliver (he was given the originals and probably tossed them away), along with the most important letter.. The one he sent back signed. She holds it to her and cries. The evidence, Oliver Queen never gave a shit about her. Until this came back to her she held out hope that she wasn't another one night stand. That she, Felicity Smoak, might mean something to the man who had her heart.

She finally takes the letters and set them aside. She looks down and sees the pictures. Most of them are of the four friends; Sara with Oliver and Tommy with Felicity. But there is one picture, taken the last night, this one is of her sitting beside him, practically on his lap and they are smiling like they are the only two people in the world. He is looking at her like she is his entire world and her eyes are closed soaking in the essence of Oliver Queen.

The tears start streaming down her face. That night should have been the best night of her life. It was, in many ways, but not for the reasons it should have been. She felt so good, so happy, so free...but she was drunk and ignorant to the reality of her world. She felt like she was on the precipice of her dreams coming true. She was on a precipice but not of her dreams coming true, but of her life changing in unimaginable ways.

Felicity puts the picture back and the letters and Mollie's picture. She only opened for the signed document. The one that severed the only link between them. The document that made her hate Oliver Fucking Queen. She flips the box shut and latches it. She carefully returns it to its hiding spot. The document will go in her briefcase. Just in case he needs to be reminded that there is no place for him in her life. He made sure of that.

And in case she needs the same reminder.
Evil is as Evil does

Chapter Summary

Oliver arrives home and finds that some things have changed and others are exactly the same. Meanwhile, forces threaten Felicity and her daughter.

Chapter Notes

I want to thank each and every one of you who are supporting me and this story. It's been an incredibly hard year for me health wise and writing wise. Thank you so much for being willing to take this journey with me.

I've been asked if I do a schedule and what is it? I try not to have a schedule because something ALWAYS happens to mess it up. As I have written almost all of this (except for the flashbacks that I want to have in every chapter and a couple of twists) I will try to update once or twice a week. Honestly, the more enthusiastic we all are, the more I update. I know it sounds awful and needy but it's true.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Oliver arrives in Starling City to find not much has changed. The airport is still stuffy and has the same gift shops and eateries. He shakes his head as he moves to baggage claim and grabs his bags. He walks through the airport with his head down. It's been awhile since he's been home so he doesn't think the press will recognize him but he doesn't want to risk it. Once outside he moves to the taxi line. He easily hails a cab and tells the cabbie where to, the cab driver is instantly on alert. Oliver was expecting that to be honest. Yep, things are still the same. The Queen name and even the address is enough to make people stop in their tracks. The driver pulls out into traffic. Oliver's eyes watching the cabbie to see if he knows who is passenger is today. After a couple of minutes he assumes he's safe.

"You here on business with the Queen's. That's their address." Oliver is looking out the window at the downtown skyline. He looks at the driver through the mirror, "No. Personal." The driver gets the hint. Oliver is glad he wasn't recognized, but he still isn't in the mood to talk. Oliver spots his family's building. Its equal parts impressive and oppressive in his eyes.

When they pull up to the gate the driver hits the call button. He looks back at Oliver who punches the button to roll down his window. The driver seems to be nervous. Oliver knows he's worried Oliver isn't supposed to be here. Oliver has the same worry.

"Queen Manor."

Oliver smiles at Raisa's no nonsense voice coming from the small box. He's missed the woman who raised him. The woman who never let him get away with the shit his parents did. The woman whose opinion of him has always mattered. Well, one of two women who he wanted to be proud of him.

"It's Oliver." He hears a gasp. "Mr. Oliver?" He smiles.
"Yes, Raisa. I'm home." There is a pause and then the gate opens. The cab driver pulls up to the main house and whistles when he sees the gigantic ode to too much money. "Never seen this place except on the tv." Oliver can hear the awe in the man's voice. Oliver knows the manor is grand. The family inside is broken and lacking in many things others take for granted, like love.

Oliver looks up at the house. It hasn't changed at all. That's comforting and worrisome at the same time. Shouldn't the house have changed over the years? He would expect something to be different, something new and fashionable. He opens the door and steps out of the car. The cab driver pops the trunk and Oliver lifts his bags out. He walks to the driver's door and pays the man. He tipped him generously. The driver smiles up at him and Oliver returns it.

He watches the car go down the driveway. Even though Oliver is home, part of him wants to leave with the cab driver. He left this place and he's glad he did. He wishes Felicity had gone with him, he wishes he had the nerve to ask her. Sort of. He knows he became a man worthy of her while he was gone. The spoiled kid his parents raised was never worthy of her. He turns toward the house, "Home Sweet Home." He mutters sarcastically.

He starts for the house as the door swings open. Thea runs out. She jumps in his arms and he drops his bags in order to catch her. He's missed her. He hugs her tightly to him then releases her. He takes in the changes the last five years have brought to her. She's grown taller and is more woman than child now. He missed a lot. Pictures didn't do her justice or show the small changes that he can now see.

"You're home! You're really home!" He pulls her to him again and hugs her tighter.

"Yes, I'm home Speedy." She lets go. He bends down and grabs his bags following his sister into the house. When he enters his parents are standing there looking at him. His Mom moves to him holding out her arms.

"My beautiful boy is home."

She hugs him. Oliver hugs her back. He's missed his Mom. He knew leaving would hurt her, but he had needed to find himself, he needed to be away from this place and away from a married Tommy and Felicity. He spent a great deal of time resenting the way she raised him, but he hopes that's behind them now. His parents are human and are flawed. He hopes they truly believed that overindulging his every whim was love and not a way to avoid dealing with him. Moira lets him go and turns to her husband.

Robert Queen grabs his son into a man hug. Oliver smirks at his Dad. "Glad you're home. I really am, but why are you home after all this time?"

Oliver looks around the room, Thea moves her head a small amount letting him know the truth is probably not a good idea. He looks to his parents with a smile. "It was past time to come home." He moves past them and heads towards the dining room. Whatever is going on now is not the time to find out.

"What's for dinner?" They all follow him silently.

The family takes their seats. They even sit exactly as they always had or maybe they are doing this for him. Robert tells him about QC and his latest golf match. Moira looks bored but smiles at her husband and son. Oliver watches from the corner of his eye as Thea picks at her food and doesn't speak. The precocious child has been replaced with a morose teenager.

"Thea? How's school?" She looks up from her plate. Then to her parents. Oliver watches all of them.
He feels they don't want her to speak to him. He looks back at her expectantly. Why are his parents afraid to let her speak to him? What the hell is going on?

"School is school you know that, big brother." She smiles but it doesn't reach her eyes. There is something more going on, he can sense it. Thea was always talkative and animated. Since they sat down she's been passive and withdrawn. Thea seems to be the only thing that has changed during his time away and not for the better.

The rest of dinner Oliver talks about Italy and his latest assignment. "I'm going to do a travel piece on America for an Italian magazine." He normally does the opposite. "I think it will be fun to take weekend trips or day trips and write about them." In between trying to talk to Felicity. His main goal is to talk to Felicity.

Moira sips her wine then places the glass down rather loudly. "I was under the impression you came back to join the company. To be the son we raised you to be." Her intent is clear. She wants to guilt him into having the life she planned for him. He will never again be the son they raised him to be, he hopes. He is definitely not home to pick up the mantle of Queen Heir.

"No, Mother. I came back to be the person *I* want to be and to--right some wrongs." Both of his parents sit up straighter and then look to Thea who squirms under their watchful eyes. Even for his family this is odd behavior.

He fakes a yawn. "I think I'm going to head upstairs. The trip wore me out. I think I need to unwind maybe get some rest. Jetlag." He smiles at them. The smile he was trained to give anyone that he needed something from. His Dad waves him off. Oliver exits the room but stays close. Another thing that hasn't changed: the only way to learn things in the Queen house is to eavesdrop.

"What did you tell him? What did you do to bring your brother home?" His Mom is angry. She is almost yelling and he can imagine the look on her face. That voice has made grown men and women squirm in their seats he can only imagine how Thea must be reacting.

"Moira calm down, the boy may have come home on his own. Maybe he's finally become a man." Moira scoffs.

Thea sniffles, "I--I told him Sara was marrying Tommy."

There's a long pause. Then Moira chuckles.

"Oh thank god. He's come home for Sara. I was scared it was the other one and that..." His interest is piqued but she stops talking. "We must do everything to keep him away from Tommy and Felicity. I don't want that mess dragged back up and I definitely don't want that girl here, either of them."

"Moira if he loves her--" Robert pleads but it falls on deaf ears.

"He doesn't." Oliver hears someone moving and he runs for the stairs. He keeps running until he reaches his room.

Once he shuts the door he looks around. Nothing has changed since he left; it's like a fucking shrine. What the hell. His various sports awards and trophies are on the shelves. His music collection and the books he was forced to read are on others. He walks over to his desk. He rarely used the desk. He did keep photos on it though. There is one of his family with only Thea smiling. The heart of their family. There is one of him and Sara taken at one of the galas his family threw for one charity or another. There is a picture of the four of them. He picks it up. Tommy and Felicity smiling those bright smiles. Tommy looking at her like she is his everything. Felicity looking down shyly. He
smiles remembering how she would do that. It was endearing. In the picture, Oliver is looking at Felicity, not with a smile, but with the same look in his eyes as Tommy. Sara is looking at Oliver like he is her prize. He frowns. Are pictures worth a thousand words?

It's the only picture he has of the four of them. He has lots of picture he took on the sly of Felicity. They're on his old phone. It's the reason he still has it. He's updated but he kept that phone. He sighs. He told himself he was over it, over her. He lied. He knew he was lying so there is that. He wouldn't be here if he were truly over her. He would have a life, maybe even a family. He knew the second Thea mentioned her how not over her he has always been.

There were women, many, many women but none of them were her. He pretended to love some of them. He cared for a few but mostly he wished they were her. He pictured her face. He thought of her smile. It was always her. One time, he even talked himself into believing his dream was real. That his most sacred dream of her was truly real and he almost came home. He made it all the way to the airport that morning, determined to come back here for her...then he remembered she was engaged to his best friend. Then he came to his senses and he realized he was drunk and had a lucid dream that's all. No magical night with the woman of his dreams.

Oliver gets up from the desk chair and jumps into his bed. He puts his right arm over his eyes. What was he thinking coming back here? Coming back for her? Can he handle her rejection? He just needs to know for sure. He needs to know she isn't the one for him, she isn't as crazy about him as he is about her. Maybe then he can be free? Or she will be the one and he can suffer forever. Or his traitorous heart pleads, "maybe she loves you as much as you love her."

"Not likely." He says aloud.

Now, he's being broody. Slade would kick his ass. He needs to do something, be active or proactive. He could go for a run or maybe check out the in home gym his parents had. He is about to change when there's a knock on his door. "Come in." He says slowly. He assumes it's Raisa or a maid coming to bring him towels or something. His family isn't the kind to check on him or to talk. They avoid and deny. Pretend and move on.

"The prodigal son returns!" Tommy? Oliver slowly drops his arm. He sits up to look at his former best friend. He never thought he would hate Tommy. He had hated that he had Felicity, but he never hated Tommy until he learned he cheated on Felicity yesterday. Was that just yesterday?

He can only imagine the look on her face when she walked in and found him with Sara. Felicity loved both Sara and Tommy that had to break her heart. Felicity is or was fiercely loyal to Sara and to find out she had sex with her husband and had been having sex with him since he was just her boyfriend had to hurt.

Tommy is smiling. Oliver doesn't return the smile. "Hey, Buddy. How was...Italy right?" Oliver stands and walks over to his shelf to look at all the CD's he once treasured. He's trying to get his feelings back under control. The rage he feels towards Tommy is overwhelming. He feels he could kill him and not regret it. He takes a few deep breathes. When he thinks it's as good as it's going to get he turns around with his fake smile in place.

"It was great." He says flatly. Oliver is leaning against a bookcase watching Tommy who seems a bit nervous.

"Wine, women and song..." Tommy smirks. "I can only imagine." Tommy is walking around his room looking at things, as if he hasn't been in here a million times. He stops at Oliver's desk and picks up the picture. "Huh." Tommy says quietly. Oliver watches him study the picture. He replaces the picture and looks to Oliver.
"I guess asking you to be best man would be a waste of time." Oliver nods slowly a scowl on his face. He can't believe Tommy would even think that he might do it. Then he remembers that Tommy probably doesn't realize Oliver is in love with Felicity and has been for a very long time.

"Listen, Buddy. I love her. I know what we did to you was wrong. I'm sorry. I hope we can get past that and be friends again." Oliver is so lost in his own thoughts he thinks Tommy means Felicity at first. No, Tommy loves Sara Lance. Tommy walks over to him and holds out his hand to shake Oliver's. He considers it a moment then walks around Tommy to the window.

"I really don't care that you were fucking her when she was my girlfriend." Oliver states, malice clear in his voice.

"That's my future wife." Tommy replies sternly. Oliver doesn't react. Why would he? He has no respect for either of them. All he feels is anger towards them both.

"You cheated on your WIFE. That is bullshit Tommy. After our Dad's and their litany of affairs." He shakes his head. Tommy snorts.

"You don't give a fuck that your Dad and mine are horny assholes. Let's not pretend here. All you care about is Felicity. I fucked around on her and you still want to be her knight in shining armor." Oliver recoils in shock. Tommy knew? Oliver thought he hid it better over the years. He tried to hide it. Oliver has a flash of guilt before the thinks better of it. If Tommy knew and he was fooling around with Sara, why not break up with Felicity?

"If you knew...why did you stay with Felicity? Why not be with Sara?" Tommy just glares at him.

"You're no saint here either, Ollie." Tommy said the words with such malice Oliver almost felt slapped. It was also like the words had a deeper meaning, like they were speaking in code only Oliver didn't have the key to the code.

"I'm not saying I am. I am saying I didn't cheat on a woman who loved me." Tommy laughs mirthlessly.

"Whatever. When you grow up Queen give me a call."

He moves to leave but Thea is standing there. She shakes her head at Tommy. "You should be nicer to Ollie. He could destroy you." Tommy's smile fades. Then he looks over his shoulder at Oliver, "He'd have to man up first and I don't see that happening. He left me holding the bag before." He pats Thea on the head. "You don't know what he did." He looks over his shoulder at Oliver and walks out. Thea yells after him, "I think I do!"

Oliver watches Thea start to leave. He runs, grabs her by the elbow and pulls her inside. He shuts the door and leans against and pins her with a stare. "What is going on? And don't lie to me Speedy."

Thea looks petrified; her previous bravado when Tommy was there is gone. "If I tell you, Mom will send me away. Please don't make me tell you. Ollie, I can't go through that again. Please!" Oliver's brow furrows. What the hell has happened to his family? He reaches out and pulls her to him. He hugs her tightly wondering what the hell they did to his baby sister.

"I'm home. I won't let anything happen, I promise." And he will find out what the hell everyone is hiding from him. He will protect his kid sister. He knows he will.

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Felicity is in her office when her assistant comes in, "Yes?"
"Mrs. Queen is here to see you," Felicity sighs. She stands and walks out into the outer office. She has been waiting for this since Thea visited her apartment. She knew this confrontation was inevitable.

"Moira. I would say it's good to see you but we both know I don't care to see you." Moira rolls her eyes and somehow makes that look dignified. Felicity folds her arms and looks at the older woman.

"Oliver is home and I expect you to stay away from him. He's back for Sara and I plan to make a reunion happen." There is no doubt in Moira's voice that Oliver is home for Sara. Felicity really doesn't care why he's home. For a brief moment she thought maybe Thea could be right, but then she remembered the document and knows Thea is wrong. It's the cherry on the dysfunctional sundae to have Oliver back to win Sara before she marries Tommy.

"Moira Queen, the woman who runs everyone's lives." Felicity shakes her head. She would say Sara looks plenty happy with Tommy, but she makes it a rule not to say her name unless she is forced. "Tommy might have something to say about that." Felicity doubts Tommy would stand up to Moira even for Sara.

Moira laughs mirthlessly. "Tommy does whatever Malcolm says and we both know Malcolm needs me and my money. Don't we?" Felicity bristles under those words but doesn't back down. She isn't the scared kid she once was and won't be that person ever again.

"What the Merlyn's need is no longer my concern." Moira raises an eyebrow certain Felicity will cower. "You seem to have forgotten Moira, I don't care for the lifestyle of the rich and corrupted. I'm happy with my life."

Moira looks around the small office with judgment clear on her face. "I'm sure. But tell me, how happy will you be when the Merlyn's and Queen's ban together to make sure Mollie has a good home with two loving parents?"

Felicity's blood starts to boil. She hates Moira Queen. She understands her all too well. She knows this game and has learned to play it in the years since Mollie was born.

"How will the Queen's and Merlyn's feel if I went to the press? 'Single Mother has her beloved child ripped from her by two powerful families with wayward sons'. Interesting headline, right?" Felicity moves closer to Moira, she won't back down now. "We all know neither family can handle another blow to their company or their public image. QC stocks are down and Merlyn Global is hanging by a thread...or I could just use my awesome computer skills." Moira gasps. That's right Felicity thinks to herself, I am not scared of you and I have more power than you realize.

"Listen to me you little gold digger...stay away from my boy. Do you hear me?" Felicity just tilts her head and looks at her. She could point out the fact that if she were a gold digger, she'd want the money Moira would give her to stay away. She would point out all the flaws in her logic, if she cared. Moira Queen is all about power and money, therefore she assumes everyone else is too.

"I don't want your son. I like grown men capable of standing on their own two feet without needing to suck on Mama's proverbial tit." Felicity smiles. "Good day, Mrs. Queen."

She walks into her office, shuts her door and sits down in her chair. Why did he have to come home? She had gotten over her divorce and her former friend's betrayal. Sara's betrayal would always hurt more than Tommy's. She'd loved Sara like family. Trusted her beyond measure. If Sara had told her
she wanted Tommy, Felicity would have tried to make things better. Maybe she would have seen Tommy falling for her and bowed out. Instead, they all made a mess. If only Oliver would have continued to stay away. All these maybes are giving her a headache.

Two hours later her office door slams against the wall. She looks up, waves her assistant off as she had been expecting this after Moira's less than gracious visit. She looks up at the man before her. "Still doing Moira's bidding I see. How cute."

Malcolm Merlyn once intimidated Felicity. He once made her cower and doubt herself. He once commanded her to do as he willed with a look. No more. She learned to stand up to both Moira and Malcolm. She had to so she could keep Mollie safe and away from them. He looks down at her. "Merlyn Global needs the money Moira infuses it with monthly. You will obey her."

Felicity doesn't get up. He isn't worth the effort. "Merlyn Global is no longer worth my time or effort. It ceased to matter to me the day you walked into my office, threw my things in a box and kicked me out onto the streets. Ergo, NOT my problem."

He slams his hands down on the desk, "You listen to me you little bitch. You will be a good girl and do as I tell you or I will take your little brat from you."

That was one threat too many for today. "No. No, you won't. The Queen's and Merlyn's can't take her. Both of your sons signed away their rights. No judge, even a corrupt one would grant visitation to the alleged grandparents who haven't even seen her in years."

He smirks at her but his eyes show respect. "You'd be amazed what Moira can buy in this city."

Felicity smiles sweetly up at him. "Wonder what she would think if she found out how you really spend your nights?" Felicity wiggles her eyebrows. "Because I know...I have records, video and transactions." He turns ghostly pale and steps back. That's right Malcolm your dirty little secrets could all be exposed. "Don't ever threaten my child, ever."

Malcolm falls into the chair on the other side of her desk. "You.....you know?" His expression could best be labeled shocked disbelief. She nods. He almost looks impressed by her, almost. Merlyn has always underestimated her.

"Who's the bitch now?" She taunts him. She shouldn't play with fire but she can't help herself.

After Merlyn walks out she sighs and leans back in her chair. She hates that man. She thinks back on the day she let everyone else decide her fate, something she will never let happen again. The day she was good and fully trapped.

She was in Bursar's office trying to figure out how to pay for her new apartment, since she moved out of the one she shared with Sara. She needed to pay for school, an apartment and soon a baby. The admin assistant had just told her that her scholarship has been revoked along with her work/study grant. She was screwed. There was no way to make this better. She would have to return to Vegas and to her Mom.

There was a knock on the door. The lady got up and left. Felicity was worried but then the door opened again. Mrs. Queen came into the room followed by Tommy's father and Tommy. She hadn't seen Tommy since she confessed what she did. How she had betrayed him with his best friend. She did call Tommy and ask for help contacting Oliver. Tommy called her a couple of choice names and hung up on her. She's seen Mrs. Queen when she has tried to get ahold of Oliver. Mr. Merlyn is someone she avoids.
She stands and faces them. Mrs. Queen speaks, "Felicity...we know you're pregnant. Tommy here is more than willing to take responsibility for his actions aren't you?"

Tommy is staring at the floor avoiding this entire scene. He says nothing. Mr. Merlyn hits him on the back of the head. "Yes. I am willing to take responsibility." He looks up at her and she can tell he's been crying. Her heart breaks for Tommy. She may not be in love with Tommy anymore, if she ever was truly in love with him, but she doesn't want him hurt.

"Tommy isn't the father. Oliver is." Moira looks at her and if looks could kill, Felicity would be dead. She instinctively places a hand across her abdomen.

"No. Tommy is and we all agree to that. He will marry you and your college education will be paid for, all your needs will be met." Felicity shakes her head. She won't marry Tommy. They don't love each other and this isn't his baby.

"No." She raises her chin and stands up to them. Tommy smirks. She can tell he's proud. "I will think of something."

Moira moves closer. "There is nothing a cocktail waitresses’ kid can do. I've instructed the school to expel you. They will and no other school will touch you. I will make sure of that unless you do as I say." Moira turns to Malcolm. "You talk to the girl." She walks out.

Mr. Merlyn turns to Felicity and she gulps. "YOU will marry my son. If you don't.....well, Tommy knows all too well what happens when I am disobeyed." He looks sternly at Tommy.

"Convince the girl or else."

Once he's gone Felicity folds her arms and looks to Tommy for support. "We have to do it. If we don't they will take your baby and you will never see it again. They told me they will make sure you regret this, Felicity."

Felicity places a protective hand over her stomach. They can't. They wouldn't. She looks at Tommy and she knows; they can and they will. Tommy is trying to tell her without telling her how bad it will be for her baby. She breaks down and starts crying. If it were only her, she could face them but she can't risk her child.

"Oliver really isn't coming back is he?" She looks at Tommy pleading for him to say what she doesn't know.

"No Felicity he isn't. Not for you and not for your baby. He wants Moira to clean up what he considers his mess. That's where I come in." He sounds almost convinced this is the right thing, but she can hear the anger in his voice just under the surface

"Okay." She sinks into the chair. "Why are you doing this?"

He looks at her and she sees hatred there. "If I don't, he will kill me." She wonders if the hatred is for Malcolm or her.

She vowed that day to one day be able to stand up to all three of them. She married Tommy for her child and for Tommy's sake. She cared about Tommy and didn't want him hurt and she definitely didn't want to lose her child. They did the best they could, at first. They moved on from their tainted past or so she thought. She can never hate Tommy, he saved her and Mollie that day whether he wanted to or not. It's not Tommy's fault that he wasn't the man she loved, but he was the man she needed, at least for awhile.
Chapter End Notes

Next Chapter: Oliver comes face to face with the woman he loves and finds out what we all learned this chapter. The twist will be explained to how and why. I promise.

"Squeeeeeeee* so excited to share it.
What he left behind

Chapter Summary

Oliver and Felicity come face to face, and Oliver finds out the secret.

Chapter Notes

I am utterly overwhelmed by the support of this story. I really didn't think anyone would like it. Thank you!!

A couple people have asked why Thea is different now than in chapter one. On the phone without her parents around and for Oliver's sake Thea can be the free spirit Oliver remembers. In Starling City around her parents she can't be. I hope that helps. It'll be more clear why she is acting this way and her own secret will be revealed in a couple of chapters.

This chapter isn't edited much. My darling beta had IRL things to do. I miss her so much (and not just her beta skills but her awesome self!) So, please excuse any mistakes.

After two days of trying to figure out what was going on, he gave up. Here's what he's figured out so far: Thea knows a secret and his parents or his Mom don't want her talking about this particular secret, at least not to him. Tommy and Thea know the same secret and both of them are less than thrilled with Oliver or that's the impression he has of the situation. He also thinks Thea thinks Oliver will be mad at Tommy or madder for some unknown reason. His Dad doesn't seem to want to be involved. Last but the biggest WTF: His Mom wants him with Sara and away from someone else whom he guesses is Felicity. He's missing something, some big piece of this puzzle, but what?

Every time he thought he knew what to do he came up with a way for it to blow up in his face. The Old Ollie wouldn't have cared, but grown up Oliver has too much to lose including losing Felicity. He finally decides to do something he didn't think he'd ever do. Something he used to do without having to debate it. He picked up his cell and found Tommy's contact information and hit send.

Fuck it. He needs answers.

"Hello?" Oliver takes the phone away from his face. He didn't want to do this. He takes a deep breath. If he wants Felicity he needs to find out this secret first. What if she hates him because of this secret? What if this secret is so horrible she can't stand the sight of Oliver? He never once ponders that it could make him hate her, because that's not possible or that it has nothing to do with her. His gut says it does.

"Hello?" Tommy asks again.

"It's Oliver." There is a long pause. He waits for Tommy to say something.

"Hey. What are you calling for?" It's not exactly friendly but he'll take it. Tommy who was always
friendly and the life of the party is being guarded and Oliver can't blame him for that. Is it because of Felicity or Sara? Or is it he just really hates Oliver? He was dating and fucking the girl Tommy apparently loved. Then again... Tommy had Felicity. Oliver doesn't want to think about Tommy and Felicity were doing. He shudders.

"I'd like to get together and talk. We need to clear the air. We've been friends since before we were born and we can't let it end like this." he can hear Tommy's shocked little intake of breath. Yeah, he didn't think he'd ever speak to you again either and yeah he's not sure he means a word of this. Oliver waits for him to decide whether he will meet Oliver. He can't blame Tommy for his reluctance.

"Okay. Why don't you come over. Sara works late tonight. We can order in, have some beer, watch the game and talk." Oliver considers that plan. He rather not go to his place, but he wants answers. He NEEDS answers and finding them is what matters not his comfort level.

"Sure. Give me the address." Oliver writes down the address and they agree on a time. Oliver looks at his watch, he has just enough time to take a shower, change and drive over. In the shower Oliver tries to come up with some way to bring Felicity up since he is convinced the secret that no one will tell him involves her. It has to it's the only thing that makes any sense at all.

When he is anxious, he needs answers and Tommy is probably the weakest link in the circle of secret keepers. He wishes there was some way to talk to Felicity about this. He's tried to think of a way, but just calling her after so long seems like a bad idea. She always had a way with breaking things down into manageable pieces and making him feel like he could handle anything. Talking to Felicity isn't an option, at least not yet he reminds himself. He squares his shoulders, cracks his neck and rings the bell. "Let's get this over with."

Tommy opens the door and ushers Oliver in. He pulls off his jacket and hangs it on the coat rack. He follows Tommy inside. It's a small apartment considering Tommy's wealth. Oliver is shocked by the smallness and lack of luxury. Maybe Malcolm did cut him off. He'd heard rumors while in Europe, but never thought they could be true.

"I didn't know what to order. I thought you might be sick of Italian food, so no pizza." Tommy teases. Oliver stiffly smiles at him. Tommy tries again, "What do you feel like? ..man, this feels like a date." Oliver does chuckle a bit at that then replies, "I'm not putting out." They both laugh and for a second things almost feel normal. Just two old friends getting together.

Oliver thinks for a moment and only one place sounds good, "Big Belly. I haven't had that since I've been home. Do they deliver?" Tommy shakes his head. "We could head over there, eat and then come back? It's not very far." Oliver likes that idea.

They decide to walk the short distance. It's nice out and neither really wants to be stuck in a car, in traffic together. Oliver notices the longer they walk the less nice the neighborhood is and the vacate buildings start to dot the landscape. Tommy doesn't seem to notice or doesn't care.

Tommy talks about his job with his Dad and talks about the wedding a bit. Oliver gets the impression Tommy doesn't believe that he doesn't care about the wedding. Oliver tells him about Italy and his job. Tommy asks if there is anyone special and Oliver just shakes his head. There is, but she doesn't know it and Tommy is the last person he will confide in.

It's not the easy friendship they always had but they aren't fighting either. Small victories he reminds himself He isn't ready to press Tommy about everything he's missed including this big secret. Oliver is looking around the neighborhood and it has deteriorated since he left. He always drove here and never paid attention to the details but he's certain it was nicer then. He didn't come here much except
to see Sara which meant seeing Felicity. This was Felicity's favorite place to eat. She would eat until she felt she might bust. He smiles remembering those night. Her lovingly caressing her food baby belly.

They enter the small restaurant. They find a booth and sit. A waitress comes over. "Hey, Carly. This is my friend Oliver. Oliver this is Carly." Oliver looks up and finds a pretty young woman smiling at him. He nods. She looks at him then back to Tommy with a scowl on her face.

"What can I get you Merlyn?" She isn't trying for a good tip, Oliver thinks to himself. Tommy places his hand over his heart. "I thought we had made amends? You wound me." She rolls her eyes.

"She may have forgiven you, but I haven't. I don't poison your food, that's as far as it goes." Tommy is upset she's mad at him, Oliver can tell by the look on his face. Tommy never likes when people are upset with him. He orders his food and she turns to Oliver. She has her pen in her hand and is looking at her pad. Then she looks up at him with a shocked then angry expression.

"Oliver? Oliver QUEEN?" Great. Someone who knows his reputation. He puts on his playboy smile, but drops it when he sees she's isn't smiling back at him. He looks to Tommy who looks away, "You? I can't promise not to poison."

She calls over another waitress. Tommy and Oliver both order this time. Oliver finds the encounter unnerving. Tommy seems to want to ignore it. Carly shoots daggers at him. Oliver leans over the table, "Did I have sex with her or her best friend and forget about it?"

Tommy looks at him. Oliver can't quite decipher the look on his face. "I don't know. Did you forget about it? But yes, you did screw her current best friend, however at the time they didn't know each other." Oliver looks him confused while trying to place the woman. The acid in Tommy's voice is something he's never heard before. This is Tommy. The guy who understands what Oliver was like before better than anyone. Hell, he was the same way.

"Who?" Before Tommy can answer his phone rings. "I need to take this. It's Sara." Tommy slides out and walks outside. Oliver is trying to place Carly and can't. He did a lot of dumb drunk shit. Maybe this is another woman he made promises to that he never kept, didn't even want to keep. He also did a lot of dumb sober shit. He thinks he would remember her if he were sober. He thinks back and wonders who her friend could be and why the woman still hates him.

He's watching her when he hears the bell over the door ring. He watches Carly's face lights up. She bends down and a little kid runs into her arms. She scoops the kid up and Oliver can tell she adores the kid. The kid has a pink and dark green hoodie on with the hood pulled up, jeans and chucks on her feet.

Tommy slides into his side of the booth. He looks over at them. "She's getting big, huh?" Oliver looks at his friend. "I guess? Who is she?"

"Mollie."

"Who?" Tommy is looking at him with anger. Tommy never gets angry like this, not that Oliver has ever witnessed. Why would Oliver know some kid that some woman he can't remember is clearly fond of?

"You don't have to pretend with me. I get it. You fucked up and you ran. I cleaned it up, but don't be an asshole about her. Never about her she deserves better than that." Oliver has no fucking clue what the hell is going on. "Cleaned up? Cleaned up what?" Before Tommy can answer there is a loud yet small voice yelling.
"Daddy T!" The kid runs to their table, she scrambles into Tommy's welcoming arms. Tommy's face lights up and he seems happy. He looks like the Tommy of before...before his Mom died. The look of love on his face is overwhelming. Oliver is almost envious.

"Hey, Little Bit! I didn't know you would be here." Tommy kisses her cheek and sits her on the table facing him. Oliver is shocked to see the ease Tommy has with the little girl and that she called him Daddy. Tommy didn't know Tommy had a kid. With who? Oh god...he was married to Felicity. Tommy and Felicity have a child together. Is that the secret? Oliver feels something he hasn't felt since he would watch Tommy with Felicity.

"Mommy burned dinner again..." She laughs and Tommy joins in. "Your Mommy tries." Tommy looks up and smiles. "She does so many things well, but cooking will never be one of them."

It's then Oliver sees someone has walked over, his breath catches at the sight of her. Felicity. She's just as beautiful as the last time he saw her. He wants to cry he has missed that face so much. He is overwhelmed seeing her again. It's like his soul feels calmer and his heart is screaming 'yes, there she is, we missed her. We can beat again'.

He studies her like the work of art she is. Her blue eyes are the prettiest he's ever seen them and that is saying something. They are dancing with amusement and love. It's clear she adores the child. When she looks at Tommy her eyes are more weary.

She is smiling at Tommy and the little girl. Oliver's chest tightens and his heart races. He really feels alive again. It's like he was in a fog and her smile, her very presence has lifted it. He is still drawn to her like she is the moon and he is the ocean, but he knows she is his sun.

Then she speaks and he has missed that voice, "I tried. I am not a chef." They all laugh except Oliver. He can't stop staring. Her voice is still the best sound in the world and her laugh is musical. He probably has what Shado called "heart eyes" and he sighs just looking at her. He doesn't care how cheesy he is in his own head or how he may seem weird staring at her.

He has missed her.

The little girl turns grabbing Oliver's attention. "Who's he?" She points to Oliver. Tommy looks to Oliver then up to Felicity who finally notices Oliver. He holds his breath waiting for her to say his name. He loves the way she says his name.

She looks surprised then mad. Really mad. Like loud voice mad. He gulps. He hates loud voice. Her eyes shutter and the room seems to turn cold. She stands up straighter. She looks like she could kill him and when he looks closer, she looks hurt. Felicity is looking at him like he hurt her. He'd die before he ever hurt her. Mad he can deal with and live with, but hurting her is not something he can live with.

"Felicity?" Tommy says quietly drawing Oliver's attention, but his eyes stay on Felicity. He can't stop looking at the face he has dreamt of for so long. "Your daughter asked a question and we promised to never lie to her." Felicity tears her gaze from Oliver. She looks at Tommy then her daughter. She reaches and picks the child up from the table. She cuddles the little girl.

"Mollie, this is Aunt Thea's big brother...Oliver? Remember when we talked about him?" The kid is looking at Felicity. She turns to Oliver briefly her eyes are huge then looks back to Felicity then to him again. She talks to Felicity without taking her eyes off him and he can't take his off her. Those eyes, her eyes look just like...HIS. But, that's not possible. His breath is coming out in tiny panicky bursts.

"yes. I 'memeber. Daddy but not Daddy." He looks and Felicity nods and Oliver sees the tears in
Felicity's eyes. "That's right baby girl." Her voice cracks. The little girl looks up at Felicity. She wipes the tears from Felicity's face. Felicity hugs her to her chest. "I love you, Little Bit."

Oliver replays her words. Wait? What...'daddy but not daddy'. Oliver is thinking back on everything. He sees Tommy looking at him with confusion with a dash of worry. Oliver is a bit worried himself. His heart is racing and he feels like he's not getting enough air into his lungs. Oliver looks at Felicity. He wants her to make all this make sense. He pleads with his eyes.

"Daddy?" Oliver questions and she rolls her eyes.

"Don't worry Oliver. No one is expecting anything from you." She says coldly. She then returns her attention to the little girl, "His name is Oliver." He can tell she wants to set a boundary where the child doesn't call him Daddy or Not Daddy. Oliver wipes his brow he's sweating. He wanted to know the secret and now he knows.

He hears Felicity speaking, "Tommy I'll call you later. Our to go order is done." She turns and starts to walk away, but the girl says something and she lets her down. She runs to Tommy and jumps in his lap.

"Bye Daddy T. Love you!" She hugs and kisses Tommy's lips who in turns hugs her and plants a kiss on her cheek while making a smacking sound. The little girl laughs.

"I love you too, Little Bit. Be good for your Mom, she's had a shock."

"ok." She smiles at Tommy.

The girl, Mollie they called her, looks over at Oliver as her hood falls down. The wind is knocked out of Oliver. His own eyes are definitely staring back at him. The girl has his hair too, she's blonde like him. Felicity dyes hers as he remembers.

She smiles at Oliver who smiles back. She has her Mom's smile. Her nose. Her perfect pink lips. She's a beautiful child. Oliver can't help but stare at her. His heart thuds and something in him shifts and he doesn't want her to go. He wants her to stay.

"Bye. Auntie Thea's brother." She waves and hops down. She runs to Felicity who has their bag in her hand. She takes her other one and walks out with her. They are chattering as they leave. Carly is glaring at Oliver and now he knows why. It takes everything in him not to chase them out of the diner. He thought the pull of Felicity was strong, but her and THEIR child is almost impossible to resist.

Oliver turns back to Tommy. Shock written all over his face. "My daughter?" Tommy nods slowly. "MY daughter?"

"How?" Tommy levels a 'really dude?' look at his friend. "Tommy we never slept together. Ever. She was your girl. IN love with you. I was an asshole, but--" Tommy rolls his eyes and rolls his eyes.

"The night of her graduation? Your room?" Oliver shakes his head. He had a DREAM. A beautiful, very real, lucid dream.

"I had a dream, Tommy. It was an amazing dream, but a dream." He says softly and looks at Tommy pleading with him, for what he has no idea. Tommy shakes his head and looks solemnly at him. Oliver wouldn't betray Tommy like that or use Felicity like that, right? He was better than that...
"Not a dream, buddy." Tommy teases him and chuckles. "It's just me here, you had sex with my then girlfriend and ran from her and your responsibility. I get it. It's the past. I was probably with Sara. All's fair in love and war." Tommy says it flippantly, but Oliver can tell he is upset about it.

Then a bigger problem than cheating hits him: Oliver would never leave his child, not if he knew about her. And he definitely would have stayed if he thought there was a chance in hell of winning Felicity’s heart. That's not the point right now, "Why didn't anyone tell me?" Tommy scoffs at Oliver's question.

"Felicity sent letters to your family. Moira gave them to you she told us Oliver." Oliver starts shaking his head. No. If he got any letter from her at all, let alone one telling him that she was pregnant with his child, he would have come home. If he had known his dream were real, if in fact it was real, he wouldn't have left.

"Oliver?" Tommy leans in. "Let's get out of here..." He looks around and sees the people watching them, "talk some place private." Tommy goes up to pay the bill while Oliver was sitting there stunned. His Child. His daughter. He has a child with Felicity. He had sex with her and thought it was a dream. A drunken lucid dream. God, she must think he's an asshole. She hates him. She must think he is the most horrible person ever to live. Oliver feels the bile rise in his throat with his next thought, because he is another man who left her, who walked out on her and didn't think she was good enough. Oliver almost doubles over from the pain remembering that night so long ago when she confided in him.

Oliver knocks on the door. He needs to talk to Sara. He can't go on like this anymore. He is using her to see Felicity and it's not fair. Maybe if he's single things will change. The door swings open and Felicity is standing there with her hair in a messy bun, sweats on and a spoon hanging out of her mouth. He looks closer and she's been crying. He makes fists to stop himself from pulling her to him.

"What's wrong?" Felicity shakes her head and pulls the spoon from her mouth. "Sara's not here. She had some meeting or something." Oliver thinks it's odd that Sara has all these meetings lately, but it's given him space so he hasn't complained. Felicity starts to shut the door and he puts his arm on the door to stop it.

"I asked what's wrong? Are YOU okay?" Felicity tilts her head and looks at him, studies him really. Then she blushes. He loves to watch that. Sometimes he says things to her to watch it.

"I'll be fine. I'm having a pity party."

"Not unless you know something I don't, do you?" He quickly shakes his head. Last time he talked to Tommy about Felicity he wouldn't stop going on about how perfect Felicity is and what a great relationship they have together. Oliver got high afterwards. She turns and walks into the apartment. He wasn't invited, but she didn't shut him out either. He finds her on the sofa curled up with her feet under her. She's crying.

"Felicity...what's wrong?"
She sniffs then looks at him. He think she might tell him. She grabs the bottle of Jack and takes a chug. His eyes bulge out. Oliver has never seen Felicity drink anything other than wine before and he's never seen her chug anything. She sits it back down and wipes her mouth with her sweatshirt.

She looks over at him. She's doing that thing she does where Oliver thinks maybe she can see his soul, see through all the bullshit and really see HIM. He swallows down his nerves. He always waits for the moment she does see him, cringes and tosses him out of her life.

"It's my birthday..." Oliver smiles at her, "Happy Birthday! Why aren't we celebrating?" She shakes her head and the tears start to flow more freely. Did Tommy forget her birthday?

"and my Dad..." Oliver runs through the facts he knows about Felicity. He can't remember even one about her Dad. "Is he okay?"

She laughs sardonically and shakes her head. "I wouldn't know. He left when I was six on my birthday. Just poof! Gone!" She waves her hands wildly. "He told me he would see me that night, for my party and he never came home. Today is the anniversary of him just evaporating from my life. His way of celebrating my birth. So, I drink."

Oliver has no idea what to say. His Dad isn't the best, but he's there. He can't imagine Robert Queen ever just leaving him and Thea or their Mom. Oliver looks and sees her hand resting between them. He reaches out and touches it.

"I'm really sorry." She is watching their hands now as he watches her. She shakes her head. "This is the part where I say it's okay and we both feel better." She tells him sadly.

He entwines their fingers, "No, this is the part where you tell me how I can help. Do you want me to get you drunk? Want me to pick you up some food? I could bake you a cake? Take you out? I can sit here with you quietly? I can find your Dad and kick his ass!" At the last one she giggles. God, Oliver loves that sound.

She looks up at him and really smiles at him. "You'd do all that for me?" He smiles warmly, "I'd do anything for you, Felicity." She blushes and looks away. He can't help the sigh that escapes him. She's shaking her head and looking at him.

"What?" He wants to know what that look means. She looks at him through her lashes. It shouldn't be such a turn on, but it is and he is scared he's about to embarrass himself.

"I didn't think you even like me..." She whispers. He blinks several times in quick succession. She thinks he doesn't like her? He's pretty sure he's in love with her. The six months she's been dating Tommy has been hell on his heart and his liver.

"Fe-li-ci-ty..." He looks at her longingly. He's never wanted anything as much as he wants to kiss her right now. He leans closer as she does. His lips are an inch from hers when the front door pops open and Sara comes in. They break apart quickly. Felicity on her side of the couch and Oliver on his. Sara plops down in his lap and puts her arms around him.

"I didn't know you were coming over." She wiggles her ass over his dick. "And you're happy to see me." She gets up and drags him to her room. He goes after turning back to see Felicity staring at the tv.

He stands up, he needs to move. No wonder she looked at him with anger. He never called her or talked to her. Oh. god. He left her pregnant and alone. He walked away from their child like her Dad did with her. He stops for a moment and bends over at the waist. He didn't even eat and he has
nothing to puke up, but his stomach wants to anyway.

"Come on, let's walk back to my place. I have lots of alcohol." Tommy puts his arm around Oliver's shoulder. Oliver numbly follows him out of the restaurant. Tommy drops his arm and lets Oliver alone with his thoughts. They walk the few blocks to his apartment quickly.

Oliver can't get the little girl out of his head. She's a perfect mixture of him and Felicity. She seems happy and bright and confident. She was funny too, he thinks. How could she be anything but perfect with Felicity raising her. His daughter. He has a daughter! It doesn't seem real.

Tommy leads him into the apartment and walks him to the couch. Oliver sits. Tommy walks away. He comes back and puts a bottle of beer in front of Oliver's face. He takes it and chugs it. Tommy laughs and hands him another one. "Go a bit slower with this one."

Oliver takes a sip. A daughter with Felicity. "When did you find out she was mine? Did Felicity know she was mine? Was there a paternity test? She looks like me so I don't need one, has she always looked like me?" Oliver wonders when he became a babbler.

Tommy sucks in his lips. "I knew when she said she was pregnant. That she wasn't mine." Oliver looks at him confused. Tommy shrugs. "We never--"

"Never?" Oliver spent a lot of nights hating the fact they were together and he assumed TOGETHER. That was a lot of wasted sleepless nights. "Huh." He killed a lot of brain cells trying to not think about them making love.

"You went through with the marriage? Why did you marry Felicity? Why does the little girl call you Daddy?" Oliver doesn't know why those were the questions he asked him. He has so many to ask.

"My Dad." Tommy says with venom in his voice. Malcolm is a jackass, why would he care if Felicity was married? "My Dad. The company needed a cash flow increase. A deal was struck. You were off the hook, that's all that mattered. Sara was gone by then so what did I have to lose?" Tommy rakes a hand through his hair. "Moira infused Merlyn Global with cash and you were free to do whatever and whomever you wanted." Tommy seems bitter about Sara leaving. Oliver heard she joined the peace corps or something.

Oliver's sense of betrayal is overwhelming. He stands up and starts circling the room. His Mom. She kept the letters from him. It had to be her. She made Tommy and Felicity get married. Wait.."Why did she marry you?"

Tommy smiles sadly. "She was hurt Ollie." Oliver thinks there is more to this story than Felicity being hurt. Felicity is someone who believes in love and marriage, but she also believes it has to be with the right person. Did she think Tommy was the right person?

"That morning after you two..." Tommy trails off, hurt clear in his voice. Oliver lowers his head. "She came and told me what happened. We agreed to break up. I didn't tell her about Sara, but we broke up. I wanted to be the injured party. I know it's hard to believe but I was a bit of an asshole." He chuckles, Oliver does not.

"She was so worried that I would hate her. She begged me to forgive and apologized and kept apologizing. We stayed friends." Oliver is digesting all this information as quickly as possible. He can see Felicity feeling guilty and trying to preserve the friendship. "Ollie, she begged for forgiveness for you too. Told me it was all her fault and she seduced you." Tommy's laugh isn't a
pleasant sound. "You know that shit hurt worse. I could barely touch her, but she seduced you."

Oliver may not remember much but he can bet she didn't have to try to hard if she was trying to seduce him. No point in bringing that up.

"Did you ever love her Tommy?" He doesn't know why he asks it, he often wondered if Tommy loved her. He knows Tommy never loved her the way Oliver does. In Oliver's opinion, Tommy liked the challenge of a smart woman and that people took him more seriously. He also sometimes felt that Tommy saw Felicity as a prize to be won and displayed, not as a woman to be loved and cherished.

Tommy takes a pull of his beer, "I knew you loved her and ...Damn it, I wanted something that you wanted and for once I had it." Oliver looks at him stunned.

"Yes, I'm aware. I think it's why she never slept with me until after we were married. When we married we agreed to put all my indiscretions and hers, with you, behind us. We wanted to make a good home for Mollie." Oliver's heart hurts at the idea of his daughter, and her calling someone else Daddy. He missed so much.

"Then she came home and found me with Sara...I'll never forget her face. She was holding Mollie and her face just broke. She turned Mollie so she couldn't see us, but I saw Felicity's face. I broke her heart. She left that night. I thought John would kill me." Tommy is staring off into space.

"John?" Did she have someone? He doesn't care. He will do everything he can to win her back. Back. His chest aches and he rubs it. She was his, for a brief moment in time, Oliver had Felicity's heart and her body. No matter who John is, Oliver won't back down. Not again. HIS Felicity and his daughter. His family. He smiles.

Tommy smiles. "Oh you will meet him. I'm sure."

"Boyfriend?" Tommy shakes his head. "Carly? John is her brother in law. Andy and John consider Felicity a little sister since she is best friends with Carly and Lyla. Lyla is John's wife." Oliver nods relieved. "As far as I know, there isn't anyone anymore."

"When you meet John you will have a whole new respect for me and my bravery." Oliver highly doubts that. He drinks another beer. Getting drunk with Tommy probably isn't his best idea ever.

They sit silently for a couple of hours drinking. It's a comfortable silence. "Hey, Oliver. You can stay if you want but Sara will be home soon." Oliver nods as Tommy is talking. He stands to leave. The decision to leave was easy enough. He's not ready to deal with her, not after the day he has had.

They are walking to the door when it opens. Sara walks through the door. She sees Oliver and she stops. Her mouth falls open and she looks a bit scared.

"Um...hi." He swallows. He isn't ready for this. He looks to Tommy, "I got to go. I will call you soon." Tommy looks from Sara to Oliver. He accepts Oliver's need to flee.
"Yeah, if there is anything I can do." They walk out into the hall. Sara looks hurt, but Oliver can't care about that right now.

"Oliver?" Tommy has a strange tone in his voice. Oliver raises his eyebrow in question. "Did you really not know about Mollie or remember sleeping with her? I'm your best friend and had your back. I still have your back."

Oliver stares at the wall behind Tommy thinking back to that night. He does a slight shake of his head before looking at Tommy, "I don't think I'm lying. I remember thinking it was a vivid dream and I felt like I had betrayed you. I didn't want to hurt her or you. I felt if I stayed someone would get hurt."

He tells him honestly and decides to be completely honest and says on a sigh, "I had everything I wanted for a brief time."

Oliver pauses. "Maybe I thought it could be real and I couldn't face her or you....but I NEVER knew about the baby."

"Mollie." Tommy supplies. "She's a great kid, Oliver."

"Mollie." Oliver repeats. He likes it.

"I need to talk to Felicity and to my family." Oliver tells him. "I need to talk to my family first. I need to find out what the hell happened." Tommy seems to understand. Oliver sees the worry on his face.

Tommy always worries Oliver is in over his head.

Oliver catches a cab home. He's had too much to drink to risk driving. He thinks back on that night. He tries to remember it as a real thing.
The past haunts me like a ghost

Chapter Summary

Felicity reacts to seeing Oliver while Oliver confronts his parents.

** you may cry during this chapter. I did writing it and my Beta said she teared up a bit.

Chapter Notes

Thank you so much for the support of this story. The hits, kudos and comments on here mean the world to me! Also, thank you to everyone reaching out to me on twitter. It's amazing and I overwhelmed with gratitude. Feel free to come talk to me on twitter any time! @kirena214

After they eat Felicity put Mollie to bed and went to her room. Mollie never asked about Oliver or why he was in town. She ate her dinner, then took her bath and asked for a couple of stories. Felicity sits on her couch wondering what it means. Mollie is an inquisitive child, much like Felicity was and she wants to know things. Felicity worries that maybe Mollie sees this as a rejection of herself when Oliver rejected Felicity not Mollie. He just didn't want a child with her. Oliver told her once that he definitely someday wanted a family when she questioned him about his future.

Felicity needs to talk to Mollie tomorrow. She can't let Mollie think for a minute that anything is wrong with her. It's Oliver. It's him that is wrong. Felicity lets a small cry escape her lips. She should head into her room. If she is going to cry she definitely doesn't want to wake Mollie.

She sits on her bedroom floor on the rug. Her bed at her back and rests her head against it. Oliver. Seeing him was jarring. He is older, more handsome and his body was nice before but now? She sighs; it's not fair how he improved with age. Why couldn't he be bald and fat and have some sort of deformity?

When she saw him there looking up at her, it was like she had been dying of thirst and he's her water. Then she remembered Mollie and him never once writing back or calling. But, here in her room she can admit how much seeing him hurt. It hurt her soul to see him. She was in love with Oliver from the moment he walked up to their table in the coffee shoppe. His smile warmed her and his eyes were so kind. She hoped beyond hope that Tommy would take the plunge and finally officially ask out Sara on a real date. He didn't.

Tonight seeing Oliver and remembering her best friend who held her when she cried, the man who would encourage her when she felt defeated was both wonderful and a special form of hell.

She wanted nothing more than to hug him for a split second. She wanted to remember how his big strong arms would make her feel safe and protected. She wanted to laugh with him again and remember the good times. Felicity feels the tears rolling down her cheeks. She wrecked all of it. She slept with him and lost her best friend, even after she resolved to keep things on a friend’s level.
But none of those things are what threw her the most, no that was when he looked genuinely shocked to hear about Mollie. It was like the first time he'd ever heard of her or seen her. She sent pictures. Moira swore she told him and showed him the pictures. Robert backed her up. Felicity sent tons of pictures that first year hoping Oliver would at least want to know about his daughter. On her second birthday, Moira told her Oliver requested to be left alone so she wouldn't be forwarding any more pictures of "The Child". That hurt Felicity more than anything Oliver had done to her personally. Reject her fine, but not her child. Two days later she saw in the paper Oliver was dating a Princess.

Felicity decided that day to put Oliver Queen behind her. She would try to forget that night and the words they shared. She would never again conjure up the memories of That Night as she had done before. She would often hold onto that night and that love to get her through the sad and lonely times. Now, she knew after that letter, Oliver Queen never loved her. He didn't want her or their child. A wall went up and it's never coming down.

Felicity's phone rings. She looks at the caller ID. Lyla. She answers. She can't avoid her best friend forever.

"Hey."

"Are you okay? Do I need to send John after pretty boy?" Felicity laughs. Lyla has a joke that Oliver is too pretty to be real.

"No. I'm fine." She pauses. "Lyla.....he's still..."

"What sweetie?" Lyla's voice is full of concern.

"My heart, it was beating out of my chest. Shouldn't I hate him? Shouldn't I want him dead?" Felicity is crying harder now. She lets the tears flow freely and wipes. For tonight, in this moment, she can let it all out. "For a minute I was that young girl again, so smitten with him that she would betray two people she loved and would have given up everything for him." She whispers "I am pathetic."

"No. You loved him, you have a child with him...Mollie is an amazing kid. He gave her to you." Felicity is nodding at everything her friend is saying. Oliver gave her the greatest gift she has ever received. Mollie is her reason for everything she does including starting her own company.

"I wanted to hug him, I wanted to talk to him...I wanted to connect with him, laugh with him and that can't happen..."

The tears are falling down her face, she is about to enter ugly cry area here. For a split second, she wanted her friend back. She didn't want him back as her lover, not at first. She missed her friend. The way Oliver could make her laugh when her world was falling apart. The way he could see she was hurting when no one else saw it. Then she remembered their night together and.. God, this hurts. It feels like her world just shattered around her. Again.

"Why not? I know he left, but he was a kid."..." Lyla tells her. Lyla is a diplomatic sort of person. It helps with her job as a hostage negotiator.

Felicity doesn't say anything. She keeps crying. She crawls up into her bed and curls up into the fetal position. This pain is almost unbearable. Her heart is crying out for him while her head is telling her heart that last time it did the thinking they were left pregnant and alone.

She sniffles. "I wouldn't survive it. He could break me and I don't know how I could recover again. Even if I could look past what he did. What about Mollie?" None of this matters. It's quite clear even
if Moira hadn't told her repeatedly; Oliver doesn't want Felicity. It was one night that's all.

"Why don't you talk to Oliver?. See, what he has to say. He was your friend once. Maybe he's grown up and wants a chance to see Mollie." Felicity thinks about it. She doesn't owe Oliver anything. "And you. Maybe he wants his family." Felicity doesn't want to think about that, it hurts too much. She contemplates her next words carefully.

"Lyla? When he saw Mollie when she called him her Not Daddy, he looked stunned. He looked like this was all brand new information. Shocked and confused. He had lost puppy Oliver face." Lyla gasps.

"Do you think it is? Moira Queen isn't the most honest person on the planet and she isn't your biggest fan." Felicity doesn't know. She never thought Moira would completely shut Mollie out of her life, she thought having a Grandchild made people softer. Moira Queen isn't someone Felicity wants to know how her mind works, and Felicity hates mysteries.

They talk for a few minutes before Lyla has to go. They hang up. Felicity curls tighter in her self-imposed ball and thinks back to the first time she considered Oliver a friend and not just Tommy's friend or Sara's boyfriend..

Felicity was crying. She hated that she cried over this, Tommy had stood her up. He promised he'd take her to this stupid gala thing the Computer Science Department was having and he left her message saying he was delayed and might not make it. She tried Sara, any date would do. She couldn't go alone. Sara had another meeting she had to attend for her sorority. She's pondering not going when she hears a key in the lock. She runs barefoot to the door hoping it's Tommy or Sara. Anyone who can go with her. The door opens.

"Oh...it's you." Oliver looks up at her and smiles. Then his gaze rakes over her body. She thinks she sees him gulp, but that's probably her imagination. He may have talked her through her Dad leaving anniversary, and there may have been a moment he MIGHT have maybe wanted to kiss her, but they aren't friends.

"I can tell you're glad to see me." He seems sad. She shakes her head. "It's nothing personal. I was hoping it was Tommy. He said he'd take me to this thing and he bailed. Sara can't go...sorority meeting and I didn't want to go alone."

She watches Oliver look her up and down again, "I don't think you should go alone in that!" She looks down at her short gold dress with the slit. She wanted to be sexy tonight. Normally she dresses like the nerd she is, but tonight she wanted to be sexy. Different. She fears she just looks like an idiot.

"Is there something wrong with my dress?" She worries that maybe it's inappropriate. "It's a gala like...they said cocktail, this is a cocktail dress."

"Every guy there will be hitting on you. Look at you and the dress is gold. I can hear the lines already, 'It must be my lucky day, I struck gold!'" Felicity wrinkles her nose at the corny pick-up line. She starts laughing. "Or worse, I hit the jackpot." She laughs harder.

"Oliver! First of all, no guy is going to hit on me. It's all the people in my department. Second, that is the WORST pick-up lines in history of pick-up lines. Third...I forget." She waves him off. "It's fine."

She walks over to the closet and gets her coat out. Oliver is there when she closes the door, "I'll go with you."
"You?" She can't imagine why Oliver Queen would want to escort her to a nerd event, as Tommy calls them. "There won't be a keg or sorority girls probably."

"You're a sorority girl." He points out. She sighs. "A real one. I'm only in because of Sara and her making them pledge me." Oliver shakes his head, but presses on.

"We can swing by my parent's place. I don't keep a suit at the apartment and I can change. We can go to this party together." She looks away. This is dangerous. She has the tiniest crush on Oliver which grew a bit with their last alone time.

"I don't know." She is debating how bad this can be with her lack of brain filter.

"Come on...It'll be fun." She really rather not go alone and Tommy did say to find someone else. "Okay."

That night was amazing. Oliver, who doesn't dance, danced with her all night. He made her laugh and kept her from having a panic attack. He did almost get into a fight with Carter Bowen while Felicity was dancing with her friends. He took her home that night and she thought later it was the best date of her life. Too bad it wasn't a date at all.

Felicity knows now Tommy and Sara were together. That most of their "commitments" were lies to be together. She will never understand why they didn't just break up with their significant others. If they had, maybe all their lives wouldn't be so complicated. But then maybe she wouldn't have Mollie.

Felicity does something she promised herself she would never do again: she falls asleep, crying over Oliver Queen.

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Oliver can't sleep. He goes over in his head what he knows. He knows that he believes Tommy and Felicity. Mollie is his and she tried to tell him. Hell, he can look at the girl and tell he's her dad. He believes Felicity tried to contact him because that is who Felicity is down deep. He believes his Mom bribed Malcolm into making Tommy marry her.

Why? Why wouldn't Moira want her son to know about his daughter? Why wouldn't she want her son to be a man and accept responsibility for his actions? He would have owned up to it. He would have gladly married Felicity! He would have spent the last five years making her the happiest woman alive or died trying. He could have had his dream.

He looks over at the clock. Midnight. His parents are probably still awake, if they are home. They often each sleep elsewhere, from what he's learned since returning home. When they aren't out, they stay up late working.

He gets up and heads to their wing of the house. The longer he walks the angrier he becomes. It feels like with every footfall he finds another reason to be angry. How dare they play God with his life, with Felicity and with an innocent child? He pictures Mollie's big innocent eyes looking at him curiously and he wants to punch the wall. She should know him and know he loves her. Oliver pauses for a moment to try and calm down. He takes several deep breathes. He needs to be calm and listen. Then he can yell.
He knocks. He waits, rocking on his heels for one of them to reply. "Enter." He hears his Dad tell him. He opens the door. He doesn't bother to close it. He doesn't care if the staff or Thea overhears.

His Mom and Dad are both in bed. They have their pillows against the headboard and both have files on their lap, reading glasses on. They are both watching him curiously. His Mom puts down the paper in her hands, removes her glasses and smiles at him. Robert still holds his paper and looks at Oliver over his glasses.

"Oliver, what a surprise.. I heard you were seeing Tommy tonight." Of course, his Mom has spies. "I was. We had quite the interesting evening."

His Dad chuckles, while Moira rolls her eyes. Both are assuming they went out to get laid. That Oliver reverted back to the way he was before leaving Starling City. He came home with a plan to get Felicity or at the very least rekindle their friendship. That plan changed when he met his own blue eyes in a tiny girl with her mother's smile. Now, he plans on winning his family back.

"I assume you told him your intentions towards Sara. Such a sweet girl." Moira smiles fondly. Oliver shakes his head. He stands up straighter at the foot of his parents’ bed.

"We went to eat at Big Belly Burger. It was a nice chat. Then Felicity walked in." Moira's smile fades just for a second. Oliver looks to his Dad who just shrugs. "Then her daughter came over to talk to Tommy. When Felicity saw me, she wasn't happy."

Moira smiles sweetly, "I wonder why? She's always been a strange girl, Oliver." He nods, not in agreement, but he knows now how she is going to play this. Blame Felicity and lie.

"Tommy introduced me to the child." The blonde haired, blue eyed child." Oliver swallows down the fear and longing he has felt since meeting his daughter. He wants them to be honest; he needs them to be honest. Maybe it will all be okay if they can just be honest. They can support him and maybe they all could be a family.

"Yes, she looks like her Mom and not a thing like Tommy." Moira lets the lie drop so easily from her lips. Oliver looks from her to his Dad. Robert looks ashamed, but says nothing. "What do you think Dad, does she look like her Mom?"

Robert looks from Moira to Oliver. He is very careful when choosing his next words. Oliver knows that look. It's the look his Dad has when he is about to go against his Mom, but wants minimal damage. He looks down and clears his throat before looking at Oliver.

"No. I think she looks like her Dad." Robert pauses then looks Oliver right in the eye, "Her biological Dad." Oliver sees that his Dad is confirming the unasked question he also sees Moira recoil as if Robert hit her. She recovers quickly and her words are full of venom.

"How could you? After everything I've done to protect this family and most importantly our son." She says in a whisper that Oliver can hear. Robert turns to his wife in their bed.

"He loves the girl Moira. It's written all over his face. Look at him! He is IN love with her. He's loved her since he first saw her. It's clear to everyone but you... and Felicity perhaps? He deserves to have the woman he loves. He deserves his child." Robert grabs his pillow. "I know. I'll be sleeping in the office. I don't care I want my son to be happy."

Robert pats Oliver on the shoulder as he walks past. Oliver watches him go. He turns back to his Mom. "What did you do?"

Moira pushes some hair back, "Nothing." She shakes her head and raises her chin in defiance.
"Bullshit." He says it much more calmly than he feels.

"I don't have to answer to you. If you don't like my methods of protecting my son who wasn't ready to be a father, then ---"

"...then what?" Oliver challenges her. She rises to his challenge. Her face betrays her initial shock before she puts on the Queen Matriarch mask she wears so well.

"Then you can leave." Moira tells him. He knows she doesn't mean it and she doesn't believe he will leave. This has always been her go to threat and it has never truly worked, not when he was sixteen and not now. He won't leave. Not yet. He won't leave Thea here with her, if he can help it. If there is an alternative.

"I will never forgive you for this." He tells her and Moira snorts.

"You will. You and Sara will get back together. Tommy will go back to his wife and they will raise the child." She says with a flourish of her hands like she has a magic wand and is making it happen. "You will give me beautiful grandchildren with Sara."

"She's your granddaughter! Mollie is a Queen. I thought family meant something to you?" Moira shakes her head. "I care for the child as Tommy's daughter. She will never be a true Queen Heir." Oliver can't take it anymore. He is pulling on his hair something he hasn't done since he left here years ago. He drops his arms and storms out slamming the door behind him. He feels like the walls are closing in on him. What gave her the right to do this to him? To Felicity? And most of all to Mollie?

Moira Queen won't admit what she did. Oliver is pulling his hair again. The anger and confusion are boiling over. He needs someone he can trust. Someone he trusts completely. He needs someone to help him understand this. He needs Felicity. In college, she could always talk him down and calm him. No one else has ever had that ability.

He's always trusted Felicity. He needs to talk to her. She has always been able to help him see things clearly. The only problem is that he hasn't always been honest with her and she doesn't see him the same way. Damn it. How did everything get so fucked?

Oliver returns to his room to find Raisa in there. Oliver can feel something is wrong. He braces himself for another crushing blow. She is standing beside his bed looking out the windows. She turns and sees him. He smiles at her. She has a box in her hands. "I will be fired, and I am okay with it." He shakes his head.

"We can't live without you. We need you." She smiles sadly this time and shakes her head. "No, Mister Oliver, you need to get your own life. Miss Thea needs to be free of this place." She pauses and looks him in the eye. "You need your Miss Felicity." Raisa, proud, honorable and beautiful Raisa looks at him and he knows much like his Father just did she's going to say something with a deeper meaning.

"And Miss Felicity...she needs you. She may not think she does, but she does. I saw what she went through. I know the burden of all the secrets she keeps to keep peace. Her and your daughter, they need you. They need you to be the man I raised you to be."

Oliver gulps. He nods slowly hoping more than anything that he can be that man she raised him to be. That he can be the man she thinks Felicity needs. "She loves you. Never doubt that she loves you." She tells Oliver raising her hand and cupping his cheek.
"Now, that I said my peace on that...you need to leave here and take Miss Thea with you, before they destroy that poor child. My precious baby needs to leave here." Oliver nods slowly.

Oliver knows she's right. He needs to go and he needs to find a way for Thea to be okay. This house is toxic. Their parents don't know how to parent them, let alone love them. He accepts Raisa needing to be free of this prison too. He loves her too much to guilt her into staying.

"Here." She shoves the box in his hand. "Mrs. Queen, kept these from you. Hid them. I don't know why she never burned them." She tells Oliver in a way that makes it clear she would have burned them in his Mother's shoes. "I am giving them to you, so you can decide your future. You're a good boy Oliver. A good Man." She hugs him and he hugs her back.

"Keep in touch?"

"Of course." She walks out. Oliver knows he will see her again. He can't lose her too. She closes the door behind her and Oliver sits down on the edge of his bed and opens the box. He sees his name scrolled across an envelope. He recognizes the handwriting as Felicity's.

He scoots back on his bed and folds his legs. He takes the box and dumps all the letters. There are seven and tons of pictures. He decides to put the letters in order. He finds the date in the upper right hand corner and resists the urge to read them all. Once they are in order he reads the first one. Pushing the photos aside, he can't handle that part right now. Too much has happened today.

Oliver-

I don't know what to say about last night. You've been my friend, my best friend for a year now. I guess I should be honest even if that means I can never look you in the eye again or you decide to never speak to me again.

I'm not sorry we had sex (for the record, for me, it was making love. Cheesy but true). I'm not sorry that I made love to you. I should be. You're my boyfriend's best friend since before you two could talk. You are my best friend's boyfriend. I should feel like the scum of the earth, but I don't. I can't.

I can't regret you or last night because I love you Oliver. I've known I've loved you for a year now. I realized last night in your arms that I am IN love with you. It felt right being with you, holding you, accepting you into my body and my soul. It was beautiful, not many girls can say that about their first time.

I don't know if you feel the same. I know what we said, what we promised one another, but maybe the light of day changed things for you. I am okay with that. I made my decision (I was just a little tipsy, Oliver I knew what I was doing). When I came back to your room and you were gone, I think I knew then that you didn't mean the words, the promises. It's okay. I'm an adult and can handle it. No guilt, okay?

I hope we can remain friends. I hope we can still find a way to be in each other's lives. If not, I will always cherish our night together. I will miss my friend, but I understand and won't pressure you.

I should probably also tell you I broke up with Tommy this morning. I didn't end it in hopes
of you wanting me, but because it was the right thing to do. Well, as right as things can be after I cheated on him. I am also moving out of my apartment with Sara. I won't tell her what we did because that is between you two. I just told her I needed space and that I'm not the person she thinks I am.

Please don't ask me to regret last night, that's all I ask.

Yours Truly,
Felicity.

Oliver reread the letter several times. She didn't regret it. She didn't regret him. She broke up with Tommy. He could have had her. She says it wasn't for him and he believes her, but they could have been together. He could have been there when she took the pregnancy test. He could have been there for her first appointment. He would have went to every appointment he knows it.

She loves him.

Correction: she loved him. She cherished their words and promises? What words and promises? Why can't he remember? He's certain he didn't want to break them. He rereads the part about her coming back to his room. That had to break her heart. Why didn't he stay? Why did his natural instinct to run have to kick in?

He reads it again. FIRST TIME? Oh god. Oliver starts to hyperventilate. That's why she never had sex with Tommy. She-- Oliver prays he was gentle and loving. Please don't let him have hurt her! Please. He starts pacing his room. What if he did hurt her? Then he left her. He left her pregnant. He's starting to hate himself. How could he do that to her? Fuck. He sits back on his bed.

Oliver had told himself he'd read only one letter tonight. He lied. He will read one more. He needs to read the next one before he can sleep. He needs to know she did try to contact him. He needs confirmation that his Mother lied to him. He trusts her completely, but he needs to see it. He picks up the second note. He just needs it to say something about the baby or imply it. SOMETHING.

Oliver-

I need to speak with you! I've come by your parent's house, your apartment and tried to call you. I've left messages everywhere and even Tommy says he doesn't know where you are, please contact me. It's important and imperative that I speak to you.

She did try to contact him. The letter is dated for two weeks after he left. She must have suspected if not known she was pregnant. Oliver fingers the next letter. No, he won't read it tonight. He needs time to be happy with her declaration of love. He needs to think about that and get comfortable in that love that he hopes to rekindle. He needs one night of knowing she loved him if only for a moment. And maybe he needs it to stoke the fire of love he has so he can convince her he never stopped loving her. And he needs time to accept his Mother kept his daughter from him. He needs to calm down and make sure he thinks things through with a clear head.

He takes the letters, pictures and places them back in the box. It's then he notices a tiny little bracelet. It's got small pink beads and says "BABY SMOAK". He realizes she enclosed their daughter's hospital band in one of her letters. She let him know she gave their child her name, not Tommy's. He smiles. He looks at the pictures but sadly few are of Mollie. These look like Sara's old pictures of their time together. Leave it to Sara, he thinks to himself or maybe Moira.
Oliver leaves one picture out, accidentally. He picks it up. It's of Felicity holding a newborn Mollie. Felicity is glowing. She is looking at their daughter like she the most amazing creature ever. THEIR DAUGHTER! Oliver is willing to bet she is amazing. Felicity looks happy and content staring down at a sleeping Mollie cuddled in her arms.

His family. Oliver falls asleep holding the picture of his girls close to his chest.
A (bad) day full of moments.

Chapter Summary

Oliver and Felicity talk.

Chapter Notes

Thank you for all your support! It means a lot to me.

Please remember everyone in this story makes mistakes, screws up and has selfish moments, especially in the past.

I had planned on not really having the rest of the notes Felicity sent to Oliver until later and spread throughout the story. I talked to a couple of readers and realized that isn't fair to you, the readers, and that you needed to know some of what happened. I hope they work.

This chapter isn't edited very well. Sorry. My Beta is overworked and needs a break and I love her too much to put more on her.

**I don't think you need a tears warning...**

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Felicity had a bad day at work. She knew Tommy was coming over tonight to discuss Mollie's birthday which meant he'd want to invite Sara to the birthday party. Her day didn't look to be getting better. She really wasn't in the mood for this discussion about Sara. She is trying to get herself ready for this. She tries to be friends with Tommy, but sometimes it's really difficult. She's walking to her car when her phone goes off.

It's Tommy. Shit.

"Hey. I'm on my way!" She tells him while sliding in the driver's seat. She lost track of time, again. She knows she's running late and Tommy hates when she's late.

"No rush." Felicity stops. That's not like Tommy. "I can't make it. Sara wants me to have dinner with her and her sister. Can we discuss the party tomorrow." Even though Felicity didn't want to have the talk she's pissed he's blowing her off for Sara and her sister.

"Sure. Or I can just plan it myself." Okay, she was being petty. She knows it. She can't help herself. She is tired of Tommy canceling on her. The only thing that saves him is he doesn't cancel on Mollie.

"No. I want to help. I want to plan it, maybe coordinate our presents and help pay. She's still mine..." Felicity bites back a nasty comment about how he signed away his rights. She also thinks he stating that because Oliver is back. Tommy has always felt like he is competing with Oliver. She counts to ten. She knows he signed away his rights to protect Mollie from Malcolm or so he says. She thinks
maybe it has more to do with Sara being jealous and the money that the Merlyn's are do desperate to keep.

"Fine. Whatever." She lets out a sigh.

"Don't be mad. It's one day." Tommy tells her softly but sternly. Almost like a command. She frowns. She hates this game of his when he tries to make her the bad guy.

"Her birthday is in two weeks! We should have already done this already."

"Do you want me to cancel my dinner?" Tommy is getting more upset. She doesn't want to fight.

"No. Just meet me at my office tomorrow." She says trying to keep the anger at bay. She isn't mad at Tommy, well not mad enough to fight with him. She's mad at so many other things. She's mad she put this off until this late and that Oliver is back and that her stupid heart races just thinking about him. She's mad Ray Palmer is being possessive and has no right to be at all. Men are really not worth the stress.

"I'll be there and bring lunch. Big belly burger...as a peace offering." She smiles. Damn it, he knows her too well.

"See you then."

She disconnects the call and starts her car. She hates that Tommy cancels on her a lot. She knows it's because of Sara and she does understand they are trying to build a life together, but Sara needs to realize that Tommy has chosen to stay in Mollie's life.

Felicity slaps the steering wheel. She's going to have to be the bigger person. She's tired of being the bigger person, but for Mollie she can do it. She is going to have to find a way to forgive Sara. It's the only way Mollie will get to have Tommy in her life. Bloody hell.

At least she can now have a relaxing evening with Mollie. She will order in and they will get in their pj's and relax. It sounds perfect to her.

She arrives to pick up Mollie from pre-school and feels instantly better when she sees her daughter. Mollie runs out to her and hugs her. She bends down and lifts her up. "Mommy!" She hugs her tightly. This is all she needs in the world. She can be a bigger and better person for this little one. Felicity puts her back on her feet.

They walk in and get her stuff. The ride home they discuss what to have for dinner. Mollie is fine with the take out and pj plan. Felicity decides her bad day is over.

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Oliver woke up and wanted to read all the letters. He thought about them all night and decided he needs to read them first. It makes the most sense. He walks over to his closet and pulls them out. He needs to know what his Mother did to them. What exactly did Felicity say to him and what did he miss. He hopes his heart can take it. Sometime in the middle of the night the thought came to him that these letters may show that he broke her heart. He may have to face that she can't forgive him.

He sits on his bed, folds his legs and opens the box. He grabs the third in the seven letter series.

**Oliver-**

*I'm writing to tell you I took a home pregnancy test. It was positive so I went to a clinic. They confirmed it. I'm pregnant and it's yours. I wanted to tell you in person, but you're avoiding*
I'm having a baby. I want our baby. It would be nice to know what you want. The decision is ultimately mine, and I want it.

Please contact me.

Felicity.

Oliver looks the note over again. Pregnant and it's yours. Such a simple letter to hold so much change within it. Her whole world changed. He wonders how he would have felt reading this years ago. Would he have been thrilled? Or scared? Or happy?

He thinks he would have been all of the above. He loved Felicity then as he does now and he would have loved their child from the first moment he knew she existed. He would have been scared shitless too. He thinks about how Felicity always talked him down when he would get scared. He can only imagine them talking each other through it all.

Oliver takes the next note. It's dated for several months after the last one.

We are having a little girl. I guess, *I* am having a little girl. On my own. Her heartbeat was so fast, but I'm told that's normal. She's active and healthy in there.

I just thought you should know.

Oliver notices that she didn't sign her name this time. A girl. A little girl. He looks at the sonogram picture attached to the bottom. She must have glued it on. He wonders what Felicity looked like pregnant. Did she crave anything weird? Did Tommy go at fetch it for her in the middle of the night? Did her feet swell? Did she have someone to rub her feet? He would have gladly done it every night. Did she have morning sickness? He has so many questions and once again it hits him just how much he missed. How much was stolen from him. He looks at the box, he briefly considers looking at the pictures, but he KNOWS he can't handle that right now. He also feels like he wants to have someone to talk to him about this when he sees them.

He also wonders about Felicity's mental state. How hard was it for her to be alone and pregnant before she married Tommy? How hard was it to manage everything on her own. He knew she wanted a second Master's Degree. Even though, she had graduated with one and her Bachelor's she had applied and been accepted into another one. Did she get that one too?

Oliver pulls out the next note. Her handwriting isn't as perfect as normal. The page seems water damaged.

I guess you're off the hook. Your Mother, Mr. Merlyn and Tommy came to see me in Bursars office. My scholarships, grants and loans are cancelled unless I marry Tommy. They even took away my admittance in the MBA program. All I have to do is marry Tommy and swear he is the Dad.

I'm doing it. I'm doing it so your crazy Mother doesn't take my daughter and treat her the way she does your sister. I'm doing it so I can get my second Master's and one day get as far away as I can from all of you.
I can't believe you'd do this to Tommy. I know you didn't care about me. Your face plastered all over the tabloids proves that, but Tommy I thought you did love.

The anger and hatred practically vibrates off the page. He thinks the water is tear drops. It hits him hard, he broke her heart. Not him really, but in her mind and heart it was him. Now, he can truly understand why she is so angry and what he has to overcome to win her trust back. Her defense of Tommy is something he didn't expect. It pains him and fills him with jealousy. It was the two of them against the world protecting Mollie.

He grabs the next note.

Oliver-
I promised myself I would never write about myself to you again. I guess I am breaking that promise. I married Tommy today. I pictured my wedding day very differently from this day. The tabloids are calling me a gold digger since I am pregnant. They say I trapped him, but really Tommy and I are both trapped.

It's probably worse for Tommy. My lust for you, my love for you and his for you, trapped us both in a loveless marriage. So, we promised today to try and love one another. We are going to try and make it work. We want to make the best of it. We dated for years and we think we can do this.

I see him trapped and scared and I am just as trapped and scared. I see that you are having fun and living an exciting life of adventure. I thought I'd hate you, but I don't. Love and hate have a fine line separating them. What I feel for you now; knowing you could walk away and leave us like this is worse than hate. I do not believe there is a word for it.

I will keep you updated on the name and birth. I owe that much to my daughter. I will send pictures. You should be able to recognize her if by chance you ever see her.

Oliver finishes the note and sits it aside. Oliver realizes he is crying. His heart breaks for her, but his own heart is now broken. The two people he loved the most feel like he left them and trapped them together. They were forced into a life neither of them ever wanted.

Felicity is wrong about one thing, he wasn't happy. He doesn't really remember that first year. He was drunk or high or both. He went from woman to woman with no care for them or himself. He would have given anything to be with her. He still would give anything for her. He was miserable and self medicating his way across Europe.

He walks downstairs to get something to eat. He needs time before reading the last note. He makes himself a sandwich. As he is walking past the study while eating, his Mom calls out to him, "Oliver?" He rolls his eyes.

He walks to the door way and leans against it, "Yes?"

"You remember Helena, right?" Oliver eyes his Mother carefully as he puts the last bite of sandwich into his mouth. He says nothing. Helena stands and turns to him, "I remember you, Oliver." She looks him up and down. When her eyes meet his the invitation is clear.

"I asked Helena to come over today and show you around town." Oliver rolls his eyes.
"I grew up here. I know my way around, thanks." He pushes off the doorframe and starts to leave.

"Oliver. At least take her to lunch." His Mother pleads. Oliver ignores her and looks at Helena. He smiles but it's only a friendly smile.

"Listen, Helena. No offense, but I have someone. I don't want to mess it up and if we are seen out together, even as friends, it will be in the paper. I will have a lot of explaining to do and I could lose her."

Helena looks at him with something close to respect in her eyes. "I understand. She's a lucky girl." Oliver smiles at the pretty brunette. Once upon a time, she was just his style. "No, I'm the lucky one."

Oliver heads to his room. He has one more letter to read. Oliver walks over to his bed and lifts out the last letter. He takes a deep breath and prepares himself. He paces as he reads it. He's anxious and nervous.

My daughter was born today. Her birth changed a lot of things. I will always be grateful to you. I have this perfect, pink little bundle of joy. She smells fresh and new and I am refreshed and new with her.

Her name is Mollie. Maybe someday I will tell you why I named her Mollie, maybe. Mollie Elizabeth Smoak. I don't want her to be a Merlyn and Tommy agreed. She weighed in at 6 lbs 4 oz. She 21 inches long and perfect. She looks just like you. I enclosed a picture so you can see.

After this note I'm not going to write you anymore. I will send pictures until you ask me to stop. I think that's fair. If you want to know more, you will have to make an effort. I won't force this on you. That was never my intention.

Oliver....I have to let you go now. I've held on to the hope you would come for us. You'd take us away. You would free Tommy and we could all be happy. I realize now that was a stupid childish fantasy. I have to let my idealized thought of you go. It's time to grow up and like a good Vegas girl, play the hand I was dealt.

I will always love you. I know that. I will bury that part of my heart and lock it away. Thank you for our one night and for this perfect tiny human you gave me. I hope you find what you're looking for and can be happy.

Felicity M Smoak-Merlyn

Oliver feels gut punched. Seeing her sign Merlyn to her note breaks a part of him. She was Tommy's wife. He lets out a breath he wasn't aware he was holding. He rereads her note. She never refers to Mollie as "theirs" meaning her and Tommy. Why not? Another mystery.

She let him go. She waited for him. She still had faith in him. This proves she loved him. She wanted him as much as he wanted her. She had faith in him in a way no one ever has in his entire life. He would have been there had he known.

He decides to do a google search of Felicity. He's never done it before, because he didn't feel like opening the wound that not having her in his life left. He was scared of seeing her happy with Tommy. He didn't want her unhappy, but seeing her would have hurt him and he wasn't sure he would recover. Now, he needs to see it.
Several articles load instantly. He reads about her wedding to Tommy. A small affair. The tabloids had a field day with the "shotgun wedding". The birth of Mollie, there isn't a lot to read, apparently only a birth announcement. They were cruel to Felicity and then ran articles after Mollie was born about how much she didn't look like Tommy and how she lied to trap Tommy for his money. Oliver wants to find these writers and break all their fingers.

There are articles about the divorce and her starting her own company. Her company has a lot of articles. She's doing really well for herself. She did go back to school. She got her MBA. He's proud of her. He knew she could do it. She's obviously tried to live a private life off the gossip sites, but being a Merlyn made that impossible until the divorce. Good for her. He wonders if his being back and in her life and Mollie's will change that?

He wants her to be a Queen someday. Did she hate the attention? He thinks back on the Felicity he knew and can bet she hated every last second of it. It was one of the things he never understood about her, she hated attention even when it was for an accomplishment she would shy away from the spotlight.

He looks at the clock and sees it's after six. She should be home by now. He got her address from Tommy last night. He thought he might have to bribe Tommy but he willingly turned it over. Oliver was going to call and ask her to meet him, but knowing her she wouldn't meet him. He knows her and she is stubborn. He loves that about her when he isn't pulling out his hair over it.

He should just go over there. That way she can't avoid him or his questions. Unless, she slams the door in his face which is a distinct possibility.

He's walking down the stairs when he runs into Thea. "Where you going Big Brother?" He smiles brightly at her term of endearment.

"I'm going to see Felicity and talk about Mollie." He takes a step down and she moves in front of him.

"I should go with you." He tilts his head and raises an eyebrow. Why would she want to go. "Why?"

"Felicity is protective of Mollie. She never lets her hear talk about grown up problems as she calls them. I'll take Mollie to her room to play while you two talk.... And she's less likely to kick me out." She turns and runs down the stairs shouting over her shoulder, "Though she still might kick both of us out."

She's right. Felicity is more likely to let him stay if he has her with him. He isn't above using his little sister for an 'in' with her and it could help with Mollie.

They arrive at her apartment. It's nothing like he expected. It's small but homely. It's an old Victorian house that has been converted into several apartments. It looks safe and secure. He looks around and realizes the neighborhood does not look so safe. When did he start worrying about things like that? Oh yeah, when he fell in love with her and then again when he saw his daughter. His daughter, he will never get tired of that. He just hasn't had to worry about anyone and he thought worrying about Felicity was Tommy's job.

They walk up to house and easily get in. Oliver looks back at the door, that's not good. They walk up a flight of stairs and Thea knocks on the door at the top. "Don't worry. She will let me in." Thea looks at him, then back to the door, "Probably."

Before Oliver can question whether or not they will be allowed in, Felicity opens the door and looks at them confused. When Felicity's eyes connect to his, Oliver can tell she doesn't want to see him and
maybe not even Thea. His plan is dying before his eyes. She doesn't have a chance to kick them to
the curb before Mollie comes running around and jumps in Thea's arms. "Auntie Thea!"

Mollie wraps her arms around Thea's neck squeezing her tight. Oliver smiles. It's obvious his sister
and his daughter have bonded. This fills him with joy to know that they have a bond. That Thea is
her Aunt.

Mollie wiggles free, grabs her hand and leads her into the apartment. Felicity moves back so he can
center. Yes, he rode his sister's coattails into the apartment. He's not ashamed. He maybe should be,
but he is not. He smiles at Felicity who doesn't return it. He's worried about getting Thea and Mollie
out of the room, but when he looks around they're already gone. He needs to buy his sister a present
for all her help.

He turns back to Felicity. She's in adorable pajamas. She has on dark blue pj pants with white
computers on them and a white tank top. "You might as well sit down they'll be awhile." She moves
to the chair and he sits on the couch. She pulls her legs up into the chair raised to her chest.

No time like the present. "I came to talk about Mollie." She looks at him. He can't read her
expression. "She's my child. There's nothing to talk about." She tells him flatly.

"She's mine too." She shakes her head, she stands up and moves to the desk in the corner of the
room. She takes some papers off the desk and walks over to him holding it for him and holds out the
papers.

"You signed away your rights. She's mine. Only mine. I don't know if you're suddenly have a crisis
of conscience, an early midlife crisis and it doesn't matter. You have no rights to her. You gave her
up." Oliver can tell she thinks he gave up on both of them.

She hands him a copy of a legal document. He skims it. It does say he is terminating his parental and
legal rights to Mollie Elizabeth Smoak. He smiles. He flips to the last page where he sees someone
has signed his name. "I've never seen this before and I didn't sign it."

She shrugs and sits back in her chair, legs pulled to her chest. "Doesn't matter. Your Mother
witnessed it and had it notarized. You'd have to go up against your Mom and her lawyers. We both
know you won't do that."

He sees it, he knows what she's thinking. She thinks he hid behind his Mother and his family money
to get away from her and the responsibility of raising Mollie. She has no respect for him; only
contempt. She thinks he is everything he always told her he wasn't. She sees him as the stupid kid
who only wanted to get drunk. He needs to throw himself on her mercy.

"I didn't know about her. I swear to you, I didn't know..." He watches her search his face for the
truth. Her entire body is trembling with hatred but when she sees the truth she relaxes. Felicity has
always been this way. Anger makes her tremble and almost vibrate, but once she knows the truth she
calms down. It's an amazing thing to watch.

"It doesn't matter. She's not yours anymore. Moira Queen made sure of it. You'd have to call your
Mom a liar in a court of law." She also thinks he's weak. He remembers the times he would complain
about his parents and she would tell him to stand up to them. Fight for what he wanted and he
always backed down.

"Felicity." He says softly and moves to sit on the coffee table in front of her, "Had I known about
her...had I know YOU wanted me..needed me I would have been here. Please believe me." He
reaches for her hands that are wrapped around her legs and she pulls them away and folds her arms
to her body. She is unwilling to let him touch her. Her face is cold. She's shutting him out. Oliver saw her do this with people who would use her for her brain and didn't really care about her. He never thought she would do this to him. He never thought he would hurt her either.

"You left." It's so low he barely hears her. At first he thinks it's because she's sad but he sees hatred and betrayal in her eyes. She's whispering because Mollie is in the next room. She doesn't want her to hear.

"I...I thought it was for the best." He pleads with her to believe him.

She looks at him and the eyes that once danced with joy and mirth when they would talk are filled with anger and tears. "You fucked me and you ran away. You said-- and I thought" He starts shaking his head. He falls to his knees in front of her. What did he say? What did she think?

She sighs, "I was another one of Oliver Queen's famous 'one and done'." Oliver can hardly breathe. He could never think of her that way.

"No." His stomach churns at even saying the words in reference to her. "I didn't fuck you. I..I." He runs a hand through his hair. "I thought it was a dream. A drunk lucid dream."

She stares at him for a moment like he is the stupidest person on earth. Then she laughs. "You need a better story than I was dreaming. At least say you were drunk and forgot! Or that you thought I'd know better or that you thought we could have something but had regrets. BUT A dream?" She's shaking her head and gets up from her chair. "Don't insult my intelligence."

He grabs her arm, "I'm serious." She looks at his hand on her. She shudders. She hates him that much. "It doesn't change anything, even if I believed you. It doesn't change the past, but for the record. I don't."

"Felicity..if you hate me and never want to talk me, fine. But Mollie is my daughter. She deserves to have a Dad." He is pleading with her. He means it. He wants her more than anything..other than his child. He can't walk away from his child, he can't. It will kill a part of him to lose Felicity, but he can't force her to forgive him. He cannot give up Mollie.

"And you think YOU should be her Dad? Why? Because you finally came home? Moira already told me you're here for Sara." She moves closer to him and speaks softer.

"Sara hates Mollie. She won't let you be her Dad anymore than she allows Tommy. Did you know he's supposed to be here right now talking birthday parties? But SARA and her sister wanted to have dinner so Tommy bailed, again." She moves away.

Oliver follows her. He grabs her arm and spins her to him. Her breath catches. He can feel the electricity between them. That feeling that is only just under his skin when she near. He wants to kiss her. He wants to hold her. The feelings between them are still there. He wants nothing more than to prove to her that they still have that chemistry. He watches her breathing change and she licks her lips then looks at his. He is about to kiss her when he remembers this is about Mollie. He steps back.

"Moira Queen has no idea why I came home. I came home for YOU. I didn't know there was a Mollie. My priorities changed the moment Tommy told me she's mine." He steps closer to her, he can't stay away from her. The pull is too strong. He cups her cheek.

He speaks barely above a whisper. She leans in to hear him better. "I still want you. I want you more than anything...but her." She's stops breathing. "Breathe, baby." He massages her cheek with his thumb. She sucks in some air. "I have always wanted you. I will die wanting you, but that won't stop
He smiles and steps out of her personal space. This isn't the time or place for this moment. "I will let you think about how this is going to work. I don't want to take her from you. I just want to share...to see her, to get to know her and if we happen to reconnect then we will see what happens."

He watches her as she licks her lips and he watches her tongue come out. He wonders where this self restraint is coming from because he definitely wants to follow the path her tongue just made. He wants to taste her and remember it. Yet, he doesn't.

Felicity takes a moment and he waits knowing she needs it. Then she clears her throat.

"Mollie. He's leaving." Mollie comes running out with Thea. Mollie runs to Felicity and takes her hand. "Good bye." She tells Oliver and waves at him. Her voice is so high and sweet. It's the cutest sound he's heard. He goes down on his knees in front of Mollie.

"I hope to see you again really soon." He tells this perfect little person. He means it. He knows without a doubt he'd die for this little muchkin and he wants her in his life. He hopes with all his heart that Felicity will allow him to be a part of Mollie's life and that Mollie can someday love him.

"ok..." Mollie looks up at Felicity who smiles down at her. Mollie is swinging their joined hands. "See you soon Auntie Thea's brother." Oliver looks and sees Thea tearing up. Felicity is biting her lip.

Oliver looks to Mollie. "For now, you can call me Oliver, if you want." Mollie's entire face lights up and Oliver falls in love with her or maybe deeper in love. One smile directed at him and he's hooked. He feels his heart change its beat because of her smile. She's an amazing, and she's his daughter. He smiles so big his face starts to hurt.

"Maybe someday you can come play with me. We can have a tea party like I do with Aunt Thea or play trains. I love trains." Mollie babbles just like her Mom. "Mommy says someday I can go on train. We might even take a train across country! Maybe you can come?"

"I'd love that." He means it. He doesn't care what they do as long as they're together.

"Okay. Bye Oliver." She drops Felicity's hand and wraps her small arms around Oliver. He wraps his arms around her. He stands with her still in his arms. He looks over Mollie's shoulder and sees Felicity is crying silently. She quickly wipes her tears.

"Thea could you give us a minute." Felicity asks his sister. Oliver hands Mollie off to Thea. Felicity leads Oliver to the hallway while Thea talks to Mollie. He closes the door and she has her finger in his face. "If you walk away now and hurt her...I will hunt you down and kill you." She runs a hand over her head and through her ponytail while looking him up and down. "No. I will have John do it. Slowly."

"I'm not going anywhere." They stare at each other. "I'm here to stay. I'm here for you and Mollie."

"Fine. About Mollie not me. That's not happening, ever again." She looks a bit unsure of herself Oliver notes but is smart enough to keep that to himself. "I assume you are using the Queen family legal team?" Oliver nods.

He hadn't thought about it. He just wanted to talk to Felicity about Mollie. "I will have my attorney contact them and we can work something out. I want it all legal and above board. Until then, back off." Oliver doesn't like the idea of bringing in lawyers and the court system.
"We need to bring them in? Can't we do this between us?" She glares at him. "The time to do that was before you ran away." Okay, she isn't letting that go. He isn't even upset at her. He loves when she gets all passionate about something. Her skin goes pink, her eyes get brighter and her breathing comes faster. She's breathtaking. Whether he knew or not, he could have come home. He could have asked about her. He could have found pictures of Mollie. He needs to own that part of this mess. If he had been stronger he could have known.

She heads back into her apartment and Thea comes out. "How'd it go?" Oliver lets Thea pass him and is walking behind her as they head down the stairs.

"She wants a legal document for me to see Mollie." When they reach the bottom and head outside to the car, Oliver stops. "Thea?" She looks up at him.

"Who signed my name? You do know about my supposed termination of parental rights." Thea looks away, then down at the ground. Oliver hears her crying.

"yes. I know." she takes an unsteady breathe. "I signed it. Mom made me do it. She said it was better that way and since I had mastered your signature." He hugs his sister while silently cursing his Mom. She put a kid in a very adult situation. An illegal situation.

"I'm not mad at you. You're a kid." They make their way home in his car. He can't stop thinking about how his Mom used her own daughter like that. Then again, look at what she did to Oliver's life. Moira Queen's idea of love is sick and twisted. They are all pawns to Moira Queen.

They walk in the front door and his Mom is waiting there. "Where have you two been?" Her arms are folded and she looks indignant. Thea bows her head. Oliver stares their Mother down.

"I went to see my daughter. To talk to her Mom." Moira looks mad. Oliver doesn't care. He's mad too and she needs to realize he isn't a child any longer.

"She is Tommy's. Not yours. I cleaned up that mess. Don't go messing things up again." She starts to walk then stops and looks at him, "Sara will be coming to dinner with her parents tomorrow. It's the perfect chance for you two to reconnect." Oliver rolls his eyes. She is being intentionally dense.

"She's happy with Tommy and I'm still not interested." His Mom smiles at him. "We will see, won't we?"

He looks at Thea who looks sad. "She means well, Ollie." Oliver knows better than that. His Mom loves him and she loves Thea, but she also wants to run their lives. He won't let her do this, she won't destroy his relationship with his child. He will fight just as hard for his child as she does for her own.

They both start the long walk upstairs. "Hey, Thea?" She looks over at him. "I do wonder why Felicity named our daughter Mollie. Any idea?"

Thea almost falls down the stairs. He grabs her arm. When she is safely on the proper step she looks at him with glee in her eyes, "OH Big Brother that is definitely not my story to share. But when you hear it? Promise one thing?"

He looks at her confused, "Sure..." He trails off wondering what it could be.

"You will tell me your thoughts on it..."
Next chapter Oliver and Sara have a talk. A talk that will change things.

Another note: someone brought to my attention last chapter that Felicity was supposed to have graduated before she slept with Oliver. I had always planned her to want another degree her MBA so she could run her own business without much help. I don’t think I explained that well so I rewrote some of this to make that clear. Sorry for the confusion!
Truth and lies are always by my side

Chapter Summary

Sara confesses to Oliver.

Chapter Notes

Hi guys! Thanks for all your support.

It really means a lot. I'm sorry that some things aren't coming out as soon as you wanted, but I hope you stick with me.

Felicity left work early. Every other Friday she leaves work early so she and Tommy can meet and talk about Mollie without her tiny ears hearing or Sara being left alone while they spend time together. It's Tommy's night with Mollie and they always touch base to make sure they are on the same page about what she eats and what games they play. Or if there are any punishments that need to be carried out over the night or if Mollie needs medication.

Co-parenting is serious business for the two of them. Their shared past is full of difficult moments, but Felicity won't let that play a part in her parenting with Tommy. For all his faults, and there are many, Tommy has always loved Mollie and Mollie has always adored Tommy. So, whatever Felicity might feel about Tommy, she puts Mollie's love for him first.

She walks into Big Belly and sees him at their usual table. They were supposed to have lunch at her office, but Ray showed up and Tommy and Ray do not get along so she begged off lunch and agreed to meet later. Tommy wasn't happy but accepted it. She doesn't think he knows about her taking her relationship with Ray to a "Friends with Benefits" level.

She heads towards Tommy smiling. He isn't returning it.

"Why the gloomy face?" She asks him genuinely concerned for him.

"Sara and her parents are having dinner at the Queen's tonight." Felicity gives him a sympathetic look. She knows Tommy feels inferior to Oliver. He has always felt less than Oliver in everything. There were many nights when their relationship was brand new that Tommy would need to be reassured that she wanted to date him and not Oliver. Luckily, he stopped asking before the answer would have changed. Felicity was very conflicted for a long time and told herself the attraction to Oliver was because they had a good friendship. Age has proven that you need a good friendship to have a good romantic relationship.

She reaches across the table and holds his hand. She never understood why Tommy was so competitive with Oliver. They are different and individuals who shouldn't be comparable. She also can't believe she's going to have to reassure him. This seems to be a role she will always play in Tommy's life. She doesn't mind it so much anymore. Once the romantic feelings are gone, and you aren't in a relationship with someone she thinks she can let a lot of things go.
"She loves you. She's in love with you. I'm sure this is just to placate her Mom and Dad, mostly her Mom." Tommy is looking at their entwined hands and nodding. He looks up into her face and she sees he really is scared of losing Sara. He never worried about losing her. Not that it matters anymore. She never really worried about losing him, but for very different reasons. She was hurt when things ended, but a bigger part of her was so relieved to be free.

"What if she leaves me for him again?" She isn't a good enough person to talk about this, she thinks to herself. She looks at him again, damn it. Why can't she be one of those bitchy women? Is she really who he wants to talk to about this? She sighs internally.

"Tommy she never left you and she didn't leave you for Oliver. You and Sara met first, hooked up first and were in love with another before insecurities and stupid kid stuff got in the way. You left her. You started dating me. She's not leaving you."

Felicity will never forget when she learned that Tommy had hooked up with Sara the night before their first date. She and Sara were fighting right after Felicity found Sara and Tommy in bed together. Sara told her about sleeping with Tommy and how it was her date with Tommy. That Tommy only dated her because he felt sorry for the poor white trash from Vegas. It stung, still does. Sara has never been one to pull her punches and she definitely doesn't with Felicity. She has to remind herself sometimes that she was never the girl Tommy and Sara seemed to think she was, she never needed a man. Still doesn't.

He slowly starts to smile. "Thanks, Felicity." They just look at each other for a moment. "I'm sorry..I'm sorry. I'm sorry about everything. I shouldn't have done what I did and I shouldn't ask you to make things better for me..."

She waves him off. "What's done is done." She is trying very hard to move on. Next step is forgiving Sara. She's still working on it. It might be easier if she thought Sara was sorry. If she thought Sara was sorry and regretted everything Felicity could forgive her. If Sara could fully accept Mollie she wouldn't need the other things to move on.

"You're right though. She won't leave me, at least, not for Oliver. He's still in love with you." Felicity nearly chokes on the glass of water she was sipping. Tommy is smiling at her.

"Uh no. Oliver was never in love with me. I told you Tommy it was a stupid drunken mistake." Tommy nods and thankfully and let's it go. They've had this argument before. When they were married it would come up when Tommy was drinking or high. He'd go on a diatribe about how "Ollie loves you, he always loved you and wanted you and now I'm stuck with you and your kid." Drunk or high Tommy was not a good Tommy. Many nights she contemplated taking Mollie and running. Then she would see the men Merlyn paid to make sure she didn't go anywhere. She knew they would take Mollie from her and she needed to bide her time.

"Now, we have to talk about something else... the party." Tommy's face gets serious. Felicity centers herself and prepares herself to talk about this topic.

"Oliver came to see me." Tommy raises his eyebrows almost off his head. "And..."

"He swears he didn't know about Mollie." Tommy nods and seems to be okay with this new information. She doesn't understand it. How can he be so calm about this?

"He told me he didn't remember you two having sex either." Tommy states flatly. Her eyes shoot to his. "Do...do you believe him?" She asks him and she hates that her voice sounds almost hopeful. She doesn't care if he knew or not... she doesn't. Mostly.
Tommy stops to think for a moment. Then he looks at her. "I think he believes it was a dream or thought it was a dream. I think he wanted you, but didn't want to betray me." He stops and takes a drink of water, she can tell he is worried about his next words. "Oliver seems like this uber confident person, but he isn't. I think he doesn't think he's good enough for you." She snorts. Tommy doesn't break.

"Oh.. OH!" Her eyes get big. "You're serious?" He nods slowly. Oliver is OLIVER. Handsome, kind, generous and he was her best friend. How could he think that? She practically worshipped Oliver. She hung on his every word. After she got past thinking he hated her.

She whispers, "I thought he hated me for a very long time."

"He loves you. He's loved you since that first night in the coffee shop." She can only shrug. She doubts that. She doesn't understand why Tommy is bringing this up now. The past is the past. Oliver being home is making everyone nostalgic apparently.

"We didn't even speak really." Tommy chuckles. "Love at First Sight. It happens."

She doesn't want to talk about the past. "He won me over saying he wants to be in Mollie's life. We, along with our legal teams, are meeting Monday. You should come too. Mollie is your daughter too."

Tommy hesitates. "Can I bring Sara?" Felicity looks at him stricken. He knows how she feels about Sara and what she has done, the things she's said. She straightens and pulls her hand from Tommy's. Felicity wants to forgive her but she can't. Sara is still a sore spot.

"I don't care." But she does. Facing Oliver will be daunting enough, now she has to tolerate Sara. She blows air out. She can do this. She will do this for Mollie.

"About the birthday party she wants laser tag and I do not. I rather we have something more tame and less shooting." She tells him and he laughs at her.

"We can think of something and I don't mean the pizza place with the silly mouse. Standards, Smoak we need to have them," Tommy always loves to tease her.

They talk about birthday party options and decide to go with a party at the train depot. Mollie loves trains. "Do we invite Oliver and his family?"

"He's my best friend and he wants to be part of Mollie's life. We invite him, Thea and Robert. Moira will not come so why bother?" Felicity looks at him. She believes Moira will come if for no other reason than to make her miserable. They need to invite Mollie's family and that will include Oliver.

After they eat, they walk to Mollie's pre-school. On the way he holds up his slip. Every week Tommy is drug tested. Felicity won't allow him to be on drugs and see her. She knows Sara limits his alcohol and liquor was never Tommy's biggest vice, though he did drink when they were married. Since the divorce he hasn't been drunk much that she knows of and she tries not to be insulted by the fact he had to drink to be around her.

He passed his drug test. She smiles at him and folds the paper. She puts it in her purse and keeps walking to the school.

They pick Mollie up together on Tommy's Fridays. Mollie sees them and runs to Tommy. Felicity loves to see the two of them together. Tommy Merlyn was never hotter than when he was being a Daddy. It's what made her love him, she may not have been in love with him but she did love him, at least sometimes. He is trying to be a better person. He wants to be a better person for Mollie and for
Sara. Felicity hopes his demons where Oliver is concerned don't derail him.

Felicity gives hugs and kisses to Mollie. She waves to Tommy and walks home. Mollie keeps clothes and toys at Tommy's so they don't have the whole overnight bag situation. Tommy wanted Mollie to feel like his home is also Mollie's home. Felicity plans on taking a hot relaxing bath and reading her book. Then maybe some wine and tv.

The Perfect Night..

 Oliver walks into the dinner late. He was thinking about not going at all, but if he wants to work things out with the people in Mollie's life that includes Sara, who will be her stepmom of sorts, he had to go. He was also scared his Mom would use Thea as a way to hurt him. Moira Queen is not one you defy without paying a penalty. Oliver knew that even as a teen.

"Oliver. You're late." His Mother chides him. He looks around. His Dad is seated at the head of the table with his Mom to the right. On the left are Detective and Mrs. Lance. Thea is seated beside them. He sees two plates next to his Mom. Sara's and his. What he doesn't see is Sara.

"Oliver, sweetheart why don't you go and find Sara. She needed some air. Inside air apparently." Moira tells her son. He smiles while gritting his teeth as he walks out of the room. He knows this is a setup by his Mother what he doesn't know is why Sara is helping her.

"Hey…” Oliver walks into the sitting room where he finds Sara looking out the window from the window seat that overlooks the grounds behind the house. It was always her favorite or second favorite place in his parent's home. She would tell him his bed was her first. He bristles at the memory. She looks sad staring out the back window.

She turns in the window to see him. "...you're talking to me now?"

He shrugs and sits down next to her. "I'm sorry. That was unacceptable. I have no right to be mad at you." He should have spoken to her that first night. He wasn't ready. He'd just found out about Mollie and that Felicity hated him. His mind was reeling. It was a dick move. A move the Oliver before his time away would have pulled. He needs to be better now.

"Sure you do. I hurt the woman you're in love with and your Mom is trying to use me to hurt her again." He gives her a small smile. "It still isn't fair." She shrugs.

They sit in silence for a few minutes. He notices tears running down her face. "Are you okay?"

She shakes her head. "No."

"Tommy? Is he going to be upset?" She shakes her head and laughs. "No. I don't think so. Tommy knows I'm here because of my Mom and Dad. Felicity...she might not find it as easy to believe I'm here for my parents. She really hates me."

Oliver is confused he knows Felicity said Sara hates Mollie, but he's never known Felicity to hate anyone.

"I know you two aren't close anymore..." How could they? Sara did sleep with her husband. That can't be something that she can get over quickly. Or ever. But hate? He's not so sure about that.

"...because I slept with her husband...in the home they welcomed me into it....in their bed. I was such a bitch. I went there knowing I was going to seduce him. Knowing she trusted me and had been
"In their home?" Oliver is flabbergasted. He knew they slept together, but fuck that is really fucked up. He really can't believe this got so out of hand and complicated. What the hell?

"Yeah...after I found out about you and her and then the baby, I left. Joined the Peace Corps." She smiles proudly. "I thought I changed. But then I wanted Tommy and felt I had a right to him. Felicity welcomed me into their home even after what I said to her in the past; that was more than I deserved. She even let me watch Mollie, which is a huge deal with her, and I slept with Tommy in their bed, knowing she was coming home early." She sighs.

She sighs. Oliver is stunned. "How did you two work past her and I....being together?" Oliver feels himself blush. He still can't believe they were together. He wanted her for so long and he can't believe she was willing to have him and he barely remembers it. Life is such bullshit sometimes.

"She moved out." Sara states flatly.

"Yeah.. in the letter she wrote me, that I just got I might add, she said she was going to move out and let me tell you." Oliver couldn't believe Felicity thought he was honorable enough to tell Sara. He would have been with Felicity, no doubt but telling Sara the truth? He isn't so sure about that one.

"When she found out she was pregnant she told me the truth. That the baby was yours. She apologized, cried and begged me to forgive her." Sara laughs but it's the kind of laugh that isn't good. Oliver mentally prepares himself for what he thinks is coming. When Sara speaks he knows he couldn't prepare himself for it. He wouldn't be prepared in a thousand years.

"I yelled at her. Told her to get rid of it." Sara is crying. "I was so mean. I was so angry. When she said she couldn't hurt her baby, that she wanted her..." Sara looks down at her hands that are in her lap. "I accused her of trying to trap you.... You would think that would be the worst but it wasn't..."

Oliver isn't sure he wants to hear it. "I'm the reason she won't forgive you. The reason she hates you." Sara looks up at him and it hurts to see her that sad until her words sink in.

"You?"

She nods and she starts to shake. It can't be that bad, he thinks. Oliver watches her take a deep breath. "When she caught me with Tommy, she put Mollie in her room and she came back to yell at me and Tommy. She was angry but honest even in her anger. She is pathologically honest..." Sara pauses and Oliver thinks he stops breathing. "I was sick to death of her being honest with everyone. Being so perfect. I had to let her know I knew it was a facade." Oliver doesn't see how that could make Felicity hate him.

Then she continues.

"I heard you two...about her Dad. I told her you told me about that and we laughed at her...I told her you left just like he did and you'd never want her....or Mollie. No one would. That she was too broken and needy...that her bastard would be the same."

Oliver thought the phrases 'seeing red' and 'blood boiling' were an exaggeration until this moment. Oliver hates Sara. In this moment, he despises her. He could put his hands around her neck and snap it. Instead, he gets up and crosses the room. He needs to put space between the two of them. "That is why she hates you but forgave Tommy?" She nods. "One of the reasons.... I said lots of unforgivable things and betrayed our friendship. Tommy is forgiven for Mollie's sake. Me and the kid don't get along."
THE KID? Felicity was right when she said Sara didn't like or hated Mollie. Her tone and her expression make it clear she wouldn't mind if Tommy stopped seeing Mollie. He's sure Tommy doesn't see it. Oliver can only imagine how hard it would be find out your boyfriend made love to your best friend and made a baby, even if you were sleeping with her boyfriend. Sara has never been the nicest person under the best of circumstances which this clearly is not.

"Tommy was livid for a long time over what I said and how I feel about Mollie. We didn't talk for several months me and Tommy. Finally, he forgave me and we moved on. Felicity will never forgive me...or you. She thinks you told me. I played on her worst fears and her love for you. I wanted her to hate you and I wanted to hurt her and I did."

Oliver is across the room to guarantee he doesn't hurt her but he realizes even that is too close. He runs a hand through his hair. He takes a couple more steps away then puts his hands on the back of his neck and starts concentrating on his breathing. He has to remember what Raisa always taught him about not hurting women, ever. He has never raised his hands in anger and he isn’t going to start today.

"Did you tell her you lied? That I never told you anything?" His tone is curt and his words are clipped.

"I tried but she won't listen. Before that night, she never thought I was one of the girls Tommy cheated with and that I was her friend. When she told me the truth about the two of you, I never said a word. I acted like she was the lowest of the low, but when she found us that day...she knew."

Oliver closes his eyes as he can only imagine what someone as sweet as Felicity would feel thinking he betrayed her trust. He remembers the look on her face when she told him about her Dad. He cherished the fact she told him and no one else. He felt a bond formed with her that night. He felt connected to her. That was the night they became friends. Sara used that and destroyed her. She stole a special memory from them and used it against Felicity.

"She hasn't dated since Tommy. Well, maybe one person. She doesn't say it, but I broke something in her. I made her feel so bad about herself that she...she contents herself with being a Mom, her company and her home life." Oliver listens to her. He can see how it would break her, even someone as strong as Felicity has a breaking point. How could Sara be so cruel? How did he never see it? That's easy; he never wanted to see it. Sara served a purpose, for a long time she was his link to seeing Felicity. Sara always knew he cared about Felicity and never seemed to mind. They were all so stupid.

He does understand now why Tommy was forgiven and Sara wasn't. Mollie. Felicity has put their child first.

"Losing my best girlfriend hurts more than ever losing a man. You can find another guy, sure he may mean nothing to you, but to find another girl who gets you on a deep level, who trusts you and you trust...even if we betrayed that on several levels...we still had a bond until I did that.."She cries and Oliver just watches unable or unwilling to console her, he doesn't know which one. Who comforted Felicity when her world fell apart? Who helped her pick up the pieces? Fuck, why did he ever leave her?

"Can you forgive me Oliver?" He opens his eyes and looks at Sara. Can he forgive her? He doesn't know. She may have cost him the woman he loves and a home with her and his daughter.

"I don't know." Oliver walks out of the room. He walks out the front door and heads to the only person who can give him absolution for a crime he never committed.
Yeah...a cliffhanger of sorts, but the Beta has already done her magic to that chapter and I hope to have my part done by Friday!
I think you're my clarity

Chapter Summary

Oliver needs to talk to Felicity.

**Reminder this is a complicated story and not everything is known to Oliver, Felicity or the reader. There is a roadmap. I promise.

Chapter Notes

We have a few notes today kids:

1. Thanks to those of you who are supportive and along for this ride *group hug*
2. I am not doing comment notification but will reply to most of them.
3. It's sad to see people taking down stories in this fandom and understanding exactly why they are doing it.
4. I'm having family issues so chapters will probably only be once a week.
5. Sorry it's a short chapter and once again...thank you to those of you who have offered support her and on twitter!
6. Thanks to my amazing Beta who is willing to do a lot for this story and for me. You are a blessing to me.

Felicity is curled up on the couch watching Doctor Who. She has been putting off catching up because she knew it would break her heart. That is no longer a big deal since Oliver showed back up. Her heart is angry and hurting remembering him and her feelings for him. How can it still hurt? How can she still want him is the better question? He left! He broke her heart and her trust. Stupid heart.

She rests her head on the arm of the couch and forces herself to concentrate on The Doctor. She's crying, an ugly cry, when there is a knock on her door. She sits up and pauses the tv. She looks over at the clock and it's late. Too late for polite company as her Grandma would tell her. Maybe it's Tommy, sometimes Mollie has bad dreams and wants to come home to her. She wipes her eyes.

She rushes to the door. She throws it open to find Oliver standing there staring at the floor. She hopes this isn't becoming a habit. She takes him in, black boots, dark wash jeans, black button down and his black leather jacket. His cologne tickles her nose. Damn, he still smells good and he looks even better. It's really not fair. Stupid heart needs to stop fluttering.

She takes a deep breath, "Mollie isn't here." He looks up into her face and he looks devastated. She tilts her head and observes him for a moment. This is Oliver's something horrible has happened face. She hates this face. She has always hated to see Oliver in pain.

"What's wrong?" She asks him quietly. He doesn't move, he doesn't even blink. Then she sees her
nosy neighbor being well, nosy so she grabs him by his shirt and hauls him inside. "Is Mollie okay?"
He just nods.

She reaches around him and closes the door. He turns and locks it. She can't help but remember him locking his bedroom door before they made love...had sex...fucked. Damn it! Being near him short circuits her brain.

She needs to concentrate on tonight. And forget how sexy he is and how good he felt. She moves further into the room, she needs some space from Mr. Hottie because he is off limits! Even if Tommy does believe him and she is inclined to sort of believe him, but doesn't want to...he is still a big NO.

"I didn't tell her. I never told anyone. I would never tell anyone." Oliver is pleading with her. She's really confused. Never tell who what?

"About Mollie?" She has no idea who or what he's talking about. He walks over to her and grabs her by her arms. He doesn't hurt her, but he is holding her tightly. He is looking into her eyes and she sees a vulnerability there she has never seen before.

"Sara. I never told her about your Dad. About you being abandoned. I swear to you, I never did that. Not to you, I could never hurt you, betray you that way." He pulls her to him and she goes. She isn't sure why she goes into his arms. He's holding her like she is the most precious person to him one hand on her back and one on the back of her head. He rests his head on top of hers. For just a moment she allows it. She's missed being held, being touched like this by him. She missed feeling safe. No one else has ever made her feel safe like Oliver does.

The moment passes and she forces herself to push against his chest. "If you didn't tell her then how does she know? How do you know she knows?" His eyes have tears in them; he looks angry and sad at the same time.

"...tonight at dinner, she told me why you didn't forgive her but forgave Tommy. She told me why you won't ever forgive me." Felicity's mouth falls open. Sara was honest? Not likely.

"She just told you she said horrible, mean things to me?" Sara is a lot of things but honest isn't among them. Sara broke a part of Felicity she can't seem to heal. She's tried. She's dated and even had a one night stand or two, but she still hears Sara's taunts and her Mom's words in her head and she leaves before she is left. Again. Even Ray isn't permanent. She won't let anyone too close, not again.

"We were talking, she was apologizing to me. She admitted it. I think she wanted me to know because she wants you to know she's sorry." Alright, now this all makes sense. Sara wants Oliver to plead her case. Felicity was so close to believing Oliver. Sara is manipulating Oliver. Sometimes he is to good for his own good.

"Oh. Well, you told me. Thanks. Goodbye." She walks to the door and unlocks it. Oliver follows. He puts his arms on either side of her keeping the door closed. His front pressed to her back. Her breath catches. She wiggles around and turns herself thinking she will feel less vulnerable, that is until they are pressed together. She swallow her throat suddenly really dry.

"I am not here to plead her case. I don't forgive her so I can't ask you to do something I won't. I'm here because I didn't betray your trust, at least not about that. I would never laugh at your pain." He leans down, he's so close to her face all she can do is stare. "I would give anything to take that pain from you. It broke my heart to know someone did that to you. I would find him and kill him if you
asked." He reminds her of him threatening to kick her Dad's ass for her. Oliver always wanting to slay her dragons, that hasn't changed.

Felicity feels like all the air has left her apartment. Her breath starts coming out in small pants. The look in his eyes is so intense. She can see the steely resolve to convince her and the vulnerability that she won't.

He is rubbing her right cheek with his left hand, "I didn't abandon you. I thought I was saving you."

She whispers, "Saving me from what?" She has no idea she needed saving. She is fairly certain she didn't but was interested in his theory. Pushing aside her ire at him thinking he knew what was best for her.

"From me." She blinks several times and Felicity Smoak has no words. First of all that was sexy. The deep voice, the smoldering look and secondly from him? She wants to strip him naked. She pulls her thoughts out of the gutter.

"You?" He nods. "What were you going to do to me?" Did that sound really sexual? Crap. He smirks, yep it did. He moves one of his hands to her neck. He pushes some hair out of her face then runs the back of his fingers down her cheek. She doesn't purr, but she wants to.

"I wanted you. I love you and would have betrayed my best friend...I did betray my best friend." He moves both of his arms back to the door on either side of her.

There is hardly any room between their bodies. His nose is almost pressed to hers, he is overwhelming her in a delicious way. "I wanted you too. I was willing to run away with you....to be with you." He presses his forehead to hers. She lets him.

"You deserved better than a life spent running from our friends and my family. You deserved to live your dreams, get another degree, open your own company not some vagabond life with me." He tells her. She shakes her head.

"I deserve to be loved. Tommy didn't love me, you would have saved me from accepting less, of being less."

Oliver presses his lips to hers. All too quickly before she can even kiss him back he pulls away.

"I didn't know..." He moves her from the door and opens it. "Do you believe I didn't tell Sara?"

Does she?

"Yes." He nods and walks through the door.

"I didn't know about Mollie. I will convince you of that." She just looks at him. What can she really say to that? He smiles at her. She is almost certain he didn't know about Mollie. She may even believe his dream story. Even if it is ridiculous.

"I still want you. I want Mollie. I want the life we should have had. But I know you can't trust me....yet." He looks at the door. "Lock it behind me." He closes the door. She slowly walks over to the door. She goes up on her tiptoes and sees him leaning against it.

"Lock the door, Felicity." She lets out an "eep" and locks it. She looks again and he's gone.

Oliver heads home, he sneaks in the back door like he's still a teen and straight to his room. He is not in the mood to deal with his parents or the Lance family. He flops down on the bed.
He can't believe he kissed her. He wanted to do it and he doesn't regret it. It's the first kiss he can fully remember that wasn't a "friend" kiss at her birthday or his. He only stopped because she didn't kiss him back. That bothers him. She did seem to melt into his embrace but she didn't kiss him back. He puts himself on the back for not grinding his rock hard dick into her. That would have gotten him smacked or arrested.

FUCK.

What if he went too far? What if she changes her mind about letting him see Mollie? He lies on the bed, arms behind his head. Felicity isn't like that. She wants the best for Mollie; she wants her to have every advantage. Oliver, the man he is now, can be a good influence on her. He knows that but does she?

Oliver gets up and goes to his closet to change into sweatpants. He thinks a run will help him calm down and release some of the tension in his body. He turns on the light and grabs his pants.

While running all these thoughts keep swirling in his head. He can't be mad at Felicity for not including him. She tried. He feels the pavement beneath his feet and he runs harder.

He can't be mad at Tommy for being the one to take his place. He was cleaning up after Oliver, something he's done a million times. The only person to blame is Moira. He would have come home if she had told him he was going to be a Father. If he had known Felicity wanted him...if only he had known. He feels the sweat start running down his back. He keeps going. The beating of his feet against the pavement seeming to egg him on his thoughts.

She wanted him. She had loved him. She married Tommy and tried to have a life with him. Then Sara and Tommy broke her heart. If he had known...if he hadn't ran. He blames himself too. He shouldn't have needed Moira to forward those letters to him. He could have come home or asked about Felicity or Tommy. He never did. Oliver tried to avoid being hurt and hurt everyone he loves.

After a two hour run, he heads home. He is heading upstairs to his room when he hears his Mother call his name.

"Oliver?" He sighs but goes into the living room where she is seated on the couch. He's getting sick of being summoned to her. He sits on a couch across from her. He waits for her to speak. She is staring at him and he doesn't back down. He's not a child anymore. He also knows she hates when he is sweaty and sits on the "good" furniture.

"You left Sara alone. That was inexcusably rude, Oliver. She is a nice girl who will make a great wife. You're home now it's time to grow up." Oliver looks at her. His face is hard.

"She did something I am not sure I can ever forgive her for and I left."

Moira sighs, the biggest sigh, as if Oliver is being a drama king. "Oliver, she slept with Tommy. They had an affair. It happens. Once you two are married you both will take lovers." What? How screwed up is that?

"Then why marry her? Why marry at all?" Oliver isn't angry or upset, he wants to know. He is genuinely curious. Why would anyone choose to be miserable and cheat when you could just be with the person you love?

"It's what we do. We marry, we have children and then we move on." She states this like it is a natural thing, the true order of things.

"I don't love her. I'm not sure I even like her. Why do you like her so much? She isn't one of us, not
really. Her Mom is a professor and her Dad is a cop."

Moira walks over to the bar and makes herself another drink. "She's a sweet girl and better than that trash you seem infatuated with. If I could pick anyone I'd pick Sara's sister or the Bertinelli girl."

His Mother would pick a social climber who cares more about image or a sociopathic daughter of a mob boss.

Nice. "You mean they are easily manipulated and will do as you command." Moira Queen says nothing. Oliver plows on.

"Felicity is my child's mother. I love her. I have loved her for years."

"She isn't yours. Not legally." Oh, so they're going there.

"You made sure of that, didn't you?" His Mother smiles proudly at him. He can't believe she is proud of herself. She destroyed their lives, she played god with them.

"I made sure she can't hold you to her. She can't trap you." Oliver watches her. Is that it? Does Moira think Felicity trapped him?

"She didn't trap me." He states with conviction. "If she asked me to marry her tomorrow, with or without Mollie, I would be on her doorstep with flowers and a ring." He watches his Mother as she tries to figure out if he's lying or trying to purposely upset her.

'You love the girl?' He nods. "Then marry Sara and Felicity can be your mistress. It solves all our problems." What the hell? How does that solve any problems at all, it will create more.

"My child is not YOUR problem. She isn't a problem at all. My life isn't your problem to solve. And while we are on the topic, I am meeting with Felicity and her lawyers Monday to discuss visitation and what role I will play in Mollie's life."

She stands up, puts her arms on her hips, "I forbid you to throw away your life on that slut and her spawn! I forbid it. I will disinherit you. I will disown you, Oliver."

He stands slowly. There it is. The gauntlet thrown and her true feelings revealed. "I will be out by tomorrow. I don't need your money. I made my own money. I don't want MY child around you or around this house. I don't want you near me at all." Oliver storms from the room.

He sees Thea sitting on the stairs. "You're really leaving?"

"Yeah, Speedy. But I will still see you all the time." She stands up and comes into his waiting arms. He hugs her close. He will figure out a way to make things easier on her. He promises her that silently.

"If you need me to go to court and say I forged your name I will do it. I was a kid; they won't put me in jail will they?" She asks him, fear clear in her voice.

He shakes his head. "It won't come to that. Felicity wants what's best for Mollie." He hugs his sister quickly. "I will find a way to get you out of here, I promise."

"It's okay, Ollie." She smiles, "She's too busy with you to notice me and this way I can be your spy."

When he reaches his room his Dad is by his door. "Your Mother loves you, Son. She thinks she is doing right by you." Oliver looks at his Father. Growing up he worshipped his Dad. He wanted to
be just like him or the man he thought he was. Then he learned of his affairs and hated him. He became Moira's son.

Oliver now realizes neither of his parents ever loved the other. He doubts they love their children. The only thing they want is power (his Dad) and control (his Mom). All Thea has ever wanted is to be cherished by her parents. The only thing Oliver has ever wanted is a life with Felicity, at least for as long as he cares to remember.
**Mediation**

Chapter Summary

Oliver and Felicity go to mediation.

**this chapter is really complicated. I mean the relationships are complicated. Please keep that in mind this is a work in progress.**

Chapter Notes

Sorry it took so long! My beta and I are both going through a lot right now. She's had a death in the family and I have family issues. Your patience is appreciated as I will do my best to post again this week and get back on track!

Thanks for all the love and support for me personally and this story.

Feel free to follow me on twitter @kirena214

Monday morning Felicity drops Mollie at school. She confirmed with Tommy and Sara that they had decided not to go to the mediation with her. Tommy had made a valid point that while this wouldn't affect him and Sara as far as co-parenting went, she needs to decide what role Oliver will play. It's like Tommy was giving her a choice in how this plays out.

While it is just mediation she read on the internet that having people in Mollie's life who can side with her is better and the moral support would have been nice. Tommy and Felicity have been doing really well with the whole co-parenting and trying to be friends thing and adding Sara to the mix along with Oliver might have been a combustible mix.

Lucky for Felicity, John Diggle was more than willing to go. John is exactly the person she wants/needs to lean on today. John has been her surrogate big brother for years. He's Mollie's uncle and he knows the dynamics well. John is undoubtedly on her side where Tommy and Sara are Oliver's friends. This is probably for the best she thinks.

Felicity finds her lawyers from Wells and Snow are waiting for her in the entryway of the courthouse where they will have the mediation. She is paying a hefty price for them, but it is worth it. It's all for Mollie. She doesn't how many or which of the family lawyers Oliver will need and her lawyers helped her with the paternity issues and divorce. They know the games that rich people like to play in these types of cases.

She walks over to them, John by her side.

Harrison Wells smiles at her when he sees her and immediately starts reassuring her, "Don't worry Felicity. Caitlin and I have this one in the bag. You have signed documentation that he gave up any claim on Mollie."
She smiles weakly and nods. She no longer believes he gave up his daughter. She's thought long and hard about it and something doesn't add up. She knows Oliver and it didn't seem right at the time and now she knows why. She can't say that though, she can't tell the court Oliver probably didn't abandon Mollie, because she's too scared of the Queen family trying to take Mollie. She can't give Oliver any leeway. She may trust him about this, but she isn't sure how far that trust should extend. While she knows she has enough ammunition to keep them away from Mollie, she rather not hurt innocent people if she doesn't have to do it.

Harrison Wells and Caitlin Snow lead the way as they make their way towards the room. Harrison turns his head to speak to them. "Oliver, his Dad and his friends and a couple of lawyers are already here. The group of lawyers is lackluster except for one." Felicity wonders what friends? She is surprised Moira Queen isn't here. She likes to control everyone and everything in her universe. Yes, hers. The rest of the people are just her pawns in her opinion.

As they enter the room, she spots Tommy and Sara seated by Oliver. MotherFucker she thinks to herself. They are all seated at one long brown table. Sara and Tommy look away. She knows it's guilt. Oliver looks at her trying to catch her eye, but she can't look at him not right now anyways. She can't let Oliver see the pain. She took Tommy at his word. She believed Oliver only wanted them to do this together. She brought John just in case. She had planned to ask him to wait if Oliver was alone or if things were going well.

She turns into John who holds her by her arms. "You got this. And if by chance something goes wrong. I kill him and they will never find the body. Easy." She isn't quite sure which 'him' John is talking about. He doesn't seem to like Oliver any more than he likes Tommy.

Harrison leads them to the near side of the table. Caitlin is on the end. Then Harrison is seated next to her and John is on her other side. She's wishing now she had agreed to Lyla, Andy and Carly coming. She had trusted him and believed Tommy when he said he couldn't make it. What he meant was he couldn't be there for HER. She even held out hope Oliver meant it when he said he wanted it to just be them and would only bring a lawyer because she wanted it to be all legalized. Stupid Felicity. When you go to war with the Queen's you should expect an army.

Felicity tapped down her emotions like she always does. Getting upset or emotional won't help her in this situation. She can out think all of them. She folds her hands in her lap, lifts her chin and listens as the mediator tells them what was going to happen. She wouldn't let them see that they hurt her. She wouldn't let them break her, not again. All that matters is Mollie.

Jean, Oliver's lawyer states what he wants first.

Oliver wants visitation every other weekend. A say in Mollie's medical, school and home life decisions. He wants to be put on the birth certificate. Felicity feels the room spin. How can they do this? She's raised Mollie basically on her own since she was born. She has definitely done it on her own since the divorce. Now, he wants to strip her of all that? She glimpses at Oliver he is glaring at Jean. Felicity can't help but wonder why?

She looks at Oliver and he shakes his head and mouths "I'm sorry." She glares at him. Sure, he's sorry. If he was sorry he would call off his lawyer. She turns to Harrison, "Do we use the documents?" He shakes his head and whispers, "not until we have to. Tommy being here though...Felicity it does make Oliver look better. His lifelong friend and your ex-husband taking his side...not good."

She can't believe Oliver is doing this. She ALMOST believed him Friday night. She spent the weekend, when not with Mollie wondering if she is too hard on him. Nope, she is not. She can't believe she almost kissed him back. She fell for him and his stupid charm and his sincere looks. She
wonders if it was all a con. She looks down and thinks about it. No, she really feels and thinks that he never told Sara and he came to her to make sure she knew it. But Tommy and Sara showing up doesn't help their truce. She chances another glance at him and he looks at her pleading. She’s confused and Felicity Smoak hates being confused.

Harrison stands to tell the mediator what she is willing to give Oliver.

"My client Miss Smoak has been raising Mollie Smoak, by herself for over two years now. Her former husband signed away any and all claims to the minor child at the time of the divorce. We contend that Mr. Queen be allowed to visit the child, with supervision for the next six months. At which time, the court can decide if he should get unsupervised visits with Miss Smoak's child." Harrison points to her and she sits up straighter.

"Until a few weeks ago, Mr. Queen lived in another country and he could easily, with his family's wealth and power, take Mollie out of the country." Felicity's mouth falls open. She never even thought of that! Oliver could disappear again or try to, and take her daughter. She looks at Oliver and he's shaking his head at her. Felicity would move Heaven and Earth for Mollie. There is no place he could run that she wouldn't find her daughter.

"As for his other demands, Oliver Queen has only seen the child twice. Why should he have any say in how my client's daughter is raised? He's been off living the single life and has paid no child support, has offered no emotional support to the child nor offered anything to the child or her Mother. Therefore, giving him a say in anything is a bit far sighted. How do we know he won't lose interest in the child and leave again? Putting him on the birth certificate also seems premature."

"Mr. Steele." Jean interrupts. "First they say my client might kidnap the child and now he might lose interest. Can they pick a lane?"

Mr. Steele looks from Jean to Harrison. "This isn't a courtroom Jean. Calm down. We are informal here, Harrison please continue."

"Mr. Queen was not here to sign a birth certificate so why should he now be allowed to decide to play at being a parent?" Harrison pauses. "My client and my client alone, has made all decisions concerning the minor child and to take that from her seems a bit drastic. Oliver Queen as you may remember, has a long history of alcohol induced run-ins with the law, with drug busts and his history with women has been on the front pages of papers around the world. Mollie Smoak deserves to have stability.

Thank you for your time."

Walter stands up. "I see we have a lot of ground to cover in the next hour. Both parents, for lack of a better term," He says before Harrison can say anything. "Are as far apart as most of the couples I work with." He starts walking around the room.

"I want to hear from the people here offering support. I like to know where we stand." Felicity turns and sees John texting. He shows her his phone. He asked them to come in case they're needed. She smiles at him gratefully. There isn't enough time. She researched and these meetings don't last long under Walter Steele.

Walter looks down at the paper to see who is all in the room. "Mr. Merlyn?" Tommy sits up straighter and looks nervously to Felicity and then to Walter. "Yes, Sir."
Walter looks over to Tommy. "You and Miss Smoak were married while she was pregnant and divorced a little over two years ago. Are you two still in contact? I could read this but I rather hear it from you. I find it easier to judge people based on their oral answers."

Tommy squirms a bit. "Yes. We just spoke this morning. We see each other when I take Mollie every other Friday night to spend the night with me and my fiancee. Felicity and I do our best to keep Mollie away from any adult problems. Felicity has always made sure Mollie comes first. She lets me be a part of Mollie's life even though I gave up my rights."

Walter looks shocked. He turns to Felicity. "You still allow the man who signed away his rights to see the child with his fiancee?"

Felicity clears her throat. "Yes, Sir. Mollie, my daughter, she loves Tommy. She calls him 'Daddy T' and they have a close and good relationship. He is the only father she has known. He's always shown love for my daughter. It would be cruel to rob her of the man she calls 'Daddy T' just because I have a past with him. Until a few minutes ago, I thought Tommy and I had a good friendship."

Walter looks from Felicity to Tommy. He then walks in front of her to ask "His being here puts that endanger? I don't remember a custody arrangement between the two of you in my papers for the case."

Felicity shakes her head adamantly. "No. At least, not the part with Mollie. Tommy has to be drug tested and as long as he passes and doesn't drink around Mollie, I haven't had an issue with him seeing my daughter. Mollie adores Tommy and I think it's mutual. Our relationship, mine with Tommy, has never impacted Mollie. I want to keep it that way." Walter studies her and it makes her nervous.

Her trust in Tommy is gone. Shattered. She had learned to accept Tommy for the broken man he is and the man he could be if he tried. He has let her down one too many times, now. This is one step too far. She could lose her child. Every time she trusts someone they turn on her. What the hell is wrong with her?

"Even though, he is here with Mr. Queen?" Walter asks her.

"Yes. Tommy has betrayed me before." She says, trying but failing to not sound hurt. "It didn't change his relationship with Mollie. He may have broken my heart several times but this time...it doesn't hurt. As long as he doesn't break Mollie's, he will continue to have a relationship with her."

She has sadly learned to expect this from people: the betrayal.

Walter is smiling at her, "He seems to speak more highly of you and hasn't mentioned Mr. Queen." Felicity shrugs. That is true, but he told her he couldn't be here and felt it was wrong.

Walter walks over to Oliver. "Was bringing her ex a way to hurt Miss Smoak? To get back at her for something?" Oliver looks around Walter to look at Felicity.

"No. I didn't know he was coming. I didn't know Sara or my Dad were coming. I wanted it to be just you, Felicity and myself. I'm sorry, Felicity. I only asked Jean because you wanted lawyers. I swear to you." He pleads with her.

Her eyes were lowered to the table as he gave his speech. At his apology she looks up at him. "You're always sorry after the damage is done." She says quietly. Walter turns to hear her and quirks an eyebrow at her. She thinks she may have messed up.

"Mr. Queen." Walter turns on his heel. "Why didn't you know about your child? That is what I heard
Jean say? Yet, you severed your rights. Correct?"

Oliver licks his lips. Felicity almost whispers remembering Friday night and the feel of his lips, until she remembers he could be a double-crossing bastard. "I didn't sign those papers. I rather not go into the how and why. I am willing to explain to Felicity, off the record. I didn't know about Mollie. Had I known I would've been here; I promise you that." He's looking at her and not the mediator. Felicity watches Walter watching Oliver.

Felicity looks away. She doesn't want to believe him. "Miss Smoak, do you believe, Mr. Queen?" She looks to Harrison pleading silently. He stands to speak.

"Sir, I don't know why her opinion matters."

Walter laughs. "I am in charge and want to know." Felicity puts her hand on Harrison's arm and he sits. She has always tried to be honest and upfront. It's never really failed her so she will do it again. Until the words came spilling from her mouth she didn't realize how much she does believe Oliver.

"I...I don't think he knew about Mollie. I did try several times and in several ways to let him know. It seems outside sources kept him in the dark."

Jean stands. "Sir, I think joint custody is the only right thing. Oliver has lost enough time with the child." Harrison stands up. Felicity fumes at the term "the child" like Mollie is an object to be owned, not a person.

"Sir, Miss Smoak did her due diligence, she tried to contact him. She notified his family and his friend. She nor her child should be penalized for him traipsing around the world...it's not like he was a choir boy while away." Jean moves to object but Walter raises his hand to silence her.

"Mr. Queen., you want to have a say in her life, but you've paid no child support? Offered no emotional support? Are you willing to contribute to her financial needs? Her emotional stability?"

Oliver starts to speak and Jean interrupts.

"Walter, Oliver should not be asked to pay back child support or any child support at this time. I would like to state for the record that the Queen family is unwilling to contribute therefore, IF you decide any child support should be based solely on Oliver's income." Felicity glares. Of course they think she wants their money. She has her own. Felicity has always felt sorry for the Queen's and how they always think everyone wants their money. It's sad to think no one could ever want you because you're you. Yet, at the same time they feel they are better than everyone else, above normal humans. She doesn't want Mollie being raised like that or with that kind of entitlement and wealth.

As soon as Jean sits Oliver starts speaking. "Sir?" Walter looks to him. Felicity, who had decided not to look at him, can't help herself and looks. "Yes, Mr. Queen?"

"I want to pay child support. I make good money with my writing and photographs, I will pay. I also wish to pay back child support going back to before her birth. As for emotional support, I will do anything Mollie or her Mother need. I want to do this, you don't have to order it. " Felicity can't believe this. She's more confused than ever. Every time she thinks he's an asshole (or could be) he does something sweet. "As for my family, my sister is the only one I would have around Mollie. I am in the process of moving out of my family's home and their money will play no part in my taking care of my daughter and make no mistake I will take care of my child." He is looking at Felicity, deep into her eyes letting her know he is there for Mollie.

Walter considers him for a moment then looks around the room.

"I've heard enough. I will read over the papers and I will offer a solution Unless and if the two
parties do not come up with a plan of their own. You have 72 hours. May I advise the two of you to work on this, alone. You both seem to want to do what is best for the child and in these types of cases that's rare. I will do my best to work out an arrangement for you, but you two know your child and circumstances better than I can." Walter walks out.

Oliver practically jumps over the table to get to Felicity as soon as Walter walks out. Jean is calling for him but he doesn't care. "I swear I didn't know Tommy was coming. I had no idea and I NEVER would have asked him or Sara to come. I really wanted it to be just us. I can't even look at Sara without feeling betrayed."

She pulls her arm from his grasp. "You swear a lot of things aren't your fault. It wasn't your fault you left! It wasn't your fault your Mother made my life hell! It's not your fault that Tommy-- You know what, forget it. We will let Walter decide what's going to happen." She's too confused to deal with him right now and doesn't know what to believe. Her head is saying Tommy is there proving they betrayed her, yet her heart is screaming at her to talk to Oliver. To trust Oliver.

Felicity starts walking down the hall with John by her side. When they get outside she moves to the side of the building. She is walking in really high heels in tall grass but she needs to be away from prying eyes. She needs to breakdown for a minute. She starts to cry. She is so tired of being strong and being fair. John puts his arm around her. "It's okay. Let it out." She cries for a couple of minutes wrapped in his arms. His shirt is going to be soaked.

John suddenly stiffens. Felicity looks up and sees his death glare aiming over her shoulder. She looks behind her to see Oliver. John starts to move towards Oliver before Felicity can stop him.

"You've done enough. Go back to your mansion, your rich friends, and leave her alone." Felicity watches Oliver. The boy she knew would turn and leave as quickly as possible. Oliver stands there. He takes everything John is throwing at him.

"I want to speak to her...Please?" Felicity's mouth falls open. Oliver has said please a lot lately and that also isn't the Oliver she knew. John starts to move Oliver when Felicity steps between them.

"John. It's okay. I'm okay." He keeps staring at Oliver for another thirty seconds then looks down at her. She nods letting him know she is serious and she is okay. Her crying was just a brief release of tension.

"I'll be out front if you need anything just yell. I should tell everyone what happened and to stand down, head back home." He gives Oliver the stare down. Lesser men have faltered at his glare. Felicity is almost proud of Oliver for standing his ground.

"Thanks." She tells John and watches him walk away. She looks to Oliver expectantly. He stares in her eyes for a solid minute. It takes everything in her not to break and look away. When he still doesn't say anything she decides to speak.

"You're welcome." Oliver raises his eyebrow in question. "He would have killed you. Snapped you like a twig if I hadn't stopped him, you're welcome." She is trying to break the tension because that's what she does.

He laughs lightly. She watches him. He's so handsome when he smiles a real, true smile. She could get lost in those eyes, that smile. "Thank you, Felicity." She can't help but smile back at him. Then she remembers he's her enemy. She hates that he is her enemy.

"What do you want?" His smile fades slowly.
"I want us, just us, to work this out. I want us to be there for Mollie." She feels her heart cracking at the truth in his words, at the love for their child that is behind his words. No one has really understood her sacrifices for Mollie, but there in Oliver's eyes she sees someone who might. He hasn't done anything to say otherwise since he's been home. He has made every effort to respect her while getting to know Mollie a bit. She's deep in thought when she notices him watching her with this smile on his face.

"For Mollie, but I have one request." Oliver's eyes shine brightly with hope.

"Anything."

"Tell me the truth, did you bring Tommy and Sara here against me?" She has to know which is right, her head or her heart. He starts shaking his head the second she says Tommy's name. She, damn it, believes him. Fuck. Her heart is leading her, again. Why can't she stay mad at him and she knows the answer is because deep down, she trusts Oliver. She has always trusted Oliver and if she believes he didn't know about Mollie and he left to "save her" there is no reason not to keep trusting him.

"No. When I saw him I assumed he was here for you until Sara said they were here for me and wished me luck." He looks away for a moment, pulling his lips in then blows out a breath.

"Honest?" She nods. "I think my Mom made them come. I think Sara and Tommy wanted out of that room badly."

Well that makes sense. Moira does hate her and would try to stack the deck against Felicity. "I can ask John to pick up Mollie. We can go somewhere and talk privately and maybe settle this, but Oliver I'm not ready to share her full time yet." He nods understanding.

"Thanks. I uh...I have an appointment. Can I call you after?" She eyes him. She wonders what is more important than Mollie. He must read her mind. "I am looking at and hopefully getting a place. My own place. Like I said in court I want independence from my family." He stops. She sees a grin come over his face. A playful one yet serious. That's new. That's one less worry. She was scared of having Mollie around Moira.

"Why don't you come with me? I don't know much about Mollie or kids in general, you can let me know if it's suitable for her."

She thinks about it. That is a responsible thing. She was worried about Mollie being in that museum of a house. She is actually proud of Oliver. She can't help but smile up at him. "That sounds like a very parental thing to do. John can take me home. I need to change...then you can come over in about one hour? Or before your appointment."

He nods. "I will be there. Thanks, Felicity. You're still the best girl I know." He walks away and she can't help it, she melts just a bit. He seems to really want to be a Dad.

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Oliver runs home and changes into more casual clothes. On his way back out the door, he starts dialing his realtor. He has only one place to show him, "Would it be okay, if I came by and got the keys? I want the place."

"Of course, Mr. Queen. I already drew up the papers. You can sign them if you have a check to cover the down payment." Oliver fist pumps as he slides behind the wheel of his SUV. The Queen name worked in his favor again. The previous owners probably saw his name and were more than willing to speed up the paperwork just in case.

"I will have a cashier's check for the entire amount of the house." The man gasps. "Oh, yes sir; then
no problem at all. Oliver went to the bank and got the cashier's check took it to the realtor's office and got the keys. He had asked for empty houses so he could move as soon as possible and he trusts that if he hates it, he can sell it.

He was only three minutes late getting to Felicity's. He runs up the stairs to her apartment and knocks on the door. He is expecting her to be mad he's late. Instead, she yells "Come in" he opens the door to find her shoeless and still in her suit from the courthouse. He needs to talk to her about home security. Even if she is right by the door.

"Sorry. I got distracted!"

She moves back into the apartment, he follows her and closes the door. She walks towards her bedroom pulling off her jacket, tossing it on the chair. She keeps walking and then lifts her shirt over her head as she shuts the door. He licks his lips at the sight of her back. He adjusts himself and stands against the door. He doesn't trust himself to move. He might follow her and he doesn't think that will go over so well.

Oliver is still livid about this morning. He can't believe Tommy and Sara would show up. His Dad showing up wasn't as surprising. He doesn't think his Dad is totally against Oliver taking on the role of Mollie's Dad. His Dad just worries about him and how his Mom will react. Oliver wanted to warn Felicity, to tell her it wasn't his plan. He saw the look of hurt and betrayal cross her face when she saw everyone. He kept trying to catch her eye and apologize and let her know he didn't want to do hurt her. He never wants to hurt her.

In less than five minutes, she is back in the small living room. He watches as she sits on the couch and puts on a pair of chucks. They're purple and match the tee shirt and cardigan she's already wearing. She is also wearing a great pair of black jeans. Her hair pulled back in a high ponytail that keeps falling to the side as she ties her shoes. She stands up. "Ready." She pushes her glasses up her nose. He smiles. She looks like the college girl he remembers.

They walk out of the apartment and head to his car. "Why were you distracted?" He opens the passenger to help her in.

"Thank you." She starts to climb in and starts answering. "Barry was calling to confirm dinner with me and Mollie tomorrow night." She pulls the door shut.

Oliver slowly walks behind the car. Sara implied there was no one in Felicity's life, but this Barry knows Mollie. Oliver counts to ten before pulling open his door and climbing behind the wheel.

He keeps telling himself not to do it. He knows it's none of his business who she is seeing. He could argue he has a right to know the man she is bringing around Mollie but he doesn't. He's been back only two weeks and she's had Mollie her entire life.

They pull up in front of the modest house he purchased. At least it is modest by Queen Family standards. It's a two story shaker home in gray tones with a double garage with carriage doors. It has a yellow front door which he oddly likes. The front porch is welcoming. It looks exactly like he thought it would. Felicity hops out. He walks around and watches her face. She looks sad.

"How do you know Barry?" Damn it. He shrugs at least now she won't be sad but mad... at him. She pulls her gaze from his home. "Barry?" He nods.

She leans back against the car, a sudden morose expression on her face. "Barry and I worked together at Merlyn Global." She pauses and folds her hands together. "We became friends, good friends and eventually best of friends. When I found Tommy and Sara fuc--...when I left Tommy I
had nowhere to go. No family, no friends aside from Barry and the Diggle's. He told me to come to his place, so Mollie and I stayed with him in his tiny little apartment for about six months." She smiles fondly. Oliver's heart aches for her and how hard that must have been. Barry seems like a stand-up guy. Oliver hates admitting to that.

"We were like a family for a bit. I got some money together which wasn't easy since Merlyn Global fired me and Barry by association. He didn't even get mad at me that he was fired for letting me stay with him." She pushes off the car. Oliver is thankful she had someone, but jealous as hell.

"Barry is--he's one of my rocks. I met Lyla and Digg through him. Then Carly and Andy. John and Andy worked security at Merlyn Global for a while. Barry is an amazing man." Oliver feels only jealousy now. He is jealous of this man that was here for her and his daughter when he was off without a care in the world. Barry who makes her smile. Barry who is her friend. Barry who is her ROCK. He looks down at her to see her smiling at him.

"Show me your new place or potential new place." He wasn't about to tell her that it was already his. He wants her opinion and if she hates it he will sell it. They go up on the porch and she turns away. He unlocks the door. "They just gave you a key? Must be a perk of the last name Queen." He shrugs.

The inside is gorgeous. He's impressed. He watches her look around. The fireplace is on the far left wall; tan colored with built in white shelves surrounding it. There are small windows above the shelves letting in enough daylight to cast a warm glow. The front window is a huge picture window and the living room opens into the dining room.

On the right side of the front door are stairs. Two steps up to a square landing which leads to the second floor. They walk through the dining room and into the kitchen. It's big and modern. All new stainless steel appliances and a kitchen island where people can sit and eat. It's homey. He likes the huge farmhouse sink and built in wine rack. He looks to Felicity who is smiling. He can't help but picture her here with him. Her and Mollie. She walks to the back door and he follows her.

There is a small veranda and beyond that a fenced in yard with a few trees. The landscaping is top notch. There is enough room for him to put in a pool when Mollie is older. If she likes the water. "Does Mollie like to swim?"

"Yes! She's been swimming since before she was a year old. I didn't want her to be like me and not know how so we both took lessons." He can picture her overcoming her fear for Mollie's sake. "There is a lot of shade back here. It's nice, relaxing." He nods in agreement.

"Mollie will love having a backyard when she's with you." Oliver can't help but smile and feel like he can finally give something to Mollie. She's going to let him see Mollie is also what he takes from her words. He looks to her to thank her when he sees her wipe a tear away. "Why are you crying?"

She wraps her arms around herself. "It's silly. It's nothing!" She turns and walks back into the house. He follows her as she walks upstairs. There are four bedrooms, a bonus room and the attic is a media room. She doesn't know this and starts looking. She's always had a curious nature. He's always enjoyed watching it. Felicity likes to solve mysteries even small ones like what's behind the doors.

The first room she opens the door to is really small. She looks to him. "Home office. I am a writer." The next two rooms are a bigger. She doesn't have to ask.

"Mollie can pick which one she wants and the other will be for Thea." She looks at him surprised. "My sister can't stay with those two. I will let her come here as much as possible."
He needs to tell Felicity the truth, "They made her sign my rights away. She perfected my signature when I lived at home and could write her notes for school." He pauses remembering how he took on more responsibility for her than he should have been allowed. "I can't let them warp her. Someone needs to save her."

Felicity is looking at him like she did before, when she saw the good in him when others just saw the party boy, "You've really changed..." It's not a question.

"I suspected since you said you didn't know it was Thea." She smiles sadly, "For a while when it first happened I told myself it was someone impersonating you. Then, I let it go. It didn't seem to matter. Thanks for telling me the truth."

It sounds like her accepting he might be a different man now. They walk to the bonus room, it's small but nice. It has no windows. He thinks he will make it a dark room since he does still love to photograph on film. She flips on the light and looks at him. "Torture chamber? Oh I know Red Room of Pain?" He looks at her confused.

"Fifty Shades of---forget it." She laughs. "It's a horrible book that my Mommy Book Club made me read."

"A book about a red room that causes pain?" He's intrigued. She laughs while she turns red. "Oh don't make me tell you!" He laughs with her. "NOW you have to tell me!"

She groans and covers her face. "It's a book, a bad book, about a supposed BDSM relationship but is really just a cautionary tale of abusive relationships and how you may not know you're in one."

The BDSM sounded interesting, not that he is into pain. The rest sounds awful. Is Felicity into that? He looks at her red face and decides not to ask. "I'm not."

"What?"

"I'm not into that...that's what guys always wonder. At least, I don't think I am," Oliver's mouth falls open. She walks out of the room and he'd give his entire bank account balance, which did take a hit but is still nice, to finish this conversation.

She opens the door at the end of the hallway. The Master Bedroom with an en suite bath. She promptly closes it. "That will have nothing to do with Mollie so I don't need to see it." He traps her between the door and himself.

"Maybe you want to see it?" She shakes her head.

"What you do and who you do, has nothing to do with me." She ducks under his arm and heads for the steps leading to the attic. His sex life has had everything to do with her since he walked into the coffee shop almost seven years ago.

When they reach the attic he falls in love with this home. There is a huge screen in front of stadium leather seating for twelve. There is a popcorn popper and bar to the far right. Yes, he can see himself watching the game here.

"Ah. A single man living the dream." She teases. Her smile lighting up the room.

"Or a family man having his friends over instead of hanging at the bar." Her face turns sour. She tilts her head and looks at him. "Have you already found someone? Or multiple someone’s?" She sounds almost jealous. He shouldn't be happy about that but he is a little. He wants to know this isn't one sided.
He nods. He watches her intently. He needs to know her reactions. When he nodded she looked sad but she hid it quickly. He needs to confess the rest to her and watch for her reactions. He wishes he could just ask her, but he knows Felicity is in protection mode and he can't blame her.

"Oliver, please don't bring your one night stands around Mollie. Not when she is here, okay? I'm willing to work something out with you, but not that. I know it's unfair." She closes her eyes. When she opens them she continues, "If it's something serious then...I would like to meet her and help you introduce her to Mollie." He knows she will do anything for Mollie, even put up with him and his mind could imagine a menagerie of women.

He puts his hands on her shoulders. "Felicity. There will be no other woman around our daughter. I have found the one. She just doesn't want me."

"Oh. I'm sorry, Oliver. I know how awful that can be." He smiles she actually sympathizes with him. She really doesn't get it. "I meant what I said. I want you. I want Mollie. There is no one else. There will be no one else. There hasn't been anyone else for a long time and even when there was...there wasn't."

She looks so cute when she is trying to read between the lines. "What?" He loves how smart she is and how obtuse she can be about other things.

He shakes his head and can't help but smile even bigger. "YOU. Every woman has paled in comparison to you. Others may have warmed my bed, I may have cared for them but...I love you. That never changed." He pauses for a moment, "I am IN love with you Felicity Smoak."

He watches as she gulps. She keeps looking at him. She is looking at him like she is trying to solve a puzzle and maybe she is trying to solve the puzzle that is Oliver Queen. He understands why she is having a hard time believing him. If she had left him, he would feel the same way. He will convince her he loves her and she is the only woman for him.

"You don't even remember being with you.."She cuts off and he needs to know the rest. It's not a want it is a NEED.

"What? Tell me...please." She looks far away from him in that moment. Whatever it is, he knows it will change things. Or has the potential of changing them.

She takes a shallow breath. "That night when we..."

He supplies the words. "made love." Her eyes shoot to his. She doesn't think he sees it that way, he can read it in her face. "I may not remember it but I know I was with you and I hope to God, I made it good for you and I made love to you." He watches the blush travel her body. Damn, she's beautiful. He can't hide his smile while wanting desperately to ask if it was good for her. His ego wants to know. He can admit it.

She sighs and he loves it. It's a contented sigh full of hope. "The night we made love you kept whispering to me that you loved me; that you loved everything about me. It was--very sweet and..." She looks away.

"And?" She looks back up at him. Her eyes swimming in tears with her chin jaunted out showing she isn't weak. Like he ever thought she was weak. "It was the only time I felt loved...desired by anyone." Her words knocked the wind out of him. He feels his own tears pooling in his eyes.

He wants to cry for her...with her, the amazing woman before him who deserves to feel loved and wanted every day of her life. He wants to cry for himself. All he's ever wanted was to be there for
her, to love her, to protect her and to know he did that for her and then left breaks his heart.

They just look at each other.

She turns back to look at the room. "The house is lovely. I think Mollie will love it. Pool or no pool."

"Will you help me decorate her room and Thea's? Kid proof it?" She starts shaking her head.

"Come on, you don't want to leave them at the mercy of a bachelor do you?" She laughs as they start to head out. "Or worse...my house will be a tech free zone since I can barely operate my laptop!"

She shudders. He knows how to get to her. "I will help you do that and your media room. We all know you'd be lost trying to set the place up."

Yes! Now, he will get to spend even more time with her. For a day that started out awful, it's really turning into good one. He bought a house. He's about to set a plan for spending time with Mollie and Felicity is going to help him decorate his home. Yep, things are looking up. With a little luck and some hard work, maybe this will be their home, together.
the times they are a changing.

Chapter Summary

Lots of things happen, but my favorite is the end of this chapter.

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the long delay!! First I was very sick and got news that my Lupus which has been in remission is no longer in remission. If you've read my stuff before you know that since last August I've been sick more than well. I will finish this story! Promise. Second, SOTY happened and it was all hands on deck! I decided to postpone the post until it was over and now it is! YAY!

I hope you like this chapter as much as I do.

**Please remember these are scared people who have lost so much and are trying to find their way back to the person they never thought could love them.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The next night Barry is coming over for dinner. Felicity leaves work early. This leaving early is becoming a nasty habit. She will do better once she readjusts to her new normal. When she gets to her car Oliver is there. She scrunches up her nose. "What are you doing here? Is everything okay? Did I forget I was meeting you?"

"Yes everything is fine. I just wanted to talk about Mollie." She sighs in relief. She leans against the car next to him. She waits for him to talk. "What if she doesn't like me? I mean...I left her. I haven't been around. She should hate me. I'm worse than a deadbeat dad."

Of all the things Oliver could say that is one she never expected; Oliver is always self assured and confident. Tommy was right Oliver isn't always the confident person she thought. She puts her hand on his arm. "Oliver, I will explain to her, in her age appropriate terms and that you didn't know. She won't hate you. Mollie doesn't hate anyone or anything ..but Brussel sprouts. Those she hates like a real lot as she would say."

Oliver looks at her and then laughs. "Thanks." He hugs her. She doesn't hug him back at first but then gives in.

"We're co parents it's what we do. Welcome to the big leagues." He looks at her and cocks his head. "Where is the girl who knew no sports metaphors?" She laughs.

"I briefly dated a sports newscaster and Mollie loves all sports. I have no idea why." She sees a spark behind his eyes but isn't sure what it means. He's probably thrilled his child loves sports. Oliver was a sports fanatic when they were younger.

"I need to go grab a cab.."
"Where's your car?" He blushes. "I had a small accident. Nothing serious but getting the cosmetic damage fixed this afternoon and thought I'd stop by and ask if you think Mollie will hate me." She laughs. Mollie already likes Oliver.

"I can give you a ride home or wherever."

"Thanks." She unlocks her jeep and he gets in. "Where to?"

"My new place. I didn't want to stay with my parents anymore. The house is mine I might as well live there." She nods. That's completely reasonable. She starts the drive. "What are you and Mollie up to tonight?" She smiles brightly.

"Barry is coming over for dinner and a movie." He must have forgotten. "Mollie is really excited to show Barry her new science experiment." Felicity can't help but brag about how smart Mollie is to everyone.

"Mollie gets her brains from you." She laughs. "Oliver, you aren't stupid. Just your skills are elsewhere...and I did not mean that to sound dirty!" She feels herself warm with a blush. She sneaks a look at Oliver and he is staring at her with lust. Oh boy.

"I've missed you, Felicity. I missed our friendship more than just about anything while I was gone."

She keeps looking at the road. She had missed him so much. The long talks, the funny stories, the ease in which she could talk to him about anything.

"I missed you too..." She whispers, then louder, "Not just because of Mollie. I missed my friend." She starts to laugh. "Did you know that for a while I thought you hated me?"

When she looks at him, he looks horrified, "I NEVER hated you."

She giggles, "I know that now. Back then, for the first few months you'd always look away when I looked at you. Other times you'd be staring at me and it looked like you wanted to kill me."

He starts shaking his head, "Killing you was not what I was thinking about. Kissing you, that was usually it. Or telling you how I felt and you saying you felt the same way and then we would make love. I should probably apologize for all the times I jacked off to thoughts of you, but I'm not actually sorry."

Felicity's eyes get huge as saucers. She laughs lightly, "I'm not sure if I should hit you or thank you."

She grips the steering wheel tighter. He played the starring role in many of her fantasies. She looks nervously at him, while biting the corner of her lip, "Same. Sorry.." Oliver's mouth falls open.

She changes the subject. "We never discussed the visitation. It's due." She chances a peek and he's looking at her nodding. "I was thinking you could hang out with Tommy and Mollie; then meet up with Mollie when she is with me. She will see you as a family friend even though she knows you're her biological dad..."

"But you're going to tell her I'm her Dad, right?"

"She already knows that fact. Tommy and I never kept that from her, you being her biological father. This is how she knows Thea is her Aunt. She just needs to get to know YOU." She hopes that sounds reassuring.

They arrive at his house he puts his hand on the door handle but doesn't open it. He turns his head to look at her, "Thank you for being so agreeable to everything. I would like to be consulted on school decisions, and know what's going on her life at your house. As for medical decisions or birth certificate, I don't want to push. It's your call. I just want to know my daughter."
She could brush him off and act like it's not a big deal. She thinks about it then quickly disregards that idea. "You never lied to me. I don't think you'd start now."

He grins at her, "You always knew when I tried to lie to anyone in your vicinity."

He stops and she waits to see if he finishes his thought. "Lying to you felt like lying to myself. That's why it was so hard to not tell you how I felt about you."

He shakes his head.

She shouldn't do what she is about to do. Don't do it, Smoak. It will open you up to more pain and hurt...rejection. He won't even white lie to protect you not after that speech. Maybe that's what she needs. "Do you really not remember that night at all?" She keeps hoping beyond hope that he remembers at least some of it like agreeing to have sex with her.

He looks down. She bends her head trying to see, trying to catch his eye. His eyes are closed. "Bits and pieces, like a dream." She presses her lips together.

The guilt grips her harder. She's been keeping this feeling at bay. Part of her hoped he had remembered but chose to ignore it because of Mollie. She makes a grunting noise. He lifts his head quickly, concern written all over his face. "Are you alright?"

She pressed her lips more firmly together and nods quickly and erratically. She will be fine, she just needs a minute. Nope, she isn't. She steps out of the jeep. She hears more than sees him get out and come around to her side. She bends at the waist trying to keep the emotions in check. Is this what a heart attack feels like? Her heart is pounding, she feels dizzy, she wants to throw-up and pass out. Not a good combination.

"Felicity?" His voice is full of concern and a tinge of fear. He puts his arm lightly on her back. He is rubbing soothing circles on her back. "Please stop." She chokes out. His hand immediately drops.

She looks up at him. "I can't take comfort from you. Not about this." He looks confused and a bit scared. "What?"

"Oliver..." It's a whisper, a prayer...it's her asking for his forgiveness. "Please forgive me. I'm sorry...so very sorry. But I can't completely regret it either..." She stands up and is just a tad dizzy, but now Oliver looks sick. Shit.

"What can't you regret?" He squints; worry clearly radiating off of him, "I forgive you for whatever you think you need it for." He's looking at her and his whole body is tense. She knows it's because he's a good man and worried about her. This sweet side of Oliver has always touched her heart. He tries so hard to hide this part of himself from most people or he did.

"Our night. I can't regret it. The honorable part of me, tells myself it's because of Mollie. I could never regret her or take her back. She's --She's my joy." Oliver nods and smiles but she can see the worry. It's in the way his jaw is clenched and how his fists are curled ready for a fight.

"I wouldn't want you to regret her. You're a wonderful Mom...but.." She doesn't let him finish because if he does, she won't.

"The other part of me...can't regret it because...I loved you Oliver. I wanted you and I was running from Tommy asking me to marry him and just Tommy, in general. I knew he wasn't the one for me and I wasn't for him and I just... I needed to be with someone. *I* loved, I wanted my first time to be with someone I felt a deep connection to...even if I know NOW I took advantage of you. I practically raped you!" She turns and rests her head against the jeep; the cool metal of the doorframe offering some relief from the heat of embarrassment. "You couldn't consent..you were out of it. I'm the reason you cheated on Sara."
After a few seconds, Oliver spins her back to face him. She stubbornly looks down. He takes his forefinger and lifts her chin to look at him. He smiles so sweetly. She loves that smile. Whenever it's focused on her she feels like the only person who matters to him.

"I was drunk, but I wasn't THAT drunk obviously." He smirks and she frowns, this isn't funny. "I wanted you. I've told you that and that night--I never thought you could want me, you would want me." A tear falls down her face and he wipes it away.

"The only regret I have is I don't remember it fully and clearly. If you're looking for me to forgive you there is nothing to forgive. You made my dream come true, literally." He laughs and she may have smiled. "You gave me the greatest gift in our daughter.. A smart, beautiful and funny kid."

She keeps trying to look away she still feels wrecked with guilt over this. He bends down to make her look him in the eye. She does and he slowly stands, her eyes follow. "I am sorry that you were a virgin and I have no idea if I was gentle, kind and loving. I hope I was a good guy." When she goes to speak he stops her, "My turn, yes?"

He pauses. "I loved you then. I love you now. Don't waste any time feeling guilty or like you wronged me. I wouldn't take it back." He leans in and kisses her cheek. It takes everything in her to not turn her head and capture his lips. She won't push her boundaries with him ever again.

"As for me cheating..we both know I was a lousy boyfriend and best friend. That's all on me. Sara was cheating on me too. None of us were with the person we were meant to be with and maybe now..we can all correct that." She sucks in a quick breath. She's not there yet to thinking they have a future. He must read her mind.

"It's okay. I got time to convince you I'm the man for you." He moves and pulls open the driver's door and she starts to get in before he stops her. "But if you ever want to show me what I missed? I won't turn you down." She slugs him and climbs behind the wheel.

"You okay to drive?" She nods.

"I need to hear you say it." She would like to say she isn't impressed by the way he is taking care of her, but that'd be a lie."I'm fine to drive..and thank you. For everything."

"Any time." He pulls back and watches her drive away. If she thought Oliver of the past was difficult to resist, this new updated version of Oliver is nearly impossible to resist. The way he is honest with her and the way he takes care of her. She needs to have a long chat with her heart and prepare it for being broken again. She knows one thing about her life: people never stay.

________________________________________

After he watches Felicity drive off, Oliver heads inside. He is getting some furniture delivered today. A living room set and a dining room set. He needs to have something set up. He hopes to get more soon.

He sits down in the middle of the floor. He tries again to recall their night together. He needs to know how it happened. He also needs to come to terms with her saying she loved him.

Felicity Smoak had been in love with him and she said it. It's different than reading it in a note from years ago. She had turned to him, not just for sex but to feel love. She may not realize it yet but she must have known he loved her. She turned to him and not just to forget that Tommy had asked her to marry him. No, she had turned to him because she wanted to make love to someone she loved. They had a strong friendship and intimacy even before that night. She needed to feel loved and he was her
source. He smiles broadly. She used past tense; he can work with that though. Felicity needed him, she loved him and she went to him for comfort. "Yes!" he screams to the empty room.

He grabs his phone out of his pocket. He wants to figure out exactly how to get those memories back. If he can get those memories back at all. He calls Shado. She is a spiritual advisor and knows a lot of people and maybe one of them could help him.

He checks the time. It's late there but she will probably still be awake. She is a night owl. After three rings he is about to hang up when he hears her.

"Oliver! Tell me you won your lady love back!" He smiles at her faith in him.

"Not yet. I need your help." She practically screams with excitement. "Call me back using FaceTime." He should have known she would insist on seeing his face.

He requests a video chat. She answers it. She is smiling brightly and looks wide awake. Slade seated beside her looks half asleep. "Thanks, Kid. You got my wife excited and not in the way I like.." Oliver throws his head back laughing. Shado punches Slade in the arm.

"What do you need Oliver?" Shado's eyes are shining she is so happy for him. She's never seen Oliver truly care about a woman. That's probably because Oliver has never cared about a woman aside from Felicity. He doesn't know how to tell them or where to begin.

"I need to remember the last night with Felicity. It's really important." Shado's face falls to concern while Slade rolls his eyes. "Why do you need to remember being drunk? It wasn't a rare thing, Kid."

Oliver runs a hand through his hair while the other one wipes his brow. "My dream? The one I told you? It wasn't a dream. I also left out the part where we made love. I actually made love to her." Both of their eyes get huge and their mouths drop. It would be hilarious if he wasn't serious.

"It gets worse or maybe better." They look at each other than to him. "I got her pregnant...I have a daughter." He waits. Neither of them says anything. He’s getting worried.

"Congratulations! I am happy for you...you're happy right?" Shado recovers first, as he knew she would.

"Yes! Mollie is amazing. That's her name: Mollie. It's complicated but Felicity and I are trying to work things out as far as parenting goes...but I need to remember that night. I feel it's a huge part of what's holding her back. She's mentioned things..but I need to know."

'I know some people, but Oliver I'm not sure it's possible and if it is--is it such a good idea?" Oliver sighs. He knows now he may get the help he wants, but Shado is right is it a good idea? He will think about it before he does anything.

While Shado goes to retrieve the information Slade moves to the center of the image. "A daughter? Payback is going to be a bitch!" Oliver's eyes get huge. Oh shit. He never thought of that!

"Is she beautiful your girl?"

Oliver smiles, "They both are."

"Then payback will be interesting."
After Shado gives him the information Oliver calls the lady to talk to her. Oliver has never believed in retrieval of old memories but who knows? He's been wrong about a lot of things. He thinks back on the time he thought he knew who and what Felicity Smoak was all about.

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Felicity arrives home with Mollie to find Barry on her doorstep. He is seated outside their door reading from a thick book. He sees them and stands up and picks up a few bags of food. "I brought dinner!" Mollie starts jumping up and down. She loves when Barry picks up food. She just loves Barry.

Felicity unlocks the door and they all enter the apartment. Barry takes everything to the coffee table. They don't even pretend they will eat at the table like normal people. Barry understands how the Smoak Women work.

"Mollie, go wash up. You too, Barry." Felicity walks into the kitchen, washes her own hands and then gets all the dishes and utensils they will need. When she walks into the living room, Barry is playing with her remote. He's trying to find something to watch.

"Oh! Mollie will love this cartoon." She looks up and nods her agreement while putting out the plates. Barry has the tv ready and starts unloading the bags full of Chinese food before returning to the kitchen to grab water for everyone.

Mollie runs out and sits at the plate between the two of them. They always eat first then watch a movie.

Felicity makes Mollie's plate while Barry helps himself. When she's done and starts her own plate, Barry starts the conversation. "Well, little one, how was your month?" Mollie is trying to use chopsticks but still answers Barry. He comes over once a month for a dinner date with them.

"I had fun. We ate Big Belly Burger a lot. I got to be the group leader at school, I spent time with Lyla and Digg.. And Mommy has a new boyfriend." Felicity chokes on her food. She grabs her water and starts drinking.

Barry looks around Mollie, raises an eyebrow at Felicity. "Tell me more about your new boyfriend Felicity. Should I be jealous?" He teases her with a huge grin on his face.

"I have no idea what Mollie is talking about." She sips her water. She doesn't KNOW but she has her suspicions. Mollie knows she's seen Oliver a couple of times without her or Tommy or anyone really. She may think she is secretly seeing Oliver. She doesn't want to confuse Mollie or get her hopes up that Oliver will be her full time Daddy.

"Mommy!" Mollie says in that tone of child irritation. "Oliver! You are Oliver's girlfriend." She turns to Barry. "She's so silly!" Barry nods in agreement then smiles at Felicity. She isn't amused. She watches as Mollie eats more food.

After dinner they clean up their dishes and watch a movie then Mollie shows Barry her science experiment. Afterwards, Felicity does Mollie's nightly routine. When she returns to living room, Barry has turned off the tv. Time to face the music she says to herself. Barry hasn't forgotten what Mollie said. Barry will want to discuss it.

She sits down next to him on the couch. She leans back, closes her eyes and puts her feet up on the coffee table. She can feel him watching her and then he moves. She waits.
"Sooo...Oliver is back..." She takes a deep cleansing breath. She sucks at lying and she really can't lie to Barry. He knows everything about Tommy and her marriage. He will understand exactly how hard it is for her to trust Oliver or any man really. She opens her eyes and looks at him.

"Yeah..Oliver." Barry doesn't back down. His face is expectant. She sits up, folds her leg under her and faces Barry.

"What is up with you and Oliver Queen. I thought you hated him, wished several STD's visited upon his dick before it falls off and a plague of locusts on him. And for a Jewish girl, that's impressive."

"I don't know what is up with it. First, he was back and I thought it meant avoiding him. Then...then he said he didn't know about Mollie. That he doesn't remember us having sex." Barry laughs loudly and with his entire body. Suddenly he stops.

"You're serious?" She nods slowly. "I believe him..Oliver was a lot of things but he never lied to me. Not about important things." She starts playing with a loose string on the couch. "He wants to be a part of Mollie's life. Which is great. Mollie needs that, deserves that...it's just not so great for me."

She chances a look at Barry who is looking at her funny.

"What?"

"You still love him. You're still in love with him, even after everything." She starts to shake her head, but she remembers she still sucks at lying. A few minutes does not change her ability to lie.

'Yeah. I do." She whispers. She falls back on the couch into her previous position. "I'm so stupid! This is Oliver Queen! Playboy, world traveler. He could have any woman he wants." She stares at the wall for a minute then looks at Barry, "He says he wants me. Me and Mollie."

"Hey! Don't sell my best friend short. You're smart, accomplished, beautiful, strong, independent! A great Mom and might I add, you're great in bed." She picks up a pillow and hits him with it. He catches it and takes it away.

They sit in silence for a few minutes, she moves closer to him and he holds out his arm. Felicity curls into him. She wonders why she can't love Barry. He is perfect for her. They are equally intelligent; they have the same geek background. They both love science and Doctor Who. Why can't she love him? She rolls her head to the side to look at him.

"Why can't we be in love with each other? We're perfect for one another!" He grins at her.

"The heart wants what it wants. We had our shot. We're better as friends." She knows he's right. As much as she loves Barry, she isn't IN love with him. She missed this. They've always been affectionate. For a while they were each other's fuck buddies, but they decided not to complicate things more. She misses having sex with someone she cares about or anyone really since she stopped those things with Ray.

After another hour of talking about their lives, he talks about work and Iris. He wants to tell her he's in love with her, but every time he tries something happens. Felicity talks about work and Oliver and Mollie. When it gets late they stand up. She walks him to the door. She opens it and they step out into the hallway. "If you need anything, call me. You know you can call me." He grabs her hand. She does know that.

"I love you, Felicity." He pulls her to him. She puts her arms around his waist. "I love you too, Barry."

"Uh...sorry." They both jump apart. "Oliver!" Felicity feels her face burn. She isn't sure why she
should be embarrassed. This is her apartment and her friend. It's not like she owes Oliver anything. Right?

"I didn't know you still had company." He holds out some papers. She had just told me a few hours ago, but she decides to let it slide. "My lawyer, Jean, brought them by. I had her draw them up after our talk..." She looks from him to the papers. He continues, "The time? I don't think we should wait, if we don't want the court to decide..." He trails off.

"Oh yeah. Thanks." She takes them. He stands there. Barry holds out his hand. "Barry Allen." Oliver looks at the hand and for a moment she thinks he won't take it. But then he does.

"Oliver Queen." They shake hands and Barry seems to be wincing and Oliver doesn't seem to let go. She puts her hands on the two men's hands.

"Oliver, this is Barry, I told you about him. Remember?" Oliver starts shaking his head but the set of his jaw is that he isn't pleased. He finally lets go. Barry shakes his hand. Felicity gives him a sympathetic look.

"Oliver." Barry draws Oliver attention. "Any friend of Felicity's...I hope is a friend of mine." He smiles. Oliver doesn't return it. Barry looks to Felicity. "I better get going. Maybe when Tommy has Mollie and we can go birthday shopping for her?"

Felicity is excited. "Yes! That would be great. I'll call you." She hugs him again. "Give Joe and Iris my best. Love you." Barry doesn't hug her as tightly as before and she thinks he keeps his eyes on Oliver from over her shoulder. "Love you too." Barry looks at Oliver as he scoots around him to go down the stairs.

"I'll read over these tonight and take them to my lawyers and then to Walter tomorrow?" Oliver just looks at her. She waits. Oliver sometimes needs a moment to think things through. Sometimes though he doesn't take that moment.

"You told me he was your friend. You didn't tell me you love him. That he loves you. I assume Mollie loves him." Felicity isn't sure why Oliver is sounding so upset.

"Of course I love him and yes Mollie does too." She waits a beat then it hits her. No way. Can't be.

"You're jealous!" She lets out peals of laughter.

"This isn't funny! I was ready to pursue you, woo you and win you over."

"And now you're not?" She wonders if that's all it takes for him to give up on something, on her.

Oliver steps closer and his voice drops low. "Oh, I am still going to fight for you. I didn't know I had competition is all." She stops and stands straight shocked by the tenor of his voice and how funny things are happening to her. "I told you my intentions. I've been very honest." She smiles, she can't help it.

"Barry is just my friend. We were-- lovers, what an icky word." She wrinkles her nose. "He loves me and Mollie. We aren't in love. He is in love with someone else. So, if you want to try and woo me, go forth and woo." She pulls her lips into her mouth to not laugh. This is funny.

"You think it's funny? Me wanting to woo you?" She shrugs. "A little. No one has ever woo'd me before."

He moves closer. "Well, Miss Smoak, prepare to be woo'd." She thinks he's going to kiss her lips.
Oliver looks down at his scared daughter and it breaks his heart. Mollie looks up and her eyes connect with his. He smiles at her. "Oliver?" He loves the way she can't exactly pronounce his name, but like her Mom she doesn't call him Ollie. He likes it. He doesn't want to be Ollie Queen to her. He wants to be Dad.

Oliver bends down to her level, "Hey little one. Bad dreams, huh?" Mollie nods her head rapidly her tangled hair bouncing around her face. Felicity bends down and lifts their daughter into her arms. "Come on, I'll tuck you back in and stay with you until you fall asleep."

Mollie rests her head on Felicity's shoulders. Oliver watches and longs for his family. He has never wanted something more than he wants them. He wants to be free to love them and to be loved in return.

As Felicity opens the door Mollie's head jerks up, "Oliver?" He stares at her for two beats, "Yeah?"

Mollie's little hand reaches out and he takes it. Felicity turns to watch. "Aunt Thea said you made her nightmares better." Mollie looks him in the eye, "Can you make mine go away?" Her eyes touch his soul. She's scared and wants to feel better and Oliver wants to be the one to do it. He smiles remembering Thea as a little girl and their monster hunts.

"I can." Mollie leaps into his arms and wraps her arms around his neck. He looks at Felicity asking permission. She nods slowly and holds out her hand to show him he should go in ahead of her.

Oliver walks with Mollie back to her room. He turns on her light beside her bed. "Okay, where should we start?" Mollie looks around then points to her closet. Oliver takes her hand and leads the way to her closet. When he opens the door all he sees are clothes. He pushes them all to one side and inspects the back of the closet then meticulously goes through every bit of clothing in there while searching for the source of her nightmares. He sees Felicity out of the corner of his eye watching him.

"Any scary monsters, you need to leave right now. Don't make me have to make you!" He tells the clothing. He watches Mollie as she nods and sucks in her lips so much like her Mom. She eyes the closet carefully. When they are both ready Oliver announces it's safe, "All clear."

Mollie nods very confident in the search. "Under the bed?" She looks up at Oliver, her eyes so trusting that for a moment he loses his ability to breathe. He nods in return. They walk over to her bed and they both get down on their hands and knees to look under the bed. There is only a couple of dust bunnies. They stand up. They both look at each other, "Mollie, I think we've scared them off."

She smiles brightly at him and hugs his waist, "Thank you, Oliver!" He feels tears in his eyes. He reaches out and touches her hair, "Any time."

Felicity clears her throat. "Ready for take two of bedtime?" Mollie sighs. She lets go of Oliver. She looks over at Felicity, "Can Oliver.." She looks up at him shyly, "do it?" Oliver watches Felicity's face. She's worried.

"Of course, Little Bit. If that's what you want?" Mollie head nods so quickly Oliver is worried she could break her neck. Felicity looks at Oliver questioning and he thinks he nods as fast as Mollie.
Felicity walks away. Mollie scurries into her bed. It's then Oliver realizes he hasn't put a child to bed since Thea was young. He's not sure he even remembers how to do it. "Tuck me in, Oliver." He is jarred out of his fear by her sweet voice. He walks over and pulls the cover up over her and tucks them in. He's lost again.

"Now you kiss my forehead and tell me goodnight." Oliver does as she asked. Oliver starts to walk out when her tiny voice catches his ears, "Thank you, Oliver. I like you."

Oliver feels ten feet tall walking out into Felicity's living room. He finds her standing beside her desk. He walks over to her. "Did everything go okay in there?"

"Yep." She smiles. "Good."

He starts to the door, "And Felicity about what I said earlier?" She turns to look at him, "Yeah?"

"I am going to woo you. I am going to win your heart. Tonight gave me a taste of what having my family will be like and I want it all. I want you, I want our child. I want a life together." With that he walks out, "Lock it behind me, Felicity."

He hears her move to the door and lock it. Oliver is going to woo both of his girls. He jogs down the steps whistling with a smile on his face.

Chapter End Notes

Oliver and his daughter scenes were highly requested and I HOPE you like it as much as I do.
The truth flows like water from that waterfall..

Chapter Summary

Oliver commences with the woo!

PLEASE READ chapter notes.

Chapter Notes

It's my birthday and I had free time so you get a new chapter! (the next chapter will hopefully be early next week).

NOTES! **trigger warning for talk of violence. PLEASE don't read if that will upset you.

Next, if you've been picking up on the clues then you knew this chapter was coming. I hope you don't hate me but this was always where this story was going. There are still MANY layers to what happened.

PLEASE READ END NOTES AFTER

Oliver was ready to woo his girl. Sure, she didn't know she was his girl, but in his head...she's his girl. He needs to do this right and do it better than anyone has ever done it. He couldn't do the standard roses, chocolate and movie dates. No, she deserves better than normal. She deserves exceptional. He also needs to find a way to bond with his daughter. Mollie is equally as important as her Mother. He wants his family to actually BE his family.

Oliver rings the bell at Tommy's. When Tommy opens the door Oliver starts, "You said you'd do anything to make it up to me, after the mediation day." Tommy looks at him worried.

Tommy had called Oliver and told him that his Dad threatened him. He thought Tommy and Oliver would double team Felicity and get Mollie. When that didn't happen Malcolm and Moira were pissed at their children. Oliver was angry with Tommy for not only doing what his Dad wanted, but betraying Felicity and that he could have sunk any hope Oliver had to be with her. Oliver tries to remember that Tommy doesn't have the space and distance from their parents that he has had so he doesn't see another way.

"Yeah..." Tommy says slowly and cautiously.

"Excellent. I assume you have a key to Felicity's?" Tommy looks terrified.

"Oliver...I don't think I should--" Tommy starts and Oliver cuts him off.

"Yes, you should. I want to make her dinner tonight. You're taking Mollie shopping for her birthday present, right?" Tommy nods. Oliver can tell he's thinking this isn't such a good idea. "Tommy she
knows I'm trying to--" Oliver doesn't want to say it. Tommy smirks at him and waits. His eyes dancing with mirth and his grin telling Oliver he's waiting and will tease Oliver ruthlessly. Oliver knows he has to say it.

"I'm wooing her. Don't laugh at me." Tommy is doubled over laughing. When he is finally done he hands Oliver the key. "If she asks, you stole it. Unless she likes it--then I totally helped." Oliver shakes his head. Leave it to Tommy to cover his ass. Oliver turns to leave. Tommy's voice stops him.

"You really do love her?" Oliver turns back to him, looks Tommy in the eye. "Yeah. I do. Sorry if that hurts you. But I'm not sorry I love her. I've loved her for a long time" Oliver sees something in Tommy's eyes, something dark before it quickly passes. Oliver files it away to think about later. He's seen Tommy's dark side before when they were younger, he hoped that part of Tommy was long gone.

"I'm glad. She deserves to have someone willing to do anything for her. I just hope you know what you're getting into. Felicity isn't the easiest person." Oliver can tell Tommy could never be the person to love Felicity enough to get past her walls. He doubts Tommy ever even tried.. A part of Oliver will never forgive Tommy for that, but he has to make this work for Mollie's sake. Oliver has to be friendly with Tommy for his daughter. Oliver also wonders about the Merlyn/Smoak marriage if there is more to it than just two people forced to marry. He looks at Tommy, really looks at him and he sees guilt. It could be about the hearing or it could be something more. Whatever it is, Oliver doesn't think now is the time again he files it away for later.

Oliver finds a grocery store where he can find all the ingredients for his special meal. He isn't sure Felicity will have anything. He only hopes she has cookware. She seems to eat out or order in a lot. Mollie has stated she can't cook, so cookware could be scarce. He gets to her apartment mid-afternoon and texts Tommy to make sure he is still picking up Mollie. He tells him he is but doesn't know what Felicity is doing. Oliver shrugs it off. He's sure she will be home.

He starts cooking and lets his mind drift. He thinks back to college and another surprise dinner. He hopes this has different results.

Oliver walks into his apartment and it looks worse than normal. "Tommy what the hell hap--Felicity?" Oliver looks around the kitchen of the apartment he shares with Tommy and he thinks everything in their kitchen is dirty. He can't stop staring at it until he hears Felicity sniffle. He turns and she's crying. "I wanted to cook Tommy a home cooked meal as a surprise." She's looking around at her mess.

Oliver watches her and can't get past how sweet she looks standing there wearing an apron with flour in her hair and some sort of sauce all over cheek. The smoke alarm starts ringing. Felicity starts to cry while he reaches up and pulls it from the wall. Then he walks to the oven and takes something out of it. He looks at the pan from several angles trying to decide what it was supposed to be, because it is not that anymore.

"I was making spaghetti and meatballs with garlic bread. That's the garlic bread or was the garlic bread. My Mother said it was foolproof." Oliver tosses the pan and everything on it in the trash. He takes off his jacket while watching her start to clean the kitchen. "I better clean this up before he gets home."

Oliver starts helping her clean. She looks so sad and lost. She really wanted to do something special for Tommy. Oliver looks at the calendar on the wall. "Shit. It's the anniversary of his Mom's death." Felicity doesn't look up from the dish she is washing and nods. "Yeah. I thought a home cooked
meal might remind him he still has people who care for him."

"That's one way to do it, I guess." Felicity looks over at him putting away a bowl. "How do you do it?" He smiles, "I get him drunk and laid." Shit. His eyes get big and he knows he shouldn't have said it when he sees her eyes. She looks even sadder.

"That was before you. He doesn't need me to get him laid...I mean that's your job...Shit!" He closes his eyes. First of all he just insulted her, he's sure. Second of all, he doesn't want the visual and third please don't let her say anything to make him feel worse. "I'm sorry Felicity.. none of that came out right. Let me start over?"

She laughs softly, "It's okay Oliver. I know all about you and your adventures with Tommy." Oliver sucks his lips into his mouth. He feels guilty for a moment and ashamed of his past. He doesn't want her to know that part of his world or life.

"Let me make it up to you?" She unplugs the sink and the water starts to drain. She rinses the last pot and hands it to him. He dries it and puts it away.

"How?" For a moment he's lost and has no idea what they're talking about because she pulled off the apron and is wearing a tight tank top and no bra. He blinks a few times before remembering she's Tommy's girl. He looks away before speaking.

"I can make you both dinner and you can tell Tommy it was all you." She tilts her head to the side and squints; her eyes studying him. "Really?" She looks hopeful and her face is practically glowing and she's getting bouncy which is great and not so great since, bra-less. He takes a deep breath.

"I offered to kick your Dad's ass, I think dinner is nothing compared to that." She smiles at him. It's that smile that almost makes him think she sees him as more than a friend. Almost.

"That's true." She is still smiling up at him and he feels ten feet tall. "Wait." Her smile drops, so does his and he wants to scream 'NO', but doesn't. "Can you cook?"

He smiles proudly, "Raisa taught me well. I can cook." He starts pulling things out of the cupboards to make dinner. "I will cook this really quickly and then leave you two alone to enjoy it." He doesn't turn around until she quietly says his name.

"Oliver" He sits the bowl down on the small counter. He slowly turns around. "Thank you!" She walks over to him, rises up onto her tiptoes, he bends down...Felicity puts her arms around his neck and kisses his cheek. He can feel her breasts crushed to his chest and it's sweet torture. The moment her lips touch his cheek the air leaves his lungs. He breathlessly whispers "Felicity..." She falls back onto her feet and looks up at him. She smiles sadly. "You should leave me alone to whip up this meal." She nods, turns and heads into Tommy's room.

Oliver cooks up a Chicken Alfredo dish Raisa taught him and some dinner rolls. He finds stuff for salad and makes a tossed salad. Oliver and Tommy are bachelors but Moira Queen makes sure their kitchen is stocked.

Oliver checks his phone. Tommy's late. He should have been home thirty minutes ago, at the latest. He puts everything in the warming oven. He walks back to Tommy's room and gently knocks on the door. "Come in."

He pauses, "Don't be naked on the bed waiting for Tommy." He whispers softly to himself. "If she isn't doing that I promise to be a better person." He waits a beat and slowly opens the door. He thinks to himself, 'Naked might have been better.' She's wearing a short red dress with a cut out. She's
fixing her stockings which look to be attached to a garter belt. He knows what he'll be dreaming
about tonight.

"You look nice." He tells her and he means it. His voice even to his own ears sounded too soft and
loving. She smiles sweetly. "Thanks. Is he here?" Oliver shakes his head.

"I was going to head out." She looks sad for a moment then recovers. "Hot date with Sara?" He
shakes his head, "She's out with Laurel. I was going to the coffee shoppe." He starts to walk away.

"You could wait...if you want?" That's a good question. Does he want to wait with her? He always
wants to spend time with her, but Tommy will be home soon and she's wearing that dress and as far
as Tommy knows she made him dinner.

"Probably not a good idea. Surprise for Tommy and all."

"You're probably right." He walks out.

Three hours and five cups of coffee later, Oliver feels he can return home. He hopes to a silent
apartment. He walks up to the door and listens. He doesn't hear anything. His shoulders drop as he
puts the key in the door lock. He unlocks the door. He looks into the living room, it's dark and quiet.
He looks into the kitchen and is shocked. It's the same as he left it. Did they skip dinner? He would
have if Felicity was his girl wearing that dress.

Oliver walks towards his room. He passes Tommy's on the way and the door is open part way. He
stops and listens. He doesn't hear anything. He taps his foot against the door and it swings open. His
mouth falls open. There is Felicity in the middle of Tommy's bed fast asleep, alone.

She moves and he freezes. She sits up, but without her glasses she must not see him well, "Tommy?"

"No, it's Oliver. Where's Tommy?" She reaches over to Tommy's nightstand and grabs her glasses,
one on she turns on the light, "He said he had to stop by his Dad's. I guess he's running later than he
thought he would."

Oliver nods. He isn't stupid. Tommy and his Dad don't see each other on this day. He doubts the
senior Merlyn is even in Starling City right now. Oliver hopes he's not cheating on Felicity. "You
should go back to sleep." He tells her but she is already moving off the bed.

"Can't. I have an early morning class. I need to get home." She puts on her heels and stands. She
walks to the doorway where he stands motionless, "I'm sorry you went through all that trouble to help
me."

"Don't worry about it. Text me when you get home okay? You have your car, right?" She grins at
him.

"You know I am a big girl, right?" He nods and laughs. "Text me."

"Sure. Thanks again, Oliver. You're the best." He walks to her car. When he gets back to the
apartment he goes to bed while thinking about how much Tommy is screwing up a good thing.

Oliver now knows Tommy was probably with Sara. Oliver should have stayed and waited with her.
She was nervous and trying so hard to be a good girlfriend. Tonight will be better.

Felicity is waiting for Barry at the mall. Felicity knows Barry likes the outside mall and all, but she
doesn't like it at all. She is pacing back and forth in front of the Cookie Store. She is debating going in and buying one or two or twenty when she feels him touch her shoulder. "Sorry I'm late!" Barry is always late. She is used to him being late. She rolls her eyes and hugs him. He hugs her back. This is how they work.

They start walking around the mall looking for a present for Mollie. "I want to get her something amazing! Something that she will love even if that love or the toy dies within an hour." Felicity laughs. Barry always wants to make Mollie happy and like him best, she thinks. Barry is like a big kid when it comes to Mollie and her affections; he gets her immediate gratification needs. He loves Mollie like a favorite Uncle would. Mollie is perfection to Barry.

They walk through several stores. Barry finding nothing he likes well enough to buy. Felicity is getting frustrated. It's been an hour already. She wants to go home. She is too young to act this old, she muses. But her bed is calling her name as is her wine. "Barry, come on buy something!"

"Felicity? You do realize most people our age are going out and partying, right?"

"Yeah...I know. I'm old. I'm a Mom and I run my own company. I've earned feeling this tired." Barry laughs. Felicity's phone rings. She pulls it from her bag. She smiles. Barry looks over to see.

"Oh, OLIVER..." Barry sings while smiling. Felicity pushes at him and answers.

"Oliver? What's up?" She is happy to hear from him. She stayed up late telling herself not to expect him to actually woo her. That he was teasing her and this is just Oliver being flirty and not to get her hopes up. He says he loves her, but is she lovable? After everything she's been through she highly doubts she is lovable. She bites her lip and waits while trying to control her nerves.

"Where are you?" She pulls her phone from her ear and looks at it, confused. She puts it back to her ear. "I'm...at the mall. Why? Is everything okay?" She's worried about him now. Why is Oliver wondering where she is? No one ever wonders where she is.

"Yeah. I guess..." He sounds exasperated and hurt.

"Do you need me to come by or something?" She hears him breathing and then he sighs. Oliver in a very soft voice that sounds almost nervous. "Can you come home?"

Her brow wrinkles. "Come home? Are you at my place?" He blows out air. "Yeah..."

She looks at Barry who is smiling so big his cheeks might break. He makes a shooing motion.

"Okay. I'm on my way."

"Okay." He tells her a bit more chipper. She hangs up.

"Oliver..."

Barry is shaking his head. "It's okay. Go." She can't believe she is doing this to Barry.

"No. I'll call him back." He snatches her phone. "NO. Go. I know what I want to get Mollie. See you next week." She rises onto her tiptoes and kisses his cheek. He hands her phone back while they hug goodbye. She hurries to her car and speeds the entire ride home. Why didn't she ask if Mollie is alright? Surely, Tommy would call her...right? Maybe Walter rejected the custody agreement? What if Oliver has decided to leave? She feels her heart almost break at the thought.

When Felicity pulls up in front of her apartment building she sees Oliver's car. It's good he got it back from the auto shop. She walks slowly to her apartment looking for him and doesn't see him
anywhere. She unlocks her door and opens her apartment.

It smells heavenly...why does her apartment smell like food? Really good, home cooked food. She walks further in, after all robbers don't cook food. She walks by her dining table, that is never used, to see it's set for dinner. There are candles and wine.

Felicity is staring at it when she hears Oliver. "I made you dinner." She looks at him blinking rapidly. He made her dinner?

"Why?" She doesn't understand this. "How did you get in?"

He looks at her sheepishly and sits down the dish he is holding. He straightens up in front of her. He is smiling this smile...a smile she once thought was hers and hers alone. She never saw him look at Sara and smile like this. She has to look away. The memories are too much.

"I told you I was going to woo you." He stops and watches her reaction. She looks at the table nodding. "As for how..I can't tell you unless you like this." That draws her attention back to him.

"Tommy." She announces. Oliver laughs. They should have known she would figure it out. Felicity suddenly feels nervous.

"Is it ruined?" She looks back at the food longingly and then over to him. She’s not sure if she means the meal or something more.

"No. Nothing is ruined." They are both smiling like idiots at each other. She knows Oliver doesn't just mean the beautiful meal he prepared. He means everything. He moves and pulls out a chair. She sits and he pushes it back in.

"Wait here while I get the rest of the main course." She waits patiently looking at the lasagna he prepared. "Lasagna? I thought chicken was the only thing you could cook. Where'd you learn to make this?"

He's sat down the salad and bread. He's now pouring the red wine. Her favorite red wine. When he's done he sits down beside her. Not across from her. She likes it. It feels more personal, intimate even.

"Italy. My landlord and friend, Shado, she is an excellent cook. She went to a cooking school in Italy.." Felicity can't help it. She feels a pang of jealousy. He continues his story. She shouldn't, she has no right to feel jealousy. She knows Oliver spent time with other women, lots of other women while away. She saw the papers. Moira loved to show them to her.

"She was very patient with me. She taught me how to make noodles from scratch and it only took her two months!" He laughs and she joins in. She is still wondering who Shado is. A thought hits her: Is Oliver doing this so he can see Mollie? Does he not realize she will never keep Mollie from him?

Felicity sits her wine glass down and looks at him. When he notices her serious expression he sits his glass down. "Oliver, you do know I'd never keep you from Mollie. That wasn't what the arrangement was about. If you have someone in Italy, if your home here is just part time--it won't change you seeing Mollie. Not on my end."

"Felicity. I am wooing you for you. I love Mollie, she's my daughter. I wouldn't think of using you to get to her. We're adults. Believe it or not, I am a mature one now." He teases her.

She looks over at him. "Are you here to stay? Or are you going to travel back and forth?" Oliver stops mid-serve of the lasagna.
"I can see myself going back and visiting. Taking Mollie." She startles as Oliver puts the lasagna on a plate, "And you back to meet Shado and Slade. Mollie will love them." He goes back to plating their food.

"Slade?" He smiles fondly and shakes his head. She wonders if that's Shado's child...maybe his? "Shado's husband. He's a force of nature. He's the reason I got into fitness. Before I was a gym rat to get laid...sorry." He blushes and looks away. It's adorable. "I mean I did, but I shouldn't say it." She shrugs. "He taught me archery, hand to hand combat, and other things. I run for stamina now not to meet women." She can't help looking his body up and down as he continues, "I am thinking of building a small gym on the property. What do you think?"

She watches as he wipes his hands on his pants. Is Oliver Queen sweating? She shrugs again and watches his biceps bulge. She's a fan of whatever keeps him looking like that. "It's your house and property do what you want though I do appreciate the new Oliver physique." Her eyes get huge, she bites her lips and she prays for the floor to open up and swallow her. Her stupid brain to mouth filter still doesn't work. She lifts her wine glass and boy does she need some wine.

"To rekindling our friendship." She toasts. He looks at her with a smirk, "And more." He adds with a wink. She may or may not have whimpered. They both sip then start eating.

"This is really, really good! You could open a restaurant." He beams with pride at her. "It's nice to have someone besides myself to cook for."

"Feel free to cook for me, anytime! I may have to actually use my gym membership though." She jokes with him. She sees him staring at her with a strange look on his face. She wrinkles her brow.

"I'd love to cook for you. I've really missed being around you." Felicity sips her wine. She doesn't say anything at first,because she doesn't know what to say. Oliver being this open is new and it scares her a little. She could so easily fall for him and she has to think about Mollie. It's not just her heart on the line.

Her mouth to brain filter fails. AGAIN. "I've missed you too." He looks at her like she is the most precious thing he has ever seen. A girl could get drunk off that look alone. He cups her cheek, "Thank you."

The rest of dinner they talk, laugh and argue over who Mollie looks more like. She knows it's Oliver. She is almost a mini-me of Oliver. She hopes she isn't like Oliver in a lot of ways. In other ways, she hopes her daughter is exactly like Oliver.

After they finish she helps him clean up the mess. They are standing there doing dishes (him washing, her drying) when he stops. "This is nice."

She wrinkles her brow, "Washing dishes? Okay...did you fall and hurt your head?" He laughs. "I meant the two of us--being domestic." She thinks about it for a second and it is nice. Just the two of them, hanging out and almost being like a couple.

Once they are done. It gets awkward. They both shuffle their feet and look around her small kitchen. She doesn't want him to go. It's still early and...she likes having him around. She trying to think of something, anything to keep him here with her. Oliver has stopped doing their little dance of awkwardness. She looks up into his face.

"Tell me about you...tell me what I missed. I want to know everything about you." Felicity frets. What can she say that won't make things awkward? Or worse, what won't upset the peace they've achieved.
Oliver waits hoping Felicity agrees to tell him what he's missed. Really she can tell him anything at all. He just doesn't want to go home to his big empty house. He doesn't want to be alone, but more than that, he doesn't want to be away from her. He wants to know about her, he really does but he needs to be around her.

She bites her lip then nods. She motions for him to follow her. She points to the floor and he sits in front of her coffee table. She comes out with her laptop. She types something and the tv comes on and there's a slideshow set to music.

"Don't think I'm egotistical. This is mostly about Mollie since she's been my life since about two weeks after you left." Oliver nods. Of course she has. Felicity is an excellent Mom.

The music starts, "These Small Wonders" by Rob Thomas. There is a picture of her at her desk at Merlyn Global. He sees a picture of her with Tommy. Then there is a sonogram picture. She's standing in front of a medical building holding it to her stomach with a warm smile. The music continues with pictures of her progressing pregnancy. Oliver watches with wonder as her stomach gets larger with his child. He's glad he hasn't looked at the pictures in the box, this is more special. He grabs her hand.

She glows and smiles at the camera in every picture. She is cupping her belly in most of them to show how her stomach is growing. It's amazing to see her knowing his child is in there. He turns to her and sees she's watching him. She pauses the video.

"You wanted her?" He asks her quietly. He knew obviously she kept their child, but he wondered if she was happy when she was pregnant. Sara told him Felicity had said she couldn't hurt her child, but to see she wanted Mollie takes his breathe away.

She smiles at him this happy, beautiful smile. "Yes. She was OURS. I knew from the moment the stick said "pregnant" I wanted her. I couldn't have you, but selfishly I could have a part of you..." Oliver is humbled by her honesty. He wants to wrap her in his arms and kiss her until they both pant for air.

"It's not selfish. Or if it is.....I'm selfish too. I would have given anything to keep a part of you." They look at each other for several moments. She shakes her head and pushes the button for the video to start again.

Next he sees a baby shower. Felicity is opening gifts. "Who are those people?" She scoffs. "Friends of the Merlyn's aside from Barry and Iris." Oliver nods, he isn't happy about it but he can't say anything. "Your Mom was there. We all pretended she was happy for Tommy's child to be born. It was so awkward." Oliver shudders. He can't believe his Mom would have the audacity to show up. Nevermind, he can believe it.

Then there are pictures of her in the delivery room. She's sweating and looks nervous yet excited. She's smiling at the camera in a couple but he can tell she's in pain. The next pictures are of her holding Mollie. She is smiling at the baby like she is the center of all life. It's a copy of the picture he has in his wallet from the box.

When the pictures of Tommy holding Mollie start he has to tap down his jealousy. It's hard watching Tommy hold his daughter, put his arms around Felicity and smile like the proud Dad. Oliver realizes that Tommy was the Dad. Is the Dad in a lot of ways. Oliver makes a low moaning sound. She must
The video stops. She gets up and grabs a photo album he thinks. "Now you see Mollie's birthday." She says with a chuckle. When she turns to him her smile fades.

"What's wrong? I thought you wanted to know..." He nods. She walks over and sits beside him on the floor.

"I did--I do. I just..." She waits for him; he knows she will wait as long as he needs. "I missed so much. I was so stupid to run."

"Oliver, we were all young and stupid. You're here now. You can get to know Mollie." He can't help it. The tears start to spill and he feels like a fool. He doesn't cry.

"Oh, Oliver..." She scoots closer and wraps her arms around him, "Mollie will be around for a long time and in the future when she's 30 missing 5 years will hurt but you will have been there for 25." He knows that's true but still. He missed so much. He hates his Mother...he hates himself. She drops her arms and starts looking at something on her computer.

Oliver is ready to ask the question he has wanted to know since he met Mollie. "Felicity?"

"Hmm?" She looks away from what she was doing on the computer to look at him. "Why Mollie?" She looks confused so he clarifies, "Why did you name her Mollie?" Felicity bites her lip and looks away. Oliver is worried.

"Ummm...well...Tommy told me I could pick the name since he didn't care one way or the other." She is hedging he can tell.

"And you named your dolls Mollie? Or did you name our daughter after Molly Ringwald? You did love campy '80s movies!" He mockingly accuses her. She laughs lightly.

"No..." She fidgets. He waits her out. "I named her after you." Now, he is confused. "Everyone called you Ollie. Thea, Tommy and Sara--your frat brothers and friends from school. So...she was the part of you *I* had left. MY Ollie...Mollie." She is looking him in the eye when she tells him.

"Thea guessed it. She's the only one I think who knows the real reason. Tommy assumed like you did over my love for movies. No one else cared enough."

Oliver can't breathe. He feels the tears prickling behind his eyes. This woman he has been in love with almost his entire adult life, loved him so much she named their daughter after him. Felicity named their child after him. He's overcome with love for her. He can't help what he does next.

He turns to face her. "For me?" She nods. They are so close he can feel her breath on his face. They are sharing the same air. He moves in closer. He wants to kiss her but he won't push her. Slowly, very slowly she leans in while looking at his lips. He watches her hesitate then she pushes her lips to his.

The kiss isn't passionate or long but it is full of hope for the future. Felicity Smoak loves him whether she is ready to tell him or not. She pulls back, "She was all I had left of you..." They sit in silence for a few minutes, forehead to forehead.

Oliver has to know something. "Were you happy?"

She pulls back and looks at him, searching. "Being a Mom? Yes! I love it. The puking during my pregnancy sucked. The swollen feet were awful but I loved it." He shakes his head while laughing.
"Good to know. I meant with Tommy. Were you two ever happy?" Felicity pulls back just a bit more and turns away. She looks straight ahead and Oliver can almost see her walls going up, Her hands in her lap. "I don't like to talk about that time Oliver." All the joy and giddiness from the kiss is gone.

"Please." He begs her. He needs to know. He doesn't know why he needs to know, but he does. He needs to know. His mind races back to the look on Tommy’s face. While he was cooking her realizes the first look was jealousy. That second scarier look, the look that Tommy got sometimes when he try to fight someone that is what he needs to know if that look made it’s way into their marriage. Did he leave her alone with the monster inside his best friend. When she turns her head to look at him, there is fear there and tears in her eyes. Oliver wonders why she is scared. Is scared of him or the truth?

"No. I was never happy when I was married. We had good moments. Mollie was a buffer but...no. We're back to friends or more like co-parents now but it wasn't easy to get here. I had a hard time working past my anger and Tommy had a lot of hoops to jump through. We didn't get here overnight." Oliver knows he should shut up. He knows he shouldn't ask he’s pushing her, but they need this. They need this honesty between them.

"Why not? Why weren't you happy? Tommy dated you and you were mostly happy. What changed?" Felicity starts to move to stand. He grasps her wrist. She looks at his hand then to his face. She sits back down. She takes a breath. Then another.

"Tommy never loved me Oliver. He didn't love me when we were dating, it was about besting you and keeping you from me or me from you. He told me that. He was trapped by ME. At first he played it off like it was no big deal. Then-- He was angry. He HAD to marry me or else…” He watches as the tears start falling freely. "Please Oliver--don't ask me to tell you more..." Her voice is cracking along with his heart.

Everything in Oliver is screaming to hold her and soothe her pain. But he knows there is something there. "Why weren't you happy?" She closes her eyes and it's like her whole body deflates.

"He loves Mollie. He's a different man now...please understand that. Tommy was always different with Mollie. Almost like she was some sort of balm for his pain." Oliver nods waiting for the other shoe to drop. "The Tommy I was married to, the Tommy *I* knew is gone now. He's a better man and counseling and therapy helped him a lot." Something in her voice, in her word usage puts Oliver on edge. "What.Did.He.Do?" He watches her. He feels her try to pull away. He grabs her hand tighter and rubs her palm with his thumb.

"He was angry...we tried to make it work that first couple of months. He said he forgave me for fuc--for sleeping with you. He confessed he'd been unfaithful--a lot." Oliver waits as she pauses. He knows Tommy used the word fuck to belittle and hurt her. He's hurt Felicity might still think it was just another fuck when it was so much more. He doesn't want to push her but he needs her to trust him. He needs this obstacle out of their way and he thinks she needs to share this with someone.

"Then--he just checked out. We fought a lot. He was angry when he was home which wasn't much. I think he missed Sara. He started sleeping with anything and everything. Meanwhile we were living in the Merlyn Mansion...I was scared, alone and hugely pregnant." She sniffs. "He drank a lot. Which was bad enough, but he got high. Tommy high--well you know how Tommy is when he's high."

Oliver remembers. Tommy would push and push until you fought with him. Sometimes he got physical. Oliver is trying very hard to remain calm. Slade's training is coming in handy at that. Oliver is starting to piece this puzzle together and he doesn’t like it.
"After Mollie was born...it got better for a while at least. He adores Mollie. He would wake up and feed her. He played with her. For a few months we were almost happy. We were content and lost in Mollie."

"You mean, you were happy because Mollie was happy." Her eyes dart to his. He can read the surprise on her face. "I know you Felicity. I know you better than anyone." She tilts her head and watches him. She squints her eyes.

"I guess maybe you do..."

"What happened? Why were you ALMOST happy?" Oliver watches as darkness falls over her like a veil. She bites her lip and closes her eyes.

"Malcolm would tease Tommy. He was stupid to love Mollie, I was a whore. Even though Tommy did this for his Dad, Malcolm still wasn't pleased. In Malcolm's eyes Tommy needed to keep me in line better. He called him awful names. He would do anything to hurt Tommy." Oliver can imagine the horrible things he said and did.

"It became too much for Tommy. He started cheating again..." Oliver watches her face. She is hoping he drops it. He shakes his head. "Okay...and?" Tommy being faithful to anyone including Sara is a foreign concept to Oliver. Felicity would be used to his cheating. What else did he do to her?

"Oliver he is your best friend...I don't want to taint what you two have. Tommy and I...we've made peace with it. Like I said therapy and trust exercises and a lot of time has gotten us here--" He knows whatever she is hiding isn't good. He can feel his blood pressure rising. His hands are now fists and he is starting to feel his stomach rumbling. Whatever he was with Tommy is gone. It was gone when his friend married the girl he loves and proceeded to cheat on her, belittle her and make her life hell. Whatever Felicity is hiding will be the final nail in that coffin.

"You mean, you moved on for Mollie's sake." She sucks her lips into her mouth. Felicity Smoak's going to try and lie. He knows her tell. He reaches his hand that isn't holding her and pulls her bottom lip out.

"I know you, you can't lie or half-truth it." She sighs. He can almost see the gears turning in her head. He sees the moment she decides to tell him the truth. He sees fear all over her face and she is trying to make herself smaller which worries him more.

"One night he came home high. I was walking the floor with Mollie. She was teething. I was exhausted. Malcolm had been especially brutal lately...We were just both on edge." She sighs.

"Stop making excuses for whatever he did." The more she hedges the more Oliver feels his blood pressure start to rise. When his gaze meets her, he knows that her excuses are how she deals with it. She's scared Oliver is about to take her security blanket from her.

"When I came back to our suite, he was naked. He told me it was time to give him what should have been his all along. I told him he was high and go to bed. We fought." Oliver's heart is beating he can feel the heat of anger rising in his blood. He could be wrong but he feels a primal need to growl and then kill Thomas Merlyn with his bare hands.

"Mollie started screaming through the baby monitor and Tommy let me up--nothing happened. I don't THINK he would have done anything. After that, he became more public with his cheating. I ignored it. We got our own place after I insisted. Then Sara came home...He stopped cheating I thought he was ready to work on things..." She's crying now.
"I never cared that he cheated. It meant he left me alone. We were married for two years and we had sex exactly twice, after that night I never let him touch me again and he never really tried.." Oliver pulls her to him. She cries on his shoulder. "I was so scared that night. That's why we have a rule that he can't drink around Mollie and he can't do drugs, ever. He's drug tested weekly I know he'd never hurt her but Tommy is so mean when he's high. He gets that from his father."

Oliver knows that. Tommy is the life of the party until he decides to do some hard drugs. Then he is mean and wants to fight and hit everyone. Wait a second, "Did he--did he ever hit you?" She nods into his chest and cries harder.

Oliver understands why she said she was used to Tommy betraying her. He thought it was cheating and it is, but it's so much more than that. He hit her when he was high. He tried to force himself on her. Oliver was going to kill him.

"The first time I took Mollie and ran. Malcolm and Moira showed up at the shelter. They'd been giving large donations and I was dragged back. I left again and they got the police chief to take Mollie. I knew I couldn't leave They could hurt me all they wanted but I wouldn’t let them hurt her or take her from me. I promise I kept her safe Oliver." He never doubted that for a second. Felicity is a Mama Bear when it comes to their child or anyone she loves.

"Why did they let you go when you left for good?" Felicity looks at him and he sees so much pain there it takes his breath away. "You were dating that Princess when Sara came home and I caught them. Moira thought you were gone for good. She didn't need to keep me with Tommy. She told me she was done with me and so was Malcolm. Tommy signed away his rights and divorce papers."

He kept rubbing circles on her back while plotting his Mother's death in his head. "He's better now. Tommy. He's happier. He's never hurt Mollie, so I keep letting him see her as long as he follows the rules. They're good for each other and therapy has helped Tommy. Mollie cried for him for weeks after we left." He rubs harder.

"It's okay Felicity. I get it. I understand Tommy better than most." His jaw is set and he's stiff. He's so angry but not at her. He's angry at himself, Tommy and his Mother. No wonder Felicity stays away from everyone. She interacts with Tommy for Mollie's sake. She does everything she can to keep Mollie safe and to know the love of a father. Of course she wants Mollie to have a father. It almost destroyed Felicity to not have hers. That night she told him about her Dad is forever etched in his soul.

"I'm sorry I left you." She shakes her head which is still on his chest. "You didn't know." He should have. He should have been there for all of her pregnancy and he should have married her. He should have loved her and cherished her. She should've never have had to experience the Merlyn Men. Goddamn it what did he do to her? What did his weakness allow to happen to his family?

He wants to kill Tommy. He keeps going back to that thought. Tommy should have been a decent person to her. They were both trapped and both without the person they love. Scratch that, Tommy should have been better to her because he chose this. He chose to keep Felicity from him because he was jealous of him in college. Oliver has often wondered why Tommy never tried to reach him or tell him about Felicity? Why? He knew Oliver was the father. He at least suspected Oliver was in love with her. If the roles were reversed Oliver would have tracked Tommy down.

Felicity finally raises her head. He looks down into her face. She looks so young and innocent. "You can't tell anyone. I've never told anyone, not even Barry. He suspects but nothing confirmed. John can never know he will kill Tommy." How can he not tell Tommy? Tommy will wonder why the hell he's getting the beating of his life. It seems wrong to not tell someone while you're killing them why you are murdering them, slowly. He thinks she means anyone else. Tommy knows what he did.
He looks into her face. She trusted him. He can't betray that trust. Tommy will fuck up and then he can beat him for that and this. "Okay. I won't. I promise." Felicity wraps her arms around his chest and puts her head back on his chest. "Thank you."

They sit like that for at least thirty minutes. "I'm sorry I was late for dinner." He smirks. He forgot about that. "Barry and I were shopping for Mollie's birthday present. I have to make sure he doesn't get her anything that can blow up the apartment." She laughs and he joins her.

"You're coming to her party Saturday right? You did--oh your invitation was sent to your parents." She tries to pull away but he holds her to him. He isn't upset.

"I will be there. What should I get her?" He doesn't know Mollie well enough. Felicity is quiet. "You can go halvesies on my gift...if you want?" Oliver smiles at that. Them buying their daughter a birthday gift together? Yes, please and thank you.

"Sure. What are we getting her?"

"A pony." Oliver is shocked until he feels her laughing more than hears it. He tickles her side. "Not funny. You know I hate horses and ponies." She cackles at his tickling. He stops.

"What are we getting Mollie?" He feels her smile against his chest and he smiles bigger.

"Ice skates. She wants to take lessons." she loves it. Oliver played hockey as a kid so ice skating is close enough." We're also getting her a bike so she has something else to do this summer. I suppose we should keep that at your place."

Oliver loves that idea. "Does she know how to ride?" Felicity shakes her head. "I was going to take her to the park and teach her. Now, we can do it or you can do it."

"We can do it. As a family." He settles her back into his chest. His anger at Tommy is being soothed away by knowing she trusts him enough to tell him the truth and he's getting to hold her in his arms.

"I hope you're better with bikes than you are with horses..." She teases him. Oliver moves her and starts tickling her. Next thing he knows his body is over hers. His knees are on either side of her. Her shirt is pulled up where he is tickling her. He stops and looks in her eyes. They are dark and hooded. His breath catches. Before he can think about what to do she puts her hands on his neck and pulls him to her lips. She's kissing him. He quickly takes control from her.

This, this is sweet heaven. The kiss the other night, she never kissed him back but this time her tongue is fighting his for dominance, earlier was a kiss of promise. This is a kiss filled with passion and longing. This is what he has longed for from her.

She lets out a moan and he almost comes in his pants. He deepens the kiss and she is right there with him. He licks the top of her mouth and she raises her hips. He moves between her hips, she widens her hips allowing him access.

He feels her fingers work their way under his shirt, she touches his stomach. She scrapes her nails over his nipples and he pulls his mouth from hers. He starts kissing down her neck. Oh god he needs this, he needs her. He moves his hand under her shirt and cups her breast. She moans and pulls his mouth back to hers. She's tracing the lines of his abs with her fingertips, while he pulls the cups of bra away from her breast and starts rubbing her nipple between his forefinger and thumb. She arches her back.

He rises to his knees and pulls his henley over his head and returns to her. He can't get enough of her. He's kissing her like a dying man. He unclips her bra, he moves over her to pull her shirt up,
and then he sees it. At first he thinks it's the light playing tricks on her skin. She gasps and pulls her shirt back down.

They look into each other eyes. He sees fear. She swallows. "I shouldn't have let things get this far. I'm sorry." She starts to squirm to get away. He puts his hand flat on her belly. He's sitting on his knees careful to not lose his balance and hurt her. He uses his thumb to move her shirt.

There on her pelvic bone is a scar. It's a nasty red and jagged. He looks closer there is a scar with something else over it. Oliver looks up to see her face. She turned her head to the side and is crying. "What happened?"

She whispers, "He didn't mean it." Oliver starts panting the rage is returning. "What happened?" He asks and his voice is so low and calm it even scares him. There is a point when Oliver gets so angry, so mad, so out of it that he gets calm. Too Calm.

"Tommy and I were arguing. He hit me, slapped me really and I fell. I hit the corner of that big glass coffee table in the sitting room at the Merlyn's. It was a nasty gash but Tommy insisted the maid could take care of it. After it healed Tommy took me to get a tattoo to cover up what happened. I wanted something to remind me of you, besides your mini me. Something just for me. I got an infection that they had to cut out of me. That's the scar."

Oliver is still poised over her. He's trying to count to ten to calm down with his eyes closed. Felicity touches his arm. "Oliver? I'm okay. Tommy's gotten help. LOTS of help. Please don't be angry." She's tearing up, he looks down at her.

"I'm not. Not at you. Never at you." He says through a tight jaw. Oliver reigns in his emotions. He doesn't want her scared of him.

He leans down, nudges the shirt out of his way and kisses the scar. She shudders underneath his touch. He pulls her shirt back down. "I want to do this. I want you more than I've ever wanted anything...but we should wait." She nods.

She looks up at him from her position on the floor. He points to his heart. Where a tiny sideways A like character is inked on his chest. "This? Was to remember you." It's over his heart so that everyone woman would know that part of him was taken. No one else could ever have it. "It means love. I already found mine. No one else could be the one I love."

"What did you get?" He asks her quietly.

She blushes and looks away. But his brave girl that never back down answers. "an anchor. It reminds me of the days you'd take us out on your boat. You said the water grounded you, made you feel like life had meaning." He remembers telling her that one night when they were standing on the yacht. He'd taken a big group of people out.

He'd found her on the deck looking out. He asked her why she was alone and she'd just shrugged and asked him why he liked the water. He'd told her the truth. But by then, he knew Felicity made him feel alive. Felicity was his anchor.

Oliver stands up and helps her up. "I had an excellent time tonight, Miss Smoak. Day one of wooing...started out bumpy but ended nice." He gives her his charming smile and she rolls her eyes.

"By the way, I'm keeping Tommy's key." She may believe Tommy has changed but he doesn't want him having that kind of access to Felicity and Mollie. "And here.." He pulls out his key ring and takes out his extra key. "Is one to my place in case I get locked out or you want to surprise me with
She takes the key from his hand. "You'd end up with food poisoning." He'd risk it to come home to find her at his house. He puts his jacket on. She walks him to the door.

"Thanks for dinner and everything."

"You're welcome." He opens the door and then turns back to her.

Oliver is standing at the door when Mollie and Tommy walk up the steps. It takes everything in Oliver not to punch Tommy. He feels a bit better when Mollie sees him and smiles. "Oliver!" She hugs him before going to Felicity.

"I told Daddy T how you chased the monsters away!" Mollie tells him from the comfort of Felicity's arms. Oliver smiles proudly at her.

"Anything for you Mollie." He means that he realizes. He will do anything for this little girl even chase away invisible monsters. "Tommy walk with me." Oliver watches as Tommy and Mollie hug and kiss goodbye. Tommy leans in and kisses Felicity's cheek, "Later, Smoak."

Oliver waits for Felicity to go inside and lock her door. He saw the worry on her face but ignores it. He walks down with Tommy and when they are outside he pulls Tommy to the side of the building and pushes him against it. "I know what you did to her."

Felicity gulps. "What?" Oliver can smell the fear. Tommy is scared and Oliver likes that.

"You tried to rape her. You hurt her. You scarred her body, her mind and perhaps her soul. Let's be clear. That won't happen again. If you touch her or MY daughter I will kill you." Oliver grabs Tommy's shirt. "You thought John was bad, you've never seen me angry Tommy. They are MY girls and you will treat them with respect or I will end you, and no one will ever find what's left of you. Am I clear?"

Tommy nods. "Words."

"Yes, Oliver. You are clear." Oliver steps back. Tommy decides to up his stupid game. "You haven't lived with her. You haven't seen the disappointment or tried to live by her high standards. She made me do it."

Oliver punches him. He can't help it. He feels Tommy's nose crack and break, "Sorry Tommy you made me do it." Oliver walks off. Over his shoulder he yells, "Don't make me do it again and remember what I said."

Chapter End Notes

Domestic violence is not something I take lately. Many of you know I am a DV/Rape crisis counselor. What I wrote is legitimate and honest. This story will come into play again as DV is something that stays with you for a very long time. Tommy and Felicity learning to co-parent even after the violence is common. Felicity has set up strict boundaries for Tommy. There are people that clean and sober can be great friends, parents and spouses but they are evil when they are high.

If you attack me your comments will be deleted. I took time and care to make this story
interesting and honest with its portrayal of good people who do bad things.
hard talks and long nights bond us like stars in the sky

Chapter Summary

Oliver needs to talk to Felicity. We dive deeper into her abuse and how it still plays with her mind and relationships.

**abuse is discussed and things happen. Please don't read if this could trigger you!**

Chapter Notes

Thank you so much for the love for the last chapter! I was so nervous and scared. Your feedback blew me away. This chapter will follow up on that because I, along with my fearless Beta, decided this should be explored more. Sorry for the delay but this was not the original chapter. I am doing everything I can to make this realistic and honest.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 11

Oliver has spent his day pacing his house between writing his article and researching Domestic Violence. He'd planned on doing some yard work and shopping online for a few things, but he didn't have the patience today. He kept playing last night over and over in his head. He kept seeing her scar.

He didn't sleep the night before, which should have been his first indication that today would be less than productive. Oliver can't forget the look on Felicity's face or the way she kept trying to make everything Tommy did okay. She almost seemed to blame herself. It broke his heart.

He came home last night and changed to go for a run and ran all the way to her apartment. He watched the light in her windows. When they went out, he felt he should leave. He didn't want to, he wanted to stand guard all night and keep them both safe. He is smart enough to realize Felicity would be angry if she found out.

Oliver sits down at his computer. He has to do something besides think about last night. He opens his browser to Google. It seems a good way to start. He looks up signs of domestic violence. He reads about recovery and personal accounts from survivors.

By the time he looks up again, it's dark outside. He notices the time; it's late but not that late. He looks at the pad of paper next to his computer. He has questions. He has questions only she can answer. Oliver doesn't even think before he stands up, grabs his wallet and keys and heads to her apartment.

When he parks his car that is when it hits him this could be a very bad idea. He looks around her neighborhood and again worries for her safety. He snorts. He was worried about outside forces hurting her and it was the man he called best friend and she called husband that caused her pain. Her scars. He hits the steering wheel when her scar flashes into his brain.
He gets out and slams the door harder than he probably should have. He crosses the street and heads into her building. He has no idea what he's going to say or how to start this conversation. He only hopes she is willing to talk to him. Oliver reaches the door and knocks before he can talk himself out of it.

Oliver came back to Starling City to get his girl or at least try. He promised himself to do whatever it takes and he knows what he is about to do is a gamble. He knows it could cost him Felicity if she reacts badly. He also knows that it's not just Felicity he is worried about right now, but Mollie as well. He is worried about his child and as much as he loves Felicity (and he really does) he can't let it go.

Felicity opens the door. Her hair is on top of her head in a messy bun with a pencil in it. She has on actual bunny slippers, light pink pajama pants with green arrows on them and a white tank top. She's beautiful. He sighs. He then notices her shocked expression, "Mollie is asleep Oliver. And if this is you wooing me-- I should have a heads up so I am not this messy." She gestures to herself.

Oliver smiles. Felicity is back to being a smart ass. She isn't that scared girl he saw last night. For that, he's thankful. He loves all parts of her, but he needs his strong and brave woman right now.

"I came to talk--about last night." She motions for him to come in. Oliver walks in and sees papers all over her coffee table and it looks like some of Mollie's toys scattered around the room.

"Sorry for the mess but we live here." She teases him. He looks at it and is wishing his house had this lived in feel to it.

"It's okay. I didn't come for your impeccable cleaning skills." She smiles.

She plops down on the couch, her back to the arm of the couch and folds her legs. "What's up?"

He takes off his jacket and shoes and mirrors her position. Oliver looks around. He's nervous. "Our talking won't wake Mollie?"

Felicity laughs. "No. Unless we yell." She pauses, "We aren't going to yell are we?"

Oliver shakes his head slowly, "I hope not." He smiles at her. He sees she's scared.

"Should I make us tea? Would you like some water? Coffee?" He shakes his head. There is a long pause. She fidgets while he tries to gather his courage.

"I want to talk about you and Tommy. Your relationship and why Mollie is allowed around him."

She studies him. "I don't think you have any right to judge me Oliver or my decisions about my child." She starts to get up but he holds out his hand and she stops.

"I'm not judging anything. I need to know. I need to know how you got to a place where you knew it was safe to leave Mollie with him." He hopes he chose his words carefully enough.

"You want me to tell you everything? I don't see how it matters. Tommy has changed and we have a good enough relationship to co-parent." Oliver can feel her walls going up. Damn it. He doesn't want that but he also can't just let it go.

"Please Felicity. I love Mollie and I love you and I need to know you're really safe. Because everything in me wants to go pick her up and take you both home with me where I know you're safe."
Felicity's heart broke when she thought Oliver didn't trust her. Now, he says he wants to protect them because he loves them. No one has ever wanted to protect her, ever. She bites the inside of her cheek.

"Okay. What do you want to know?"

"I want to know the steps it took--how you're okay with him being in your life, in Mollie's life. I need to know how you can stop yourself from hating him."

Felicity smiles sadly at Oliver. He clearly wants to be able to be friends with Tommy. He may love her and Mollie, but he has a long history with Tommy.

"At first, I didn't want Tommy in her life or mine. I wanted him as far away as possible. When I left him and went to Barry's it was bad. Very bad. He'd call and he would show up drunk or high or both."

"We divorced. At the final hearing his lawyer handed me his papers and included a form relinquishing his parental rights to Mollie. I was relieved and heartbroken. I was relieved to know she was safe but heartbroken for her to lose her Dad."

"The only Dad I thought she'd ever know." She corrects herself when she sees his hurt expression. "He was strung out by then. Thanks to his Dad our divorce was done in less than a month."

"Did he see her in that month?" She shakes her head. "He tried but he was always high. He thought since Sara was gone I would come home but I knew I was free and might not ever have that chance again. I wasn't going back. We were making it work, or so I thought before I caught him with Sara and he hadn't been physically or sexually abusive in a while--" Her eyes get big and she hopes Oliver didn't realize.

She chances a look and she knows he caught that. "He mentally abused you." His jaw is clenched. His hands are in fists. It's then she notices, "Why is your hand bruised?"

"Working on some home repairs." She's relieved. She worried last night that he might hurt Tommy. That wouldn't go well.

"Felicity? Mentally?" Shit.

"Oliver--it's over okay. He's been really good for a while now." Oliver's eyebrow quirks. Damn. She misses the oblivious Oliver. This guy catches everything and she is starting to feel like she is walking on eggshells. She tells herself to calm down. He isn't Tommy and she isn't that same girl and if she asks him to leave, he would.

He keeps looking at her. "What do you want me to say?" She is getting upset.

"I want you to say what he said. Tell me what we are up against, make no mistake Felicity us--me and you are going to have to overcome a lot and I need to know how much and what demons I am fighting."

Part of her wants to swoon and part of her is pissed, "I don't need you to fix me Oliver. I don't need a knight in shining armor, okay?" She gets up and walks over to the big bay window.

She feels him behind her. He rests his hands on her shoulders. He leans down to her ear, "I know you don't need me to save you. But I know we need to be able to talk about anything." He spins her
to face him. "You saved yourself. I just want to love you. We are endgame for me Felicity, and I am willing to do anything to be with you and I need us to be healthy for that little girl."

And she chooses swooning now. He wants a good relationship for Mollie. He wants to love her—oh god, endgame? If she lets him in, he will see how broken she really is and how she barely keeps it together most days. Then he will leave her too. Her walls are up for herself far more than they are up to keep him or anyone else out.

She can't do this. She can't be open with him. He will leave! Everyone leaves her. She hears Tommy's voice in her ear reminding her of how Oliver used her and left her. How she was so lousy in bed that he left the country. She shakes her head to dislodge those thoughts.

"I can't Oliver. I can't do this--" She tries to pull away but he holds her tightly to his chest. She can't let him see how awful she is and how broken she is and how unlovable she really is. She can't. It's better for Oliver to have the illusion than the reality.

She will tell him about Mollie and how that's okay. That way he can feel it's okay for Mollie and Tommy to have a relationship, but he won't see the real her. She clears her throat and pulls from his embrace. Felicity knows that no one can see the real her. If they do, they can't love her.

"After a few weeks, Sara and Tommy got back together. She found him in the bathroom of our apartment and he had overdosed. She got him into rehab. She, of course, blamed me for his overdose. He came out of rehab and apologizing to me was one of his steps."

She wraps her arms around herself. "I was moving in here and had started making decent money with computer repair, security programs and a couple of apps. He came by my office and asked to see Mollie. She had been asking about him. She cried for him at night since Tommy was always part of her nighttime routine." Felicity looks to the hallway where her daughter's door is visible. She smiles.

"Tommy and I made an informal agreement. He would get drug tested every week, no exceptions. At first, he saw her with Barry or John or Andy. They would meet here and Tommy and Mollie could play or whatever. After a few months, he could take her places as long as one of my friends was with them. Slowly, things got better. One day he asked to see me. I met up with him. We talked like we did when we were first dating."

She sighs and remembers how scared she was and how she didn't allow her friends to come with her. At the time they thought she was scared of the drugs. They might still think that since they don't know how bad it was between her and Tommy. They can't know. She doesn't want their pity or to see her as a weak victim.

"Tommy and I went to counseling. We didn't talk about much but we talked about him being in Mollie's life. She never saw the bad things. She was too young to see anything but she probably sensed it. Slowly things got easier as the fun Tommy returned and they had solo time together. A few months ago, Mollie asked to spend the night with Tommy and Sara. It was hard and I stayed up all night and when she came home I quizzed her and looked her over for bruises."

Without thinking Felicity lets something slip that will send this conversation in the direction she was trying to avoid, "Tommy saw me looking her over and after she was in bed, he told me he'd never hurt her. He loves her. I knew what he meant was she is lovable and no one wants to leave her. And I am so happy she didn't get that defect from me."

Felicity looks up into Oliver's eyes and she expects to see relief that his best friend is better. Relief that his child is adored and loved. Instead, she sees pain and anger.
"He told you that you aren't lovable?" He whispers. Felicity sighs, "After everything I said THAT is what you get from this conversation?" She is doing her best to deflect, "Oliver the story is about how Tommy fought to be a better person and loves Mollie. Sure, he messes up little things but in the end he loves her and we all screw up. But he won't hurt her."

"Felicity, I trust you with Mollie and her best interest. I just needed to hear the story. What I don't trust is that you see yourself clearly."

She gulps. She remembers something from long ago:

_Felicity is laughing at something Tommy says. She can't believe she is actually dating Tommy Merlyn. It's been two months and it's the longest he's ever dated anyone. It's the second longest she has dated anyone. They are walking down the street and he has her wrapped in his arms. They run across Oliver and some of his and Tommy's frat brothers._

_Tommy immediately drops his arms from her. She shivers from the lack of his body heat. It's winter and it's cold. Tommy starts joking around with his frat brothers and one of the jokes is at her expense. She frowns at Tommy who kisses her cheek and says he's only teasing. When she looks at Oliver he looks at Tommy like he's warning him. Tommy turns away._

"I'm going to head home. I'll see you later, Tommy--" He barely turns his head to nod at her. She frowns again. She starts walking away.

"Hey!" She turns to see Oliver coming up behind her. "I'll walk you home."

"I can find my way, Queen." He chuckles.

"I know you can, Smoak." She wraps her arms around herself. She starts thinking to herself, "Why did Tommy have to make it sound like she's just his tutor? Just some girl..."

_Oliver chuckles again pulling her from her thoughts, "Because Smoak, he doesn't want the guys to know how special you are and how special you are to him."_

_She frowns. "I said that aloud?" He nods. Stupid mouth._

"I think your mouth is cute." She rolls her eyes. "I don't buy your charm."

"Oh, I know that's why I don't use it on you."

Oliver saw through her bullshit that night. Or her mouth let him hear it. He probably knew then she was insecure even if she hides it most of the time. She thinks she hides it. Felicity is pulled from her memories when she hears Oliver's next words, "I hate him!" Oliver starts pacing.

_When he walks closer to her she grabs his hand. She hates when people are angry with her. She tries to remember that this is Oliver and she's safe. But she also reminds herself not to be stupid._

"Don't hate him, he's your best friend." Oliver looks down at her and says very sternly, "No. He is not my best friend. Not anymore."

Felicity looks away. She wrecked something else. Damn it. "Oliver don't. Please don't turn your back on Tommy, not for me." She walks over and sits heavily onto the couch.
Oliver drops onto the couch right by her side, "Don't ask me to pretend that Tommy is the good friend I thought he was, and don’t ask me to look past him hurting you!" He cups her face.

Mollie makes a noise from her room. Oliver stands, "If you don't think it will scare her, I really need to see her." Felicity smiles, "If she even woke up she will be thrilled." Felicity watches Oliver move quickly to Mollie's room.

She is sitting there thinking about how she can keep from falling for Oliver and keep him from seeing how messed up she is inside. She usually keeps her relationships to sex or friendship. With Oliver she wants both--she wants everything with him. Felicity isn’t allowed both. She came close with Barry but they were both in love with other people.

There is a knock at the door. Felicity walks to the door. She opens it to find Tommy. She puts her hand over her mouth, "What happened to your face?" Felicity’s mind goes racing back to Oliver’s knuckles. It wasn’t home improvement. Unless he thinks hurting Tommy is improving his home.

Tommy looks at her and she is suddenly very scared. "Is Mollie asleep?" She nods and Tommy pushes past her.

"We had a deal. You would keep your mouth shut and I wouldn't tell people what a bitch you are...you broke that deal."

Oh no. Oliver is in the next room and this will not end well at all. "Tommy-- you should know--" He moves quickly to her and backs her into the wall.

"No, you need to know something. I won't let you take Oliver from me. He's my best friend. You won't take Mollie from me. She’s MY daughter." He holding her arms and it hurts. "Look at me! I want your key. Ollie kept mine and I don't like having to knock to see what’s mine." Felicity is on the verge of a panic attack. She thought this part was over. She thought she would be different, act different if this side of Tommy ever came back. Maybe she is as weak as he has always told her/

"Tommy." She whispers, "You're hurting me. Mollie is in the next room. Please, don't." Tommy smiles at her.

"We've been doing so well. Getting along, being friends and you do this to me? I thought we were past this for Mollie. I trusted you could do this. I forgot how fucking stupid and selfish you can be." Tommy is right in her face.

"I-I-" Felicity thought she was past this too. She let her guard down and she trusted someone and she knows better. She needs to make this better. "He saw the scar. I couldn't lie to him." He moves his hand to her throat. She can't even scream for help, not that she would. Oliver or worse Mollie might see this.

"You couldn't lie to him?" He laughs. "Bullshit. You want him to hate me, don't you? Does he know about Palmer? That you're a slut?"

She has done everything to keep Oliver from knowing about Ray. She isn't ashamed of it she has a right to have sex with him if she wants. But it's felt wrong since she heard Oliver was coming home. "I haven't seen him since Oliver's been back.

When Tommy laughs this time it's the horrible laugh that he uses to belittle her. "Lucky, for Palmer." She swallows. Tommy never wanted her in his bed unless it was to show her that she belonged to him, and only him. She was lucky to have Barry in her life. If not for him she would probably be living the life of a monk. Barry gave her the self-esteem and confidence to believe a man could want
He grabs her tighter, "You listen to me, you will tell Oliver you made it up." She nods. "You will tell him that you don't want a relationship with him and I will talk him out of being a Dad to Mollie because that little girl is MINE." Felicity knows Oliver and he will never believe she lied to him, but Tommy doesn't realize that.

Felicity closes her eyes and nods. She feels like she is right back to where she was years ago, with Tommy telling her what to do. All of a sudden the weight of Tommy is gone and her eyes fly open. She sees Oliver has Tommy on the floor.

"I told you they are mine. I will kill you if I ever find out you laid a hand on either of them." Oliver's voice is low and to controlled. Felicity knows that is when Oliver is close to losing it. Felicity looks at him and sees that Oliver means every word. She walks over to him and pulls on his arm. Trying to pull him off Tommy

"Oliver, let him up. Mollie--think of Mollie. She's in the next room and she loves him." Oliver stops. Tommy hurries off the floor and runs for the door. He opens the door, pauses and looks at her, “I meant what I said about the key.” He walks out.

Oliver walks over and locks the door, “What about the key?” Felicity bites her lip and shakes her head. “Felicity?” He asks softly.

“He wants his key back. He’s not getting it, but he wants it back.” They are both looking at the door like he might pop back in.

Oliver turns to her. She can't look at him. "Don't. Don't hide from me." He tells her. "How often does that happen?"

She takes a moment to make sure she can speak, "That's the first time he's put hands on me since the divorce."

“And mentally? Has he said things?” She sighs, “He hasn’t said anything in months. Maybe little jabs that are disguised as teasing. But he could be teasing--like my cooking skills are truly non-existent.” She watches Oliver nod and he is thinking. She wonders what he is thinking.

"I don't want Mollie around him without me or John or Andy." He tells her. She nods. Tommy may not have been high, she didn’t smell alcohol on his breathe. She doesn't know what really is behind this episode but she won't risk Mollie. Her daughter is everything. Tommy broke all the rules.

"I don't either. Public places, with other people and no overnights. She will be upset, but this is for the best."

"Felicity, I don't want you alone with him with or without Mollie. I don't trust him not to hurt you." She sighs. "Oliver, Tommy was upset. I can handle it." She isn't sure this is the truth. She’s a strong independent woman except when it comes to Tommy. She doesn't want Oliver to see this part of her. She wraps her arms around herself to offer comfort.

He moves closer to her, but he doesn't touch her, "I have no doubt you can handle yourself with anyone but him, but he knows how to manipulate you and you were scared tonight."

Felicity told herself she would never let a man tell her what to do. She is thinking about it. He is right about Tommy and things are different now. Oliver isn’t telling her what to do, he’s trying to keep her safe, right? There is a difference..

"Felicity, look at me." She does. His eyes are full of care for her. "I'm not trying to control you. I am
trying to protect you. If I had my way, you and Mollie would be packing up and coming home with me." Before she can protest he holds up his hand, "I know you won't. And I won't try to force you, at least, not yet."

She's relieved. Her independence is important to her. She really hopes this is just a small bump in the road. Tomorrow she will call their counselor and talk to her about things. "Okay. Thank you for respecting my need for independence. Please tell me Mollie slept through that?"

He nods at her. "Can I hold you?" She tilts her head to look at him. Why? Why would he still want to touch her? Doesn't he realize how messed up she is? She has trouble telling if a man is protecting her or controlling her? She doesn't understand love and everyone leaves her? Why is he still here and wanting to touch her?

"You aren't messed up. I want to hold you because I love you and Tommy, nor your past--nothing is going to stop me from loving the amazing woman I KNOW you are." Felicity doesn't know how much she said out loud and right now she doesn't care.

Without thinking about it, she is in his arms. She feels safe with him. She realizes she is starting to trust Oliver more than she has ever trusted another person. It scares her. She knows Oliver will leave her, everyone does. Felicity will enjoy him while he is here with her.

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After, Oliver is holding Felicity to his chest. "I want to sleep on the couch here tonight." He doesn't ask scared she will tell him no.

"Oliver, I don't think it's necessary." He pulls her tighter. "It will make me feel better." She nods her head against his chest. Thank God. He would sleep in his car if he has to in order to keep them safe. "He will be at her birthday party this weekend." Felicity tells him softly.

Oliver works his jaw. He wants him out of their lives. He knows it will take time and work. There is no way Tommy can be trusted, not anymore. He can't tell her that. He read that women who are abused need their sense of independence and she will need time to see Tommy the way Oliver does. She needs to do this for herself. His heart physically aches for the pain she has gone through and what's to come.

Felicity brings him a blanket and pillow and goes to her bedroom to sleep. He sits on the couch thinking about everything for a few minutes. He can't sit still. Oliver walks to her bedroom door then to Mollie's. He opens each one softly. He looks inside and sees their steady breathes and shuts the door. He walks back to the living room and is about to head to the kitchen to make coffee when there is a pounding on the door.

He runs to the door he doesn't want Felicity or Mollie to wake up. He is ready to fight, because he thinks it's probably Tommy and he's thinking Oliver's gone and Felicity is vulnerable. Oliver throws open the door ready to hit him when he sees it's Sara.

She steps back, "I didn't think you'd still be here." Oliver folds his arms over his chest and stares at her. She is trying to look around him but Oliver is taller and wider. He quirks an eyebrow. Sara sighs.

"Tommy is a mess. I think he did something. He told me you definitely did something." Sara looks around. "Can we talk inside?" Oliver looks at her and then nods. He knows Felicity has nosy neighbors and she may have woken them up.

He moves and motions for her to enter. She looks around. Nothing is out of place so there is nothing to see. "Where is Felicity? Is she okay?"

Oliver has folded his arms again. "What do you want here Sara?" For some reason he doesn't want to talk to Sara about Felicity. She doesn't have any right to know if she's okay or not.
"I get it. You're in protection mode," she smiles. He doesn't return her teasing smile. She clears her throat. "I came to make sure Felicity is okay? I know you both hate me, I get it--but I still care about her. She was like a sister to me once."

Oliver lets out choking chuckles, "A sister? It's me you're talking to Sara."

"I loved her, Oliver. Yeah, I fucked up and I am trying to own that."

"Then why are you with the man who abused her? Why aren't you on her side? What the fuck, Sara?" Oliver steps closer, but Sara doesn't back down.

"You want to know why? Fine. I love him! I have always loved him. We work. I don't know why we work but we do." She lowers her voice. "I can keep him clean and sober most of the time. He's just going through some things."

Oliver shakes his head, "Does everyone let Tommy off the hook and make excuses for him?" Oliver knows addiction and no one can keep you clean and sober only the addict can do that. Sara may help but Tommy needs to want it.

"It's not like that with Tommy and me. It's not!" She says louder before remembering people are sleeping.

"Are you saying he's never hit you?" Sara snorts.

"He tried once. I had him in a chokehold so fast he didn't know what happened. We talked about it. That was when he went to rehab. I know you don't understand how he could hurt her and not me. Or how he could hurt her at all--I don't know. Okay? I don't. But I am doing my best to help him stay clean and sober. We love each other and it works for us."

Oliver looks at Sara and he believes her. She loves Tommy. She protects Tommy from all the things Tommy can't deal with on his own. That doesn't change the fact that he hurt Felicity.

"You know he tried to rape her once?" Sara looks away. She knows. She doesn't need to say it.

"He told me he stopped because of Mollie." She lamely defends him. "Listen, Ollie. I'm not going to lie to you or make excuses for him. He told me everything he did--everything. Even things Felicity probably doesn't know and things you definitely don't know--we've moved on. Can't you and I work together to keep the peace, for Mollie?"

Oliver feels the anger bubbling up. "He's not coming near my daughter ever again!" Sara gasps.

"Ollie! You can't do that! He loves Mollie. She is the reason he tries so hard. She is his everything. His chance at love. He feels redemption comes from being a good dad. Mollie is the one person who loves him unconditionally."

Oliver chortles, "Is that why you don't allow him to be a dad sometimes." Sara's face registers her shock.

"I'm jealous. I admit it. But I know he needs her and I do my best. I love Mollie--in my own way. I am here right now because of how I feel about her and her Mom."

Oliver studies Sara for a minute. He believes her. She does in her own very warped way love them. He still doesn't want Tommy anywhere near his daughter.

"It's not Mollie's job to save Tommy. Her job is to be a kid Sara." Oliver read a lot of stuff online and
apparently retained it. This is the first time in his life he studied and learned something.

"I know that--Please, Ollie? Just until after the wedding. Give him her birthday and our wedding. Then we can all sit down and discuss things."

Oliver doesn't want to agree, but he knows Felicity wants Tommy at Mollie's birthday. Mollie wants him there and it is her birthday. Oliver knows The Diggle's will be there. They can help him keep an eye on everyone. Oliver now understands why Felicity has worked so hard to make this work. He can't imagine the look of disappointment on Mollie's face if Tommy wasn't at her birthday party or if she couldn't be in his wedding.

Oliver sighs. He can make this safe for her. He can slowly work Tommy out of their lives. If that doesn't work he is kidnapping his girls and taking them to Italy. He can't let Tommy Merlyn ever hurt them again.

"Felicity wants him there." Oliver tells her. Sara smiles and hugs him. He doesn't hug her back.
"Sara, if he hurts my girls, nothing will stop from hurting him. NOTHING."
"I understand. I will keep him under control."

Oliver doubts anyone can control Tommy, but Sara seems to do a better job than anyone else. He shows a relieved Sara out. Does she love Felicity? Probably in a weird way. She definitely loves Tommy and cares about Mollie, maybe. He's still lost on how you can be jealous of a child.

Oliver sits on the couch most of the night wide awake. He can't believe he left his girls with a monster. He can't believe his Mother kept this all from him. Then he thinks of Thea and how she is now. His Mother is no better than Tommy. His whole family fell apart while he was away. Hell, he had a family he didn't know about while he was away. Now, he needs to help everyone fix all the things that went wrong.

He decides that after Mollie's birthday party things will change. He will talk to Felicity about protecting herself from Tommy. They will talk about Mollie and how maybe Tommy shouldn't be allowed to see her so much (only the wedding if he has his way). Oliver will do anything to protect his family. Fuck. He never thought he would have to protect them from Tommy!

The next morning Oliver wakes up to giggling. He opens his eyes to see Mollie standing there holding a yellow duck under her left arm. "What are you doing?"

He sits up slowly, rubbing the sleep from his eyes. "I stayed the night. Slept on the couch." He adds the last hastily. She smiles at him. He looks around.

"Where's your Mom?"
She points to the bathroom and he hears the shower running. He thinks of Felicity naked and then stops that train of thought when his daughter starts chattering. He watches her go back to her room talking to her duck. Oliver walks to the kitchen and starts the coffee. He is sipping his cup when Felicity walks out dressed for work.

Oliver hands her a cup. She smiles and takes it. She sips it, closes her eyes and moans. Oliver just blinks at her. That was the most erotic sound he's ever heard and it's about coffee. When she opens them again she smiles, "Thank you! This is wonderful." He can't stop staring at her.

Mollie comes out dressed. Felicity looks her over. She has on jeans and a t-shirt that says "I only run for The Doctor" and a pair of chucks. Felicity smiles at her. "Did you eat?" Mollie shakes her head. Felicity starts looking around the kitchen. Oliver looks at Mollie, "What would you like?"

Mollie looks at him skeptical. She looks to her Mom and Felicity shrugs, "He can cook. Some people can you know." Mollie laughs and he loves that sound so much. He can't keep the smile off his face.

"Eggs and toast?" She asks Oliver.
"Fried or scrambled?" Mollie looks to Felicity. She laughs.
"She's never had a fried egg. I can scramble them--sort of."

Oliver gets the skillet out and puts toast in the toaster. He grabs two eggs from the carton. He starts the skillet to warming. Mollie walks to Felicity who picks her up. They both watch him like this is an
alien concept. He smiles to himself. Oliver cracks the eggs and Mollie gasps. He fries the eggs, butters the toast and plates the food. Mollie runs to the coffee table. Oliver looks at Felicity, "The only time the dining table has been used is when we did the other night. It's more decorative." She says and sips her coffee. Oliver takes the food to the coffee table and sits it down. "Juice or milk?" Mollie looks up at him with her big grin, "Juice, please?" He walks to the kitchen and pours her some juice. He takes it back out to her. She is eating her food carefully. Felicity is fidgeting. He looks over at her, "Is everything alright? Did you want some breakfast?"

She shakes her head. "Mommy doesn't eat breakfast." Oliver looks to Felicity who is currently very interested in her coffee mug. He sighs. Oliver wonders what that is all about. "You almost done, Little Bit? Mommy needs to get you to school so I can get to the office." Oliver looks at her plate and she is only half done. "I can take her." Felicity and Mollie wear the same shocked expression. "What? I can." Felicity is thinking he can tell. "Mommy, please? Can Oliver take me?" Felicity folds her lips together. She waits about thirty seconds. She pulls out her phone and calls the school. "Okay. Oliver is on the approved pick up and drop off list. Be good and don't take advantage of his rookie status." Oliver is impressed by her sports talk. "I won't. NO hazing the newbie." Oliver cracks up. Felicity grabs her briefcase and walks over to Mollie. She kisses the top of her head. She smiles at Oliver, "I'm trusting you."

He knows. She's trusting him with a lot lately. He smiles at Oliver, "Why no breakfast?" She fidgets, "I just don't." He watches her walk out and he knows it's another Tommy thing. He sighs. After Mollie finishes breakfast she brushes her teeth while he cleans the kitchen. Oliver helps her find her backpack and they leave. He loves using his key to lock up her apartment. He walks her to school and meets her teacher. He likes this whole parenting thing, a lot. He leaves her there and walks back to his SUV. He still hates this neighborhood he thinks as he drives away to his nice safe one.

Chapter End Notes

Felicity's mind is a jumbled mess. The trauma of DV doesn't go away quickly and you can feel fine, strong, independent and like you will NEVER be put in that position again...and then you are. She was healing but now the scab has been torn off.
HAPPY BIRTHDAY!

Chapter Summary

It's Mollie's birthday. Can all the adults who love her get along?

Chapter Notes

First off, thank you for the wonderful amazing support this story has gotten even if it wasn't what you thought you were getting into. This chapter is a little lighter than the last two (I think) I struggled a lot with this chapter. SMH. I hope it's okay. I do think if you read carefully (and not so carefully) Oliver and Felicity both show a lot of growth and they're moving forward!

Mollie's birthday arrives and she is excited. She was bouncy all through breakfast and kept asking how long until they could leave. Felicity adores how excited she gets over everything. She hopes she never loses her enthusiasm for life. Mollie just loves new experiences, and parties and any chance to be around people. Being somewhat shy herself, Felicity adores that Mollie is a social person. She gets that from Oliver. Felicity is content to be left alone for hours.

After breakfast Mollie cleans her room while Felicity calls the bakery to make sure they are delivering the cake. She also had a local deli do sandwiches and chips for lunch. She is dressed and about to help Mollie when there is a knock on the door.

She opens it to find a distraught Thea Queen. "Thea, what's wrong?" Her heart is in her stomach. Thea's visits have a precedent of leading to trouble, "Is it Oliver?" Thea shakes her head avoiding Felicity's eyes. "Whatever it is, tell me before Mollie realizes you're here and tries to drag away her auntie." She teases the girl hoping it will help. Thea grins shyly.

"I overheard, Mom telling Dad she's coming with him today...for Mollie's birthday party. She blames you for Ollie moving out and I think she sees this as a chance to get back at you."

Felicity steps back. "Come in."

Felicity isn't surprised Moira blames her. She has always blamed Felicity for everything. Oliver fleeing in the night. Oliver staying gone. Oliver not marrying Sara. Oliver not joining Queen Consolidated. The thing Moira Queen hates the most is that Mollie SMOAK, is Oliver's first born child and by their standards should inherit their wealth and standing. Felicity couldn't possibly care less about the Queen Heir. Moira Queen only cares about that and protecting her imagined legacy.

As predicted, when Mollie hears Auntie Thea she comes running out and into her arms. Thea looks over her shoulder to Felicity who nods for her to go with Mollie. Felicity walks to her room, grabs her phone and calls Oliver.

He doesn't answer so she leaves a message and hopes he gets it. Since Thea is here she runs down Mollie's presents from her and Oliver (aside from the bike) to her jeep. When she gets back to her
apartment she calls for them and they head down to her jeep and she checks her phone again. Nothing from Oliver. Why isn't he answering his phone? There is that tiny voice saying he’s changed his mind about her. She knows he loves Mollie and would never abandon Molllie, but she’s not so sure about any man staying with her.

When she gets to the train depot, Tommy and Sara are already there. Tommy is helping set up the catered lunch while Sara is decorating. She looks at Tommy, studying him for a moment. You can still see his nose is swollen. She wonders if he went to the doctor to have it looked at or not. She squints and she can see a vague outline of a bruise. She knows that weird outline means he’s wearing concealer. She looks at Sara who seems to be watching Tommy closely. Felicity sighs. As much as she hates Sara now, she is good for Tommy. She seems to know how to help him with his demons. She walks over to Sara. When she hears her Sara turns. The look of fear is somewhat gratifying.

"I heard you told Oliver what you did." Felicity was going to ease into that but her mouth had other ideas. Sara looks shocked.

"I did. I didn't think he'd tell you though." Felicity crosses her arms. "You didn't?"

Sara shakes her head. "No. I didn't. I told him so he would know why he might not get a chance. I-I know I messed up and I know I won't get another chance." Felicity is shocked. She studies Sara for a moment.

"I can't give you another chance to be my friend. Not now. Maybe never." Felicity takes a deep breath, "Why do you hate my child? I know how she was conceived and all but she's a child."

Sara motions with her head for them to go out back. Felicity follows her when she makes sure Thea has Mollie. "I don't hate her. I love that little girl Felicity. Remember when I would watch her and I was Aunt Sara?" Sara is rubbing her hands together nervously.

"Once Tommy and I were together I felt so much guilt for destroying her home, her family. I can't deal with that. Then sometimes, she looks at me and the look is pure Oliver. You know, how Oliver seems to see things others don't? I do love her. But-- I am jealous of her."

Felicity is dumbstruck, "What?" She understands the look. Mollie has given her that look before and it is mind blowing how much she looks like Oliver. And Felicity does remember the Aunt Sara days and them taking Mollie shopping and to the park.

"Mollie is this amazing little girl and Tommy loves her. He loves her so much and he would do just about anything for her. If you asked him to dump me or he couldn't see Mollie, he would." Felicity shakes her head. Tommy would never want Felicity back. He never wanted her in the first place and she will never go back to him.

"No. I would never do that unless you were a threat to my child's safety. And Tommy wouldn't leave you Sara. I know he turned his back on Merlyn money and his place at Merlyn Global to be with you. Don't take your insecurities out on an innocent kid."

“I came by the other night--after Tommy went to see you.” Sara pauses while Felicity tries to get her bearings. “I talked to Oliver about Mollie, you-- all of us.” Felicity squashes her sense of betrayal. They were talking about her?

“I think we came to an understanding. I want to do whatever I can to help Tommy.” Felicity looks Sara in the eye as Sara continues, “We are all who we are supposed to be with finally. Mollie is the glue that binds us all now. I really want us all to work together.” Sara smiles and walks away. Felicity is left standing there speechless. All she’s wanted is peace in her life and maybe now she can finally have it.
Felicity goes inside to decorate the presents table and the birthday girl seat and table. When the decorating is done, the food has all been set out and Mollie's friends and their parents are here. Felicity keeps looking for Oliver but he isn't here yet. Digg and Lyla have arrived along with Joy, their daughter. Andy and Carly are here. AJ is sitting with Mollie and her friends. Sara and Tommy are seated with Sara's parents whom Tommy insisted be invited along with her sister. Felicity relented mostly because she really likes Sara's Dad and they will be family, of sorts. He has always been good to her and to Mollie.

It's a good turn out. Felicity is watching Mollie in the small rail station that is housing their party when the hairs on the back of her head start to stand. She swears the temperature drops by ten degrees.

She looks around and sees her, Moira Queen. Robert is by her side. They are looking down their noses at everyone. Well, this should go well. Felicity hates it but part of her wishes Oliver was here. He's late. Typical. She reminds herself she has done this for years without Oliver, she can do another day.

She also has to remind herself that she is older now and doesn't need anyone's protection. Moira can't hurt her anymore. Felicity turns her attention to the parents' table. She walks over and starts talking to several of her friends. She likes Mollie's friends' parents. They've all bonded since Mollie started school. Felicity watches out of the corner of her eye as Moira and Robert Queen make their way over to Tommy and the Lance's. She's actually happy they went there and didn't try to talk to Mollie or her.

Felicity is listening to her friend tell the story of her most recent birth. Felicity is envious. Felicity wanted more children, but she knew she would never have a child with Tommy. The thought of making Malcolm Merlyn a grandparent made her nauseous, and there's the fact that she and Tommy were not built for forever together. Since Tommy's there's only been Barry and a date here and there with Ray and sex. They've had lots of sex but no commitment. Again, Ray and Felicity aren't even destined for coupledom let alone marriage and kids. Felicity knows her only child will be the one perfect one she has already.

Her friend, Sally, stops talking and looks up. Before Felicity can turn to see what's going on, she feels a familiar hand on her shoulder. "Ladies, sorry to interrupt but I need to speak with Felicity for a moment." They are all open mouthed staring at Oliver. Felicity quickly stands and follows Oliver. She understands their reaction completely.

Once they are in the backroom of the rail station, Oliver pulls her to him and her lips meet his. Guess there isn't a problem. She puts her arms around him and lifts her up and holds her to him. After what could have been seconds or days, she doesn't know and only mildly cares; he puts her on her feet and steps back. "I had to do that..." He's panting. Damn it's sexy. She can't help but smile.

"Not complaining." He licks his lips and looks down at her like she is his prey and he can't wait to eat her. That gives her naughty fantasies. She whimpers. He quirks an eyebrow. What man has EYEBROW game? Is he even real?

"You're late." He nods. "I got lost. They've added a lot of one way streets. And then I pulled out my camera when I got here to take some shots of Mollie." She laughs. He just smiles. Next thing she knows they are both just standing there smiling at each other like idiots. Then she remembers.

"Did you get my message?" He shakes his head and looks at his phone. He sighs. "It's dead again." Oliver has never been good about charging his phone.

"Your Mom is here." All traces of the relaxed and smiling Oliver disappear. "She and your Dad are
sitting with Tommy and Sara." Oliver snorts and is working his jaw.

"That's nice of them. All the people I want to knock out at one table." Felicity isn't surprised he wants to hit people, she's surprised he's being honest about it. That could be considered personal growth. Oliver looks down into her eyes, “I won’t hit them. I won’t wreck our daughter’s birthday party.”

"Yeah, not a good idea since Tommy insisted Sara's family come too. A cop, he could arrest you." Oliver frowns.

“Wouldn’t be the first time he arrested. Probably not the last.” Oliver says the last part under his breath. Felicity hopes Oliver has been arrested for the last time. She isn’t stupid, she knows if Tommy pushes him, Oliver will hit him again. She deplores violence, but understands where Oliver is coming from is a place of protecting his child. That is something she would do as well.

"We should get back out there. Your Mom already thinks I’m the whore of Babylon." Oliver looks at her with an amused expression. "Or her Jewish cousin--" He laughs.

When they make it back to the party, Oliver heads over to Mollie to wish her a happy birthday and take a few posed shots. Mollie hugs Oliver and ever the little lady, introduces Oliver to all her friends. Felicity watches and then notices Barry and Iris sneaking in and over to the table with the Diggles. Everyone Mollie cares about is in this room. Felicity feels like she's doing something right to have her child surrounded by so much love.

"It seems you've once again conned my son into your bed." Moira Queen is behind her. Felicity says nothing. She continues to watch her daughter with her Father. Oliver, after meeting each child and taking several pictures, stands to walk away. He stops when his Dad blocks his path.

"Robert is re- introducing him to Sara's sister, Laurel. A much better match for him. She will make an excellent step Mother for my granddaughter." Felicity sees red. She doesn't give a flying fuck about Laurel Fucking Lance. She cares about her child. She turns to Moira.

"Oliver and I came to a custody agreement on our own. He won't be taking Mollie from me." Moira doesn't hide her shock. Moira looks over her shoulder. Felicity knows Oliver is there.

He puts his hand on her shoulder. "Mother." Moira moves to hug him but he steps back.

"Oliver, really? This is ridiculous. We are family. You want the child, fine. We will get her for you. Darling, you do not have to take up with her Mother to get the child." Felicity feels Oliver's grip on her shoulder tighten. He's about to say something when Felicity decides to stop him.

"You're right Oliver doesn't need to do anything. Mollie is his daughter. *I* unlike some I could name, Moira, would never keep a man from his child. But then again, you don't want Oliver to be a man. You want him to be your child, your pawn forever." She walks away. Mollie will want to open her presents soon. Felicity refuses to wreck her daughter's birthday.

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Oliver looks at his Mom. There is so much he could say. He could defend Felicity, but she doesn't need him to do it. He could tell her off or ask her to leave. "I'm not interested in any woman aside from Felicity. Do you understand? I want her, I need her."

"My darling, boy!" She reaches out and touches his face. He allows it rather than making a scene. He is gritting his teeth though. "You could do so much better...Sara is devoted to Tommy..but there's
her sister! Or Helena or even McKenna Hall."

He removes her hand. "I can't do better than Felicity because there is no one better. Look around this room." He turns her to see the room. "Mollie's friends, from all walks of life. Thea smiling and holding her. Thea never smiles at home, but here she is happy and smiling. Mollie's friends' parents? Normally would never interact but Felicity helped them form a group." He turns her to the Diggle's and Felicity's friends. "They hate Tommy but put it aside for Felicity and Mollie." He looks at Tommy's table and he wants to go punch him again.

"There's Tommy and his in-laws to be. You and Dad. Everyone is doing the best they can to get along for that little girl. For my daughter, because her Mom insists they behave or get out." He moves in front of her.

"She's kind but she is strong. She stood up to Merlyn, Tommy and YOU. She moved out and started her business. She made her own life." He is so proud of her and her choices. "She did that for herself and for our daughter. She's remarkable and you refuse to see it."

Moira is searching. She is trying to find his weakness, find the lie in what he said. He knows her well. Her mouth drops open. An un-Moira thing, "You love her. You think you're in love with her." Oliver sighs.

"I am IN love with her. I have been in love with her since the first time I saw her." He walks away. They have nothing else to say to one another. He won't fight with her here. He won't fight in front of Mollie or destroy her day.

He sees the kids are being rounded up to do a tour of the depot then go on a train ride around the park. Most of the parents are going with them. Oliver notices Barry Allen goes with them. He notices Tommy and their group stay behind. He runs to catch up with the tour.

The kids are in front of the adults. He sees Felicity talking to Barry and the girl he came in with, a beautiful dark girl with a bright smile. Once upon a time, Oliver's type. His focus is on Felicity who is talking animatedly with Barry. He sees the other girl turn her head and excuse herself.

"Hi, I'm Iris West." She falls into step with him. "Oliver Queen."

She laughs. "I know who you are. I'm a reporter, not working today she quickly adds." Oliver tenses but then quickly relaxes again. "And I've been friends with Felicity since she and Barry became friends..." She trails off. "Then I wanted to kill her but we're past that now."

He turns to her. "Oh, she was living with Barry. They became a couple for a hot minute." Oliver fills in the blanks that she loves Barry.

"You two seem happy." She shrugs. "We are, as friends, he doesn't see me as more than a friend/foster sister." She laughs, "It's complicated."

"It always is.." He likes her. She seems nice and personable. She doesn't seem like a reporter. They finish the tour and head for the train.

Oliver heads to the back of the rail car. He hopes to sit with Felicity since it's two to a seat for adults. He watches her taking pictures with her phone as she makes her way back here. He makes eye contact with her and points with his head to the seat beside him. She nods with a huge smile. Finally, he will have some time with her.

She is taking a picture of Mollie and her friend. He feels someone plop down in the seat. Laurel Lance. "That seat is taken." He looks at her, okay glares. She doesn't back down. "Everyone else is
seated.." He feels the train which has been rumbling start to move. He looks up to see Felicity slide into a seat by one of the mom's. Damn it.

Oliver is staring out the window and listening to the excited sounds of the kids. The park is pretty big so this will be a good ten minute ride. He pulls out his camera to get some motion shots.

He feels a hand on his crotch. "You are a big boy." Laurel is leaning closer. He takes her hand and moves it away. He is looking out the window again, when she goes onto her knees. He looks down at her. There was a time he would have grinned at her and opened his legs. Even at a kid's birthday party. Today, no. He leans down, "Get up right now."

"Come on, Ollie. We can finally make this day interesting." He starts to pull her up and she yelps. All the adults turn around. He knows what it looks like. He sees Barry Allen and Iris West looking at him like he's scum. The other mom's looking at Felicity and she is looking at him with concern and maybe sadness.

Back at the depot, he takes Laurel by her arm and pulls her into the depot. She keeps wiggling her arm and asking him to let her go. Okay, telling him. He drops her in a chair by her family and his. "Keep her here." Tommy stands.

"Oliver. There is no reason to manhandle her." Oliver nearly growls at him. "I'm sorry Tommy, I forgot the rules on that...you could remind me since you know them so well."

"Ollie--" Tommy starts.

"No you don’t get to act like we are still friends. We are not." Oliver hopes Tommy finally understands.

"What happened to bros before hoes? We have been friends our whole lives and you’re going to let her come between us?" Oliver steps closer to Tommy, his voice low. "She didn’t come between us. I am always on her side and you abused her. That makes you my enemy." Oliver turns on his heel to walk off.

Tommy isn’t quiet with his reply, but not loud enough for others to hear, “Maybe you forgot that night because it was awful. She was awful and you just don’t want to remember it--maybe your great epic love is just a dud.” Oliver hands are in fists and it takes every bit of self control he has to not turn around and punch him. Oliver does turn and smiles, “Or maybe, more likely you are a lousy lover--I’ve heard rumors.”

Oliver walks off leaving Tommy seething.

Felicity is getting things set up for the birthday girl to open her presents when she feels a tap on her shoulder. "Can I take you and Mollie home after the party?" She looks at him he seems upset.

"I brought my jeep. You okay?" He nods.

"I just need to be with you two and explain Laurel." She is about to answer when Mollie comes running up. "Mommy. Can I have a sleep over? Kylie and Maggie and Missy want to stay over." Felicity wants to do this for her. Their apartment is too small.

"Mollie." She sees the crushing disappointment when Mollie recognizes her tone of voice. She could..."Let me see if I can get us a hotel suite." Mollie jumps into her arms. "Thanks Mommy." She smiles at Oliver and runs off.
"Why do you need a hotel suite?" She is putting the things in order to be opened. "Oh uh," She is still moving presents not looking at him. "Four rambunctious girls in my small apartment? No thanks. And the last time the downstairs neighbors nearly called the cops!"

She looks over to see Oliver smiling. "What?"

"They can stay at my place.." Oliver is almost giddy. Felicity isn't sure he can handle one kid let alone four. "Oliver..they're a lot of work."

"They won't be! We can go hook up the media room and make it into a place they can camp." She sees his hopeful expression that is so much like Mollie's or hers is like Oliver's.

"Thea can stay and help me!" She bites her lip.

"I can help with what?" Felicity jumps.

"Oliver wants to do the sleepover for Mollie." Thea's face lights up.

"I can help! I'd love to help. But Ollie...they won't respect either of us. We're wimps. Felicity should help." Felicity and Oliver both look at each other like deer caught in headlights.

She knows he's waiting on her. It would be easier for her to just rent a suite. But Oliver has missed so much. "That's a plan. I'll go talk to the other moms." She starts to walk off then turns around, "You don't need to explain Laurel. I trust you and I know her." Oliver's mouth falls open. She smiles and walks away to talk to the parents. She does trust him. She was sad because his past will always pop up and he looked worried.

Mollie opens up all her presents. She loves them all equally. Felicity loves that even at just five years old, she’s grateful and thankful. Shetells everyone thanks and hugs them. Felicity is sitting beside her, helping her read the cards when she opens one and wants to toss it.

She reads the typical card, saying what a great kid she is and how loved she is and the fact Felicity doesn't call bullshit is amazing. There is a thousand dollars in the card. Mollie eyes get as big as saucers. "You can spend it on whatever you like." Robert Queen tells her looking every bit the loving grandparent.

Felicity looks to Robert and he seems happy. He looks fondly at Mollie. Moira does not. "This one is from Robert and Moira Queen." Felicity points to them. Mollie ever open and loving lunges into to Robert's arms and he hugs the girl warmly. He looks up at Felicity while still holding Mollie. He loves her. Huh, Felicity never suspected that he actually cared about Mollie.

When Mollie lets go she moves to Moira. Felicity holds her breath. She watches Oliver move closer to her. If she does one thing wrong, Felicity doesn't know what Oliver will do. Moira hugs Mollie. It's not a loving hug but when Mollie pulls away and says "Thank you." Felicity sees what could be tears, if she were human.

That was the last present and people start leaving. Felicity helps Mollie say goodbye to her guests. She takes tons of pictures of her with everyone, even the Queens. She loves to have memories like this for everything. When the last guests have left she turns back to see Tommy, Oliver and Sara cleaning everything up. John and Andy are putting up tables.

"Oliver said we could head on over to his place." Mollie tells her. Felicity tries to get Oliver's attention but he is busy. They can all work nicely together while she takes Mollie to pack a bag. Then they can meet Oliver at his place. She does have a key.
Oliver is throwing away the last of the paper plates when he hears a throat clearing. He turns to see Barry Allen. He looks but doesn't see Iris. Interesting.

"Hello."

"Hey, so you're Oliver Queen..." Oliver stands and crosses his arms. "Yeah." Oliver wants to snidely remind him they've met. He doesn't want to hate someone Felicity and Mollie loves. He really wants to play nice here. Oliver isn't good at nice when it comes to Felicity and her ex's he's learning this about himself.

"Be good to her, okay. She's an amazing woman and I hate seeing her hurt." Oliver smirks. "Oh, I won't kill you. I obviously could poison you...but see John?" Oliver turns to see the huge man who was like Felicity's bodyguard.

"He will and I'm a mad scientist and between us...he can kill you and I can make sure there's no trace of your body." The kid smiles at him. Damn, if Oliver doesn't respect him.

"I'd rather die than hurt her or Mollie. I never would have left had I known she had feelings for me or was pregnant." Oliver doesn't know why he confesses that to this kid. Barry smiles and shakes his head.

"She believes you don't remember her...the sex." Oliver reads between the lines. He's had sex with her and knows it is great and HE doesn't believe him. Oliver sets his jaw and reminds himself he wants this kid to like him because Mollie and Felicity love him.

"I don't and it kills me I don't." Barry gives him a look that reads 'you poor sucker'. Oliver clenches his fists. This whole playing nice because everyone loves Mollie is a lot harder than he thought it would be.

"Look, I love her and Mollie. I'm not stupid and I know that no one has measured up to you. Others aren't that bright...." Barry moves closer, "Everyone in this room thinks Felicity just sits home all the time...she doesn't. She has a booty call okay. He's your competition not me. She loves you, but he's like a security blanket. A big wet disgusting security blanket."

Oliver pulls back to look the kid in the eye. "Why are you telling me this?" Barry smirks. "My crush flirts with you and you didn't flirt back. Laurel was literally on her knees and you did nothing. You love her. I will still help kill you..." Oliver likes this kid.Oliver already knows about him but getting Barry's insight into that situation can't hurt. He needs all the help he can get at this point. There is a part of Oliver that loathes the idea of this guy, but another part that is glad Felicity found someone and didn't let Tommy take her sexuality away from her. Oliver wonders when he became so mature- -probably when he found out he has a family.

"Ray...he doesn't care about her not really, she doesn't love him. But Ray makes her think he does. She's smart but Felicity is also skittish about love and Ray...he's good at manipulating the situation."

"Ray?" Oliver doesn't want Barry to realize he knows about him or how much he knows.

"Palmer. She sees him when Mollie is with Tommy. Look out for him." John comes up behind Barry. "What are we talking about?"

"Palmer." John gets a disgusted look on his face. "I hate that punk." Oliver likes both of these men.

"I will do my best to make Felicity happy." Both men smile at him. John walks back to his family.
and Barry starts to walk away, "Barry?" He turns and looks at Oliver, "Iris? She likes you too man. She wasn't flirting with me, she was talking about you. You are the reason she looked so happy." Barry's face lights up. "Thanks."

"We're all cleaned up here. We can all head home." Oliver smiles. He's actually excited to go home. Felicity and Mollie and Thea will be there waiting for him.

He says his goodbyes to everyone. On the drive home, he thinks about Tommy. This situation with him isn’t going to get better. His gut says Tommy is getting worse, not better. He decides to push all the negative thoughts out of his head. He has tonight with his family and his daughter's closest friends. That is what he wants to think about tonight.

Oliver walks in to find Mollie playing with a light saber, running through his house. She doesn't see Oliver. He stops to watch the scene. The scene he could have been coming home to for years.

"Mommy! Can we play lightsabers NOW? Please?" He hears her laughing. She walks into the room and looks at their daughter.

"You know I'm uncoordinated."

She sighs. "I know. But Kylie isn't here yet." Felicity looks up and sees Oliver. She smiles cheekily.

"Oliver can do it! He probably won't end up on the floor in pain. Probably." She looks at him with a challenge in her eyes. She tosses him her lightsaber. "Thea's helping me set up your entertainment system. Have fun!"

Mollie looks at him. Felicity's expression on her face. She's sizing him up, just as her Mom always does. He smiles at Mollie, who smirks up at him. This is really the first time he's been left alone with her. Oh shit.

Oliver and Mollie have a lightsaber fight that dissolves into giggles on Mollie's part. Oliver loves that sound. He stops laughing when they hear the doorbell. Mollie starts to run and answer it. Oliver is certain that isn't something he should allow. He runs and catches her then throws her over his shoulder. He opens the door to find John Diggle. John looks a bit unnerved but doesn't say anything.

"Who is it Oliver?" He puts Mollie down. "AJ!" The kids take off upstairs. He hopes to Felicity. "Would you like to come in?" John comes in.

"Where's Felicity?" Oliver sees they aren't going to talk. "She's upstairs." Oliver leads him to the back stairs. "She thinks the kids will like sleeping in the chairs in the media room." Oliver opens the door to see Felicity has it all set up.

"Queen, I may have changed my mind about you." Oliver looks to see John smiling at the set up. He feels like he may have something in common with the man.

"Is that all it takes, Digg. A state of the art entertainment center..." She puts an arm around the man. Oliver tries to not react. "Then again, he cooks too..."

"Damn. I'm team Oliver." He teases Felicity. She gently smacks him. Mollie runs up to her. Oliver is learning his daughter never walks anywhere, ever.

"Are we sleeping here?" Felicity picks her up. "Yes, remember. Oliver offered his house." Mollie looks at him and he tries to smile reassuringly. Mollie looks a bit worried.
"Aunt Thea is staying too."

"Are you staying, Mommy?" She nods her head. "Yep. You can't get rid of me that easy!" She kisses her cheek and she pushes her away. She pulls her harder to her. Oliver is watching them when he sees John looking at him almost like he approves. Almost.

Oliver didn't realize that kids were that much work. There were two adults and a teenager to keep track of four little girls and AJ. He was tired. He was watching Felicity do one last check of the kids and Thea. They had all decided to sleep in his theater seats. Felicity found blankets (he has no idea why he bought so many but he's glad now) and the kids were thrilled. Thea plays along. She's a good aunt.

When Felicity is done with her last round, she comes over to him. He's been waiting by the door. "Do we leave the tv playing?" She pulls him out of the room and shuts the door.

"Yes. You never disturb a sleeping child." She laughs. They walk down to the second floor. It's then he remembers he hasn't set up Mollie or Thea's room. His is the only one with a bed.

"Felicity?" She turns to him.

"I haven't set up the other rooms." Before she thinks he's trying to hit on her, he finishes quickly. "I'll sleep upstairs with the kids and you can have my bed."

"I can sleep with them. Trust me, I've slept in much worse places." He shakes his head.

"No. I'm a gentleman. I will sleep with them." She's biting her lip which means she's thinking about something.

"Oliver...we're adults. We can share a bed." He quirks a brow at her. Oh, she really overestimates him.

"YOU are an adult. *I* am a man who is trying to woo you and eventually get you to share my bed but not to sleep. Let's not tempt me." He's joking with her on some level, yet completely honest on another.

He sees a look come over her face that he doesn't like. "Is that why you're wooing me?" She pulls him further from the stairs that lead to where the kids are. There is a door at both ends of the stairs so he doubts the kids could hear.

He is scared to say anything. "Is it? Is it your ego and not remembering?" He decides that just shaking his head will work, so he does it emphatically.

His mouth doesn't cooperate and words just fly out, "NO. Hell no." They both look at the media room stairs door. He pulls her into his room and shuts the door.

"No. Okay. I hate that I can't remember much about that night and what I do remember is a fog. I hate not knowing what that night was like and knowing we conceived that amazing little girl...it kills me to not know if you felt everything I KNOW I felt..." He puts his hands on the back of his neck and expels some air.

"But none of that is why I am wooing you." He drops his hand and reaches for her. He grabs her by her shoulders, "I am doing all this because if I hadn't been drunk we would have had five years of being together...I am doing this so we don't waste five more... I want to come home and you being here with Mollie. I want the entire American Dream with you."
Oliver has never been this honest with anyone in his life. He just put it all out there for her. He waits for her to say something, anything.

"I did." Oliver looks at her quizzically. "I did and I told you I had been in love with you for a long time.." She isn't looking at him while she confesses.

He can't wipe the grin off his face. A thought pops into his head. "Can you ever forgive me, Felicity? For being drunk? For leaving? For staying away?...for not being a better man.."

She finally looks him in the eye. "There is nothing to forgive Oliver. You've said if you had known any of it, you would have come home. If I stayed until you woke up...things would be different. We both made mistakes."

"Mine cost us both a lot." She has tears in her eyes. "Mine did too."

Her bag is in his room already. He thought he'd be sleeping upstairs. He hands her the bag and points her to the bathroom. She walks in and Oliver sits on the edge of the bed. She really forgives him and she did love him. He smiles. He's more determined to win her over.

She comes out and he stands up. She's not wearing sexy lingerie or anything provocative, but she's still the most beautiful woman he has ever seen. She's wearing plaid pj pants and a tank top.

"Your turn." He walks over to his dresser and grabs a pair of sweatpants and a tee shirt. He walks in and changes without any thought. When he steps out he sees her playing with the baby monitor. She looks up at him, "Baby monitor..are you pregnant?" He laughs.

He walks over to her and takes it from her. "I bought it for when...if Mollie starts to stay with me. I want to be able to hear her if she needs anything. I put it up in media room..just in case."

She puts her hand on his chest, "You're already a good father." That is the best compliment he has ever received.

"thank you."

They wordlessly get in the bed. He stays on his side. He's on his back, he puts his left arm behind his head while his right is at his side. He stares at the ceiling, listening to her breathe when he feels her hand take his and entwine their fingers. "Thank you for today."

His eyes move to her face. She's beautiful and looks so sweet. She's on her side facing him. He doesn't let her hand go and turns on his side. "I should be thanking you. You let me get the bike, you let me be a part of her birthday and now you are both under the same roof as I am. I feel like it's my birthday."

She reaches with her hand not holding his and touches his face, "You're such an amazing man, Oliver Queen." He feels his body fill with pride. She thinks he's amazing. He closes his eyes for a moment to soak in this moment. When he opens them, she's asleep. He takes their hands and kisses hers.

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When Felicity wakes up the next morning, Oliver is gone. His side of the bed is cold. She sits up and looks around. She didn't really check out his room last night. It's done in shades of brown. The walls are a nice taupe shade which is warm and inviting. His headboard matches a small love seat under the window, both dark brown leather. The comforter is white which surprises her.
There isn't a lot of furniture. The bed, the love seat, a dresser and a chest of drawers. The floors are a light wood. There are heavy curtains on the windows. She's impressed with his taste. She crawls out of bed and heads to the bathroom. It's painted white with white accents. It's very modern. She looks at the shower with several shower heads. She would love to shower in there...with Oliver.

She quickly dresses and decides she can shower when she's home in her apartment. She repacks her bag after brushing her teeth. She leaves the room and starts for the media room when she hears laughter from downstairs. She spins on her heel and heads that way.

When she gets to the kitchen she sees Oliver cooking breakfast. Thea is setting the table while the kids are at the island watching Oliver flip pancakes into the air. She stops and watches.

He's a natural in the kitchen and with the kids. They're all laughing. She watches Mollie watch Oliver. She is falling for Oliver. Her with big heart that wears on sleeve is just like her...falling for Oliver. She notices Thea watching her. Thea walks over to her.

"They seem to be getting along." They are both watching Oliver serve up the pancakes.

"Yeah. They do. Oliver is really good with them." She sees Thea turn towards her. Felicity can't take her eyes off Oliver even if it is rude.

"You seemed surprised." Felicity starts shaking her head and pulls her focus from Oliver, which is difficult.

"I'm not. He's always been so good with you." Thea shifts her feet.

"I'm sorry I wasn't nicer to you...while you were with Tommy and after. I believed my Mom when she said Ollie left because of you and stayed gone because of you." Felicity is about to say something when Thea hugs her.

"I'm sorry. I'm the one that signed away Ollie's rights to Mollie..." She is crying. Felicity leads her away from the kitchen. They stand in the small hallway. "I thought he'd come home if I did it...and I just wanted him to come home. Mom said he would come home if he didn't have to worry about child support or you stalking him."

Felicity hugs her back. Felicity knows Oliver was the only one who Thea could count on to be there and he left. "Thea. I knew it was you. I know your Mom...doesn't always make the right decisions and sometimes imposes those bad decisions on others." She pulls Thea away so she can see that she forgives her. "I'm not mad at you. When Oliver told me he didn't sign them, I knew then it was you. I don't hold you accountable for that any more than I do Oliver, okay?" Thea nods not looking up into her face.

"Why are you being so nice to me?" Felicity chuckles.

"You are Mollie's aunt, you are a kid stuck in a spiders web...and you're a sweet girl. Why wouldn't I be nice to you?" She shrugs. Felicity hugs her quickly. "Go wash your face and hurry, those kids will eat all the food and we will be left with nothing!"

She watches Thea make her way to the small downstairs bathroom. When she turns to head to the kitchen Oliver is standing there, well leaning on the doorframe. "You are remarkable." She stops in front of him and he pulls away from the doorframe.

"Don't you forget it, Mister." She teases. She starts to walk around him when he grabs her hand. "I've never forgotten."
"Mommy!" She looks to see Mollie running towards her. She scoops her up. "Oliver made me pannycakes and HE didn't burn them." Felicity shoots Oliver a look.

"Already showing me up, Queen?" He blushes and shrugs. She looks back at Mollie. "How do they taste?"

"Yummy!" Mollie tells her. "I want Oliver to make all my breakfasts forever." Felicity smiles sadly. Mollie could have always had this, maybe. Or maybe she and Oliver would hate each other?

"Well, Little Bit...you can start staying here sometimes...when you and Oliver are ready." Mollie looks from her to Oliver. He nods at their daughter.

"You too?" Felicity feels her face flush.

"It would be Mollie and Oliver time. Mommy has her own home with you. It would be like when you stay with Daddy T and Sara." She didn't even gag when she said it. She's proud of her maturity.

Mollie looks at Oliver. "Who is your girlfriend?" Out of the mouth of babes. Felicity and Mollie both stare at him.
"I don't have one." He looks Felicity in the eye when he says it.

"You know what? I'm hungry. Did you save me anything?" Mollie nods and then shifts out of her arms onto the floor. He grabs her hand and leads her to the table.

After breakfast the kids parents come pick them up. They're impressed the children did actually sleep. After Andy picks up AJ, Felicity is almost certain he did the pick up because John told him about the media room which Oliver showed off, it's time for her to go.

"Mollie?" She finds her in the room that will be hers sitting on the floor playing with her new trainset. "Hey Little Bit, it's about time to go." She looks up at her.

"I like it here. I like having a house." And there it is. Mollie loves their apartment but she hates the neighbors who yell when she's too loud and she can't paint her room and they don't have a yard.

"I know...We will have one soon. I promise. Mommy just needs a little more time." Mollie nods. She hates that she can't provide all this for Mollie on her own. "But you can come over here whenever you want. Oliver is your--he's your Daddy."

Mollie drops the train. She sits on the floor and she climbs in Felicity's lap. "Why?" Felicity knows what she means. She pulls her closer.

"Oliver...we thought he knew about you, but he didn't baby. Mommy tried to tell him but he didn't know. But he does now and he loves you and wants to be in your life." She's playing with her blonde curls. "Oliver loves you very, very much."

"Okay." And for Mollie it's that simple. Oliver loves her. He's here now. Mollie stands up. Felicity does the same. They find Thea and Oliver in Thea's room. They are discussing what she can and can't have in it. Oliver stops when he sees her.

"Hey." She can't help it she smiles. Everything he does lately makes her smile.

"We are going to head home." Oliver looks sad. Did he think they'd stay and never leave?

"I'll walk you out."
When they reach her jeep, he puts Mollie in her booster seat and buckles her in. He opens her door for her. "I need one of those seat things?" She nods and laughs. "If you want to take her in your car, yeah."

"Thanks for everything. This has been--great." Yeah it has been she thinks to herself. She goes up on her tiptoes and kisses his cheek. "Thank you."
Diners are for matchmaking!

Chapter Summary

Oliver and Felicity have a fight.

Chapter Notes

Guys--- so much to say. Thank you for how amazing you have been. I was (am) so nervous about this story. I thank each of you who have reached out to tell me your own survival story. When I started writing "Shattered" it had a different name, but a talk with a friend about how both of us came through our own DV issues, shattered but not broken made me change the name. I hope that I continue to honor the survivors.

For those of you unaffected by this, thank you for reading and sticking with me.

I know this seems like Felicity may waffle a lot, but she like a newborn calf learning to walk. Falling in love (or in her case opening herself up) is very difficult and confusing for a survivor. The voices in our heads are strong and often not our own.

**also the last section isn't beta approved so all mistakes are mine. eek!**

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Felicity and Oliver have found a way to make their new normal work over the last couple of weeks. This friends and co-parents thing. After their talk and Mollie's birthday party things got easier. Felicity was worried that Oliver would want as much time as Tommy had before. Oliver surprised her when he told her he was scared of having alone time with Mollie still. They did fine that morning at her apartment and after Mollie's birthday party, but he's still nervous. He wants Mollie to get to know him and not be forced to be with a stranger. Felicity was delighted with his maturity and his concern for Mollie. Oliver has really grown as a person and he is proving to be an excellent Dad to Mollie.

Felicity felt her heart break for him at the same time. He wants his child to know him and then her heart beats erratically at him wanting to do what's best for Mollie. He is doing a great job. They've had several 'meetings' where he could spend time with Mollie. He ran into Mollie and Felicity at an ice cream parlor. He's been at karate with John with her. Tommy hasn't seen her since her birthday party. Oliver seems to be doing his best to keep Mollie as far away from Tommy as possible. The weird part is Mollie hasn't really asked about Tommy.

Felicity and Mollie slide into opposite sides of the booth. She can't ask Mollie to sit next to her or she will know something is up. Mollie pulls out the menu, she is so proud to be able to read it now. She also loves ordering for herself. Felicity smiles at her little girl proudly. She's growing up so fast and into such a confident young lady.
Felicity is watching Mollie when she feels someone watching her. She looks up to see Oliver. He has a smile on his face. "Oh, Oliver. Hi!" She says cheerfully. As always she looks over at Mollie. She fidgets, but seems to accept that Oliver is here.

"Hello." Oliver says to her then to Mollie, "Hi! How are you?" Mollie tilts her head and looks up at Oliver and smiles her cheeky grin her little dimples on full display. "I am hungry. Can we eat now Mommy?" Felicity laughs. Mollie is so onto them. If she didn't know when she told Barry, Oliver was her boyfriend she knew now based on that smile.

"Would you like to join us?" Felicity asks Oliver. She scoots over. She has no choice. Mollie is sitting on the edge and not moving. Mollie is pretending she doesn't know what she wants. Felicity shakes her head at her. Mollie is playing matchmaker which warms Felicity's heart because it means she likes Oliver. Felicity isn't sure how she feels about this for herself.

"I would love to." He slides in next to her. Felicity looks at Mollie who looks between her and Oliver then smiles brightly. Carly comes over to their table.

"What can I get you?" Oliver slides closer to her and away from Carly. Felicity ducks her head and smiles. Carly scares him. It's cute.

Felicity looks at Mollie, "What do you want Little Bit?" Mollie is studying her menu. She looks to Carly.

"May I please have a hamburger with extra pickles and onion rings. Chocolate milkshake." Carly writes it all down. Mollie smiles proud of herself. She is kicking her legs under their booth and hits Felicity. She cringes but says nothing. Mollie's happy and she's happy she is.

Carly looks to her, "Felicity?"

"Hamburger with extra pickles." She looks over at her daughter and smiles. "Fries extra crispy and a Chocolate Shake. Thanks Carly." Carly lifts an eyebrow. Usually Felicity orders onion rings but Oliver is here. Carly gives Felicity a look and she blushes while looking away.

"No problem. Oliver? And I promise it will be safe with me." Oliver cringes but tries to hide it. Felicity smothers her giggle. He eyes her with fake anger. She can't help it.

"I'd like a hamburger and onion rings. Water to drink." Carly pauses at the water. "Really? Water? and ONION rings?" Felicity sees Carly trying to get Oliver to see the reason that is bad. Carly looks at Felicity. "Uh...fries and yes, water."

Mollie and Felicity both laugh. "I like water!" Carly shakes her head and walks away. Mollie is still laughing. "It's a fun night and you order water?" Oliver blushes. Felicity takes pity on him.

"Oliver didn't know it was our fun eat anything we want night. Maybe when Carly comes back if he wants he can order something else or not. We are all different." Mollie is properly put in her place. She nods.

"Sorry Oliver. If you like water.. it's good for you." He looks to Felicity, who has said the same thing to Mollie about it being healthy and smiles. She grabs her crayons and starts coloring her placemat.

Felicity turns to Oliver because she knows Mollie wants to be left alone for a few minutes. "How was your day?" She watches as Oliver startles that she's talking to him.

He thinks for a minute. "I started buying living room furniture and a dining room set. I need more than the built in breakfast nook and island stools. I still need your help with the kid rooms and my
"office?" he asks her hopefully.

She watches as Mollie looks up to watch them. "Of course. I mean, surely you can handle your laptop."

"Yes, Miss Tech Savvy but I need wifi, and a desktop and someone told me I can get my printer to print wirelessly...not me, but someone." He jokes with her. She laughs.

"Like me?" He nods and smiles at her. Mollie definitely has the same smile he does when she's being teased. "Yes. Like you. Or you exactly."

"I would love to come over and help. When?" Oliver stops.

"Friday?" She thinks about it, and she doesn't have anything planned." Sounds like a plan."

Mollie stops coloring and pins Oliver with a look. "Are you dating my Mommy now?" Oliver stops smiling and looks helplessly over at Felicity. She thinks about letting him handle it but decides against it.

"No, we aren't dating. Remember, Oliver is your Birth Daddy. He put you in my tummy?" Mollie looks at Oliver upset then at Felicity.

"I know that.." She tells Felicity with exasperation clear in her voice.

"Oliver is getting his new house ready and maybe someday when you're ready you will go spend time with him like you do, Daddy T, remember." Mollie is watching her for her reaction. Like most kids she feeds off her Mother's emotions. Getting nothing, Felicity hopes Mollie looks to Oliver.

"You want me?" Oliver stops breathing. Felicity can tell he has no idea what to say or do. She knew Mollie would bring it up again, needing confirmation from Oliver. She needs to help him; Oliver is ill prepared for this.

"He does Mollie." She supplies.

"But he didn't when I was in your tummy..." She smiles at her daughter. She doesn't understand she is still young. Oliver puts his hand on Felicity's leg. She tries not to get distracted. She looks at him and he shakes his head.

"Mollie, I didn't know about you, but from the moment I knew there was a Mollie, I've wanted you. But I don't want to upset things with you and Tommy or you and your Mommy. I just want to know you too." Felicity can feel his fear. He is scared Mollie will reject him.

Mollie looks at him then she is distracted. "Milkshakes." Felicity laughs. She leans into Oliver. "She's okay with it. If she wasn't not even a milkshake would distract her. She's hard to distract when she sets her mind to something."

Carly brings their food to the table. Mollie is eating happily when Felicity notices that Tommy just entered the diner. This isn't that much of a surprise. "Oliver, could you let me out?" Oliver looks to her questioning. She makes a face and he slides out of the seat. She starts walking towards the restroom. She is hoping Tommy follows her. She looks behind her and he is following her.

Instead of walking in she leans against the wall waiting. "You can't talk to her, not now. Oliver needs time to calm down and remember you're his friend." Tommy puts his hand on the wall above her head.
"And why does Oliver need time?" He smiles at her. That smile once charmed her. She knows Tommy still expects people (especially her) to bend to his will and forgot those things he wants forgotten.

"Tommy, he's still mad about what happened a couple of weeks ago." Tommy's smile drops. His hand is now playing with her hair, "So, you and I get together and I see Mollie." Felicity's throat is dry. She is starting to shake. She can't be alone with him.

She swallows and pushes off the wall. His hand drops from her hair. "Where are your drug test results?" He rolls his eyes.

"I didn't go. I'll go next week. Just let me come over tonight and see Mollie." He leans in close to her, "And you." The innuendo is clear.

"Tommy--" He moves closer to her. She steps back. "You only want me because you think Oliver has me. He doesn't." Tommy smirks. "Of course he doesn't." He looks her up and down. "He's been there, tapped that."

She shakes her head and walks around him. She is not letting Tommy Merlyn in her head again. She won't. She can't. Felicity has so much more to lose now. But-- she is worried. Oliver wanted to woo her, she smiles remembering those words. He hasn't said anything about it. She doesn't want to be that insecure girl, but she also doesn't want to think he gave up her too.

She walks back to the table. She sees Oliver watching her with a smile on his face. She can't help but smile back at him. She sees more than one woman look to see who Oliver is smiling at. The moment his smile drops she knows Tommy followed her. Oliver stands up. She is shaking her head. Oliver motions for her to sit next to Mollie. She does. She doesn't want a fight.

Oliver stands at the edge of their seat. He has placed himself between Felicity and Mollie and Tommy. "Ollie." Tommy says and walks past him and slides into the spot where Oliver was seated with Felicity. Oliver stands there. Tommy eats some of Felicity's fries then looks to Mollie, "Hey Lil Bit, how ya been?"

Mollie moves into Felicity side. She shyly says "I'm good." She looks nervous. Felicity wraps her arm around her. She hates that adult problems are starting to come into Mollie’s orbit. Felicity resolves to fix this as soon as she can.

"I've missed you."

Mollie looks around Felicity to Oliver. He smiles down at their daughter and slides in next to Tommy. He looks at Felicity and she knows this is killing him. "I've missed you too." She sips her milkshake.

"This weekend when you come to stay over we can make that popcorn you like." Felicity freezes. Tommy is playing a game. She knows him and knows what he is trying to do. Felicity clears her throat. He thinks if Mollie gets excited Felicity will be trapped into letting her go stay with him. Not happening. She can’t risk Mollie’s safety.

"Mollie can't this weekend. She has a birthday party sleepover at her friend's house." Mollie giggles. "We can't forget to get her birthday present Mommy. She's my best friend."

After that Tommy speaks up, "I guess I should get the to go order for Sara. She's stress eating. Don't forget, Lil Bit the wedding is coming up soon." Mollie is kicking her legs she's so excited.

"I know! I can't wait! Then you will be gone, right?"
Tommy stares at her, "Yes. But only for two weeks. Then when I get back we can make up for all the time we lost." Why does that sound like a threat to Felicity?

Mollie pushes on Felicity as Oliver lets Tommy out of the booth. Felicity stands. Mollie jumps into Tommy's arms. "I love you, baby." He hugs her tighter. "I love you more than anything and anyone in the entire world." Felicity's heart drops as Tommy looks over at her.

Mollie is hugging him back just as tight as she can, "I know! I love you too!" Tommy kisses her cheek. Mollie crawls back in the booth.

"Ollie, Felicity." Tommy starts walking away then turns back to them as they are sitting down. "Hey, Ollie?" Oliver looks at him. "Dad said you would be bringing Laurel to the wedding. Guess we might be brothers after all?" He smirks at Felicity and walks up to the counter.

Felicity isn't hungry. She slides her burger away. Mollie is munching on the last of her onion rings. Felicity feels a heavy weight in her chest. Tommy has always known just how to hurt her. His emotional blows are more deadly than his physical ones. Why does he always have to do this? She starts biting her lip. She knows why. It's Tommy wanting her to doubt herself. Tommy can read her better than most and Felicity is falling for Oliver. Tommy wants her to remember Oliver has options. Lots of options.

Felicity looks up and sees Oliver watching her intently. "I don’t know why Tommy said that. I haven’t seen or spoken to Laurel since the birthday party.I don’t want to.” Felicity smiles shyly at him. Why can’t she just trust him. She remembers what her counselor told her. She can’t trust him because she doesn’t trust herself and her decision making process entirely, yet.

The rest of dinner goes fast. It feels normal and natural which upsets Felicity. She doesn't want to get used to this kind of time with Oliver. The sleepover had her thinking things she shouldn't think. She knows it's about Mollie. Soon, Mollie will accept Oliver completely and she will see him like she does Tommy, only when they need to see each other. Felicity concentrates on her breathing.

Oliver insists on paying the bill. She accepts mostly to not fight with him in front of their child. They start to walk out with Oliver heading towards the parking lot. He doesn't say goodbye. She and Mollie shrug and start walking to their apartment. Suddenly someone grabs her arm. "Where are you going?"

"Oliver! You scared me!" She slaps at his very...very hard chest. She takes a moment to get her heart rate back down.

"You two scared me. I looked around and you were gone." She rolls her eyes.

"We are walking home...like we always do when it's still daylight out." Oliver looks around.

"It's not safe! I don't even like you living here. Walking home is unacceptable." Felicity feels her blood start to boil. How dare he? She's lived here with Mollie for two years now. They are safe enough. Maybe letting him sleep on the couch made him think things he shouldn't; like he can control her.

"It's perfectly safe. We've lived here for almost two years and nothing has ever happened." She looks around and looks at the area the way Oliver might. It doesn't seem like the best neighborhood. It's no Queen Manor but it's home.

"I don't like it. Let me drive you home." She looks down at Mollie. She seems sad. Mollie never has liked it when people disagree or yell.
"Fine." She smiles her fake smile. She sees Oliver gulp and she knows he knows she's upset with him. Good. She's tired of being the only one affected by this new relationship of sorts. Oliver, this new Oliver always seems in control of his emotions. Whereas she is always feeling out of control and that isn't fun for her.

When they reach his SUV, he unlocks it and picks Mollie up. She looks in the back and he's gotten a booster seat. He easily locks Mollie in. She goes to pull open her door when Oliver is there opening it for her.

The drive home takes less than five minutes.

Oliver walks them upstairs to their door. She invites him in, mostly so she can yell at him. "Mollie, go get in your jammies and brush your teeth." Mollie looks from Oliver to her. Mollie knows she's upset. "It's okay, Little Bit, I need to talk to Oliver."

Mollie walks over to Oliver. He goes down on his knees to talk to Mollie. The girl shoots a look at her and lowers her voice in conspiracy with Oliver. "If you cry and say you're sorry...she will forgive you and give you a kiss then say it's because she loves you...works every time." Mollie makes a sliding motion with her hand. Felicity turns away to hide her smile.

Mollie runs to her room. Felicity knows she will brush her teeth and change. Then play until Felicity comes into her room. When Mollie's door is shut she looks to Oliver.

"I'm sorry! I'm trying to cry and it's totally fine to yell at me as long as it ends in that I love you thing..." She has to press her lips together to not smile at him. This is exactly where Mollie gets it from she thinks to herself. Oliver's cheeky little boy grin is a weapon. Mollie has an equally adorable grin.

She composes herself. "Oliver. You can't dictate where I live or how I get around. I'm an adult. I've been on my own for a while now."

Oliver doesn't back down, "We agreed in the custody papers I would have a say in Mollie's life. I don't like her living in an unsafe neighborhood and especially don't like her walking around it!"

Felicity counts to ten. If she thought protective of her Oliver was sexy, protective over their child is ten times the turn on. But...she can't, she won't allow him to take charge of her life. "We are perfectly safe here. The night you saw us that first time we walked there and back. Perfectly safe..."

She's sure Oliver is getting angrier not more apologetic. This is their first fight as parents. "I think you should move." She sees red.

'NO. I mean, I will...when I get the money saved for a house. Right now, this place is affordable so I can get a house.' Oliver sighs. She thinks he's counting to ten.

'I will give you the money." He must be joking. He's joking right? "I owe you back child support you can get a house."

"I don't want your money." She states clearly and calmly.

"Well, I don't want my child raised in the middle of a war zone and that's what the Glades are and you know it." Okay, she reminds herself he is trying to be a responsible and caring parent. Then she loses it. "Do you think I am not a responsible person? That I would allow my child to be hurt and unsafe? Do you?" Alright she let her voice get loud.

Oliver steps back and raises his hand (later she realizes it's in surrender) and Felicity ducks and curls
into a protective ball. Oliver gasps. He's crouched right next to her "No. I don't. I'm sorry." He pinches his nose and looks at the floor. He looks at her and he sees the remorse as she peeks out from under her arm. "I'm sorry. You're right. I trust your judgment." He doesn't touch her. He gently tells her, "I am sorry. Felicity-- stand up or let me know you're okay." She hears Mollie's door open. Her eyes shoot to the hallway. She's relieved to see Mollie isn't poking her head out. She slowly stands and Oliver mirrors her actions. Concern is all over his face.

"Thank you." She feels better, though silly thinking Oliver would hit her, and knowing Mollie is listening she continues. "You're forgiven. I only did this for your own good." She's teasing him to cut the tension. She watches as Oliver's shoulders slump in relief.

She hears Mollie in the hallway, "You forgot the I love you..." Her eyes get big while Oliver smiles at her, waiting.

"I love you, Mollie."

"Mommy!" She turns on her heel to put her daughter to bed. No way was she was saying that to Oliver. She did that once and look how that turned out. She reads Mollie a story and then reads it again. She finally falls asleep. Felicity walks out and carefully shuts the door.

When she enters her living room, Oliver is on the couch waiting. "I thought you were gone."

"Nope." Another change in Oliver. Before he would have run fast and quick.

She really hopes their fight is over. "I want to ask you out. On a real date." Huh, they've never done that before. She stands there. "Well?" He asks.

"I'm waiting for you to ask. Saying you want to ask me out isn't exactly asking me out." Oliver smirks at her.

"Fine. Felicity Smoak, would you go out to dinner with me?" She bites her lip and smiles up at him.

"I'd love to. When?" He looks relieved. Could he have been nervous she'd say no? "Whenever is good for you?"

"Tuesday? Mollie goes with the Diggle's to karate this week. I take the kids every other week."

"Sounds good. Dress up. I'm still wooing you." She laughs. "Oh, okay." He heads for her door. He opens and turns back to her. "Lock it behind me." She nods. He's being bullheaded about this safety thing. He leans down and kisses her forehead. Damn, if that's not the sweetest thing.

"I didn't mean to scare you." He whispers against her forehead. "I know--" They stay like that for several seconds. He kisses her cheek again and walks out the door.

After he leaves she realizes she stood up to Oliver. She made sure her voice was heard and he respected it. She smiles. She's actually proud of them. The dropping to the floor thing was not good, but Oliver didn't leave her. At least, Oliver hasn't left yet.

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Oliver jogs down the steps. He walks to his SUV and climbs in. He blows out a breath. Then the tears falls. Seeing Felicity curl into herself to protect herself was the worst thing he thinks he’s ever seen. Watching her curl in fear away from him. Knowing that she lived a life where she had to protect herself from Tommy broke his heart. He’s glad he had read that this could happen or he may have reacted badly. He would have made it about himself and how hurt he was that she thought he could hurt her. He’s glad he knew to not touch her and to move on so she didn’t have to feel
humiliated.

Oliver punches the steering wheel. He wants to murder Tommy Merlyn. He wants to rip his guts out through his throat. He wants him to hurt and to be scared and to know all the pain he caused Felicity. Oliver is trying to calm himself. He knows that Felicity thinks he is still wanting a friendship with Tommy and that he and Tommy are alike. They aren’t. They never were as alike as they liked to believe they were. Oliver has never hurt a woman physically. He can’t imagine anything that would make him hurt someone like that.

Oliver thinks about how if Tommy had gotten Felicity pregnant and Oliver had been asked to marry her (he wouldn’t have been forced since he would have proposed to her without his parents needing to tell him had Tommy left her pregnant and alone) he would have been a good husband to her. He would have loved and cherished her. He thinks about if it had been Sara in Felicity’s shoes and Tommy had gotten her pregnant. It hurts him to think of being made to marry Sara. He hopes he would have been strong enough to walk away from the money and his family. If he had married her? No, Oliver wouldn’t have made her miserable. He would have been a good husband, one in love with someone else, but he would have been good to her.

Oliver starts the car and starts the drive home. He thinks back to Mollie shying away from Tommy at first tonight. Mollie is picking up on things. The only reason, he thinks, Mollie warmed to Tommy is he brought up the wedding. Mollie is excited to be a part of it. Oliver needs to figure out a way to keep Mollie safe. He isn’t going to that wedding!

Which reminds him, he will need to call his Mother since he can but assume she is the Tommy thinks he’s attending and with Laurel. He tells his phone to call his Mother.

“Oliver! Good to hear from you.” Oliver rolls his eyes.

“I hear Tommy Merlyn thinks I’m attending his wedding with Laurel.” Moira laughs.
“Did tell her you don’t have a date when she mentioned not having one.”

“I’m not taking Laurel Lance anywhere, ever.” He can practically hear his mother pouting.

“Oliver, she’s a nice girl.”

Oliver shakes his head, “No, she isn’t. And even if she was she isn’t MY girl. I don’t want her to be my girl. I told you, I want Felicity. I want Mollie. I want MY family. Mother, I am warning you stay out of my love life.” He disconnects the call. Why can’t she see he wants Felicity. What Mother doesn’t want her grandchild to be raised in a loving home by both of her parents? He chuckles lightly to himself. His Mother. The woman who has never loved her own husband.

Oliver walks in his front door and tosses his keys in the bowl on the entryway table. He flops down on his sofa. He hates how quiet it is here without Mollie and Felicity. He starts thinking and he knows he needs help. He needs to keep Mollie safe from his parents and Tommy. He doesn’t have many friends in Starling City and none he trusts with his daughter. Oliver is about to look up information for security services when it hits him. He pulls his phone out of his back pocket.

“Hey John. It’s Oliver Queen.”

“Oliver, man what’s up?” Oliver asks John to come over. It’s personal and business. Oliver is nervous. He is walking a thin line here. He doesn’t want to, he won’t betray Felicity’s trust, but John needs to know. Oliver needs help. Going to Tommy’s wedding isn’t an option for him. He knows that if he goes, his Mother will pull a stunt and Mollie will see a side of Oliver he can’t let her see. The part of him that will defend his daughter and her Mom from anyone trying to hurt them by any
means necessary. He also doesn't want to wreck Sara's big day. They aren't friends and he doesn't care for her, but no one should have that kind of drama at their wedding.

Thirty minutes later John shows up.

They go up to the media room and turn on the game. Oliver grabs them each a beer. They sit in silence. Oliver is nervous about what he is about to do. He chugs the rest of his beer for courage. “I need to hire you and your firm to watch over Felicity and Mollie.”

John turns and cocks his head at Oliver. “Why?”

Oliver swallows. “I can’t tell you why for Felicity. I promised to keep her secret. As for Mollie, I want you to go to Tommy’s wedding. Felicity isn’t going and I don’t want to go. Mollie needs to be kept safe from Tommy and my family.”

John stares holes through Oliver. He is wavering under his gaze. “I will go to that wedding and kept her safe. I love that little girl. She’s family.”

Oliver fidgets as John is still staring at him. Oliver looks away. He hears John get up and walk to the back of the room. Oliver watches as John moves back and forth. He finally stops, he looks at Oliver, “This is a yes or no question and what’s said here, stays here.” Oliver nods.

“Merlyn hit her once?” Oliver nods. He knows his face is pleading with John to keep going. He doesn’t want to betray her, but John needs to know how deep this is going to be. “He hit her more than once?”

“Yes----” Oliver waits.

He can see John is thinking this through. “Did he hit Mollie?”

“No. I think Felicity would have killed him.”

John snorts. “Yeah. Felicity would see it as okay to hurt her, but never Mollie.” There is a brief pause. “He beat her didn’t he?”

Oliver doesn’t answer. That would be a betrayal.

“That piece of shit. He was never good enough for her. I knew when Barry first brought her around something was wrong. Barry said it was nothing. I knew it. I want to smash that punk’s face in.”

Oliver smirks. He would be the first in that line.

“Join the club.”

“She doesn’t want us to know?” Oliver shakes his head.

“I struggled with telling you or not. When I realized Tommy might use his wedding to take Mollie I knew I had to tell you. And I needed someone to talk to about this.”

John grins at him, “You love her. Felicity? You are in love with her.” It’s a statement of fact.

“Yes. I want to marry her. I want her to live here with me and Mollie. I want more kids and family picnics and holidays. I want it all, John with them.” John smiles.

“I approve Oliver. I was worried you were another rich kid using her. That you knocked her up and fled in the night. I was wrong man.”
The two men go over how the plan for the wedding will work. John also agrees to have some of his people go by Felicity’s apartment. John respects Felicity’s independence, but he also worries about her in that neighborhood. They don’t want her to think they don’t trust them and neither man wants her loud voice shouting in their direction.

Oliver walks John to the door, “We aren’t undermining her, right?” Oliver asks John.

“No. You are hiring me to keep Mollie safe at a wedding. I guessed about Felicity. You confirmed what I already knew in my gut. You love her and you want her safe. Merlyn isn’t safe for her. I’m guessing he’s pissed off you’re back in their lives. He can’t play the hero for Mollie when you are willing to be her Dad.” Oliver smiles just thinking about being her Dad.

“I love them. I will do anything for them.” John claps his back. “I know. That’s why I haven’t killed you.” John walks out the door and heads to his car. Oliver shuts his door. He feels better knowing John is looking out for them too. Mollie will be safe from Tommy and his crazy parents. Oliver heads up to bed feeling a little better about things.

Chapter End Notes

I struggled with John finding out from Oliver. I don't think Felicity would ever tell John outright that Tommy abused her. John isn't stupid and he knew. He also knows Felicity needs her pride, so he never questioned her about it. Oliver trusting John and turning to him is a big deal for their friendship and for the bond they will form. This I don't feel is taking away from Felicity or her independence. This boils down to Oliver protecting his girls with the help of the people they call family.
Monday morning Felicity is in her office when Ray Palmer stops by. She hasn't told him she's seeing Oliver mostly because she isn't sure she IS seeing Oliver. He said he was wooing her, he asked her out and all but are they dating? Are they exclusive? Does she want to be? Well, that one she knows. If Oliver is hers, she won't share. Ever. She needs to talk to both of the men in her life. Soon.

Felicity steps away from Ray for the fifth time in this meeting. He finally turns to her, "What is wrong? You've been acting strange for weeks now." She sighs.

"Let's get this done I have an appointment I can't miss." He smiles and grabs her waist, "A quickie is fine."

She has always had a strict rule about work time and play time not overlapping. When she started this with Ray it was a way to explore IF she could have a sexual relationship. Barry had proven she did like sex and could enjoy it. BUT she needed to know if it was just Barry. She needed to know if could hold her own with someone who knew nothing of her past.

She pushes him away, "No." He pouts but they go back to looking over the program. There is a tap at the door. Her assistant shouldn't be back from picking up the office supplies they are constantly running out of yet.

She starts to move when Ray blocks her with a smile. He yells, "Come in." He leans into her ear, "Lunch time means play time." Felicity needs to break this off. She's been putting it off because she doesn't need one more crisis to deal with right now.

He starts to move to her lips when they hear a throat clearing. She moves away as Ray reaches for her. She looks and sees Oliver. "You're early." He is glaring at Ray.

"Clearly." Felicity feels her face turn red. She can see Ray if she wants. Oliver hasn't asked her or mentioned being exclusive. Yet, she knows she doesn't want him seeing anyone else. Which is weird since she is also waiting for Oliver to realize she's a train wreck and her life is chaotic and bolt.

She dodges his one word full sentence. "Ray, this is Oliver. Oliver, Ray. Ray and I are working on a new program together. Ray, Oliver is-- " What the hell is Oliver? Friend? Ex- lover, ew. Baby Daddy? "We went to college together. Sort of."

Ray moves around the desk to shake Oliver's hand. Felicity can tell Oliver is exerting his strength...
over Ray. She should care, but she doesn't really. "I'm also Mollie's father." Oliver says with a satisfied grin on his face.

"Oh." Ray is genuinely shocked. He looks to Felicity, "I thought Tommy Merlyn was her Father." Felicity shrugs.

"Oliver and I had...Oliver is her biological Father." Ray nods and smiles, his smile is not pleasant this time. "I guess you are a woman of mystery and an adventurous spirit."

Offended.

"What do you mean by that?" Ray chuckles softly. "I mean that I had no idea you were so active."

"Excuse me? I am looking around this room and I can say I am the only who hasn't been on the cover of the tabloids for being in a threesome, not that there is anything wrong with that, if it makes everyone happy. What I mean is...it's okay for you but not me?"

Felicity watches Oliver step back. Smart man. She also notices the smile on his face. She ignores it.

Ray moves to grab her shoulders and she dodges him, "What I meant was that I had no idea you had been with anyone besides Tommy."

"Is it important how many people I've slept with? I never asked you?" Ray rolls his eyes at her.

"A man likes to know these things." She wonders if steam is actually coming out her ears. If not for this project she would kick him out of her office and her life. She needs this project though. But it is definitely time to reorganize their business arrangement and end their personal one.

"Whatever Ray. I will have the latest updates for you next week. Right now, I have somewhere I need to be." She walks past Oliver and out the door of her office and doesn't stop until she arrives at her jeep. She pauses at the door. She doesn't make eye contact with Oliver. Leaving her office unattended isn't the best idea ever, but she doesn't care right now. Nothing important is in there.

"Do you want to ride with me or meet me there?" She can see Oliver in the reflection of her jeep.

"Ride with you since I have no idea where we are going." She finally cracks a smile. "Get in." She climbs in as Oliver walks around to the passenger side. She moves some files from the passenger seat to the backseat. "Sorry." He just shrugs and buckles up.

She pulls out into traffic. They are silent for the quick trip downtown to the courthouse. When they get there Oliver gets out first. She pulls down her visor to fix her makeup. She sighs before opening the door and slides out.

They start walking when she suddenly stops, "I wanted this to be happy. And it's not." Oliver puts his hands in his jeans pocket and looks at her.

"Ask, say it...whatever, let's get this over with."

Oliver blinks a few times, "Are you? Are the two of you seeing each other?" Felicity shakes her head.

"Seeing each other? No. I don't date...well, except for you. Ray and I-- we fuck. That's it. And work together on this project." Oliver's eyes darken. He moves her towards the side of the building.

"You fuck him?" She sucks in her lips, "I DID. I haven't in awhile and he's getting upset about it. I
need to end it, but Ray can be a bit of a drama queen."

"A while?" She smiles, "That's what you got from that?" He smiles and blushes.

"I haven't slept with him since I heard you were coming back. Don't get an ego about it. I was stressed and nervous then you came back all---handsome and loving and-- he wasn't as appealing as he had been. Then you said you wanted to woo me--" Oliver laughs.

"Okay. But you're ending it, right?" She sighs, "Yes. As soon as I can find time." They start to walk towards the building. "I could dump him for you. I would take great pleasure in it. I will clear my calendar."

It's her turn to laugh, "I think I can find time." They walk silently into the building.

"For the record, I'm not seeing anyone else or fucking anyone else. I only want you." She feels the air sucked from her lungs. She takes a moment. He's told her this many times, but this time feels different. Bigger. More important. There is a change in the air.

"Okay."

"I don't share Felicity." She thinks about teasing that he and Tommy shared girls in the past. Tommy told her about it. She doesn't though, it's not the time.

"I don't either Oliver." He grunts and nods.

"So we are exclusive." Oliver's smile is huge as he takes her hand. She feels giddy with excitement. She leads him to the room where they first had a confrontation over Mollie.

"Why are we here? We made our own agreement. Walter accepted it."

She stops him from opening the door, "I have a present for you."

His eyes light up, "Here?"

She laughs, "Not that!" Oliver looks mildly disappointed while still smiling down at her.

They open the door and her giddiness fades as does Oliver's smile. Fuck. How did they find out? She looks around and knows because Malcolm Merlyn looks like the cat who ate the canary: Tommy. That dick. Before things got really bad, before his late night visit back when she thought they were friends and excellent co-parents she had told him her plan. She should've known better, Tommy is right she does trust too easily and is stupid for a smart person. HIndsight is 20/20.

"Mother." Oliver says coolly. "What are you doing here?" Moira stands and walks over to them.

"I think I have a better plan than anything you two came up with." She straightens out Oliver's shirt smiling up at him. Felicity gulps. This can't be good. "I think I have come up with a plan to get you full custody of your daughter, if you still want her."

Felicity can't help herself. "Oh NOW she's Oliver's?" Moira looks at her like she is a piece of shit on her shoe which she probably thinks Felicity is.

"If Oliver wants his child, he will have her." She looks down her nose at Felicity who barely contains her need to roll her eyes. Moira walks back over to the conference table. She picks up a file and walks back over, handing the file to Oliver.
"In there is proof she is an unfit mother. She works too many hours; she has a history of erratic and bad behavior." Felicity feels her blood pressure rising. "She has sex with a man who is not her husband and most of all she lives in an unsafe neighborhood."

Felicity moves between Moira and Oliver. She learned long ago that Moira Queen is not someone you should push into a corner, now it's time Moira learns the same thing about her. No one will ever take Mollie from her. Ever.

Oliver places his hand on her shoulder and she shrugs it off. "YOU are going to sit here and judge ME? Do you forget I know where all your secrets are buried? Did you?" She screams.

Moira just looks at her while Felicity plows ahead, "Let's start at the top shall we..Unfit? You worked more hours than I ever have and let the maid raise him. Which in hindsight is probably a good thing." Moira goes to speak. "No. My turn." Moira shuts her mouth.

"Erratic behavior? You mean when you and Merlyn tried to control me? Made me feel trapped and unwanted? Is that the bad behavior? Not doing what you say when you say? Or are we talking about when I finally broke free and bribed my way out of this sick twisted group? Because if my so called secrets come out so will yours!"

She takes a deep breath. "Yes. I was fucking Ray. BUT let's not cast the first stone Moira." Felicity has rarely called her Moira to her face. She isn't stupid and she knows how dangerous Moira Queen really is and didn't want to poke that bear. "How long have you and Malcolm been fucking? I know, at least, since before Thea was born since she's his." All three of them gasp and she feels Oliver stiffen behind her.

"Yeah. It didn't take a brain surgeon to figure it out. All I had to do was dig up the dirt in case any of you decided to take MY child from me." Felicity looks to make sure Robert and Malcolm can hear her.

"If any of you try to take Mollie from me, I will release it all. Can your companies take it?" She watches them squirm and enjoys every second of it. "I am releasing a statement saying Oliver is her father and we have come to an agreement and it won't cause issues with my company. But can your two companies survive? How about your reputations?"

Moira turns to Jean. "We are leaving now." On her way out. "This isn't over. Oliver will have his child. One way or another. That girl will be raised by him." Moira looks Felicity up and down. "He will tire of you like he does every woman in his life and then I will destroy you.." Oliver moves to prevent her from walking out. His Dad is behind him when he confronts his Mom. Felicity is worried.

"I've told you. I want Mollie to be with her Mom. I want them BOTH. I will not take her from her Mom. Do you understand? This is my life. My daughter and the woman I love. This isn't one of my flings. I love her and nothing and no one, including you will change that." Moira smiles up at him, Felicity feels nauseous.

"I do." She looks past him to glare at Felicity. When they leave Oliver turns to her.

"Thea is Malcolm's?" She sucks in her bottom lip. "Yes. I needed leverage. I would never use it...unless they took Mollie. I can't have her being raised around that."

"I know. You aren't the type. They are." She doesn't bother to argue they both know he's right. "I should have told you.."
He chuckles. "I don't think that is the thing you drop casually into a conversation. You were protecting our child. I can't judge you for that. I can only thank you."

"You're Welcome." She teases.

"I'm going to have to tell Thea." His heart is clearly broken. "She has to know, it's not fair to lie to her." Felicity nods.

"I can help. And.." she pauses. She is scared of sticking her nose where it doesn't belong. "What?" She bites her lip.

"You could use this to get Thea out of your parents' house. They won't want it to go public." Letting Oliver use this is a HUGE deal for her. This is her ace in the hole to keep Mollie out of Moira Queen or the Merlyn's hands.

"That's your leverage to keep Mollie." He says quietly, the words clearly hang heavily in the air between them. Felicity is taking a giant leap of faith here. She swallows down her fear, this is a giant leap for her and she ponders quickly if she can do it and decides she can. Felicity looks Oliver in the eyes, "I don't need it. I have you on my side." Oliver's entire face lights up like a kid at Christmas.

"Yeah, you do." He steps closer and cups her cheek. He stares into her eyes and she's lost in them. He gently kisses her lips.

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Walter enters the room and they break apart. He smiles at them knowingly. "Have you told him what we are doing here today?" Felicity bites her lip shakes her head and is smiling. "Nope." Oliver is dying of curiosity.

Walter returns her smile, "I see. Mister Queen, if you could sign this and this and this." He hands Oliver several documents. Oliver looks to Felicity confused and a bit worried.

"Custody papers?" He thought they had already decided all of on this weeks ago.

"And.." Felicity looks through the papers, "This one." She holds it out and Oliver takes it from her slowly. "This is to put your name on Mollie's birth certificate as her Father which will invalidate when you relinquished your rights legally."

Oliver's eyes are full of tears, "But you said--" Felicity pulls him away, "You never signed her away and you've done everything you can to show me and Mollie you want her, she deserves to have this and so do you."

Oliver feels his chest constrict. He's fought long and hard to prove to her he didn't sign his child away, that he had no knowledge of her. He thought with Felicity's trust issues and everything she went through with Tommy it would take years (years he would wait) to get her to trust him. He never thought she would allow his name on their daughter's birth certificate. He knows what she is seeing as a tiny act of faith is so much more.

Oliver quickly looks and finds a table and signs. The notary Walter sent for notarizing everything. Walter asks Oliver to raise his hand. Oliver turns to Felicity. "You have to technically adopt her since the whole fiasco with the papers unless you want to go to court and say you didn't sign them." Oliver looks torn. "Oliver, we will know the truth and Mollie will know, that's all that matters."
He thinks about it before turning to Walter, "Ready!" He takes the oath, signs another dozen papers and he is legally Mollie's Father.

"I want to wish you two kids all the luck in the world. It's clear you love one another and that little girl. She's lucky to have you both." They grin at Walter and walk out.

When they are outside Oliver steps in front of her and picks her up. He spins with her, "Thank you, Felicity. Thank you for that little girl, for making me feel like the luckiest man in the world and thank you for giving me a voice with her." Her arms are around his neck and he looks up into her eyes. She leans down and kisses him chastely. He loves this woman more than anything. Oliver missed their child being born but today comes a close second. She is legally his in every way. He is an equal parent. Even more, Felicity trusted him with her power to keep Mollie AND agreed to be exclusive. Today is a great fucking day!

They head back to her office so Oliver can get his car. She pulls into the small lot and parks in her space. She noticed Ray's car, but Oliver hasn't.

Oliver turns in his seat to look at her, "Thank you."

She turns in her seat, "No need to thank me. You deserve Mollie and she deserves you." He cups her cheek and leans over the center console to kiss her. It's a gentle, perfect kiss.

"Are you headed home?" He asks her as he pulls away.

"I need to take care of some stuff inside." Felicity doesn't tell him the stuff is Ray. They get out and he heads for his car while she walks inside. This won't be pretty.

Felicity opens the door and walks back to her office. The small outer office her assistant normally occupies is empty. She blows out a breath and opens the door to her office. Ray is on her quickly.

"Come on, it's been forever, I know you've missed me, missed us." He is begging. She has not missed this at all. Ray wasn't who she wanted even before.

"It's over Ray. It's been over." Ray looks her up and down.

"He's back and you are ready to ride him? You're willing to throw everything away including your dignity?"

She rolls her eyes, "My dignity has nothing to do with who I sleep with or don't. This thing between us has nothing to do with Oliver being back. It was over before he came back."

Ray walks over to her and takes her face in his hands, "I won't take Oliver Queen's leftovers. Had I known you'd fucked him before..." Felicity pulls away.

"What? You wouldn't have been with me? I was tainted or something? This isn't the 1950's Ray."

"Let me rephrase that, had I known you had a thing for bad boys and being treated like a whore, I wouldn't have been gentle. Maybe that's what you need."

Felicity is pissed now. He moves quickly. She's quicker. Years of running from Tommy and being alert to danger made her fast. "Leave NOW." When he doesn't move to leave she decides she has to
make him. When he moves closer this time she lets him. She spins and uses her back to flip him over and stomps on his dick. "We are done."

Just then she hears the door swing open. She turns to see Oliver. "I saw his car in the lot when I was leaving..." He looks down at Ray and up at her. "I was coming to save the day..."

She smiles, "I got this and now Ray understands we're over. Both business and definitely anything else." She removes her foot and steps back.

Ray stands up slowly. Oliver stands in his way, "Stay away from her." Ray looks back at her, "You're welcome to her. I was about done with her anyway." Oliver moves to punch him but Felicity grabs his forearm.

"He's not worth it." She isn't sure Oliver agrees. He wraps an arm around her waist and kisses her temple.

"You kicking his ass was hot..." She laughs.

"Thanks."

"Did you get what you came back for?" He asks looking around. She looks around guilt clear on her face.

"I came back to deal with Ray." Oliver smirks. She feels guilty.

"Can I walk you to your car?"

"I'd love that."

Oliver stops and she stops too. She looks up at him. He's so tall and gorgeous she almost falls over. "I have a question, and I don't want it to start a fight."

Felicity's heart stops. "O-Okay."

Oliver takes a deep breath, "With Ray you could and did protect yourself. With Tommy--you didn't? Couldn't? I've read some things but I want to know from you." Oliver looks nervous asking her that question.

They've never really discussed the situation since the night she told him. She looks up at the sky and blows out some air. She lowers her gaze to Oliver. "Tommy didn't start out beating me or calling me names. It was subtle. It was so subtle I didn't realize it was happening. First teasing me about how I dressed or things I said. Then I realized it wasn't teasing. Physically, it was holding me too tight or keeping me from leaving a room. He slowly conditioned me and messed up my head. Sure, I think about it a lot and worry about how messed up I am--but Tommy put fear into me. It's a conditioned response to fear him and go into survival mode. With Ray or most anyone I can control it to a point. Only to a point."

Oliver is looking at her confused. She tries to explain, "I can defend myself from Ray because I know he can't actually hurt me. I'm stronger and a better fighter. With Tommy he can and has hurt me. I read a situation." She pauses, "Though sometimes I misread a situation."

"Meaning?"
"I've had people reach out to touch me or someone raise their hand in cheer and I fall into the fetal position as a reflex. As you witnessed." The look on Oliver's face. First pain. Second anger and lastly love?

"Yeah." He says barely above a whisper.

"I'm sorry about that Oliver."

He starts shaking his head, "No. Never be sorry for protecting yourself. But...I'd never hit you or hurt purposefully." She watches his adam’s apple bob as he swallows, “It upset me to know you’ve had to do that before and I never want to be a reason you do it again.”

Felicity has tears in her eyes. Oliver understands. He isn’t judging her or guilting her. Oliver is just being open and honest and...accepting. She throws her arms around him and kisses him. He kisses her back. “Thank you, Oliver for being the amazing person you are.” Oliver’s face is glowing as he pulls back.

"Thank you for telling me. It’s a complicated situation, but we need to learn to talk about it." She knows and has been waiting for this conversation. It was great to not have to lie or get defensive like she has in the past.

They start walking to her car again. She’s mildly surprised he didn't follow her to pick up Mollie and then home. When they arrive home she texts him that they are safe. She smiles to herself. It’s nice having someone who actually cares about her. She tells that nagging voice trying to remind her people leave to kindly shut the fuck up.

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Felicity is running around trying to find her shoes...last time she saw them Mollie was walking around in them with her big messenger bag. OH! Of course. She finds her messenger bag and they are in there. Yes!

She is slipping them on when she hears a knock at the door. She does a quick lipstick check. All systems are go. She opens the door. Oliver's mouth falls open. Just the reaction she was hoping for when she chose this dress. She smiles and tilts her head while Oliver looks her body up and down. He stops for a beat at her chest where the cut out is at and licks his lips.

"You look---" He stumbles over his words, "beautiful, perfect...delectable." She smiles. "You look pretty hot yourself."

He smiles shyly at her. Oliver Queen is shy about her complimenting him. "You ready?" She nods and grabs her wrap and clutch. They head out of her apartment and down to his SUV.

The drive to the restaurant is quick. They make small talk. How was their day? What did Mollie say or do? They arrive and Oliver helps her out. He puts his hand on the small of her back and she shivers. He looks at her with that eyebrow game of his and she smiles shyly.

The hostess seats them right away. She hands them menus, "Mr. Queen your Red has been decanted and is ready for you whenever you'd like." Oliver nods. "Now would be lovely." The hostess walks away.

She looks at him curiously, "Your Red?"

"I remember how you love a good bottle of red, so I had one of my own sent over and decanted for us." She's impressed. She turns her attention back to the menu. The wine steward comes and lets
Oliver check the wine. He approves and she is then poured a glass. The wine steward leaves after giving Felicity an approving once over. Oliver practically growls and the young man scurries off. She watches him go. When she turns back to Oliver he looks upset.

"Shall I leave you two alone?" She knows what he means but pretends otherwise. She sips her wine and moans, "Yes..you should. This wine is practically orgasmic." He laughs.

"You always did know how and when to call me on my bullshit." He looks at her with such adoration. His face is bathed in the candlelight from their table and he's beautiful. He is a work of art. She can say many bad things about Robert and Moira Queen, but they made a gorgeous man.

She shrugs, "It's a gift." They both go back to looking over the menu. The server comes to take their orders. He orders first and then asks the server, "You do remember that Miss Smoak has a nut allergy and her food needs to be prepared with that in mind?"

"Yes, sir. The Chef was informed and has made arrangements." The server smiles at Oliver then turns to Felicity who is still in shock that he remembers and went to all that trouble over her silly allergy. She orders her meal. When the server leaves she looks to Oliver fondly, "You remembered?" He laughs, "Kind of hard to forget almost killing you when I dared you to eat the brownie."

Felicity remembers that night all too well.

They were at a party playing Truth or Dare.

*Felicity almost always chooses Truth. That night she was scared someone would ask her true feelings for Oliver. He had replaced Sara as her best friend. They were always together and laughing. She told him how scared she was to graduate, how her Mom just wanted her married and making babies and how she feared no one would ever truly love her.*

Everyone whispered about them. She pretended not to notice, but she'd heard Laurel tell one of her friends to ask Felicity if she had fucked Oliver. The answer would be easy. "NO." But her face might give away the fact she thinks about it, a lot. She wonders how he would feel on top of her. How he kisses.

"Felicity? Truth or Dare." Oliver was asking. She could easily say Truth but she didn't want to, not tonight. She wants to be daring and throw people off the scent of her crush on Oliver.

"Dare." The whole room laughs. It's not high school so people are scattered around. Most are drinking, some are making out, but mostly they're just a group of friends partying.

Oliver smiles, "I dare you to eat this brownie." Felicity eyes it carefully held out to her, innocently in Oliver's large hand. It's just a brownie and she loves chocolate. Oliver looks at her with smile of encouragement. Tommy is talking quietly to Sara across the room. No one seems interested in this silly dare.

She plucks it from his grasp. She breaks off a large piece and pops it in her mouth. She licks her finger as she pulls it from her mouth. Oliver's jaw goes slack. She smiles up at him until she feels her throat start to scratch. Then she tastes it. Nuts.

She panting and looking at him. His face contorts into fear before her eyes, "Were there nuts in it?" She's having trouble breathing and grabs his bicep. He looks around and the girl who brought them nods. "Yes."

She can barely breathe, "Pen...allergy.." She had told Oliver once she carries an epi-pen because of
allergies when he found it in her purse and thought it was some designer drug.

"Sara!" They both look and see her and Tommy looking at them, "Get her purse, Tommy call 911...forget it, I'll drive her let's go." Oliver sweeps her up in his arms bridal style and runs for his car. Sara and Tommy behind them. He puts her in the backseat. Sara tosses him Felicity's purse. She remembers Oliver just dumping it to find the pen.

He pulls her face to his chest, "Don't look!" He knows she hates needles. He takes it and jams it in her thigh and presses the button. He gets in the drivers' seat while Tommy holds her on the drive to the hospital. No one says anything.

When they get to the hospital Oliver again takes her from the car and carries her. He doesn't even ask Tommy if he wants him to, Oliver just took care of her.

No one had ever taken care of her before, her Mom tried but Donna Smoak wasn't the best at it. Oliver Queen took care of everything, including the hospital bill.

She remembers. "I thought it was such an easy dare. A brownie and you knowing my love for chocolate. But nope you wanted to get me high!"

"I did. I thought if you babbled that much while sober I couldn't wait until you were high. But then you started turning blue and I was scared I had killed you." Oliver looks at her with such worry on his face still.

"Oliver, you were my hero that night. Tommy and Sara sat there but you used my epi-pen and saved me. Then you carried me to the hospital and sat by my bed." She tears up remembering waking up to see him staring at her and the relief written all over his face. Tommy was nowhere in sight. It had stung but Oliver being there...it made her heart race and the monitor went nuts and he told her a joke.

He grabs her hand, "Felicity I am so sorry about that night. It was stupid and selfish." She waves him off, "Oliver, we were kids and how were you supposed to know! At least you looked for my pen and took action."

He scoots closer to the table. His face is full of--something.

"What?" She asks. She places her elbows on the table and puts her chin in her hands. He shakes his head but tells her, "I've wanted a date with you for so long. I never dreamed I'd actually have a date with you!"

She moves back from her perch, "We have a child together without a date." His smile fades. "I don't regret Mollie, but I do regret we didn't date and marry first. I'd like to have at least been together."

She studies him, "What if you hadn't gone or I had left with you--maybe we would have been too young and would have grown to hate each other and made Mollie think love is bad and painful?"

She watches him as he thinks over her words, "Never. I could never hate you and I don't see us fighting. We were friends and for a brief moment lovers, we would have found a way to make it work." She shakes her head. Those are lovely sentiments but she doubts it would have played out like that.

"You wouldn't have found your passion with photography and writing. You would have went to work for your parents or taken some low paying job. Then you would have been unhappy and blamed me. We would have been another statistic."

He shakes his head and gives her that smile. The one that melts her heart. "First, you could have
supported us and I would have been a great stay at home Dad. Second, I would have taken pictures of Mollie every day and learned to love photography. Those pictures would mean so much more than the society pictures and travel shoots. Third, I would have started writing things because Mollie should know about her early life and those things would have led me to love my passion. A passion that would be second to my family, Lastly, you would have encouraged me and been my muse.

She is shocked. He makes her believe him. It could have happened like that and they could have been happy. A small happy little family. Maybe they could have made it together.

"Felicity, I would and still will do anything for our little family. Then I would have sucked it up and worked for my parents or at a fast food chain or sold my body to keep us all together."

"Uh no! I would never want you to sell your body for us!" She explains then blushes and more calmly continues," I like your body...a lot." He blushes. "I also wouldn't want you to sell your soul by working for your parents. I love your soul...." She gasps as she realizes what she almost said. Does she love him? yes. Is she in love with him? Probably. Is she ready to tell him? Definitely not.

Their meals arrive. They both enjoy their meals. Oliver even offers her a bite of his steak. They look like any normal couple, she feels normal for the first time in her life.

After dinner he takes her home. Mollie will be home already. John offered to stay with her until they got back. Felicity wants to get there before she goes to bed.

They are in the hallway outside her door, "Thanks for tonight Oliver. It was a great first date." He smiles proudly. "Don't act like you don't know how to wine and dine a woman."

He looks down and shuffles his feet. "I have experience with it yes. But none of that matters, I wanted to impress you. I wanted you to want a second date, not just be a co-parent." Felicity gasps a bit. This Oliver, the one before her is so much more open and honest.

She leans in to kiss him. As her lips touch his and he wraps his arms around her waist to pull her closer the front door is flung open.

"MOMMMMMMYYYYYY!" They leap apart. Felicity turns to Mollie who is reaching up for her. She looks over and sees Oliver. "Hi Oliver..." Mollie says Oliver more like Ollie-ber still. Felicity smiles.

"Guess what?" Felicity shrugs, "I don't know...what?"

Mollie smiles brightly and Felicity sees. She lost her first tooth. It's stupid but tears well up in her eyes, "Oh, Little Bit! You lost your first tooth!" She hugs her tightly. Then pulls back, "Wait you did lose it and someone didn't knock it out right?"

Felicity feels Oliver stiffen beside her. Protective Dad Mode is on. Mollie nods quickly. "Yep, it just fell out when I was eating my post class apple. Uncle John saved it for me so the tooth fairy can come!" Mollie wiggles out of her arms.

She walks over and looks up at Oliver, "See!" She smiles big and points to it. Oliver goes down on one knee to inspect. "Yep, it's gone. I guess the Tooth Fairy will be here tonight." Mollie nods.

"I know! I can't wait." Mollie pajama clad frame runs back into the apartment as John comes to the door. "Good you're back. I take it the date went well and I don't need to hide a body?" Felicity smiles and hugs him.

"He was the perfect gentleman and if he wasn't I could have handled it." John looks at Oliver. "Don't
cross her. She's deadly." They both laugh and Felicity lets it go that they are teasing her.

"Hey John, hold up and I'll walk out with you." Oliver turns and gives her a quick kiss. She grabs his hand, "Or you could stay and help me with the Tooth Fairy?" Oliver's face lights up.

"Really?" She nods. John chuckles from his perch on the steps. "Yeah, I'll see you around Oliver." He walks away. Felicity and Oliver enter her apartment.

They go looking for Mollie who is already in her room. She is placing her tooth under her pillow just so. Felicity smiles and watches as Oliver is entranced by their daughter. It's clear that Oliver adores her but is scared of her too.

"Oliver would you like to read Mollie her bedtime story while I go make some tea?" He looks shocked. Mollie eyes him, "Yeah, Oliver." He nods and walks over to the bed.

Felicity leans down and kisses her daughter goodnight. "Be nice, he's a newbie." Mollie giggles. "I will Mommy." Felicity walks to the door and watches as Oliver sits down on their daughter's bed. Mollie hands him the book and he starts to read it. The smile on his face is so big and full she wonders if his face might split open.

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Oliver is reading Mollie her favorite bedtime story. She requests he reread it four times before he tells her, "The longer you stay awake the longer it will be for the Tooth Fairy."

Mollie gasps. "Okay. Goodnight Oliver." She rises up and hugs him. Oliver barely holds back the tears. She lies back down and he pulls the covers up and tucks her in. He walks to the door as quietly as he can. He thinks she might be asleep already. The hugs from Mollie never cease to make him feel like he is here for the purpose of making this perfect child. He tries not to dwell on all the hugs he missed.

"I love you, Oliver." He freezes. It feels like his mouth has gone dry and he can't breathe. Did she? "I love you too Mollie." He turns and sees her eyes are closed but she's smiling. He walks out into the living room. Felicity isn't there. He finds her in the kitchen. She's changed into sweat pants and a tee.

He walks up behind her and puts his arms around her. He's crying now. "Thank you..thank you for her and for being such a great Mom and being the strongest person I know." Felicity turns in his arms.

"Oliver?" She questions him.

"She told me she loves me..." She hugs him to her. "Of course she would because she does." Oliver just stands there holding Felicity for a long time. The tea kettle starts to go off and she pulls away. She makes them both a cup of tea. After they are done with their tea, he notices Felicity is biting her thumbnail. He pulls her hand from her mouth, "What's wrong?"

She shakes her head, "Nothing." He moves closer, "Felicity..what is wrong?" She looks up into his eyes.

"How do I play Tooth Fairy? I've never done this before." She pauses, "I know..I can google it!" She rises from the couch and runs to her computer.

"Or we can wing it. Together?" Felicity looks up at him stunned. "Together? You'll help me?" He smiles at her while his heart aches for her. She's really been doing so much of this on her own.
"That's what I'm here for. I'm the Dad remember?" She smiles brightly. Then it drops from her face. "I've never had a Dad myself or help with Mollie. Tommy is a good playmate and loves her but he has always left decision making and everything up to me..." He pulls her into his chest.

"I'm here and I'm not going anywhere. So let's sneak in there and give our kid cash for the tooth." She pulls back just enough to look up into his face. "I like having you here."

"I like being here." Felicity goes to get her purse and pulls out some cash. She joins him by the door. He leaning in listening to make sure Mollie is asleep. Felicity joins him.

"How're we doing this?" Oliver isn't sure. He thinks about it. "Okay. You lift her head, I'll grab the tooth and place the money down. Then you gently place her head back on the pillow." He nods to show he is certain his uncertain plan will work. She nods in agreement. Oliver slowly opens the door and they creep in.

When they get to the bed, they discover their plan is for nothing. Mollie's head is at the foot of her bed and one leg is flung off the bed. The pillow is undisturbed. They look at each other and shrug. Oliver lifts the pillow while Felicity grabs the tooth. She pockets it. Mollie makes a noise and they both freeze.

Mollie turns over without awaking. They both sigh with relief. Felicity puts down the dollar bills. Oliver is about to lay the pillow over the money when she grabs his hand and shakes her head. He watches as she pulls a tube of pink glitter out of her pocket and gently sprinkles it around the money, the pillow and the bed. She looks up at him and nods.

They tiptoe back out of the room and shut the door. Mission accomplished. They run back to the couch and laugh. "I felt like Tom Cruise in Mission Impossible!" He tells her between laughs. "Me too."

"What was the glitter all about?" She moves closer to where he is seated on her couch. "Fairy! The Tooth Fairy would leave glitter, Oliver. We need to be authentic in our lies to our poor unsuspecting child!" She laughs louder.

After they both calm down Oliver realizes the time. "I should go." She looks up at the clock. She sighs and nods. She walks with him to the door. "Goodnight Felicity." He hugs her. When he pulls back, she kisses him. YES! He wants to deepen it and show her how much he wants her, but it's late and their first date.

He pulls back. She makes a soft moan. "So a second date?" She looks at him like she is thinking it over. He just smiles at her. "Sounds good."

"This weekend?" She frowns. "I can't. I have a thing...I have to work on a new proposal." He's disappointed.

"But I bet Mollie would love a date with you..." Oliver is stunned. "Do you think she's ready for that? Am I?" She softly laughs and grabs his hand. "You are both ready for this. If you want to do it?"

"OH I do. Saturday while you work, Mollie and I can have a date of sorts...it feels weird saying I have a date with a child...can we say an appointment."

"If that makes you feel better." He leans in and kisses her again. "Lock it behind me."

"Yes sir."
He waits until he hears the lock engage then leaves. Every time he leaves the two of them he feels like he is leaving part of himself behind. Hopefully someday (soon) they can all be together all the time.
Chapter Notes

Thank you to everyone who is being so supportive and continue to support this story. I know it's different from most things out there and the fact you guys have given it a chance is amazing! Thank you! I know my writing and my writing style isn't for everyone and those of you who support me, thank you!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Early Saturday morning Felicity puts Mollie in their small car and heads to Oliver's house. When Felicity asked Mollie if she wanted Oliver to spend time with her on Saturday she was elated. She hasn't stopped talking about it since. Even though, they haven't spent a lot of time together Mollie already adores everything about Oliver. This is probably another thing she gets from her Mom. Felicity can't resist him either. She wonders how she was able to avoid him for so long when they were in college. She always felt pulled towards Oliver, but the thought of hurting Tommy (who was good enough to her) or being the cause of pain if their friendship ended for Oliver was more than she could stand.

Oliver is equally excited yet nervous. He's called Felicity several times for suggestions for what to do with Mollie. At first she told him to do whatever he wanted or Mollie wanted. As his nerves skyrocketed she decided to help him. They talked about it and even though he asked Felicity to help him decorate Mollie's room at his house, she suggested he and Mollie do it together. As the week went on she began to worry that was a bad, bad idea.

Felicity thought they'd pick out some bedding, maybe a few books and toys and some posters for the wall. No. Oliver is Oliver Queen after all and he does nothing half way. Oliver decided they would go furniture shopping in the morning, have lunch and then look for paint and all the things she suggested. If there was time left they would look for wall decor etc. It's the last part that worries her the most. Felicity knows that Oliver's taste was once frat boy chic. She hopes he's outgrown that or Mollie picks things out.

They pull up in front of Oliver's and Mollie is excited to get out. Felicity unhooks her and helps her out of the car. Mollie grabs her hand and drags her up the front walk to the front door. Before she can ring the bell Oliver answers. He bends down and hugs Mollie. "You can go on in." She runs around him and into the house. Then she turns back. She runs back to Felicity's arms.

"Sorry Mommy." She gives Felicity a hug and kiss.

"I love you Little Bit. Be good for Oliver, okay?" Mollie nods and makes an "X" over her heart. Felicity smiles at her and she runs off.
Oliver hands her a to go mug of coffee. "I thought you might need this." She smiles at him. Oliver remembers her coffee, she thinks as she sips it. "Thank you! You are a god among men." He chuckles.

"Don't let her talk you into anything."
He shakes his head. "I won't." She turns and heads for her car. "I'll be back around five." Oliver looks nervous.

"Oliver she's a five year old, you got this!" Oliver looks nervously at her. "If you need me call me. She loves you and has talked about this all week." He slowly starts to smile.

"Smoak women, we are helpless to resist you, Queen." She says as she's walking away.

"You've resisted me a lot--" She is at her car and opening the door.

"It was touch and go a lot of the time." She replies, clearly flirting. Oliver's smile broadens and he waves as she drives off.

Oliver walks inside and finds Mollie watching him. "You didn't kiss Mommy goodbye." Oliver is stunned for a second. He opens his mouth to speak several times but he doesn't speak. "Uh...I didn't forget. I thought it might make you feel uncomfortable...or something..." He trails off.

"I know you like Mommy." She walks to the built in breakfast nook and sits down. She puts her stuffed duck next to her and looks up at him. "She likes you too." She folds her hands on the table. "I like that she smiles a lot when you are around. She's not sad now." She's kicking her feet and looks so much like her Mommy.

"I do like her..." She just nods at him happily. "And that's okay with you?" She nods more. "Sure. You can marry Mommy and I can FINALLY get a little brother or sister...and a Daddy. Daddy T is nice but--" She looks sad and looks down at her hands. "I want my own Daddy who lives with me and loves me a lot. And shows up for my school things."

Oliver's heart stops. "I do love you a lot. Whether I live with you or not." He lowers himself to her level. "No matter what happens with me and your Mom, I am here for you and love you. Nothing will change that. I will be there whenever you need or want me, Mollie. I promise you." She just looks at him so much like Felicity when she is trying to decide if she believes him. She must decide she does. She nods and hugs him.

"Good."

Oliver's heart swells with the knowledge that she loves him, she loves that he seems to make her Mommy happy and that she wants him in her life. Oliver is staring at her thinking about how she wants siblings and suddenly he wants that for her and himself. He wants to be there from the beginning with a child. He wants to help Mollie become a great older sister. He wants to watch Felicity's belly grow with his child, and get her whatever she is craving. He wants to do 2 a.m. feedings and bath times and bedtime stories. He wants it so much it hurts.

"Oliver?" He loves how she trips over saying his name when she feels nervous or worried it gets even worse. He smiles at her reassuring her.

"Can you make me panny cakes? I like yours best!" He smiles at her. His heart if so full of love for this small child, he'd give her anything. Pancakes are a simple thing.
Oliver makes panny cakes as Mollie calls them and then they head out to buy things for her room. At the home improvement store she looks at every paint chip they have before deciding on pink. A bright pink. He isn't surprised at all. He smiles and buys a couple of gallons. Next they head to the furniture store.

He's holding her hand as they walk in, "I can get ANYTHING I want for my bed?" Oliver nods. "You sure can."

He knows he's spoiling her but he's missed out on so much he can't help himself. He has several birthdays, Christmases and Chanukah's to make up to her. Mollie is swinging their hands as they walk with her duck in the other. He smiles down at her. He couldn't be more proud of his child and how self-assured she is with most things in life. They walk into the store and two sales clerks come up to them.

Oliver smiles at the two women. "May we help you, Sir?" Oliver is a man who has been hit on many times and been propositioned more than he should have been. Having it happen in front of his daughter is not something he is okay about. "MY daughter is looking for a bedroom set." He smiles down at her.

"I get anything I want!" she squeals and heads to the kids section. The two women follow him as he follows Mollie. He hears them whispering about him. He's always appreciated women who appreciate his body, until today. He decides to ignore them. It's not easy to ignore their appreciative remarks about his backside. He is getting annoyed.

Mollie is running from bed to bed. Her eyes getting bigger and bigger. She starts babbling just like her Mom and he can't help but smile. She bites her lip while thinking then moves on. He hears her debating with herself about which option is best. He is completely enchanted by this little one. He can't help the smile that is lighting his face.

The sales clerk leans into Oliver's side, "She looks just like you." Oliver thinks no, she is a mini-Felicity instead. He just keeps smiling. He watches out of the corner of his eye as the woman looks for a wedding ring. He wishes he had one. Doesn't matter though; Felicity is his always even if they aren't together. No other woman can even come close.

"Oliver!" Mollie yells to him. "Can I have this one?" He looks to see and smiles bigger. "Of course." She wants a canopy bed. She is a princess after all. It comes with a dressing table, dresser and a chest of drawers. Oliver tells the sales clerk that is left that they'll take it. He looks and finds Mollie looking at something else.

"I thought she was your daughter? Oliver?" She studies him. "Oliver Queen!" He sighs as her face lights up in that way it does with most women.

"Mollie is my daughter. " He gives no other explanation. The woman looks him over and again sees no ring on his finger. "Her mother try to trap you?" Oliver bristles. Why do people always assume this about Felicity? He wonders what her life is like when it comes to this complicated relationship they have together.

He looks over at her finally while following Mollie. "No. I want to get married. I love her more than anything. Sadly, she realizes she can do better than me." Oliver hopes that will turn her off. It doesn't.

She reaches over and touches his arm, "Stupid girl."

He smiles, "Nah, brilliant woman. The ONLY woman for me."
He watches Mollie at an art desk for kids. It's a mini version of a drafting table with a side cubby for art supplies. He looks to the sales clerk, "We will take this too, please." Mollie looks up at him, "Really?" He nods. She deserves it. He had no idea she was into art, then again maybe she just likes the table. Either way she's getting it.

They go to the service desk and Oliver pays for it. He makes sure the elderly lady who left them alone the entire time gets the commission since the other sales clerk was more interested in him than the sale. He sets up delivery for the following weekend. That gives him the week to paint and get a rug for the floor. As they are walking out Oliver asks her if she wants to buy posters or pictures for her wall.

"No. I will hang my pictures I make up and I will get a picture of Mommy to go in my room. Maybe one of Daddy T and Sara." She sounds very serious about this and he can't help but think about how loving she is towards the people in her life. "Oh and Aunt Thea and you."

After they leave the furniture place Oliver decides they need lunch. Mollie, ever Felicity's daughter picks Big Belly Burger. They walk in and Mollie heads right for a table. He loves how Felicity has raised her to be so sure of herself and comfortable in her world, even if he hates this neighborhood for her. She seems completely comfortable here.

Once seated Carly walks up. "What can I get you?"

"My usual please Aunt Carly but with water to drink." Carly smiles at her. Oliver quirks his head. She always gets a milkshake. She grabs the crayons and starts coloring.

"Oliver?" He shakes his head, "Burger, onion rings and a water please." She nods and walks off.

"You okay Mollie?" She lifts her head, "Yes." He is worried. What if she's ill? Felicity will kill him. He can't screw this up the first time.

"You didn't order a milkshake." She stops and looks at him like he is an idiot.

"You didn't say I could. Mommy only lets me order them SOMETIMES." She drops her head and starts coloring. Oh, yeah...he's in charge. That's....weird yet the best thing ever.

Mollie chatters away while drawing. Oliver's phone rings and he looks before hitting ignore, no one is more important than Mollie. He stops. It's Felicity, "Hey!" She asks how Mollie is and then she talks to Mollie. After they hang up Mollie sighs. "I miss Mommy."

He sighs because he understands that feeling all too well. "Me too."

Carly brings the food over and sits it down. "Aunt Carly, Guess what?" Carly smiles down at her then to Oliver, "What?" She asks excitedly.

"Oliver made me panny cakes, and he took me shopping and I got to pick out my paint and bed! It's princess stuff. I need to bring my trains over too someday. And he bought me a big girl art table of my own." She stuffs some burgers and onion rings in her mouth.

Carly smiles down at Oliver. "Good job Dad." He smiles proudly. After lunch they go over to his house to wait until Felicity gets off work for the day.

When they get home he takes out his camera. He wants to take some pictures of her. She agrees readily. They walk into the backyard and she starts running around just being herself. He clicks away. She tries to climb a tree, rolls around in the grass then stops, "You should get a dog."

"Maybe. Someday." She seems satisfied with that answer. They go inside and watch a movie. Mollie
loves the media room. She is her Father's Daughter after all. After the movie Oliver decides they should make dinner. Felicity can eat with them, he hopes.

Mollie wants chicken. Oliver has several recipes for chicken. Mollie also tells him she loves green beans and hates brussel sprouts. She likes potatoes of any kind and made any way. She hates carrots but loves spinach.

She helps him measure out the ingredients. He keeps her away from the stove. He doesn't want her burned. When everything is almost ready she offers to set the plates out. Oliver turns to the breakfast bar and sees no dishes or Mollie. He goes looking for her and finds her in the living room. Like Mother like Daughter. She sat the plates on the coffee table. "Oliver you need a tv in here..." That was pure Felicity.

They are sitting down on the floor when the doorbell rings. They both run for it. When Oliver opens it, Felicity is there. Mollie jumps into her arms and Oliver wants to do the same. He pictures that in his head and starts laughing.

"Come in." He pulls her in the house. "Oliver we should go. I need to get dinner and---" She stops when she sees the dinner on the coffee table. "I'll get you a plate." Oliver tells her.

They have their first family dinner in his home. He wants it to be their home some day. Mollie tells Felicity all about her day. She babbles on and on about her bedroom furniture and lunch. Then she talks about the panny cakes and Oliver getting her the desk. Felicity watches her and he can tell she adores hearing every little detail of their day. She's tired but it doesn't stop her from chatting with her daughter.

After dinner Felicity announces they need to go. Mollie pouts. "I wanted to ride my bike. PLEASE MOMMY!" She is looking up at Felicity in clear five year old desperation with her hands folded together like she is praying. Felicity looks down at her and then to Oliver. "I can teach her and you can supervise?" He sees how tired Felicity is and he wants both of his girls happy. She sighs, "Okay for a little while."

Oliver and Mollie run for the garage. They see Felicity is sitting on the steps. Oliver is helping Mollie put on her helmet and instructing her on how to ride. "Mollie, maybe we should put training wheels on this bike?" Mollie shakes her head.

"No. I want to ride like a big girl." Oliver looks down at her. They bought her knee pads and elbow pads. He puts them on her and helps her get on the bike. He wishes he had a full body suit for her. They start in the driveway since his car is in the garage and Felicity parked on the street. He holds the back of the bike. "Now, you know how to pedal it, right?" She nods. "Okay. Look ahead not at your feet. Trust your feet."

Oliver and Mollie run up and down the driveway with him holding the back of the bike. Finally when they are headed back up he lets go. She wobbles at first. Then she is fine. "You're doing it!" She turns the bike and heads for him. She runs right into him and he grabs the handle bars and stops her. They are laughing with each other. "I DID IT!"

"Mommy! Did you see I did it!" Felicity is walking over to them.

"I did! I am so proud of you."

"Can I ride for a few more minutes?" Felicity looks at her daughter and then to him.

"Okay. A few minutes and only in the driveway. Do not go near the road." Mollie nods. Oliver
watches as she concentrates. He looks to see Felicity with tears in her eyes. "What's wrong?"

She looks to Oliver, "She's growing up so fast. It's good but sad too." Felicity reaches over and takes his hand. He looks down. His heart is beating out of his chest. She initiated this. He pulls her closer with their entwined hands and kisses her temple.

"This is cute." They both turn to see Tommy. Felicity tries to drop his hand.

"Daddy T." Mollie rides her bike right up to them. "Oliver taught me to ride my bike!" She is so proud of herself. Tommy looks at her and Oliver holds his breath.

"I see, Little Bit. I need to talk to your Mom."

Felicity looks scared. "Mollie, go put your bike away, then go inside and wait for me. Grown up talk time." Mollie looks like she is about to argue when she sees Felicity isn't going to discuss this. She rides her bike up the driveway. When they hear the back door shut, Felicity turns to Tommy still trying to work her hand free.

Before she can speak Tommy does. "Are you Daddy O now?" Tommy cackles. It's not a pleasant sound. Oliver starts to say something but Tommy continues. "I guess you should teach her to ride the bike. You missed teaching her how to walk or talk or bathe herself or her ABC's or how to read--yet, here you three are playing the happy family."

Oliver feels his blood pressure rising. "We aren't playing. We are happy and we are a family."

"For now. How long until you need to get laid? How long before you get tired of playing Daddy? Commitment isn't your thing, Ollie." Tommy is looking at Felicity. "How long before she wears out your patience? How long until you realize just how DAMAGED she is?" Felicity is really trying to work her hand out of his now. He doesn't let her go.

"Have you been late yet?" Tommy laughs. "She will crawl into a corner convinced you left her. That's how fucked up she is! Or had a little lipstick on your collar and she stares at you with tears in her eyes like you're supposed to feel bad when she won't spread her legs for you?"

Oliver doesn't let go of her hand as he moves in front of her. Tommy keeps going. Felicity whispers, "Oliver--"

"Mollie is MY child. MINE. I was there when she had colic. I was the one who knows her first word and when she took her first step. I won't let you take THEM away from me, Ollie."

Oliver studies him for a moment. "Felicity is Mollie's Mother. I am her Father. Felicity is now my girlfriend, Tommy. I don't own them, but they will never be yours."

Tommy looks around him to Felicity, "He won't stay. He left you before just like your Daddy did--he will do it to Mollie. Only this time I won't pick up the pieces."

Oliver drops her hand and moves to Tommy. "I'm not going anywhere, ever. I love Felicity and I love our daughter. You need to learn to accept things as they are now."

"Felicity, you can't keep her from me, please?" Oliver sees he's trying a new tactic.

"Tommy." Felicity is pleading. "I can't risk her around you when you're like this, I can't."

Tommy is glaring at her. "I'm not drinking! I haven't done any drugs. Test me! I'll pass. I need Mollie in my life." Oliver looks out of the corner of his eye. Felicity is shaking her head.
"No. Not until you have your anger under control. Then we can all meet and discuss things."
Tommy starts to cry.

"Promise? Maybe after the wedding? She can still come right?" Oliver can't believe how he went from bully to whiny child.

"Yes. Tommy she's going to be at the wedding. Then after you get back, we will see how things are with everything, okay?" She’s speaking to him softly. Tommy sniffs. He has his head down and walks to her and puts his arms around her waist. Tommy rests his head on her shoulder.

"Can I have my key back, please?" Oliver is watching Tommy try to manipulate her and he can only pray she can withstand it. Felicity shudders.

"I don't have another key." She feels Tommy stiffen. He turns his head to stare at Oliver and he sees a murderous rage then a smirk. "I can have the one Ollie took from me."

"No. Oliver and I exchanged keys. Now, that we're together-- it wouldn't be right." Tommy turns back to rest his head on her shoulder then turns into her neck. Oliver is seeing red. "Please, Smoak--" When he nuzzles in Oliver sees Felicity cringe and watches as Tommy grabs her ass. Nope this is done.

Oliver grabs him by the collar away from her. "Keep your hands off my girlfriend."

Tommy smirks, "She didn't seem to mind..."

"Oliver is right. You should keep your hands to yourself. You'll be married soon and I am with Oliver." Tommy looks between them. He shrugs.

"I'll be good, I promise Smoak. For Mollie. Just don't take her away." He moves back to hug her again. Oliver is ready to grab him when she shakes her head.

Oliver watches in awe of how this whole thing has gone down. After a couple of minutes Tommy stands up straight. He clears his throat. "Thanks, Smoak. You're my best girl." Felicity blushes. Oliver just keeps blinking. Tommy turns to Oliver pats his shoulder, "Later, Buddy." Tommy walks off.

"What the hell just happened?"

Felicity looks at him. "The Tommy Merlyn Mindfuck. It's why or a big reason why I am so messed up." She says on a sigh. She turns to walk into his house. He catches up. "I need to get Mollie and get home."

"You could stay..."

She laughs politely. "We don't have pajamas or beds."

"We could share..." He whispers. She blushes and shakes her head. He hates her going home to that neighborhood more than he hates being in this house without them. He's also worried Tommy might be there. He decides he will follow her home.

He walks them to her car and buckles Mollie in. He helps Felicity into the driver’s side. "Call me when you get home. I worry." She smiles fondly. "I know." They just look at each other.
"Kiss!" Mollie laughs from her seat. Oliver gives her a quick peck on the lips. He steps back and his family leaves him, again. He can't wait until they are here with him. Hell, he will move in with them if he has to do it that way.

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Felicity is nervous as she heads to Oliver's house. The last couple of weeks have been almost perfect. The only flaw in the ointment, so to speak is Tommy's wedding hanging over their heads. Today is the day for that to be over. Then Tommy will be gone for two long weeks!

Felicity and Mollie are meeting Thea at Oliver's. She will take Mollie to the wedding and take care of her. Felicity is nervous. She is worried about Sara and Mollie. She is worried about Tommy drinking. She is worried about the Queen's and Thea. Mostly she doesn't want her daughter caught in the crossfire of any of the adult business.

Felicity gets Mollie's dress out along with accessories out and they walk up to Oliver's. He opens the door. "Thanks for letting us get her ready here." He smiles down at Mollie.

"I am glad to have you here." They walk past him and into the kitchen. Felicity will curl Mollie's hair and get it put up in here. She starts setting up. Oliver comes in with his camera. "Do you mind?" She hates being photographed but this is a big day for Mollie. "No."

She curls and pins Mollie's hair while the girl plays on her tablet. Mollie never fusses much when Felicity does her hair. She thinks she likes it. When she is done, Mollie's hair has flowers all in it and perfect curls. She's beautiful. Oliver snaps another picture and smiles at his daughter. He melts Felicity's heart with the way he is with her.

"Ready to get your dress on?" Mollie nods and runs for the bathroom. Felicity gets the dress and follows. She helps Mollie put on her tights then her slip and finally her dress. When they are done she looks at her little girl and can't believe how grown up she looks.

They walk out to find Oliver is waiting with Thea. She must have arrived while they were getting dressed. There is another knock at the door and Felicity is worried. "It's okay. I hired a driver and I hired bodyguards."

Felicity is stunned to see John and Andy Diggle walk in. "Driver, bodyguard and sobriety coaches, at your service." Andy Diggle teases. Felicity looks to Oliver, "Thank you."

The foursome leave. Felicity turns to Oliver. "I guess...I can come back later." He grabs her and pulls her into his arms. "Or we could spend the day together?"

"Yeah?" He nods.

"Yeah. I think we could have a nice day to ourselves especially knowing that Mollie and Thea are safe." Felicity thinks so too.

"What's the plan?" She asks him genuinely curious. He stutters for a minute. "I didn't think you'd agree..." She laughs. "Where is that Queen confidence I remember?" He shrugs. She nudges him.

"Okay if I said no what was your plan?" He looks sheepish. "Paint Mollie's room since I still haven't done that and edit some pictures."

She thinks about it. "I can help paint or do it while you edit your pictures." He shakes his head. "I don't want you doing manual labor."

"Oliver, I am capable of painting a room. I've done it many, many times. I am actually really good at
it." He takes her in his arms. "Oh really?" She nods, "The best."

"Okay. WE paint our daughter's room." He kisses her lips. He pulls back, "I like being domestic with you."

Oliver and Felicity spend the better part of the afternoon painting Mollie's room. After they are done Oliver turns to her, "Want to shower first or should I?"

She doesn't have a change of clothes and she destroyed her shirt. Her jeans were mostly spared. "you go ahead. I'll need to go home and get a new shirt." He looks scared.

"Or you can just borrow one of mine. We're staying in, right?" They are? Okay. Sure she can stay in with a very hot and manly Oliver Queen. Father of her child and star of all her X rated dreams since the moment she accidentally walked in on him.

Oliver had spent the night again. Luckily, Felicity has noise canceling headphones she is spared any loud noises or banging of headboards. She still hadn't slept. She had spent most of the night, imagining what she should be hearing. She also couldn't sleep because she had to pee and wasn't risking hearing Oliver and Sara going at it.

Felicity sighs, as she gets up out of bed. She knows having a crush on her roommate’s boyfriend is awful, the fact that he is also her boyfriend’s best friend is ever worse. Felicity walks to her closet and grabs a pair of jeans. She decides to wear the tee shirt she slept in. She headed to the library until the evening hours and hopes by then Oliver will have left.

She grabs her laptop and shoves it in her backpack and looks for her keys. She looks on her desk, in the closet and even in her bed. Shit. They are in the kitchen on the hook like always. Damn it. She will have to cross the living room to get there and Sara's room. Frak! Felicity takes a deep breath and slowly opens her bedroom door.

She tilts her head to see if she hears anything. When she is sure that they are either gone or asleep, she starts walking to the kitchen. As she rounds the corner into the kitchen she stops. She gulps. She knows she should turn away but she can't.

Oliver Queen is standing naked in front of the fridge. He has the orange juice carton turned up and his head thrown back gulping it down. She follows the lines of his very muscular back. Then she lands on the most perfect male ass she has ever seen in real life, tv or porn. She licks her lips as her eyes go over is legs. They, like the rest of him, are perfect. It's like he's been chiseled out of stone or something. Her eyes of their own volition go back to his eyes. She doesn't even stop staring when he burps. She doesn't stop until he turns around. He tosses the carton across the room into the recycling bin.

She jumps when his--wow. It's not even hard and it's huge..dick comes into play. She licks her lips again before she registers Oliver speaking. " Sorry...I thought you were still asleep." She watches him as he covers himself but not before she notices he isn't as limp as he was before he noticed her. OH MY GOD!

"No...I'm sorry." She looks around and sees her keys. He is between her and the keys. No...."I just need my keys."

"You're leaving?" She only nods while still diverting her eyes. NOW she diverts her eyes? He must think she's a freak.
"Library. Studying..." He looks and sees what she is looking at he leans over and grabs her keys. He waits and she finally looks at him. He walks over and hands them to her. When her hand grazes his, she swears she feels something. "eep!" She turns and runs from the apartment.

Felicity looks and sees Oliver looking at her with confusion. She just smiles.

"Umm..okay. You go first." he turns to his bedroom and then back to her, "You're still going to be here right?" She chews her lip, "Yeah. I was thinking I could order the food while you shower." He nods and smiles at her and her knees nearly buckle. She needs to get away from Oliver and his soon to be naked body. As a young man he was toned, as an adult he is amazing and that's with clothes on.

Felicity heads downstairs and finds where his poorly lacking menu stash is located. How can he only have three? She looks around the kitchen and remembers he can cook. That's probably why and he has that hard body and he needs to keep that in order with good food...and she needs to stop thinking about his body because he's in the shower.

She shakes her head to help orient herself. She grabs a menu, Italian. He orders in? Nope. She grabs another one which is for a diner and the last is for Thai food which makes her sick since she was pregnant, so an American Diner that delivers it is! She orders a lot of food.

After she orders she starts looking around his house. It's clean. Really clean for a bachelor. She walks over to his fireplace and spots a picture of Mollie. He must have taken it on their playdate together. Mollie is looking at the camera. She's so beautiful it takes her breath away. She helped make that perfect little human.

The doorbell rings. She walks to the door and answers it. It's the food. "That was fast!" She runs back in and grabs her purse. She quickly pays the delivery person. She takes the food to the coffee table and sets it up. She will shower after she eats. She waits a couple more minutes and then decides she can't wait. She walks upstairs. She doesn't knock because she assumes he's in the shower so she will knock then.

When she throws open Oliver's bedroom door he is there. His back is to her. His very naked ass as he bends over. She wets her lips. Oliver stands up pulling his boxer briefs up. She lets out and "eep" and turns around. "Sorry! I thought you were in the shower...uh, the food is here." She says scurrying to the door.

Once in the hallway she leans against the wall. She's is torn between arousal and mortification. She decides to tuck that visual away for some lonely night and tonight she can apologize for invading his privacy. She hurries downstairs.

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Oliver turns around and finds Felicity staring at him. The lust in her eyes almost undoes him. He watches her as she makes excuses and hurries out. He smiles. He knows his body is nice, but knowing that Felicity appreciates it makes him feel special.

He finishes dressing and walks downstairs. He sees her seated at the coffee table. Mollie and Felicity are very much alike. "I do have a table now." She looks up and then quickly avoids eye contact. He smirks, he can't help it.

He walks over and sits next to her. He took Mollie's request to heart and put a small tv in here. Felicity has it on and is watching. He grabs some food. He loves this place. They make the best mac and cheese he has ever eaten and she ordered a double order. Felicity keeps sneaking glances at him.
out of the corner of her eye. He waits her out.

Finally after she has eaten she clears her throat. He turns to her. She is looking down, but then almost defiantly looks up at him and sticks her chin out, "I'm sorry for invading your privacy. I'm constantly telling Mollie to always knock and then I just assume you're in the shower...I am sorry." She nods for emphasis. She turns back to her plate.

"Apology accepted." She looks at him and smiles. The relief clear on her face. "But Felicity, you are always welcome in my room. No barriers between us on my part."

"Okay... I should go shower. Did you leave the shirt I can borrow out?" He smiles.

"Just grab whatever. I don't care. What's mine is yours." She is at the bottom of the steps. He stands so he can see her when he says what he has to say, "And if you want...I can barge in on you and we can be even...I did show you mine..."

Felicity cocks her head. "Oh, I thought that was payback for the night we conceived Mollie. You not only saw my ass but worshipped it. Your exact words as you kissed every inch were 'I can die happy now'" She gives him a smile and trots up the stairs.

"Fuuuuuuckkk." That was torture.

Oliver sits there for several minutes trying desperately to once again remember that night. Damn it. He can only imagine what actually getting to worship her ass is like and how he felt having free reign. He's tried hypnosis, a sweat lodge (that was awful) a psychic and a psychologist who basically told him he could help Oliver. Nothing has worked. NOTHING. Slade told him to get drunk and kiss Felicity. Oliver is almost considering it.

When he can finally stand without embarrassment again, he takes the plates to the kitchen. He walks back to the living room and grabs the leftover food to put in the refrigerator. He hopes to remember to send it home with Mollie and Felicity.

Oliver is about to run out of things to do when his doorbell rings. Oliver walks to the front door and pulls it open. John and Andy are standing there. "They took her."

Chapter End Notes

I KNOW! I don't like cliffhangers either. BUT the next chapter is written and back from my beta! So I just have to do the edits on it and you know get the courage to post. Yes, I still am struggling with posting. Also, I think there will be between 20-22 chapters of this story. We are getting close to the end..
Mollie

Chapter Summary

Mollie's kidnapping at it's aftermath

Chapter Notes

See, I told you I would update quickly because of the cliffhanger. After this there might be a long wait. My Beta is going out of town and will be busy. I do have the next few chapters mostly done. Mostly.

Thanks for reading and being patient! Hopefully I got this up before someone decided to shame post meme me on twitter! lol

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

"Who?" He isn't sure if he asking about who was taken or who did the taking. "Your parents and Thea took Mollie." Oliver's blood runs cold. Then his adrenaline kicks in, He will kill them. "What happened?" Oliver touches his back pocket and feels his wallet, he just needs his keys. His parents have a private jet they could have her out of the country in minutes.

John and Andy walk into the living room. "John I need to get back to the office in case we need the entire team. If they have her on a plane already--" John nods and Andy jogs out.

"Thea said Mollie needed the girls room and she would take her. I can't go in so I waited outside. After twenty minutes I asked Sara to go in, she works for me bride or not." Oliver nods.

"She came out and said they weren't in there. We looked everywhere and then noticed your Mom was gone. We can't get into the Manor so we came here." Oliver hears a gasp.

"She took my baby?" Felicity says from the stairs, the fear evident in her voice. Oliver runs to her. He wraps her in his arms.

"We will go over there and get her back." Oliver grabs his keys and wallet. John holds his hand up to stop him. "My parents won't leave the country with her or anything. I know them. The scandal would be too much."

"Are you sure about this? Maybe we should call the police?"

Oliver shakes his head, "No. I want to try this first and then if she does something we call in the police." John looks to Felicity and she nods agreeing with Oliver. He knows John will do what Felicity wants and he doesn’t begrudge him that because he knows he will do what she wants too. They’re all in agreement.

Oliver shouldn't be surprised his Mother would do something this crazy and idiotic. Seeing Sara marry Tommy was probably too much for her ego. She wants Sara and Moira Queen always gets
what she wants. Moira doesn’t care what Oliver or Sara want. It’s all about Moira.

Oliver and Felicity take his SUV over to his parents’ house and John follows in his car. He asks John to wait and only come in as backup. Oliver looks over at Felicity who is chewing her lip. "I am sorry she did this.." Felicity doesn't look at him.

He should have gone to the wedding. He didn't want to go and he didn't want to have to play nice to people he hates. He wanted to spend time with Felicity and he should have put Mollie first before his own needs. Oliver hits the steering wheel. Felicity jumps and looks at him.

"I am still the same selfish prick. I should have gone and protected Mollie. I shouldn't have just paid someone else to do it." He can't believe he could be this selfish still. Putting his own needs ahead of his child's. Thinking he could just throw money at a problem. That was supposed to be the old him.

"Oliver...you put her in the hands of John and Andy, they are her uncles and they love her. You didn't want the day to be awkward for her." Felicity offers him a reassuring smile. "You're a great Dad. Mollie is lucky to have you." Felicity reaches over and touches his arm. He wishes he felt better about it, but her touch does soothe him.

They walk up to the front door and Felicity stops Oliver looks back at her, "It's my family home we can walk in." She nods. He can tell she is still worried they aren't here that Mollie is gone. He opens the door and walks straight towards the family room. Before they reach the room he hears Mollie laugh with glee.

He looks at Felicity and they both start walking faster. When they reach the room they both sigh with relief to see Mollie on the floor with Oliver's old train set. It's huge and takes up most of the room. Moira is seated across from Mollie in a chair. Thea and Robert on the floor with her. Robert is even wearing an old conductor hat.

"Mollie!" Felicity calls. Mollie looks up at her Mom and beams. "Look what Grandpa said I could play with and look at the trees and bridges." Her excitement is almost contagious. She is clearly happy and enjoying herself.

Oliver ignores everyone and every one of the manners Raisa tried to instill in him. He walks over to Mollie, stepping over trains and parts to get there. He scoops her up and walks over to Felicity. "Wait outside with John, please." He hands Mollie over to her Mommy. Mollie looks confused and scared. Oliver never wants her to be scared. He almost relents until he remembers just how dangerous his parents are to his family.

Oliver watches as worry and fear fill Felicity eyes. "Please." He strains to make his voice calm. She looks around the room then back to him before turning and leaving. She doesn't even let Mollie say goodbye and Mollie seems to understand this isn't the time.

Once they are outside Oliver turns to his family of origin. He looks at Thea, "Go to your room. I'll call you later.." Thea looks at her brother and leaves. For once, she doesn't look to Moira Queen to see what she should do. Oliver watches her go. Proud that she isn't as controlled by their Mother as she was when he first returned. Time with him has helped that.

He turns his attention back to his parents. Both of them standing before him now. "Do NOT go near my family again." Moira opens her mouth to speak. "My child and her Mother are none of your business. I am NONE of your business. I won't ever be back here. I am no longer your son, do you understand?"

Robert speaks, "Oliver I just wanted to show her your old trains. She's my Granddaughter and I can
finally--" Robert trails off when he sees the murderous rage in his son's eyes. He nods accepting Oliver's demand. Oliver thinks he has earned his Dad's respect, not that he needs it or wants it. It no longer matters to him what his parents think of him or his choices.

"I did this for you, Oliver. That child needs us. She needs you." Oliver snorts.

"Didn't she need me when you kept the letters from me? Didn't she need me when she was born or the first few years of her life? She did, but you thought you should decide for her and for me." Oliver spits out at his Mother.

Moira doesn't lose her composure. She pushes back her shoulders and tells her son the truth, "I wanted better for you than that girl's Mother. You're a Father now don't you want the best for Mollie? Wouldn't you do anything to give it to her? That woman is not qualified or good enough to be the mother of the Queen Heir."

Oliver moves to his Mother. He is imposing and most people would back down, "She is overqualified and she is the best damn thing to happen to this family. I love her and nothing and no one will change that. I told her and now I'm telling you, she is my always. I will love her forever."

Moira gasps. Robert steps forward.

"Son, I will respect your wishes. But please consider letting me be her grandfather. I stayed back before because I was convinced you wanted out of fatherhood." Robert levels a look at his wife that conveys she had fooled him, "Now, I know you love your child and I want a chance to love her too." Oliver shakes his head.

Oliver storms out of the house. He finds Felicity sitting in the front seat of his car. John has the door open and is standing beside her. Mollie is perched in her lap. He studies them for a moment and it calms him down. John sees him and moves to his own vehicle. Oliver reaches in and grabs Mollie. He needs to feel his daughter and confirm she is okay.

Mollie puts her arms around Oliver and squeezes him tightly. "I'm sorry, Oliver." He shakes his head, "Not your fault, Baby Girl."

Felicity moves out of his car. He watches as she walks into the house. "I'll be back." Oliver sees John Diggle stepping out of his car. Oliver hands Mollie to him and runs after Felicity. He finds her in the foyer with his parents and Thea. He comes up behind her.

Felicity squares her shoulders. It's her fighting stance. Oliver knows something big is about to happen. "Thea, go get your things. You're going home with one of us." Thea looks from Oliver to Felicity then to Moira. When Thea looks at Moira and her stern face she crumples. Felicity steps to her and holds her hands blocking her view of Moira. "Thea-- if you want out of here, go and get your things. Don't look back. Just go." Thea runs up the stairs never looking back.

"If you try and get her to stay or take her from Oliver or myself, I will destroy your reputation and standing in this community." Moira smiles.

"You have nothing on me. I am a pillar of this community." Felicity smiles right back at her. "I'm sorry Mr. Queen. Did you know your wife meets Mr. Merlyn every Wednesday for a BDSM session in his basement? She likes to dominate. He likes to tape them--I have copies. Did you know that Monday night isn't bridge night? It's when she meets her young lover, Carter Bowen at Sundown Motel outside of the city-- I could go on. I have pictures, receipts. You see, I always knew I needed a way to get away from all of you. When it turned out I didn't need it I kept it all as a way to protect Mollie-- I offered it to Oliver to get Thea out of here. He declined, so I will do the dirty work here." She smiles sweetly at his parents.
"Oh and Robert, if you think you're clear-- you're not. I know you've been sleeping with Laurel Lance every Monday night for three years now. I also know you've been paying off half the SCPD to keep her father from knowing and I know you have a mistress you keep in a plush apartment downtown." Robert gasps as Oliver looks on.

Oliver loves seeing this side of Felicity. The strong protective side. He’s never felt more cared for than he does right now, "You did all this for me? For Thea?"

Felicity smiles. "You said we are a family. I protect my family." Oliver leans down and kisses her.

Thea groans from the stairs. "No kissing in front of the kid!" She walks past her parents, drops her bags at Oliver’s feet and out to Oliver's SUV. Oliver takes her bags and tosses them in the back. Mollie runs over to him.

He hugs her to him before opening the back door and places her in her car seat. He moves to the front of the car and gets in. When they leave the grounds of Queen Manor, Oliver turns to Felicity. "Stay with me, both of you tonight?"

He looks back at the road and he almost misses her telling him they will stay, "Yes. We can stay."

Mollie didn't miss it. "Slumber Party at Oliver's!" She is dancing in her car seat. Oliver looks at her through the rearview mirror and laughs. Thea gives her a high five.

"She seems okay."

Felicity makes a noncommittal sound. Oliver knows that in her mind their daughter is never safe around his parents and she's probably right. "Mollie did you eat?" She shakes her head. He leans closer to Felicity, "Big Belly?"

"Big Belly?" Felicity says loud enough for Mollie to hear it.

"Milkshakes?" Felicity smiles. Their daughter is fine, Oliver thinks to himself.

"Milkshakes sound good to me." Oliver smiles. Felicity reaches over and grabs his hand. He can't help but smile now.

After dinner they arrive home John is leaning against his car. Felicity thought he went home. When he sees them he stands and walks to the car. He opens Mollie's door and helps her out. He places her on the ground. Oliver grabs Thea's bags.

John looks at Felicity, "Can we talk?" She nods. John looks across the car at Oliver, "I will need to talk to you later." Oliver nods. They all walk into the house.

"I can get Mollie ready for bed." Felicity looks at him and then at Mollie's hair. Thea or someone had taken it down so Oliver should be able to handle it and Thea is there for backup. "Thanks, Oliver. I will be up soon Little Bit." Mollie grabs Oliver's hand and drags him up the stairs with Thea following behind.

Felicity motions for John to sit. They both sit down at Oliver's dining room table. "Is she okay?" John seems overly worried.

"She seems to be. Why aren't you at home with Lyla?"

John looks away. Felicity looks around to see what he is looking at and sees the old picture of Oliver and Felicity. The only one of just the two of them from that time. She smiles and John raises an
"You've fallen for him." It's not a question. She shrugs. She has but she's not ready to admit it to John.

"I'm glad. I was worried at first with his history. He really seems to love you and Mollie. The way he stood up to his Mom at the custody hearing and tonight, he is a good man." Felicity nods.

"I have your blessing?" She asks teasing.

"You don't need it but you have it if you want it."

She hugs him. "Thank you. You should tell Oliver you approve."

"I don't think Oliver cares if I approve or not."

"You'd be surprised. But I don't think you are here to talk about Oliver and your approval." John smiles and shakes his head. Felicity and John have a good brother and sister relationship. She cherishes her friendship with him. He is her guide in life in so many ways.

He gets serious. She feels the room change with him. She swallows and waits. "I think you should stay here with Oliver." She starts to argue with him but he holds up his hand and silences her. "I don't think Moira Queen is done. She's dangerous and maybe even deadly. I want Mollie and YOU to be safe. I don't think she will hurt Mollie, but I feel she will stop at nothing to keep you out of Oliver's life."

Felicity has buried the same fear down deep. "And moving in with Oliver would be the opposite." John nods agreeing that it is also dangerous to live with him.

"That's true but Felicity...she's dangerous and you live in a dangerous neighborhood and alone." Felicity stands and looks outside. She knows Moira is dangerous more than anyone she gets it and understands it. Moira threw her to the wolves or Merlyn's which is the same thing in the end. She knows Moira will try and take Mollie again. Felicity sighs. She can't move in with Oliver, she can't.

"I can't John. Oliver and I aren't there yet. I don't want to impose on him or force him into a relationship he isn't ready to be in." She bows her head, "I did that with Tommy and look how badly that went." she says barely above a whisper, then louder, "I won't let Mollie get attached and then rip him away from her when we go home."

John stands and walks over to her. He rests his hands on her shoulder, "He is ready for all of it and he wants you safe. You and Mollie are his priority." John pauses and watches her. She fidgets under his gaze, "You're scared. Felicity Megan Smoak is scared."

She looks him in the eye and she knows she can't lie. "I am."

Just then Mollie yells for her. "Mommy!"

"I'll send Oliver down." John nods. He hopes Oliver is more willing to work with him. Felicity makes her way upstairs and finds Oliver and Mollie in Mollie's bed.

"Oliver read me a story, now your turn!" Oliver gets up from the tiny bed (at least tiny for his frame) they had hastily put together earlier. Felicity almost laughs at him. Once he is standing up, he leans down and kisses Mollie goodnight. He walks up to Felicity and kisses the top of her head before leaving. She walks over and climbs in bed with Mollie. "I think I will sleep here." She teases.

"I think you are going to sleep with Oliver." Mollie says never taking her eyes off the book she picked out for them to read. Felicity bites her lip, where is she going to sleep?
Oliver finds John in the kitchen. "You wanted to speak with me."

John hands Oliver the check he gave him for guarding Mollie today. "It doesn't feel right to keep this." Oliver holds up his hand, "Keep it. You earned it and more." Oliver feels John did the best he could. Moira Queen is unstoppable.

"It feels wrong but okay." John puts the check back in his wallet. "We need to talk about Mollie and Felicity."

Oliver suddenly feels very uncomfortable. John's opinion means a lot to Felicity and Mollie adores him. He looks at John and knows in John's shoes he would tell Oliver to get the hell back on a plane to Italy and out of their lives. Oliver thinks back to his life before Mollie and Felicity. He can't go back he loves them too much. He needs them and maybe that's unfair but it's the truth.

"I'm not leaving them." John looks offended. "Good. That wasn't what I was going to say." Oliver visibly relaxes.

"Oliver, I don't trust your Mother."

"Neither do I."

"We need to keep your girls safe and I don't think we can. Even if I put everyone in my crew on her and Mollie it's not enough. Moira Queen has too many minions. I asked Felicity to stay with you."

Oliver's face tells John everything he already knew and Oliver sees that John knows."She won't. She's scared and prideful."

Oliver's face falls. "That sounds like her."

"I'm telling you this to stay on guard. Maybe try to come to a compromise with your Mom until we can figure something out." Oliver nods. John moves to the front door. Oliver shows him out.

He could pay another service to guard her, but Felicity would never go for it. Oliver knows there are no compromises with Moira Queen. Felicity won't move in here, not yet. Oliver is debating what to do when his phone goes off. He looks and sees his Dad's picture on his phone.

"Dad."

"Son, I have left your Mom. I can't stand by and watch her try to destroy my children." Oliver sighs. "I should have done this a long time ago. I should have protected Felicity and my grandchild. I'm sorry. I just wanted you to know."

"What's her name?" Oliver asks his Dad.

There is a long pause. "Isabel." Oliver knew it wasn't just about Thea, Mollie, Felicity, or himself. He may have used it as an excuse, but his parents are selfish at their core. "I will try to keep a handle on your Mom and her actions. I hope that you and Thea will see me eventually."

"Thank you for anything you can do." Oliver grimaced as he said it. He doesn't want to play nice with either of his parents. If he wasn't worried what his Mom would do he wouldn't. He will do anything to keep Felicity and Mollie safe.

"Oliver, are you certain about this, Son?" Oliver pulls the phone away from his ear for a second.
"Yes, Dad. Felicity is my life. Her and Mollie are everything to me. This is what I want for my life. I will do anything to make them happy and keep them safe."

"Okay, then I support you."

"Thanks, Dad." He doesn't need his approval, but it will make things easier.

Oliver is just hanging up with his Dad when he sees Felicity sitting on the stairs watching him. "I didn't mean to eavesdrop."

"You heard?" She nods as she stands and starts walking down the steps. She crosses her arms and stops in front of him.

"We need peace with him to keep you and Mollie safe." He can tell she is suspicious.

"Oliver, it's great your Dad is helping but your Mother is never going to stop until you lea--"

Oliver waits expectantly, but she doesn't finish. "Until I what?" He goads. She looks away.

"Felicity?" He says softer, "Until I what? I will do it, I will do whatever to keep you two safe from her."

Felicity looks up at him and there are unshed tears in her eyes. She closes them and sucks her lips into her mouth. When she opens them he can see pain there. She sighs, "Until you leave me. She will stop when you leave me. I know you'll never leave Mollie and she has accepted that, but she will never accept me."

He looks down at her, she seems smaller right now. The strong confident woman is still there, but she's scared. "Well, that's not happening. You and Mollie have me until you both toss me out on my ass." He is stern, but that is the one thing he won't give her. He can't leave her, not willingly--not again.

He sees a hint of a smile. She wrinkles her nose, "I think we decided to keep you." Oliver can't help himself he leans down and kisses her. He can read her like no one else. She has decided to keep him, but she is also waiting for him to leave. She's waiting for him to decide it's too much.

He didn't expect her to kiss him back. She does and with so much feeling. He moans into the kiss as he wraps his arms around her. She puts her arms around his neck. He reaches down and grabs the back of her thighs. She instantly jumps up into his arms without breaking the kiss.

Oliver walks to the couch and sits down. She straddles him. He runs his tongue along her bottom lip. He smiles into her mouth before pulling back, "We should stop."

She sits back on his knees. She looks upset. He doesn't want to upset her. "Umm..okay."

He sees something on her face, "NO! Not because I don't want to do this, but because I want to do this right. I want to go out dinner and then come back here and make love with you--without two kids around."

She smiles shyly, "Think we will be loud, do you?" He smiles at her, "Oh, baby I plan to have you screaming my name all night long." She is kissing him again. This waiting thing will be much more difficult than he thought.

She pulls back, "We can still make out, right?"

He's breathless, "Oh yeah definitely."
The next morning Felicity awakens to Mollie crawling into the bed with her. She opens her eyes as Mollie climbs over her. It’s then she realizes she isn’t in her bed. She does a mental intake and is relieved she put on Oliver's tee shirt last night. Felicity rolls over to see Mollie sitting facing her and Oliver. Felicity opens her arms and Mollie crawls into them for a hug. Mollie moves onto her back between her parents.

"Mommy." Mollie whispers. Felicity raises her eyebrows in question. "Oliver has big muscles." Felicity suppresses her laughter.

"Does he?" Mollie nods.

"Not as big as Uncle John, but I bet he's strong. Stronger than Daddy T." Felicity wonders about this statement before she can ask her anything Mollie continues. "I think he could beat up Daddy T."

Felicity gasps, "Oliver isn't violent sweetie." Felicity watches Mollie carefully, "Did something else happen at the wedding?" Mollie starts playing with the sheet she is sitting on.

"No."

"No?"

Mollie looks to Oliver and back to Felicity. "Daddy T said he would hurt Oliver if he takes me away. Why would Oliver take me away?" Shit. Felicity sits up. "Come here Little Bit."

Felicity has her back on the headboard and Mollie in her lap. She looks over and sees Oliver has turned his head towards them and is looking at her. He looks worried. "Oliver doesn't want to take you away from anyone. Oliver is a good man and he is your Daddy. Sometimes, even adults get jealous and Tommy is a bit jealous right now."

Felicity purposely dropped the "Daddy". She wants to move Mollie away from seeing him as her Daddy. This is a step too far.

"Mommy?"

"Yes."

"I'm hungry. Can we wake up Oliver for breakfast?" Felicity laughs. "You don't want me to make your breakfast?"

Mollie bites her lip. "I don't think Oliver has poptarts." Oliver laughs. Mollie turns to him. "Oliver!" She is gleeful.

"Mollie, why don't you go get Thea and go downstairs. We will be down in a few minutes and I will make you pancakes."

Mollie hops off the bed. "Aunt Theaaaaaa!" She slams the door shut behind her.

"Sorry we woke you up."

Oliver lifts up on his arms and kisses her cheek. "I loved it. I love having you two here with me." Oliver sitting crossed legged on the bed. "I'm more worried about Tommy."

Felicity gets out of the bed. She is too tempted by Oliver's naked chest to stay in bed. "He's gone for two weeks. We have time to think of something." Felicity goes to the restroom to change. When she
comes out Oliver has on sweatpants. No shirt.

"Cooking shirtless is dangerous."

"I like to live dangerously."

"I meant for me." She teases and runs from the room.

+++++

Oliver quickly follows his girls downstairs. He finds Mollie and Thea at the island and Felicity over at the breakfast nook working on her tablet. Oliver gets the ingredients out and started making pancakes. He was listening to Mollie talk about her school and Thea asking her questions until Thea decides to apologize to Mollie.

"Mollie, I'm sorry I let my Mom and Dad take you home yesterday." Oliver turns around and looks to Felicity who sits past the girls at the island. She has stopped typing and is watching the two girls. Mollie has taken out her crayons and is coloring in her book. Oliver and Felicity share a look and then both train their eyes on the girls.

"It's okay Aunt Thea. I liked the trains and Grandpa was nice." Mollie never looks up. "Mrs Queen, wasn't nice but she seems like a bad person like Cruella DeVille." Oliver's eyes shoot to Felicity who is covering her mouth to keep from laughing.

"Breakfast is served." Oliver hands Thea and Mollie each a plate and a bottle of syrup. He grabs two more plates and loads them. He takes them to the small table where Felicity is sitting.

"You okay?" Felicity nods. Oliver thought she might be mad even if she did take Thea out of that house. Damn, her bravery against his parents is sexy. "I was impressed with your bravery standing up to my Mom."

Felicity laughs, "Moira doesn't scare me anymore. Her money was her power. Her company, her life..both are in disarray. As a person, Moira isn't strong only manipulative. I'm not that kid anymore. I have a child to protect." Felicity looks to the island, "Children. Thea is still a child who needs someone to look out for her too."

Oliver understands why Felicity acts how she does. She will do anything for her child. She will play nice with Tommy as long as it's in Mollie's best interest. She would play nice with his Mom for Mollie's sake, but when either become a threat her own sense of safety is no longer important to her at all. This gives Oliver hope that Tommy has gone too far and Felicity will finally stand up to him. He wishes she would do it for herself, but Tommy still has a hold over her.

Oliver is pulled from his thoughts when someone touches his shoulder. He looks to see Thea smiling at him. He looks and sees Mollie is in Felicity's arms whispering in her ear. Felicity pulls back when Mollie is done and looks at her, "I think you can do it." Mollie shakes her head. "You can. He will say yes." Mollie looks nervous when her eyes turn to Oliver.

He drops his fork. She looks so much like her Mother, the woman Oliver can never say no to about anything. He looks nervously to Felicity who is smiling reassuringly at him. Mollie turns towards Oliver while still in Felicity's lap.

"Uh, Oliver?" She isn't looking at his face. He almost laughs how much like Felicity she is in this moment. Felicity leans down and must tell her to look at Oliver. Mollie drags her eyes to Oliver's.

"Yes, baby girl." Mollie smiles shyly. He loves this girl so much.
"Oliver-- could you-- can you--" Mollie bites her lip and turns her head to Felicity who smiles and nods her head. "Will take me to my dance next weekend?"

Oliver is lost. Why does Mollie need him to take her? He looks to Felicity, "Of course. Do you have plans Felicity?" Felicity shakes her head. She looks at Mollie who is a bright red color. Felicity must take pity on both of them.

"Oliver, Mollie is asking you to take her to her Daddy/Daughter dance. She's never gotten to go before. Tommy has always been too busy. She thought she wouldn't get to go this year until Thea told her YOU would take her."

Oliver's heart races and he feels adrenaline filling his veins. She wants HIM to take her? He looks at her, "Daddy T doesn't dance and hates school dances...If you don't want to take me either, it's 'kay. He said you don't like them."

Oliver is shaking his head. "No. I mean--yes. Yes, I will take you to your dance. I would be honored." Mollie's face slowly turns from worry to a huge smile. She jumps from Felicity's arms and into his. She is kissing his cheek.

"Thank you! Thank you Oliver!!"

"I can take you shopping for a new dress, if that's okay with you Felicity?" Thea announces.

"Of course. We can go this afternoon."

After they clean up the kitchen with him, the three most important women in Oliver Queen's life go shopping. Dragging him along and he couldn't be happier. Oliver has Thea out of his parents’ house. Mollie has asked him to a Daddy/Daughter dance and he made a lot of progress with Felicity this weekend. Life is good.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter is the Daddy/Daughter dance and be prepared for the feels...
Chapter Summary

Oliver tells Felicity what he did. Oliver takes Mollie to her Daddy/Daughter dance!

Chapter Notes

I am sorry this chapter took so long. September and October are really difficult for me and last week I had several doc appointments. I will TRY to get a new chapter up next week. Thanks for your support with this story.

There could be tears...I can't remember if my Beta teared up or not.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Oliver was worried. Oliver isn't a dancer and he agreed to go to a Daddy/Daughter dance and since dance is in the title he is probably expected to dance. He smiles remembering Mollie nervously asking him. Oliver spent the last two days trying to figure out how to make it through a dance. He's watching the hundredth YouTube video of men dancing with their daughters and he doesn't feel ready.

"Big brother..what ya doing?" Thea asks standing over his shoulder. He turns his head to watch her watch the screen. "Nothing." He shuts the lid. She's laughing at him.

"I can teach you to dance. Though, why didn't Mom make you go to all those lessons? Was she being sexist?"

"I went but left early." Oliver cringes remembering during every class he would talk some girl into leaving with him and they'd end up making out somewhere.

Thea has her arms folded staring at him. He blushes. "Uh huh. And now your daughter needs you to dance. Wonder if she will find other things to do when she has those classes."

Oliver's mind starts racing. He doesn't want Mollie ever meeting a guy like him. Ever. He will kill any kid who thinks he might try to get Mollie to sneak off with him. Thea's laughter interrupts his thoughts.

"Come on, you can practice with me. If you break my feet you have to buy me a whole new shoe wardrobe." Oliver considers her offer. He accepts gladly.

Two hours and with only mild damage done to her feet, Oliver can safely dance with his daughter. He hopes. Thea is rubbing her feet sitting on his couch. He sits down next to her.

"How are you doing living here?" Oliver is worried she isn't adjusting or something. It can't be this easy to just live with his sister.

"Mom stopped paying tuition at the private school. They told me I can stay the month." She shrugs
while Oliver plots his Mom's death. "I will need you to sign me up for public school, I guess."

"I can pay for the private school, Thea. Don't worry about it." He can pay it. He saved almost everything he's earned for years and he gets paid nicely.

"I want to go to public school. I think it'll be a nice change for me. Add something they call 'normal' to my life." They both laugh. Oliver really looks at Thea and he sees that the stress is gone from her face. She seems lighter and happier. It's time. He doesn't want to do it, but he needs to do it.

"Thea. I have to tell you something...I don't like lies or secrets." Oliver sits up straighter. Thea looks a bit nervous. Oliver places his hand on her shoulder, "I am telling you this because you deserve to know but it changes NOTHING between us, okay? You're my sister and I love you."

"Ollie, you're scaring me."

Oliver pulls her in close and hugs her. "Sorry." He takes a deep breath, "I found out something about you and I think you should hear it from me."

Thea pulls out of his arms, "Okay, I did some drugs Ollie--but living with Mom and Dad you know--I needed them."

Oliver starts shaking his head. "That's not it. That's not a good thing and I won't allow drugs in my home which I realize is hypocritical, but I have Mollie to think about." He pauses so she knows he's serious. When she nods her head he continues, "I found out-- Mom cheated on Dad."

Thea laughs, "No big shocker there, Ollie. They cheat on each other all the time."

"Thea, Mom cheated on Dad-- you're not BIOLOGICALLY Dad's." Oliver quickly finishes what he wanted to tell her, "BUT you're still my sister and I still love you and biology isn't all that matters."

Oliver watches as Thea sits there stunned. He knows this must come as a shock to her. He can't imagine how he would feel in her shoes. He is ready to say or do whatever she needs to be okay with this.

"Who? Who is my Dad?" Thea doesn't look at him. She seems like she could be in shock. He is about to tell her when she stops. She holds up her hand. "I think I know. It's Malcolm isn't it?"

Oliver is stunned how does she know? He is at a loss for words. "How? How do you know?"

Thea shrugs and looks at him, "I always have looked more like him and Tommy. Geez, Tommy is my BROTHER. Eek."

Oliver doesn't like Tommy very much but this isn't that bad. "Tommy isn't my favorite person but he's not that bad..." Okay, he probably is that bad and worse.

Thea blushes, "I was mean to Felicity because I had a crush on Tommy. I was mean to her and I signed away your rights and did mean things and she still forgives me and is nice to me. I'm horrible." She sinks down further into the couch, "But I'm an excellent Merlyn. Selfish and mean."

"Thea Dearden Queen you are none of those things. You're a kid. You've acted like one and there is nothing wrong with that. Felicity understands and I understand."

Thea moves over and hugs him, "You're the best big brother in the world, Ollie." She pulls back, "Now, I have to go tell my public school friends I will be joining them soon."
Oliver watches her run up the stairs. He hopes she is as fine as she seems. He couldn't keep lying to her. He is tired of all the secrets and lies that surround them. Thea is strong and a survivor.

Felicity looks at the clock and puts aside her computer. Since last weekend, Oliver calls her every night at 11. She smiles thinking about how he hasn't been late even once. He hasn't said he would do it, he just does it. He always asks about her day, how Mollie is doing and they talk. They've talked about his time away and his job. She tells him tidbits about Mollie from years before.

The phone rings and Felicity scoots down in her bed and grabs her phone. "Hey." She knows it's Oliver. She sighs with contentment.

"Hey, Beautiful. I missed you today." Felicity can't help but smile brighter. Oliver as her best friend was amazing. Oliver as her boyfriend is the most glorious thing she's ever felt.

"I know. I missed you too. But I needed girl time with Lyla and Carly." Oliver had wanted to take Felicity out tonight while Mollie was at karate. Felicity had already made plans with her friends and didn't feel it was right to change them.

"I understand. Did you have fun?"

Felicity remembers the talk. "Yeah. It was fun. We mostly talked about you." She hears Oliver gasp. She bites back a smile. She knows he thinks it was bad. He still has that bad boy reputation to live down and it scares him they don't think he's good enough for her.

"They wanted to know how the woo'ing is going. I hope it's okay that told them we're official now." She could be wrong but she thinks she can hear the happiness from the other end of the phone.

"Yeah. Yes, that's great!" Oliver pauses, "I love you so damn much and I am so happy to finally be able to shout it out loud."

Felicity laughs, "I feel giddy myself."

There is silence as she thinks about how happy she is and how great things are going. "Oliver, are you ever nervous?"

"About?"

Felicity gathers her thoughts. "Us. That we can't make this work? We have so much to overcome..." She hears him take a deep breath.

"Felicity--" He whispers. She wants to hit herself. She wrecked the moment destroyed their happy place.

Oliver continues, "Don't you see how much we've already overcome? I left you and you forgave me. We came to terms about custody of our daughter. You gave me rights to her. We've overcome you being married to Tommy, my parents wanting to keep us apart and my less than stellar reputation." She can tell he is trying to lighten the mood, but she has to say it, "We haven't gotten over my fears or all the cracks in me." She says it so softly she wonders if he hears her.

"We are getting there slowly."

The way Oliver says it like it's a fact that they will get there and she can be completely whole again makes her love him even more. "Thank you."
"Felicity?"

The way Oliver says her name scares her. She gulps, "Yes."

"I didn't just hire John for the wedding or for Mollie."

Felicity is a bit confused. "OH. Is he watching Thea? Do you think Moira would hurt her?" Moira is evil, but is she THAT evil?

"They're for you. I told John about Tommy...I know I said I wouldn't tell anyone but he needs to know. Your friends need to know so they can help us."

Felicity is stunned silent for several seconds. Oliver agreed to keep her secret and he broke her trust. He told John, the one person she never wanted to know. She doesn't know what to say so she lashes out.

"Us? Us, Oliver? I don't remember you being there when he would make me feel like scum. I don't remember you being there when he would sneak women into the other wing of the house. And I really don't remember you being there when he was hitting me or choking me--it wasn't YOUR story to tell."

Felicity disconnects the call. Oh, how she misses the satisfaction of slamming down a landline. Felicity gets out of bed to check on Mollie. What if she made a horrible mistake trusting Oliver letting him into their lives? Felicity stares at Mollie for a few minutes. She looks and sees the picture she drew of her family. It's Felicity and Oliver each holding one of Mollie's hands. Felicity tears up. Maybe she was too hard on Oliver? She walks in and sits down next to Mollie. She has done everything she can to protect her. She leans down and kisses her cheek. Felicity knows Mollie is happier than she has ever been with Oliver in her life. If Felicity is honest she is happier than she ever thought she could be again. She also knows Oliver and he is a protector. He has always been a protector and hiring John, telling him, is Oliver protecting her. She never wanted to tell John because she couldn't stand the pity she would see in his eyes. Oliver took that pain away from her. Okay, she probably maybe might have overreacted.

She makes her way back to her room. The apartment is dark except for the bedside lamp in her room. Felicity walks to her room and is startled. There sitting on the side of her bed, the bed she had just vacated sits Oliver. His hands are folded resting between his legs and he's staring at the floor. He looks morose.

"How did you get in?" She asks from the doorway.

He doesn't look at her as he holds up his key ring, "My key."

She shakes her head, "You mean Tommy's key."

Oliver looks up at her and it's not a happy face, "My key. He's not getting it back. He's accepted that."

Felicity highly doubts Tommy has accepted it but she lets it go. She walks in and sits beside him. She reaches for his hands. He looks up and there are tears in his eyes. "I'm sorry. I should have asked you or talked to you, but I was scared you'd say no."

Felicity brings his hand into her lap. "I would have. I don't want John to look at me with pity. I hate pity."

Oliver starts shaking his head. "He won't."

"He will. Everyone does."
Oliver looks at her so intently, "I don't. I look at you with amazement. You're the most remarkable person I have ever met." He turns and lifts one leg onto her bed. He cups her cheek. "You survived Hell and you still love people and are this bright beacon of hope to me. You've raised Mollie to be just like you." He leans and kisses her. She allows it.

No one has ever made her feel amazing or remarkable before. Oliver makes her believe she is all those things and more. Oliver has always been able to make her believe in the impossible. She pulls back, "You came all the way over here to tell me that?"

Oliver softly chuckles as he rests his forehead against hers, "No. I came all the way over here so you didn't dump me."

"I'm sorry. I overreacted." Felicity pulls back, "But Oliver, I don't want John or anyone from his company watching me. I don't want to live my life like that. I understand when I'm with Mollie and we aren't at home if it will make you feel better I will tolerate it."

They are having a stare down. She won't budge on this. She lost too much freedom. "Oliver I lost too much freedom and free will when I was a Merlyn, please don't ask me to give it up again."

He shudders when she says Merlyn. She watches as her words penetrate his stubborn streak. His shoulders relax and he sighs, "Okay. We compromise. That's what we do now, huh?"

Felicity smiles and throws her arms around him, "Yes. It is." They kiss. Oliver starts to lay her back on her bed when he suddenly stands up.

She sits up and watches him. He runs his hand through his hair, "I need to get back to Thea. She will be worried." It stings a little. She understands having to get to a child, even if Thea is practically grown.

"Okay. I guess we'll see you before the dance."

Felicity walks Oliver to the door. She wants him to stay but she isn't ready for that. Oliver isn't ready. She isn't sure what she is waiting on. He leans in and kisses her goodnight.

"Lock it behind me." She rolls her eyes, but does as he requests.

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Oliver is running around his house trying to get dressed. He rushes by Thea's room and sees her looking at herself in a mirror. He stops and taps on the door. "Going out?"

Thea smiles, "Yes, brother dear. I met a boy. I really like him." He watches Thea's face light up. He smiles at her. "I met him when I took my transcripts to the public school. He's amazing, Ollie."

Oliver is happy for her. "He breaks your heart, I will break his face." They both laugh.

The doorbell rings. Oliver dashes for it before Thea can. Sure, his shirt isn't done up and he doesn't have his jacket on but he isn't missing this moment. He opens the door to see a kid in a red hoodie and jeans. He seems shocked to see Oliver.

Thea scoots around Oliver. "Ollie, Roy...Roy this is my brother and soon to be legale guardian, Oliver Queen."

Roy holds out his hand and Oliver takes it. He grips it a little harder than necessary. The boy doesn't
falter and Oliver respects that.

"Ollie...let him go."

Oliver looks at Thea and drops his hand. "Have her home by midnight or I will hunt you down and kill you."

"OLLIE!"

Oliver looks at Thea and smiles. It's not a real small then he grimaces at the kid. He doesn't like him. He doesn't think he would like anyone Thea dates. He watches them walk down the driveway and get into a beat up old truck. He hopes they get wherever they're going in one piece.

Oliver looks down at his watch. He needs to get going. He runs back upstairs to grab his bow tie and jacket. He does up his shirt. He ties his bow tie and slips into his jacket. He is more nervous for this than any date he has ever had.

Oliver laughs at himself. Only the Smoak women can make him nervous. He takes a deep breath and heads downstairs. He walks into the kitchen and grabs Mollie's corsage from the refrigerator. He was scared about what to get and when he got to the florist he called Felicity who talked him through it.

Oliver walks to the SUV. He slides inside and does a mental pep talk. He can handle this. It's just a dance with his daughter. HIS DAUGHTER. Oliver smiles and thinks of Mollie. He never knew he could love someone as much as he loves her.

When Oliver gets to Felicity's he waits a moment before knocking. Okay. He can do this. She's just a kid. A kid who told him she loves him; a kid who means everything to him. Be a man, Queen.

He knocks on the door with his hand not holding her corsage. A moment later, Felicity opens the door. She has a huge smile on her face. She holds out her hand to show him in. He kisses her cheek as he walks by.

"Mollie will be out in just a minute." Felicity hurries back to Mollie's room. He hears them whispering but can't quite make out what they're saying. He's starting to sweat. Oliver wipes his brow.

He hears the door open and looks up to see Felicity coming towards him. She grabs his hand and looks down at their hands. It's still not normal for her to reach out to him or seek him out physically but she's is doing it more and more. He smiles as she stands beside him. She leans in and he looks up to her face.

"She's nervous."

He chuckles softly, "Me too."

Felicity looks up into his eyes and smiles, "You'll do great."

They both turn to look at their little girl. She's in a soft pink dress with a sash around her waist. Her hair is up in soft curls falling around her face. Oliver watches as she looks nervously around, bites her lip, squares her shoulders and walks over to him. In that moment, she is her Mother's daughter.

Oliver goes down on one knee and offers the corsage. Mollie's face lights up. She looks up at him with eyes so like his own, "For me?"

Oliver gets the flower out of the case as he nods his head. He slips it on her wrist carefully. Mollie is
smiling so brightly. Mollie holds up her wrist.

"Look, Mommy!"

Oliver stands up. He watches as Mollie and Felicity talk about the flower and how to press it so Mollie can keep it forever. His girls. Oliver is fascinated by them.

"You two better get going. I don't want you late for your first dance!"

Mollie hugs Felicity tightly. "Love you Mommy. Be good!"

Felicity laughs as Mollie runs to the front door. Oliver walks to Felicity and hugs her. "I will have her home early." He kisses her cheek.

"You can kiss her better; I will turn away if you're 'barrassed Oliver." Felicity and Oliver both laugh.

He turns to lead her out. When he opens the door John is there. John had called Oliver early to tell him Felicity asked him over and that he was going. Oliver was going to ask him to watch her tonight. He didn't think she would stay home even if they did agree to a compromise.

"Uncle Digg! I didn't know you were coming over." Mollie loves him and the feeling is mutual based on the look on John Diggle's face. The older man scoops Mollie up and hugs her.

"I thought I'd keep your Mom company."

"Oh. Okay." Mollie wiggles out of his arms. John lets her go. She hops over to Oliver and grabs his hand. "Let's go Oliver."

Oliver looks at the other two adults helplessly.

"Good luck, man."

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Felicity looks at John Diggle, "Babysitting?"

He takes off his jacket and hangs it up. "You invited me over, Felicity."

She did, but only to talk about his new job as her babysitter. "He told me he hired you--for me."

John walks over and sits in the chair. He knows to make himself at home. Her home is always open to anyone with the last name Diggle. He sighs.

"He did. And I took it, though I would have done it for free."

Felicity walks over to her couch and curls up on it. She wraps her arms around her legs. "He told you about Tommy and me-- what happened." Felicity waits with bated breath.

John quirks a brow at her, "No. I guessed what Tommy did to you. He didn't want to betray you and I don't think he did. I think he is looking out for his child and her mother, who happens to be the woman he loves."

Felicity doesn't know what to say or how to feel. She just blurts it out, "I'm in love with him, John."
Diggle laughs at her, "Tell me something I don't know."

Felicity pauses, "I'm scared. I am scared of how much I love him. I loved him before--in college. He was like this unattainable guy who was my best friend, but I loved him. Now..." Felicity pauses.

"I am in love with him. I can't wait to see him and just hearing his voice makes everything better." She looks to John with tears in her eyes, "I think of a future with him. I think about marriage and siblings for Mollie. I think about living with him and growing old together." She is playing with a piece of fabric on her pants leg at her knee.

John is smiling brightly at her, "I will let you in on the worst kept secret of all time--he feels the same way about you." Her eyes shoot up to meet his.

"Really?"

John laughs at her, "Felicity he hightailed it back here as soon as Thea told him you were single. He found out he had a kid with you when he doesn't remember sleeping with you and he accepts it. No questions asked really. He has gone out of his way to be here for Mollie AND you. He bought a huge house he doesn't need. He hires me to protect you. Felicity, that man is so far gone for you that if you asked him to jump from the roof he would do it."

Felicity smiles shyly. Then sobers, "John, I am so shattered inside. What if --we get together and I can't do it. I make him the way I made Tommy."

She watches John's expression change from teasing happiness to anger. "Felicity Smoak you did not make that man hit you or cheat on you or any of the other miserable things he did. He chose to do them. He's a miserable asshole."

Felicity sighs, "He was forced to marry me and he lost Sara."

"That doesn't mean he gets to beat the woman who was equally forced into a marriage with him and who had also just lost her love."

Felicity thinks about John's words. It's true. She was forced into the marriage. She just always saw it as her problem and she was forced onto Tommy. Felicity decides John is right. They were equally pushed into the marriage. She always gave him leeway because she thought it was her mess.

This leads Felicity to her other big worry, "What if it's just to get to Mollie? What if he thinks he has to be nice to me to get to see her? What if it's a game?"

John Diggle levels a "are you fucking kidding me?" look at her and she almost squirms. "Felicity, he came back BEFORE he knew Mollie existed. He came back because you and Tommy weren't together. He came back for you. He tossed his entire life into chaos because there might be a small chance he could have you. I don't think this is a game."

"Yeah?" She questions.

John just nods.

"I'm scared. I trust him and I love him-- and men always leave me, John. There is something fundamentally wrong with me-- even Oliver left once."

John gets up and walks over to the couch and puts his arms around her. "Oliver left the girl he loved because he thought she loved someone else. He wanted you to be happy and he thought that happiness would be with Tommy."
He pulls her tighter to him, "He loves you. He sacrificed his happiness for yours. He was a man in love and your best friend. He's not going anywhere willingly." He lets her go, "You know this down deep or you never would have let him around Mollie. You wouldn't risk her being abandoned."

She sniffs, "I've always trusted Oliver on some level. I think I've always been in love with him. I'm just so scared."

"Love is scary. If it wasn't, it wouldn't be worth it."

"John Diggle, my own personal philosopher."

They both laugh. Felicity is glad he's here. They spend the next couple of hours talking about family, friends and the future. For the first time, Felicity thinks maybe she has a happy future ahead of her.

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Oliver leads Mollie to his car. He opens the back door and lifts her into her car seat. He buckles her in and he realizes he has never done this much for her. He's cooked for her and put her to bed, but this seems more Dad like than babysitter.

Once she is situated, Oliver gets behind the wheel and drives them to her school. Oliver can handle this. He listens to Mollie chattering in the backseat about her day and Felicity. It is clear she adores Felicity. He understands that completely.

When they arrive, Oliver walks to the back passenger side and lets Mollie out of her car seat. When he starts to put her on the ground she clings to him. Mollie has never done this with him before. "You okay?"

Mollie pulls away from his neck. She looks at him very seriously, "I'm scared. I've never been here before."

Oliver looks at her sadly. "Tommy never brought you to this dance?"

Mollie shakes her head. "Daddy T and Sara always go on vacation and he can't make it."

Oliver watches her. She isn't pouting, but he can tell she is sad. He wants to kick Tommy's ass while at the same time he is relieved to know he can finally do something with Mollie that Tommy hasn't already done.

"I'm glad we get to do this together." He tells her. He hopes it's the right thing. He watches her and it must be because she grins from ear to ear.

"Me too, Oliver."

Mollie drops from his arms. She fixes her dress and grabs his hand. They walk into the small school. Oliver can smell the industrial cleaners, and that weird smell all elementary schools seem to have. He follows Mollie until they reach the cafeteria. When they enter there are pink and white streamers everywhere and pink and silver balloons hanging from the ceiling. There are several tables with plastic tableclothes on them. Each table has several place settings and a small lamp on them. There is a dance floor. Oliver sighs. His mortal enemy: dancing.

An elderly gentleman walks over to them, "We need to take your picture before you enter."

Oliver and Mollie follow the man. Oliver is instructed to sit in the chair and then Mollie is placed in his lap.
"Okay, smile for the camera." They both smile and are blinded by a flash. Oliver slowly stands while still holding Mollie. He shakes his head a couple of times and puts Mollie down.

Mollie walks them over to a table. "Hi! Mr. Clark. This is Oliver. He brought me."

Oliver watches the other man who is clearly someone Mollie knows. He smiles at Mollie fondly.

"I'm glad you could make it Oliver. Mollie is one of our favorite girls." Mr. Clark smiles at Oliver. He can't read the other man which is unusual for Oliver.

All of a sudden there are squeals. Oliver turns to see at least ten girls running towards Mollie. She starts jumping up and down. The little girls all start hugging her. Then one little girl says, "You finally got to come!" The little girl looks around, "Where is Mr. Merlyn?"

Mollie looks upset for a second. "He didn't bring me." Mollie comes over to Oliver and tugs on his arm, "Oliver brought me. He put me in Mommy's tummy."

Oliver's eyes bulge. His daughter is very direct. Oliver thinks he might be blushing. He looks around and the man, Mr. Clark is smiling. He sees two other men approach. One of them is tall and blonde and kisses Mollie on top of the head and the other pinches her cheek.

Mr. Clark speaks up, "Girls go have some fun before dinner and then we have games and dancing."

Mollie runs over to Oliver. She looks up at him with her big eyes, "May I?"

"Of course." Mollie hugs him around his waist quickly then takes off. He watches the little girls all run across the cafeteria.

"My first name is Jason." Mr. Clark stands next to Oliver. A couple more dads come up, "This is Michael and Andrew." Oliver looks and sees two men. Both are tall one dark with longish hair. He's huge almost as big as John Diggle. The other one equally tall but not has big.

The bigger one holds out his hand first and Oliver shakes it then the other man announces, "We are Rachel's dads."

It takes Oliver a minute to get it. Then he smiles, "Oh. You weren't at Mollie's party."

Both men shake their heads, "No. We sent a gift. Rachel was sick that day. She was devastated to miss it." The man reaches over to the table beside Oliver and grabs a small glass of punch. "It's good to see Mollie finally at one of these. We offered to bring her a couple of times, but Felicity always declined."

Oliver watches the man drink his punch. He wonders why Tommy hasn't brought her before. Surely, Felicity would have agreed. It seems like her and Tommy had a good or at least working relationship before he came back.

"That Merlyn character never bringing her and never wanting to be around us. Never liked him." Andrew tells the group. He looks to Jason and Michael who are agreeing.

Jason looks to Oliver, "How long have you and Felicity been dating? She must trust you; she is very protective of Mollie."

Oliver considers that for a moment. He looks at Jason and gets it. Jason has a thing for Felicity. He can see it in how he's acting. "A few weeks now, but I am Mollie's biological father." He must not have heard Mollie's words to her friends.
Oliver watches as Jason almost chokes on the punch he had just picked up. Michael and Andrew both look stunned.

Andrew recovers first, "Really? See! Michael I told you there was more to her than sweet innocent librarian look she rocks so well."
Oliver smiles. "Felicity is sweet. We were in college."

He looks over to Jason still looking upset. Andrew notices, "Don't mind Jason. He's been after Felicity since his divorce last year. She always politely shuts him down."

Oliver turns his head to see Jason almost pouting. "I have not been after her. I just thought we could hang out. If you'll excuse me I need to set up for dinner."

Oliver watches Jason stalk off. "I don't think he will be my new best friend..."

Michael and Andrew both laugh. "Probably not. He has quite the crush on Miss Smoak."

The men talk for a few more minutes before dinner is called. Oliver walks around looking for Mollie. When he finds her they find their assigned seats. He's glad to find they are sitting with Michael, Andrew and Rachel.

Dinner is fun and light. Oliver has a good time talking with his table mates. Mollie and Rachel spend most of dinner giggling with each other and talking about their friends. Oliver likes seeing Mollie so vibrant and full of life. It reminds him so much of Felicity and how she was when they first met. He thinks back to those times and now, in hindsight, he sees she started to change even back then. Perhaps, it was Tommy not being the best boyfriend or maybe it was just life. He hopes Mollie never has anything dampen her lust for life.

After the catering crew clears the plates, there is feedback from a microphone. Oliver looks to the front where a small DJ has set up. He sees Jason Clark holding a microphone. He seriously hopes he isn't the night's entertainment. He likes the guy well enough but he doesn't like that he likes Felicity.

"Dads and Daughters, it's time for the evening's first dance. It is the official Daddy/Daughter dance!"

Oliver looks to see Mollie practically glowing. She is almost vibrating with excitement sitting in her chair beside him. "Are you ready?" He asks her and she nods her head so fast he wonders if she will give herself whiplash.

Oliver stands up and holds out his hand. Mollie grabs it and slides from her seat beside him. He escorts her out to the dance floor while saying a silent prayer to whoever may be listening that he doesn't break his daughter's feet tonight.

The music starts. Oliver looks around and sees all the other Dads looking just as nervous and just as awkward as he does. He holds Mollie's hands as they start to dance. It's then he notices something. She doesn't know HOW to dance. He remembers Felicity didn't know either when they were younger. Mollie keeps looking down at his feet. She looks up at him sadly, "Mommy tried to teach me."

Oliver's heart breaks thinking about his girls trying to figure this out. He makes a mental note to teach her and Felicity. Oliver gently lifts Mollie up and sits her feet on top of his. "Here. We will do it this way and I promise to teach you how to dance. Even if I'm not the best."

Mollie's smile tells him how excited she is and that he said the right thing. She wiggles her hands free and hugs him around the waist, "You're the best, Oliver. I wish you were here always."
Oliver chokes up. He somehow manages to croak out, "I do too, Mollie."

She gives her hands back to Oliver and they dance every song until it's time for the Dad gift. Oliver has no idea what is happening.

Mollie grabs his hand and drags him to the side of the room. He sees Dad's sitting against the wall and their Daughter's sitting across from them. He looks up the row of Dad's and sees a cart. There is Jason (Oliver almost rolls his eyes) handing a big box to the Dad and a smaller box to the Daughter. He gets nervous he didn't know he was supposed to get her a gift. He looks at Mollie who is smiling. He will get her something amazing afterwards. Shit. He fucked up.

Mollie scoots across the floor. She motions for Oliver to bend over. He does and she whispers in his ear, "Don't worry Mommy got my gift. She always gets me one even when I can't come to the dance." With that she scoots back over to her side.

Oliver needs to thank Felicity and kill Tommy. He's so upset she's never got to come before. He wonders why Diggle, Andy or even Barry never brought her. He will ask Felicity later.

When Oliver is handed his box he is equally excited and scared. The box is the size of a bakery box for a two layer cake. It's pink with a white bow. He looks closer and thinks it is a bakery box. He watches Jason hand Mollie a small box. She looks positively giddy.

After the cart passes them Mollie hops across the floor and sits in Oliver's lap. Mollie has been close to Oliver, let him hold her or comfort her or put her to bed. This is different. This is a true Daddy moment. Mollie tilts her head, so like her Mommy and looks up at Oliver.

"Time to open it, Oliver."

She smiles down at his daughter. His Daughter. It still fills his heart with love and joy just thinking about it. He puts the box in Mollie's lap and he opens it. There is gift tissue on top. He pulls it out to see a drawing. He holds it.

"It's me meeting you at Big Belly." Mollie tells him. She points to the picture, "There is Tommy." Oliver sucks in a breath noticing she doesn't call him Daddy T. She continues, "There is you. That's Mommy and me sitting on the table between all of you."

It's just stick figures but it is the most amazing drawing ever. Oliver looks at it and realizes that the three adults are tied together by their love for one child. It's the perfect representation of their life.

Mollie digging into the box again. She pulls out another piece of paper this time folded in half. She holds it up to him, "Here is your card!"

Oliver takes the card. On the outside is a picture of Mollie glued to it. Under it has her age and today's date. He smiles as he opens it. Inside it has a picture she drew of a house.

"Look, I drew your house. It's my favorite place in the whole world." Oliver almost cries.

"Is it?" Mollie nods.
"My favorite place is wherever you and Mommy are with me." He kisses the top of her head. He is grateful his house is her favorite place. Someday it will be their house and their home.

"And see, Oliver that's you and me when I spent the day with you! We are cooking!" Oliver wouldn't have guessed that's what they're doing by looking at the picture. He's glad she offered it up. He sits it aside.
Next Mollie takes out a square shaped thing--it's made out of popsicle sticks. When she turns it around he sees a picture of him and Mollie together. He doesn't have any of them together. He can't help the tears.

Mollie looks up at him concerned, "Don't cry, Oliver."

He sucks in his lips and holds back the tears. "Sorry."

"It's k." Mollie is looking at her handy work. "Mommy took the picture on her phone at my birthday party." Oliver looks closer. They are at her party. He is holding Mollie and they are smiling at each other. He had no idea she took it. He forgot how sneaky Felicity can be when she wants to do something.

Mollie grabs something else out of the box. It's a friendship bracelet. She doesn't look as happy anymore looks downright nervous. She bites her lip like her Mom does when she's nervous. She hands it to him.

"You don't have to wear it. I can give it to Mommy. She has the one I made last year." Mollie tells him looking around nervously.

Oliver smiles. "Tie it on for me?" Mollie's head whips to him. Her mouth drops open. It's the sweetest face he's ever seen. Oliver holds out his wrist and Mollie grabs the bracelet. He watches as she concentrates on tying it around his wrist.

"You can just knot it so it never comes off."

Mollie's smile is almost blinding when she looks up at him. She drops her head to go back to tying an impressive knot. When she is done she looks up at him with pride.

"I love it! I will never take it off." And he knows he won't. It will have to fall off his wrist naturally.

"Okay girls it's time to open your gifts!"

Mollie doesn't leave his lap as she reaches for her gift. He wishes he had known he would have loved to have bought her something.

Mollie opens the small box and gasps. She pulls out a small locket. She holds it out to Oliver by its chain. He reaches up and holds it without taking it from her grasp. It's gold and shaped like a heart. He sees on the back it's inscribed with today’s date. Inside is a tiny copy of the picture they took earlier.

"Put it on me!" Mollie hands it to him and turns around. Oliver unclasps the chain and wraps it around her neck. He fastens it. Mollie turns around, "Is it pretty? Do I look grown up?"

"You look beautiful."

"As pretty as Mommy?"

"Yes." Oliver is so choked up by the picture. Two in one day with his daughter.

"Can I-- …I mean, MAY I go show my friends?" Oliver smirks at her proper use of the can vs. may.

"You may." Mollie darts off.

Michael and Andrew approach Oliver, "Mollie looked thrill with the gift. When Felicity put in an emergency add-on to this year's order I was shocked. Thought Merlyn was going to man-up."
Andrew obviously doesn't like Tommy.

Michael sighs, "Andrew and I aren't fans of Mr. Merlyn. When Felicity called our store to beg us to make one more for Mollie we were thrilled. Mollie is a special child."

"You make the gifts?"

Andrew answers, "Our store does. We have a small jewelry store where we do custom orders, unique gifts. Felicity has loved our stuff since she moved to The Glades. We were going to make Mollie one regardless, but when Felicity said she was coming to the dance we knew we had to do this!"

Oliver looks at the two men and thinks he may have made two new friends, "Thank you it means everything to Mollie."

"Don't mention it. We are just thrilled Mollie has someone to bring her to these things and if the look on Felicity's face when I saw her the other morning at morning drop off is any indication-- you make both the Smoak girls happy." Andrew is smiling at him then smiles at Michael. They both look at him.

"I love them both. They make me happy."

The music starts up again. "Time for the last dance." Jason announces.

Mollie comes running up to Oliver and jumps into his arms. Oliver holds her and sways with her until the last song ends. After that, everyone starts heading for the exits. Oliver sits her down to say goodbye to her friends. Once outside it is like Mollie deflates. She's sagging onto Oliver. He reaches down and picks her up. She rests her head on his shoulder. He loves her so much.

Oliver carefully places her in her seat and buckles it. He shuts the door as quietly as he can. He gets in the driver’s seat and is quiet with that door. He starts the car and they being the short drive to Felicity's.

When Oliver parks the car across from Felicity's building, he thinks again about how much he wishes he could take them home with him. He gets her out of the car as gently as possible. He sets the car alarm once they are out of it and cringes at the loud beeping.

Felicity opens the door before they reach the top step. When he steps into her apartment she reaches for Mollie, "I'll take her to her room." He whispers to Felicity.

Oliver takes her into her room and places her gently on the bed. Felicity scoots around him and starts taking off Mollie's dress. Then she takes several of the pins out of Mollie's hair. Finally, she takes off Mollie's new locket and places on the table beside her bed.

"night Mommy...night Ollie-bear." Oliver looks to Felicity who is smiling and mouths "Ollie-bear." He's never living that one down.

They slowly creep from Mollie's room. Felicity shuts the door behind them. They walk hand in hand into the living room.

"Want to stay for coffee? Tea? Water?" She asks him as they stand in the middle of the living room. He smiles down at her.

"I wish I could, but Thea went on a date tonight and I need to get home to make sure she is home."

Felicity laughs, "Oliver Queen, former ladies’ man--now doting Dad of two."
He smirks at her, "$\text{Yeah. I really like it.}"

"I can tell. It suits you."

Oliver beams with pride. He's glad that she likes this part of him. He likes it, a lot. "$\text{I was meaning to ask what are you doing next Saturday?}\"

Felicity looks at him concerned, "$\text{Nothing, why?}\"

"I was wondering if you would accompany me to the annual Children's Foundation Gala."

Felicity turns ghostly pale. "$\text{I'm not sure that's a good idea. Tommy goes every year. So does your Mom. I don't think they'd like it if I went with you.}\"

"I don't care what they like. I want you to go with me." He tries his best charming smile.

"Don't use that on me, Queen."

He pouts out his lip and she laughs. "$\text{Come on, Felicity. We are all going to live here, right? We have to learn to live with them. It will be our official coming out as a couple.}\"

She shudders, "$\text{Tommy will be mad at me for going. Doubly mad for going with you.}\"

Now, he gets it. Felicity is strong and independent in so many ways, but she still has this part of her that fears Tommy. "$\text{I will be with you. It's public.}\" He doesn't tell her he doesn't care what Tommy wants or feels, but he knows she does. She is still under that control just a bit and he has to respect it. He just hopes she knows he will do anything to protect her from anyone who wants to hurt her.

"How about we talk about it over our dinner on Tuesday? After we pick Mollie up for Diggle's we can ask him to watch her IF you agree?"

She still looks worried and concerned. Then she smiles, "$\text{Okay. I'll think about it.}\"

"Good." He leans down and kisses her. He starts walking backwards to the door pulling her with him. When his back hits the door he pulls her into him and kisses her. Damn, he loves kissing her. He will never tire of feeling her lips. All too soon, he pulls back. "$\text{I have to go.}\"

She steps back as he opens the door. "$\text{I love you.}\" He tells her as he turns to say goodbye.

"I love you, too."

He smiles, "$\text{I love to hear you say that.}\" He kisses her forehead. "$\text{Lock it behind me.}\"

"I will. Call me when you get home and get Thea settled." He nods. He starts down the stairs leaving his girls. He really hates leaving his girls. As he makes his way across the street he sees a couple of punk kids on the corner. He really hates this neighborhood. He gets in and drives home, he has to make sure Thea and her punk boyfriend, are home and not doing anything he would have done at that age with a girl.

Chapter End Notes

Next Chapter: Oliver and Felicity come out the public!
That Night

Chapter Summary

Mollie wants to keep Oliver forever.

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the late post( I know some of you are worried I quit, I didn’t). I don't like to nor feel comfortable posting until the next chapter is back in my hands and life is complicated at the moment to say the least.

Sorry. I am also sorry because this isn't the gala chapter. I know I said it was but I think you'll forgive me once you read it, I hope!

The morning after the big Daddy/Daughter dance has Mollie still over the moon excited. Felicity hears her running towards her bedroom and braces for impact.

"MOMMMMMMY!!" Mollie screams and jumps into Felicity's bed landing half on her and half off.

"Ompf." Felicity's little girl is tiny but she can pack a punch. "Hey Little Bit. Good Morning."
Felicity slowly sits up and hugs her daughter. Felicity rests her back against the headboard of her bed and is thankful it's Sunday so she can stay in bed for a bit. Mollie curls into her side. She knows something is on her daughter's mind. She's too still.

"Mommy?"

"Hmmm?" Felicity pulls Mollie closer and kisses the top of her head.

"I really like Oliver a lot." Felicity can't help but smile. "I love him, Mommy. He's like a real Daddy. He takes me places and cooks me stuff--it's okay you don't cook Mommy." Mollie looks up and smiles at her. Mollie is always careful with other people's feelings. It makes Felicity proud of her.

"He liked his gifts and didn't seem sad like Tommy does sometimes. He laughs at my jokes."

"He loves you very much Mollie. I think you're his entire world." Felicity feels a lump in her throat. She thought Tommy was a good placeholder. Okay, she thought he was better than a huge gaping hole in her life like Felicity has had since Noah left her. She sees now she was wrong. When she left Tommy she should have kept Mollie away. She thought she was doing the right thing.

Mollie stands up on the bed and straddles Felicity's lap. She lowers herself facing Felicity with a very serious look on her face.

"Mommy. Mommy I think we should keep Oliver forever."

Felicity smiles at her daughter and her very serious announcement. "Mollie, my baby, Oliver isn't
going anywhere. He loves you and he is yours to keep. Promise. You can ask him yourself. He's not going anywhere."

Mollie lunges for Felicity side table and grabs her phone. Mollie unlocks it and Felicity watches as she dials Oliver.

"He might be asleep; maybe you should call him later?" Felicity reaches for the phone and disconnects the call. "We can talk to him later okay?"

"Okay. But I want to keep him forever. I want him to be my real Daddy." Mollie moves off her lap and lies across the bed her feet on Felicity's stomach. "I want him to be around forever. He can be the Daddy and you can be the Mommy and I get to be the big sister. We can have lots of babies and a dog!" Mollie sits up, "Can we get a dog?"

Felicity's dream is the same but she can't let her daughter get her hopes up too high. She grabs her and cuddles her onto her lap. "When we get our own house we can get a dog of our very own, I promise."

Mollie is playing with Felicity's fingers. "We could live with Oliver."

Felicity sighs, "That's Oliver's house. We will get our own someday. Soon."

"But-- I want to live with Oliver. I want you to be happy like you are with Oliver not like with Tommy where your mouth looks happy but your eyes are sad."

Felicity swallows the bitter bile down her throat. Mollie knows. She has tried so hard to keep it from her. She's noticed Mollie doesn't call him Daddy T anymore and she seems uncomfortable around him and now she knows that Mollie is no longer fooled by the shiny pretense. Mollie sees that what Oliver and Felicity have is very different from what Tommy and Felicity share.

"I'm not sad. I can never be sad with you around."

"And Oliver! He makes you smile." Mollie is playing matchmaker again. Felicity can't help but give in for a moment.

"Oliver always makes things better. He's magical like that." They both sit there smiling and nodding. Both of the Smoak women are in love with Oliver Queen.

Mollie and Felicity get up and start their day. Felicity has a lot on her mind. She's been thinking about Oliver and her place in his life and his place in hers. She knows she loves him and he loves her, but can they really make it work. Her wildest dream has been for them to be a real family, to have more children. She wants all that and more with Oliver.

As the day progresses Felicity pictures Oliver going to the farmers market with them. Felicity can't cook but she makes sure Mollie has fresh fruits and vegetables to eat. They stop at the flower shop and Felicity wonders if Oliver likes fresh flowers in his house. She feels like a kid again wondering what her crush thinks about certain things.

Later as they pick up dinner, Felicity can't help but wonder what Oliver would cook if they were all together tonight for dinner. As they exit the Chinese place a young couple comes in with a newborn. Felicity can't help but feel her heart strings being tugged. She coos at the baby and looks at Mollie who is smiling. She would be a great big sister.

After dinner and bath time, it's time for Mollie to go to bed. "Can I call Oliver now?" Felicity bites her lip and thinks about it. She goes and gets her phone and hands it to Mollie.
"HI! Oliver! It's me, Mollie." Mollie takes the phone and proving she is her Mother's daughter puts it on speaker without ever being taught how to do it.

"Hey. How are you?"

"I have to tell you something Oliver."

Felicity can't see him but she knows he stiffened and is probably scared right now. Felicity giggles to let Oliver know it's okay. She could be wrong but the breath he lets out sounds like a sigh of relief.

"I want to keep you forever."

There is a long pause. Felicity watches Mollie who is staring at the phone with a smile that is starting to fade slowly. Then she hears Oliver clear his throat. Mollie looks at her scared and she smiles at her reassuring her it's okay.

"I want to keep you forever too. You're stuck with me."

Mollie's face lights up. She stands up and starts jumping on her bed. "Did you hear Mommy we get to keep Oliver forever!"

Felicity is laughing, "I heard now stop jumping on your bed. You have school tomorrow you need to sleep."

Mollie sits down quickly, "Okay." She tells Felicity then back at the phone, "I love you, Oliver."

"Love you too baby girl." Mollie smiles and hands her the phone.

"Your turn to tell him you want to keep him too. Night Mommy." She gives Felicity a hug and a quick peck on the cheek. Felicity stands and slowly makes her way to her room after grabbing her phone.

"Oliver? You still there?" She takes it off speaker.

He laughs loudly, "Like I am going to miss you telling me you want to keep me? I'm waiting." Felicity laughs, "I told you I wanted you forever before. Too bad, so sad you missed it." She teases him.

"Ouch, Smoak."

"Get over it, Queen."

She loves when they tease each other. It takes her back to their friendship from college. She knew they were walking a fine line. Saying they were friends but it was so much more for her. She wasn't sure what Oliver felt. She mostly thought he saw her as a kid sister or was that the lie she told herself?

"Did you tell me that--that night." Oliver is quiet now. She knows it still bothers him that he can't remember. Oliver drank heavily in college and had never blacked out before.

"Not in those words, but yes." She answers his question. "Oliver, is that the only night you blacked out from drinking?"

"Yeah, I don't understand it. I know I was sleepy, but I shouldn't have been that far gone. I remember taking you to my room and flashes of everything else--then waking up alone and thinking I was the worst human ever."
Oliver always taking the world onto his own shoulders, "You were so good to me and kind that night, Oliver."

There is a long pause, "Tell me about it? Please."

Felicity walks over and shuts her door. She has known for a while now that Oliver would ask her. She has prepared herself for it. She takes a deep breath and lets the memory of that night flow...

...that night...

Felicity had half a glass of wine. She had been building up her tolerance to alcohol to try and keep up with her friends. Sara had been coaching her. Tommy laughed at her effort. Oliver was mostly oblivious to it. They were friends, best friends in some ways but in others he avoided her. He has always avoided her in a weird way.

She walks into the living room of the Queen mansion with her glass in hand and sees Tommy and Sara with their heads together. When Sara pulls away, Tommy grabs her arm. Oh no, they're fighting again. She often wonders why they are friends at all since they fight so much. Then others times she almost thinks they love each other. She shakes her head to clear that thought out of her mind. Her boyfriend is not in love with her best friend. She asked him once and he denied it and told her she was imagining things.

Sara storms over to Oliver and kisses him. Tommy looks around and sees Felicity. When she catches his eye he walks over to her and takes her hand. He pulls her behind him. It's hard for her to keep up with him and he seems almost defiant with his stride.

When they reach the huge table (that in a normal house would be used for eating but here is decorative and holding party snacks and drinks) he lifts her up on it, then jumps up. She watches him concerned and worried about what he is going to do.

He grabs a glass of wine from someone and hands it to her. Then he takes a bottle of whiskey from the table and kicks all the other glasses and bottles off. Felicity lets out a squeak. "Don't worry the staff will clean it." That isn't the point for her. But Tommy is rich and doesn't understand consequences.

When the crashing reaches the guest ears everyone quiets and looks at Tommy. "Hello! As you all know we are here to celebrate the epic brain that belongs to my girl, Felicity." She blushes as Tommy puts his arm around her and kisses her temple. She tries to not cringe. She hates when he's drinking and he has definitely been drinking tonight. Sometimes when he drinks he says and does stuff that sober he wouldn't do. She tries not to think about how her mom always told her: "A man won't do anything drunk he hasn't wanted to do sober."

"Since she's smarter than I will ever be, but I am smart enough to know a good thing. I want to..

He moves in front of her and gets down on one knee.

"Felicity Megan Smoak will you do me the honor of making me your kept man, for life. I promise to keep you happy, sexed up and adored. Will you marry me?"

Felicity's smile never falters but in her mind she's screaming. She nods yes. He asks her "Really?" She then knows he wants the words. "Yes, I will." It's a lie. She can't humiliate him that way by saying no in front of everyone he knows. When he stands and hugs her she sees Oliver looking hurt and Sara glares at her, then they walk out hand in hand. Shouldn't her two best friends be congratulating her? Them?
Tommy helps her down and then promptly takes off in the direction of Oliver grabbing a bottle of whiskey as he goes. He probably wants to ask him to be the best man. She needs Sara's advice. She has no idea what to say or do. Felicity should stop this now; end this false engagement before he guilts her into staying engaged. She sighs. She knows Tommy and he will think they should do this. People come up to her offering their congratulations. She graciously accepts while feeling like an imposter.

Tomorrow she will tell him she can't marry him. She can't even keep dating him. She wanted to break up with him for months now, but every time she starts to do it, he runs off. Damn it. She downs her glass of wine. She needs to end it tonight. She grabs a bottle and starts wandering through the house.

More people come up to her offering congratulations. She smiles and accepts them. While inside she's feeling trapped and caged in. She considers just leaving but even one glass of wine is enough to hinder her driving and no one looks sober enough to drive her home. She could call a cab but Tommy would be livid she left her own party. He would lecture her on proper manners and how she would know this if her Mom wasn't a cocktail waitress.

Felicity is wandering around the house aimlessly. She ends up by Oliver's room she stares at the door. She doesn't dare go in. She wants to, oh how she wants to too. She's scared Sara is in there or more likely some random girl he decided to hook up with because he and Sara decided on another "break".

Oliver never turns to her. He's slept with Sara's sorority sisters, and even her other best friend. Yet, he never even looks at Felicity like that. Of course, she is his best friend's girlfriend and totally not his type. He may have slept with Sara's friends and sorority sisters, but never Felicity. Felicity shudders.

When she's stone cold sober she can lie to herself that she isn't in love with Oliver. That it doesn't gut her every time he kisses Sara or she hears them through the walls of her apartment. She can keep up the brave front of being his best friend, maybe kid sister, "his girl" as he calls her. But tonight? Tonight she's had too much to drink, she's not drunk but her walls are down. Tommy's proposal scares her and she wants to drink more. She leans against the wall trying to feel normal. The hallway is spinning.

She doesn't want to marry Tommy. He's a nice guy most of the time, but he isn't the one who makes her heart race or her palms get sweaty. Her pulse doesn't race and her face doesn't light up when he enters a room. No, that's Oliver Queen. Tommy doesn't make her feel alive, scared and invincible at the same time. Oliver does.

OLIVER.

She's terrified that tomorrow instead of breaking up with Tommy, she will stay. She will marry him. She will be locked into a lifetime commitment with a man she doesn't love and she suspects doesn't love her. She has no proof but lately...lately she suspects he's cheating on her. The sad part is she almost hopes he is so they can end this.

She can't even judge him for it. She may not have cheated in body but in mind she has had sex with Oliver in a million different ways, oh the ways. While never letting Tommy get very far at all. She isn't even sure why she has never acquiesced to his advances. At first, she didn't want to be another girl he screwed. Then they got serious and she still didn't want to have sex with him.

God, she can't go on like this. She needs to get away! She needs to feel alive and free. She needs...she wants Oliver. The problem is Oliver sees her as Tommy's. She is her own person! Why
can't Oliver be the one wanting to marry her, wanting her for life? Why can't he be here with her?

And as if she wished him into her vision, there he is walking towards her. Or towards his room to be more precise. And he's alone. He sees her, smiles and moves to her.

"Save me...please save me, Oliver." She doesn't regret it. She should. She's not the kind of girl who wants or needs to be saved. But tonight, she wants him to want to save her. She wants him for so much more than that, but tonight she needs to feel something.

"Come on, baby...I got you." He picks her up and carries her into his room. She can't believe he called her 'baby'. She hates pets names and especially that one but not from him to her. No sir. He pulls off her shoes and tucks her in bed. In HIS bed. He leans down and kisses her cheek like he often does. She smiles up at him. He turns to leave but she grabs his hand.

"NO..." She almost yells it's so loud. Then softer, "Please stay with me.." Oliver looks down at her. He seems almost sad. He's drunk, she can tell, she's just not sure how drunk. If drinking was an Olympic sport Oliver would be Gold medaling in it.

He's thinking. She wonders if it's about Sara and if he needs to get back to her. She also wonders why he was up here. He finally nods and walks across the room. She starts to panic that he's leaving. He stops at the door and locks it. Felicity's breath catches. That shouldn't be sexy but it is. He starts the walk back over and pulls off his henley as he walks towards her. She licks her lips.

Oliver is the most gorgeous man she has ever seen with her own eyes. He sits on the bed and takes off his shoes. "This okay?" He asks her with his back turned to her. She nods. Then remembers he can't see her.

She croaks out, "Uh yeah.." He tosses his shoes and socks across the room and lies down next to her. She's looking at him. She knows she has that pouty face he can't resist. He rolls his eyes and opens his arms. She scoots into them. They've done this a million times while watching movies...well not THIS. They are normally seated on a couch, and he is wearing more clothes.

There was a time this felt like him being a big brother when their clothes were on and she was making him watch some show he hates. That stopped about six months ago. When she first noticed a bulge in his jeans and thought maybe he feels the same way she does. She told herself to stop being childish. He's Oliver Queen, confident, cocky and sure of himself. Why wouldn't he just tell her or hit on her like he does all the other girls? And while we are at it, why doesn't she hate him for his womanizing ways?

Because Sara cheats too and it's like they are both okay with it. Sara just hides it better or thinks she does but Felicity knows. She sees the evidence. She's often wondered why they bother at all?

Oliver pulls Felicity tighter to his chest like he always does. She never touches him when he's done this in the past. It's always been more platonic than anything. Oliver has one hand behind his head and one around her waist. Her cheek on his chest. No other touching. This is how this works with them. But she wants to touch him, will he stop her? Will she die of embarrassment if he does stop her?

She sucks in her lips and decides it's now or never, literally. She takes her right hand and starts tracing his stomach or his abs if we get technical. When she first touches him, he quivers and his abs do this thing that is just so amazing.. She thinks about stopping but when he says nothing, she continues. His breathing is getting more labored.

She places a small kiss on his chest. He moans. "Felicity..." She doesn't answer him. She doesn't think she needs to. She probably should have thought this through more...she's never seduced a guy
and this is Oliver. Can she seduce him?

"Are you trying to seduce me?" She freezes. Shit. She said that aloud. She rises up. "And if I am?"
He smiles at her, wraps his hand around her neck and pulls her to him. When their lips meet she feels a fire burning through her. She feels alive. Yes, this is what she needs in her life! She needs this. She needs Oliver.

She moves and straddles him without ever breaking the kiss. Oliver sits up, he's devouring her mouth. It's like she can feel him everywhere with every part of her. When she pulls back in desperate need of air, he starts kissing down her neck. Her head falls back. When he reaches the bodice of her dress he stops and looks up at her.

She knows he's asking for permission. She can turn back now. She can climb off him and it can go back to the way it was before she touched him. Oliver will let her do that, but she can never go back. Not now. She simply smiles at him.

He's looking at her like she is the sun and he needs it to live, like he needs her as much as she needs him. It could be the alcohol, she doesn't know and she isn't sure she cares right now.

He pulls the spaghetti straps down her arms and tugs the bodice of her dress down. Her breasts are bare to him. He stares at her, she's almost feeling nervous until he looks up into her face and moves his mouth to her nipple, never breaking eye contact. She moans. He is sucking and tugging while she cards her hands through his hair.

He moves to the other. She allows this until she needs his lips. She gently pulls on his hair and he lets her nipple go with a small pop. She crashes her lips to his. He's licking and stroking her tongue. It's the best kiss of her life. She didn't know you could kiss like this. It's like they are making love with their mouths. Oliver reaches behind her and lowers the zipper on her dress and it falls to her waist. She leans into his chest needing to feel his skin against hers.

He pulls his lips from hers, "Felicity.." He hugs her to him tighter and flips them over. He pulls her dress off her. She's only wearing her thong. He gets off the end of the bed and sheds his pants and boxers. He runs his eyes up her body slowly. "You're so beautiful." He's standing there stroking himself and fuck is that erotic. Oliver could probably read the phone book, if there is still such a thing, and she'd find it erotic.

When he climbs back on the bed, he starts kissing up her leg. When he gets to her knee, he starts at her other ankle. He keeps pausing to look into her eyes. They are as dark as she has ever seen them, even in the dim glow of his bedside lamp she can tell.

When she feels like she may burst if he doesn't do more and soon, he pulls her by her ankles down to him and rips her thong off. He lies on his stomach between her legs. "May I?"

It's then she realizes he wants to..oh wow. "Oliver..you don't have to.." She starts to close her legs. "Don't hide from me, please." She drops them back open.

She's heard Tommy talk about how gross it is and how men don't like it. She's never done this before--any of it and she isn't sure what the protocol here is..

"I want to..." he looks down at her and she knows she's dripping wet with her need for him. He licks his lips, staring at her and begs. "Please?"

She could never deny him anything. Maybe she will like it? He watches her for her reaction when he licks a long line down her sex. She shivers and moans. Damn she likes it so far. Oliver smirks at her.
He dives in and everything he is doing is driving her crazy. She's holding his head to her and he is humming and moaning. She feels an orgasm building. Then Oliver sucks her clit into his mouth and she screams as she comes. Oliver is licking and sucking. Yep, she likes this very much, thank you.

When she comes down from that high he is above her watching her. "No need to thank me, you're delicious." She hears him tell her. Okay, sex makes her lack of brain to mouth filter worse.

"You're so amazing, have I told you that?" His words are a little slurred but she can tell he means it. He kisses her; she can taste herself on him. She is wondering why guys hate that. He pulls back, "I always knew you'd taste sweet with a hint of something spicy." She laughs. She can't help it.

"You've thought about how I would taste?"

He nods his head, "It's kept me awake at night."

Oliver is resting his weight on his forearms as he gently kisses her before running his nose along her chin. She takes her hands and does something she's wanted to do forever: she grabs his ass and pulls him to her.

"Anxious?"

She smiles at him. "I've waited a long time for this." He moves and positions himself at her entrance. He pauses. She knows he's giving her a chance to back out. She uses her hand and legs to pull him into her. She stiffens. It hurts. She hisses and Oliver looks down at her. He looks scared, "Are you okay? Shit! You're a virgin?"

"I was until ten seconds ago..."

"I didn't know-- I would have prepared you more-- I would have--" She moves her lips to his and silences him with a kiss. She falls back to the bed, her eyes closed savoring feeling him.

Once again, when she opens her eyes, he's looking down into hers. "I love you."

She feels the tears, "Don't say it because you're in me and feeling like you should. I don't need pretty words, I need you." He moves slowly out, then back in. She may die from the pleasure. He's finally moving.

"I mean it. I love you. I need you." Oliver sets a slow leisurely pace. Both of them just enjoying being connected to one another.

"I don't deserve you.." He pulls out and slowly pushes back in out..and back in. Both of them moaning and with each entrance he whispers he loves her. It's sweet, sexy and frustrating. She needs more. She kisses his chest. Then licks up his neck to his mouth and kisses him.

"Oliver I need you..please..faster. harder..more!" He kisses her then does as she asked. When she is about to come she pulls him down to her and kisses him. With that kiss she soars. Two or thirty more thrusts she doesn't know Oliver follows her.

He falls on her then rolls off her taking her with him. They lay like that for awhile. Him rubbing circles on her back, she on his chest. He gently moves her off of him and gets up after a few minutes. He comes back and washes her. He takes the towel back to his bathroom silently. When he comes back in, he pulls her to him and the covers over both of them.

"I don't regret it." She is scared he is regretting it.
He whispers softly, "I don't either. I've wanted you...this for too long to regret it." She starts to wonder if for him this is just an one time thing. She feels her walls going up again. She feels that alive feeling leaving her.

"Hey!" He flips them again and is over her. "This...me and you. I want it. I want more than just this night. If you do?" She can't help but smile. He smiles down at her as she says, "Me too."

He leans down and kisses her. He moves back to his side of the bed and takes her in his arms. They can hear the sounds of the party and people milling about outside his door. When they were making love she didn't even notice any of it.

"I have to break up with Tommy..." He sucks in some air.

"Yeah. I need to end things with Sara. They can wait until tomorrow. Tonight is about us." She agrees with him.

Tonight is theirs.

The next time they make love she is on top. He's lifting her up and dropping her back down on him. They both moan at the sensations.

"They'll never forgive us..." She moans again. This isn't the time for this; now is sex, later is talk.

"Then we will run away together, Oliver." She kisses him. He stops.

"Would you really run away with me?"

She smiles down at him and she knows without a doubt. "I would go anywhere with you Oliver Queen." He flips her over and she can't help but scratch his back, marking him as hers if only for tonight. She can't believe he really wants her.

"Don't hate me...I'm in love with you." He smiles at her. She knows he said it many times before but this feels bigger. She's IN love with him.

"Say it again..." He kisses her and she says it again.

They would make love two more times that night. Each time Oliver would tell her he loves her and it was the most beautiful words she has heard. One time, he flips her over so he can worship her ass. He goes on and on about how much he loves her ass. Even admitting he could die happy.

After their last round of sex, she was in his lap; after he came he looked up into her face. "Let's leave. Let's just run away from here. I don't care where we go as long as I have you."

"Oliver, I have a job I am supposed to start next month. Your parents would kill you." He laughs putting his head to her chest. "They'd have to find us first. We can leave all this behind."

He moves to look up into her face. "We're only young once. Let's explore the world and each other. Please, baby?" She looks at the hope in his face and she trusts him. She believes they can do this and make it work somehow. He's right, you're only young once. They are young and soon free! He wraps her in his arms and they lay down.

Oliver falls asleep and she scoots off of the bed. She is all for leaving but she can't just leave Tommy a note. He deserves better. Sara does too. Felicity puts her dress back on. Oliver ripped her panties off her, commando it is. She slides her shoes on. She walks over to the bed and kisses his lips.
"I'll be back soon."

"Two weeks later I found out I was having Mollie. A month later I knew you were gone and then a couple months after that I married Tommy."

"I don't-- I only remember a few things." She can hear the sadness in his voice.

"What do you remember?" She isn't sure she wants to know, but she asked.

"I remember you on top. Lifting you up and down. I remember thinking it had to be a dream. Nothing could be as perfect as us making love. I remember saying I love you and something about Bali. I thought it was a dream because you'd never leave with me."

"I would have. I was planning on it."

"Fuck, I'm an idiot." The regret is clear in his voice.

"No, you're not." She says softly.

"I wish I was there with you now."

She laughs, "Probably not a good idea. Thinking about you and me-- does things to me."

He groans, "I REALLY wish I was there now."

"I thought we weren't ready?"

He sighs, "We aren't ready until you are ready. We need to be on the same page and both certain. Damn, when the fuck did I grow up?"

She laughs wholeheartedly this time, "I think when you heard Mollie was your daughter and not Tommy's."

"Yeah. That's it."

They hang up a short time later. Felicity loves that Oliver is giving her time to sort her shit out. She doesn't want to freak out on him like she sometimes does. Oliver understands her and is the most incredible man she knows. She often wonders if she deserves him.

Chapter End Notes

Forgive me? Did that answer some questions about that night? Maybe give you a couple more? :)

Gala and the official coming out is next chapter! Really, this time.
Oliver is driving to Felicity's for their Tuesday night date. He hopes to get there in time to see Mollie before she heads to karate. He hasn't seen her since the Daddy/Daughter dance. He can't lie to himself, being a real Dad that night threw him. He had so many conflicting emotions rolling around. The biggest one was overwhelming love for his child. He loves her so much and it's scary how much. He's also scared. Oliver has never been responsible for anyone else's safety or happiness or life-- he's barely been able to manage his own. It's only been the last couple of years that his life hasn't been a train wreck. He sighs. But Mollie, she trusts him. She wants him to be her Dad and just loves him fully and completely. He smiles. He loves her; he just needed time to digest the changes in his life. The changes he welcomes with open arms.

Oliver is trying not to break all the traffic laws in his attempt to get there early. His editor called and is hounding him for his story and pictures. Oliver has decided to go with the story about going home and how you can actually do it. He has pictures of Mollie and Felicity and Thea. He just needs shots of the city and the surrounding area and he'd like to get some of places that matter to him now.

As he pulls up to Felicity's building, he grabs his camera from the backseat. He opens his door and takes pictures of the building from his vantage point across the street. He looks up at the old Victorian house and wonders at its history. He knows that to him it's a beautiful piece of architecture but the real draws are his beautiful girls inside.

Oliver places the camera back in the bag in the back seat. He locks the doors, sets the alarm and crosses the street. He makes his way up the stairs and knocks on the door.

"Who is it?" Oliver smiles hearing Mollie ask him. He knows Felicity is trying to teach Mollie to be more careful. Oliver thinks it's because like him, Felicity is scared of what Tommy will do when he gets back. He may not have agreed to his Mother taking Mollie, but he didn't stop it either.

"It's Oliver. I'll use my key." He pulls his key out and puts it in the lock. He hears Mollie running away from the door yelling.

"It's Oliver! He's here for you MOMMMMMMY!"
Oliver smiles as he opens the door. Mollie is standing in the small hallway of the apartment. When she sees Oliver she runs and jumps into his arms.

"Mommy will be out in a few minutes. She says she's not done yet." Mollie looks confused. "She looked done."

Oliver laughs and kisses her cheek. He notices she is still wearing her necklace from the dance. He puts her down as she grabs his hand and leads him to the couch. He sits down and she sits right beside him.

"Thanks for taking me to the dance. It was so fun. I never got to go before. Tommy always leaves. He says dances are stupid." He notices Mollie playing with her fingers. She says lowly, "I don't think they're stupid. Do you?"

Mollie looks at him so hopeful. "No, I don't. I think it was fun and I enjoyed being your escort for the evening." Oliver pauses, "I also don't think you're stupid for liking dances and wanting go to one." Mollie smiles at him so big and bright.

Truth is, Oliver did hate dances and galas and balls until he realized he could take Mollie to her first dance and he can maybe take Felicity to the gala this weekend. It's all about the company you keep at a dance is his new philosophy.

"I loved going with you, because I love you Mollie. I can't wait until next year!" And he means it. As confusing and overwhelming as it was, he wouldn't change going to the dance for anything in the world.

Mollie looks at him and smiles, "Me too!" She moves and hugs him, "You're the best Oliver." She kisses his cheek then laughs, "Your beard tickles."

"Oliver?" Mollie is looking at him nervously and then her eyes dart to the hallway which Felicity will come from when she's ready. Mollie moves closer to him. He waits patiently.

"Will you still love me if--" Mollie is biting her lip like her Mommy and playing with her hands.

"Mollie, nothing will ever make me stop loving you." He picks her up and puts her securely in his lap. He loves that he is allowed to do this now and she doesn't seem to mind. Mollie lays her head against his chest for a moment. Oliver feels such pride that his child can find comfort in his arms. She is now playing with his hands. He smiles down at their hands.

"Oliver-- I don't like your Mom. She scares me and she makes Mommy sad and she shakes and cries when she thinks I'm asleep. I don't like her--she's not nice."

Oliver sucks in a breath. It hurts him. It doesn't hurt because he wants Mollie to love his Mom, but because he doesn't want Mollie or Felicity to worry about her. Before he can reassure Mollie she continues.

"Oliver..I like you. A lot. I love you-- but I don't want Mommy sad and crying. I like that you take me to dances and you dance with me and make me feel special and I get to have a real Dad not a sometimes Dad-- you don’t live with us but you’re a real Dad. I love Mommy and I don't want her sad or crying. I want all of us to be happy together--but not with her. I like grandpa. I like that he wants to be MY grandpa I never had one of those. I love Auntie Thea.do you still love me, Oliver?" Her eyes are worried and full of unshed tears.

Oliver is about to cry. His daughter is willing to sacrifice her happiness if it means Felicity won't cry. Damn, Felicity has done one hell of a job raising their child. She is worried about him and losing his
love. Damn it. That shouldn't even be an issue. He wonders briefly if she worries about losing Tommy.

He moves Mollie so she is facing him. He nudges her chin up. She has been crying. His little chatterbox is just like Felicity and she babbles when she is scared or nervous. Could his daughter be any more precious?

"Mollie, I know you love your Mommy more than anything and I think that's great. I love my Mom, but I don't like her or her choices very much. You not liking her or trusting her won't change things between me and you. Nothing will ever change things between us, kiddo. Got it? I'm here for good. You may get sick of me but I'm not going anywhere."

She studies him for a moment. She tilts her head just so and squints. Oliver knows this look. Felicity has perfected this intense studying of him thing. He gulps. Mollie's smile breaks across her face and she wraps her arms around his neck, "I love you and never ever want you to go away."

Oliver is basking in his daughter's love and affection. He can't believe he got this lucky! She should hate him for not being there. She should look at him with contempt, but Mollie has accepted him from the beginning. She has been open, caring and loving. He is the luckiest man alive.

"I love you too."

There is knock on the door, "It's probably Uncle Dig." She tells Oliver then louder, "Mommy! It's Uncle Dig can I open it?"
Oliver doesn't give her a chance to respond. "I can do it." He says loudly. He walks over and lets John inside.
"Hey man, didn't know you'd be here." John tells Oliver as he enters the apartment. Oliver turns to see Mollie has grabbed her bag.

"Ready." Mollie tells John. Oliver smiles down at her. She looks up at him, "Bye Oliver. Have fun with Mommy!" She hugs his waist and grabs John hand.

"I'll see you." John says.

"Hey, uh-- if Felicity agrees to go to the gala could you maybe watch Mollie?" Oliver feels strange asking John to watch her. "We will be home early."

John smiles at Oliver and shakes his head. He looks down at Mollie, "Want to spend the night with us Saturday? Give your Mommy and Dad time to hang out."

Oliver's chest tightens when John Diggle, the man who wanted to kill him a few short months ago, refers to him as Mollie's Dad.

"Yes!" Mollie is excited. "Can we make popcorn and watch cartoons?"

John laughs, "Wouldn't be a sleepover if we didn't." he looks to Oliver, "You get your date, and I will take care of Mollie. See you later."

John and Mollie leave for karate. Oliver again admires the family Felicity has created for herself and Mollie. He didn't understand how important a support system was until Mollie came into his life. Felicity has made sure she has support and Mollie has people who love her.

Oliver is lost in his thoughts until he sees Felicity step in front of him. He swallows. Damn. He reaches down and adjusts himself because holy shit. Felicity is wearing a black dress with cut outs everywhere and black sky high heels that make her gorgeous legs look even longer. Her hair is piled up on her head with a few loose strands framing her face. She looks like an angel.
He clears his throat, "You look incredible."

She smiles shyly. "Thank you. I thought if I dressed up maybe I could win the debate about the gala."

He quirks an eyebrow, "Distracting me with your beauty is a solid plan only I'm always distracted by it and I have had to learn to compensate." He smiles at her and then stops and is just openly appreciating her, "This dress? Does things to me."

She laughs, "Oh really?"

He just nods and walks over to her and kisses her. Damn, he's so glad he can kiss her now. Oliver Queen can kiss Felicity Smoak whenever he wants--if it's okay with her. He pulls back.

"Ready?"

"Let me grab my hand bag."

Felicity locks up and he leads her down the stairs. When they get outside he pulls her close. He wants her close but he also hates this neighborhood. They make their way to his car she gives him a funny look and he helps her in.

"You really hate where I live." She states as he climbs into the SUV. He tries to hide if from her, but he really does hate it.

"Yes. You can come live with me--" She ignores his words. He knows she doesn't want to fight with him and that would be a fight.

They arrive at the restaurant and are seated. She keeps looking around. "What's wrong?"

She turns back to him, "I feel like someone is watching me. It's nothing. Me being weird." She goes back to her menu. He had ordered a wine uncorked this afternoon and it's delivered. He approves it and they pour a glass for them.

After they order, Oliver leans over the table, "John offered to take Mollie Saturday night so we could attend the gala."

She sips her wine, "Not letting that one go?"

He smiles his best smile "I want us to be official to the rest of the world." His smile gets bigger, "I want the entire world to know that you're finally mine."

He watches the biggest smile take over her face. She lights up and once again he's mesmerized by her so much so that he almost misses it.

"I'd love to be your date and be officially yours." She puts her elbows on the table and leans on it, "As long as it means you're mine."

Oliver chuckles never stopping his smile, he doesn't even try to stop it, "I've been yours since the moment I first saw you." He sighs, "I want to kiss you now."

"Kiss me." He leans over more and kisses her gently. The server returns with their meals. They both eat and one point they exchange some food. Oliver always found that peculiar, but with Felicity he's okay with it.

Their dinner plates have been cleared and the dessert menu brought to them when he hears a throat
clearing. He looks up to see his Mom and Malcolm Merlyn standing over them.

"Oliver." She knows he's waiting for him to stand and he does. He doesn't stand because it's proper he stands because he wants to keep her from Felicity. He moves to stand between these two and Felicity.

"Really, Oliver. We aren't going to accost the girl in the middle of the finest restaurant in Starling."

Oliver just looks at her. He's not risking it. "What do you want?"

His Mom lets out an aggravated sigh. "I can't talk to you?"

"No."

Malcolm interrupts them, "Oliver, your Mother and I are now dating officially."

Felicity snorts. Oliver turns to look at her and she shrugs while sipping wine.

"As I was saying, we are officially a couple now and I'd like to have you and Tommy with Sara of course over for a family dinner."

Oliver blinks several times before answering, "She's not my family. As for your son, I doubt you want me anywhere near him any time soon."

"You would do well to learn some manners, Oliver. We wouldn't want to cut you off." Malcolm warns him.

Oliver snickers, "Unlike your son, I don't need the family money. I made my own money. I can take care of myself and my family." He turns to Felicity, "Do you want to go?"

She gulps down her wine, "Yes, please." Oliver watches her down the wine, "What? It's good wine and yes it should be sipped but desperate times and all. Malcolm, Moira-- congrats on your scary new relationship that has to be a sign of the apocalypse."

Oliver grabs her hand and they walk out with him laughing all the way to the car. He helps her in the car. He walks around to his side. When he slides in he reaches over the center console and kisses her. "You're remarkable and amazing and I love you so fucking much." Then he gives her one more small kiss.

"I love you too."

He moves back into his seat, he starts the car and they pull out into traffic. It's light traffic for a Tuesday. He looks over at Felicity. "You okay?" His attention back on the road he waits.

"Malcolm and Moira are the power couple from Hell. It's a bit disturbing." Oliver makes a sound of agreement. It worries him that his Mom has teamed up with Malcolm. He's not a good man. He abused and mistreated Tommy and he can't help but be nervous what Malcolm and his Mom will do.

"I wish you would consider moving in with me. You and Mollie."

She sighs, "Oliver, I can't. Please understand."

He wants to he really does and normally he would have no problem (okay that's a lie he would because he wants them with him now) but his Mom and Malcolm together? This can't be good. They don't bring out the best in one another. He drops the subject because he knows she will dig in further if he pushes her.
They arrive back at her place. He looks around; punks on the corner, drug dealers in their cars and hookers walking the streets. The Glades after dark is really not a good place for anyone. He gets out of his side and walks over to hers and helps her out. They walk quickly across the street to her building.

"Can I get you an upgraded security system?"

She laughs at him, "The security system here is adequate. Stop worrying so much Oliver. I've lived here for two years and we've never even been robbed. They know I'm a single Mom. They don't think I have anything of value."

Oliver squelches his need to argue with her. She and Mollie are the most valuable. People don't need to always take things of monetary value. They make their way upstairs. She's unlocking the door when they hear Mollie's voice with Digg's.

"Do you like him, Uncle Digg?"

Oliver and Felicity both look at one another. They both know she's asking for John's approval of Oliver. Neither one of them breathes.

"Yes, I do. He's a good guy. You Little Miss are lucky to have so many people who love you." John teases her.

Felicity unlocks the door and pulls Oliver in, "Don't want them to know we heard them."

He laughs, "I thought you were pulling me in here to make out real quick. Damn."

Felicity laughs and pushes him against the door and kisses him. Oliver could get used to this. All too soon there is a light tap on the door. They both step away and Felicity opens the door. Mollie and John enter.

"One karate champ; delivered." John announces. John looks between the couple and smirks and Oliver knows John knows what they were doing. Oliver just smiles with pride. He will never be embarrassed or feel guilt over hissing her.

John and Felicity talk and coordinate their schedules for Saturday. Mollie walks over to Oliver while they are talking. "Read me a story while they grown-up talk?" She bats her eyelashes at him. She's good. Very good. He's screwed when she becomes a teen--hell, he's already screwed.

He takes her hand and walks with her to her room. When they get into her room she jumps onto the bed. "Why aren't you getting in bed?"

"Bath time, Silly."

Ah, yeah. Bath time. Oliver starts reading her book while thinking about all the things he misses out on because they don't live together. Add those things to the precious moments he missed due to family and friends keeping them apart and he feels robbed.

When he looks up Felicity is standing in the doorway. She nods to Mollie "She's asleep." He looks down and she is asleep. She looks so different when she's asleep. He loves watching her sleep. It's like nothing else exists but her in that moment. He remembers they skipped bath time.

"Should I wake her?"
Felicity starts shaking her head. "Never wake a sleeping baby or child. It's not good. Trust me." He nods and slowly stands up from the bed. He walks to Felicity and shuts Mollie's door. They make their way to her front door.

"I had fun tonight." She tells him. He knows that’s only partially true. "Aside from your Mom and Malcolm. That was a horror show." She shudders.

"Sorry about that." He pulls her into his arms and rests his chin on the top of her head. They stay like that for several moments. He knows he needs to leave. He hates leaving his girls alone in this apartment, in this neighborhood. Then again, he’d probably hate leaving them no matter where they lived. He sighs and pulls back.

"See you Saturday?"

"Yeah." He can tell she's nervous.

"This isn't your first gala There is no need to be nervous."

Her eyes dart away from his. That's never good. "Felicity?"

"Oliver."

Now, she is avoiding the subject. That's doubly bad. "What's wrong?"

She shakes her head.

"Fe-li-ci-ty."

She looks up into his eyes and he sees fear in hers. "These have a history of ending very badly for me." He waits patiently. "Tommy--" She makes a low noise that sounds like a whine. "We always fought or more I picked a fight, I guess." She shrugs looking away. Oliver doubts she picked a fight with Tommy.

"I don't want to embarrass you or do something to make you mad."

Oliver clenches his fists and sucks in his lips. He really does want to kill Tommy Merlyn with his bare hands. He wants to pummel him until his entire body looks like hamburger meat.

"Felicity, first of all, you could never embarrass me. Second, you may upset me and we might argue but that doesn't change how I feel about you and I will never physically harm you and if I hurt you? Yell at me.." She looks away.

He bends his knees and moves to the side to get her focus back on him.

"I've done horrible things at these events.." Oliver reminds her.

"Like hundreds of girls--" She whispers.

Oliver stands up straight and looks down at her, "Are you nervous I will go off to some closet with someone else? Because the only person I want to run off into a closet with will be you." He taps the end of her nose and she smiles. He thinks that is worrying her.

He bends his knees and moves to the side to get her focus back on him.

"Every year with a different woman. Every year was a huge fight and every year--I lost a
little more of myself. Really every gala ever—and party, fundraiser, charitable ball, Christmas ball...sometimes he wouldn't come home for days or worse he would and tell me how much I lacked by comparison."

Oliver wonders if he can break off his own teeth just by clenching his jaw. He wants to murder Tommy Merlyn slowly and painfully in the most torturous way possible. "We will have a good time, I promise! Even if I have to pee on a cop car to make you laugh." She looks at him stunned before she starts laughing.

"No peeing in public required." She stops laughing, "Just don't leave me alone, okay?"

Oliver's heart breaks. Once again, she is facing something scary for her and trusting him to be there for her. He is humbled by the trust she shows him. He is honored that he is the one she chooses and most of all he admires her strength and fortitude.

"I will never leave you, again. Ever." He leans down and kisses her. "BUT...I should go for tonight." She only nods as Oliver opens the door.

"Lock it after me." She still only nods. He waits and hears the locks click into place before he walks down the stairs.

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Felicity has her dress and shoes on. She is doing a last minute makeup check when she looks up and sees Oliver in the reflection of her bathroom mirror. She squeaks. "You scared me!"

He is leaning against the door frame. He takes her breath away. He has on a black tux. with his arm above his head and he is leaning and she can see he is wearing suspenders and she loves him in suspenders.

She goes back to applying a fresh coat of lipstick.

"I don't know why you're doing that when I have every intention of kissing it off of you."

She puts the wand back in the tube of lipstick. She is sealing it as she turns to him. "You will not mess up my makeup, Oliver. I worked hard to be presentable."

As she goes to walk past him into her bedroom; he grabs her by her waist and kisses the top of head. She smiles up at him.

"I just need my wrap and I have my clutch so we're ready to go." She walks out into the living room where Digg and Mollie are gathering her things for the sleepover.

"Mommy! You look like Barbie and Oliver looks like Ken!" Mollie is clearly impressed. Felicity laughs. She looks over at Oliver who doesn't look as pleased to be compared to an anatomicallly incorrect Ken doll.

Mollie kisses them both goodbye and leaves with Digg who smiles knowingly at the couple. Felicity just shrugs. She knows Digg thinks they are seriously heading towards marriage. But Felicity is surprised they're still dating most days. They make their way to Oliver's car. He brought his Porsche. "You brought that here?" Oliver shrugs, "You are brave."

Oliver helps her in and then walks to his side. Felicity likes watching Oliver when shift gears and drives the sports car. There is something very primal in watching him drive this car.
They arrive at the hotel where the gala is being held. Felicity feels the nerves set in. She hates this crowd. The valet helps her out as Oliver comes around the car. He hands the keys to the valet and takes Felicity's hand.

"Will Thea be here tonight?" She was wondering why the teen wasn't with him. He would have had to bring the SUV to fit the three of them.

"No. She has another date with the public school kid." Felicity notices how Oliver doesn't seem to like the public school kid. Thea must really like him by that response. "I'm sure your Mom will be upset." Oliver just shrugs.

They drop off her wrap at the coat check and head into the main ballroom. Felicity looks around and sees how decadent the ballroom is decorated. They have wait staff carrying food and champagne around the room and a bar set up. There are chandeliers hanging from the ceiling that are probably more expensive than the entire block of houses on her street. There are several tables set up around the edges of the room. Then in the middle of the darkened room is a huge dance floor.

Oliver pulls her tighter against him. She is getting more nervous by the second.

"Oliver!"

They both turn to see Robert Queen with his date, Isabel Rochev.

"Oh look Oliver it's your new mommy..." Felicity teases. Oliver looks down at her with a less than amused look on his face. She smiles softly and looks way. Oliver grabs them each a glass of champagne from the passing waiter. Felicity sips hers.

"Dad. Miss Rochev."

"You can call me Isabel. We're practically family."

Oliver grunts.

"Son, how have you been?"

Oliver takes in a deep breath. Felicity hopes he can be civil. "I've had a great week. I took Mollie, my daughter, to her first Daddy/Daughter dance last weekend."

"Sweetie. Mollie is Oliver's daughter with Felicity. You've met her, right?"

Isabel looks Felicity up and down. "No. Who are you?"

Felicity feels Oliver stiffen beside her. She pinches his bicep. Or tries to anyway, does the man have an ounce of fat on him anywhere?

"I'm no one..I mean, no one worth knowing."

Oliver looks at her with an almost angry look. Shit. She already made him mad.

"Felicity runs her own company. It's a cyber security company and she designs apps. She's amazing."

Isabel seems to respect that. She smiles at Felicity. It's a cold smile but the woman seems cold.

"Isabel, Felicity is also the mother of my first grandchild, Mollie. Maybe someday you can meet her too."
Felicity doesn't think so, but keeps her mouth shut. Isabel doesn't seem keen on the idea either.

"Oliver, do you have any photos of your daughter?" Isabel asks.

Felicity watches as Oliver takes out his wallet. She notices several pictures that she thought she sent him years ago and then in the money pocket he pulls out pictures from the dance. Felicity watches with pride as Oliver shows off his daughter.

Another older couple come up and coo over Mollie. Oliver is proud as a peacock showing off their child.

"Miss Smoak, I wanted to ask you about your company." The older gentleman tells her. "We are looking for an independent contractor to audit our systems; do you do that sort of thing?" Felicity looks over at the older man. No one from the society set ever wants to work with her, even though she's the best.

"Yes. But are you sure you want me?"

He laughs. It reminds her of Santa Claus. He looks like the jolly old man and laughs like him.

"You're the best in the state and one of the best in the country." This is true but those ranking mysteriously never appeared in the Wired magazines that arrived in Starling City.

"How do you know about me?" She knows the Queen's and Merlyn's have made her struggle ten times worse in this city.

"Everyone knows--just we didn't dare cross the Queen's. Sorry Robert, but you know how Moira is." Robert nods.

"Well, those days are over. Although if she's the best maybe I will steal her for QC. Neither of my birth children seems to want the company." Robert jokes. At least she thinks he's joking.

"We might have kids someday." Isabel interjects. Jealousy clearly written on her face.

"Not possible." They all turn to see Moira Queen on the arm of Malcolm Merlyn. She looks down at the pictures being passed around and shakes her head. "Robert had a vasectomy. If he was going to keep messing with the help," Moira is clearly looking her nose down at Isabel. Robert has a thing for snobs, "I wanted to make sure there were no bastards to bring home."

Isabel gives a death glare to Moira. "Clearly, you should have done the same with your son."

Okay, this isn't fun anymore. Felicity is about to pull the other woman's hair from her scalp when Oliver intercedes, "Speak of MY daughter that way again and I will see to it you are destroyed." Oliver looks to his Dad.

"Isabel, apologize. NOW."

"Sorry."

Robert looks down at one of the pictures, "May I keep one son?" Felicity looks to see it is one from the dance.

"Oliver what do you do if you aren't interested in the family business?" Felicity knows that Isabel just wants to know because she clearly wants the company.

"I am a freelance writer and photographer."

"Oh?" She lifts a perfectly sculpted brow. Felicity really doesn't like this woman. She smiles thinking about how Robert isn't faithful to Isabel and will probably not last long.
"I am currently finishing up an article on my return home. Tomorrow, I am going to take some shots at the Starling City Nature Preserve to go with my article."

"You think people care?" Isabel is clearly amused.

"Yes, I do. Everyone wonders if they can go home again. I wondered and now I know, I can and it is amazing."

"Excuse me." Oliver looks at Felicity worried. "I need to powder my nose...do women still say that?" She shrugs. Oliver kisses her cheek. She is relieved to be out of the vipers nest. Until she enters the bathroom.

Sara is standing against the wall checking her phone. She looks up when she sees Felicity. Felicity gasps. Sara has a huge bruise on her face.

"Tommy didn't do it. I hurt myself surfing on her honeymoon."

Felicity isn't sure she believes her.

"Does he hurt you?" She doesn't know why she asks. A part of her doesn't want to know. What good can from it? If he hurts her then Felicity will worry for her. If he doesn't and it is proof there is something wrong with her and it's not Tommy.

"No" Felicity is equal parts happy and sad. "Why not?--Not that I want him to I just don't get it."

"I'm not sure you can handle the truth. It took me a long time to accept it." Felicity is scared but she has to know what is so wrong with her that Tommy would hurt her.

"I need to know."

Sara hesitates.

"Please, Sara. Tell me." Felicity knows this could change everything.

"Tommy doesn't need to hurt me." Sara looks away and thinks for a moment. "Tommy doesn't need to hurt me to control me. I love him. I've ALWAYS loved him. You-- you were his ideal. YOU are so much like his Mom. Sweet, kind, caring and compassionate. Everything Tommy wanted. I'm not those things. Tommy idolized you-- but you never loved him. I idolize him, but he doesn't love me the way he loved you. You always loved Oliver and Tommy loved you, vicious cycle. I could feel it the night you and Oliver met, so did Tommy."

"That-- is crazy."

"No. No it's not. Oliver had everything Tommy didn't and you loved Oliver. Tommy thought if he could get YOUR love he would be a good man." Felicity shakes her head. "Then you gave him Mollie who loves him how he's always wanted to be loved. Worshipped. But it isn't enough for Tommy. He needs to best Oliver and be your hero. The only problem is you're your own hero."

"So, what you worship Tommy? You fill up those holes in him?"

"No. I give him what he needs. Someone to love and who loves him unconditionally. I allow him to control most of our lives together because I have to be in control in so many other areas of my life. It's nice to turn off my brain." Felicity is shocked by this. It makes no sense to her.

"I know people say that it is wrong, but I will always have his back. I will love him no matter what." Is Sara crazy? Felicity is shocked. That is amazingly sick and unhealthy.
"Does he love you?"

Sara shrugs, "In his own way. The point is I love him and that's what he needs. I love him enough for us both."

It's then that Felicity finally realizes it isn't something wrong with her. It IS Tommy. There is something wrong with Tommy. "You deserve more than that--" Felicity really means it. Sara did some horrible things but she was once a sister to Felicity.

“I have the love I want. Tommy's not a bad man. He's just -- a product of Malcolm Merlyn. He's trying and maybe someday he can be the man I know he wants to be."

"You could get him help? I tried. He was doing so well."

Sara turns towards the mirror and starts fixing her makeup, "Maybe someday. Right now, we are in a good place. Tommy is like he was in college and I am happy."

Felicity looks at the girl who once was her best friend and surrogate sister. There is nothing here for her anymore. She can't stand by and watch someone go down this path, and she won't judge her but she can't help her. All Felicity can do is protect Mollie from this kind of relationship. Felicity turns and walks away.

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Oliver watches Felicity walk away. His Dad wanders off with his friend. The wives seem to be talking about the next charity event. It's then Oliver notices his Mom and Malcolm talking to Tommy who has Oliver's pictures. Shit. He walks over and takes them. The look on Tommy's face almost scares Oliver. He knows in that moment this is exactly the face Felicity would see. He doesn't back down.

"You took her to the dance? You hate dances."

Oliver puts the pictures back in his wallet before replying to Tommy. "I did. And I do hate dances, but I love Mollie and I want her to be happy. Her happiness is more important than my comfort level."

Tommy pulls Oliver away from the crowd, "She is my daughter Oliver. You just fucked her mother one night that's it."

Oliver pulls Tommy off his arm and gets right in his face. "If you ever try to make that night sound like another night of fucking, I will beat the shit out of you. Do you understand me? She was never just a fuck. No matter how many times you tell yourself or Felicity that--it's not true."

They are staring at each other when someone says, "Boys! Boys! Play nice." Oliver looks and sees Helena Bertinelli standing there. Tommy stalks off without saying a word.

"He seems---angrier than usual." She hands Oliver a drink. "Scotch neat." Oliver nods and throws back the drink. He needs to stop drinking as he is driving tonight.

"You okay?"

Oliver licks his lips to get another taste of the scotch and try to calm his nerves down.

"Yep." He looks around to find Felicity. She's been gone a long time. He hears Helena giggle.
"She's over there with the mayor and her husband." Oliver finds them. He relaxes. He was worried Tommy or someone had her cornered. He promised not to leave her and then she left him.

He turns back to Helena.

"You love her."

"I do."

"She seems special." Helena is staring at Felicity. Oliver is watching Helena watch Felicity.

"How are you?" Oliver never wanted to date Helena though Moira tried. He never objected to her and they even hooked up a few times, but Felicity always had his heart.

"She's the reason you always kept yourself at a distance." She says it jokingly.

"Yeah." He blushes. He can't help it.

They talk about what each has been doing and how life has changed them. "Oliver--" Helena sounds alarmed.

He turns to his Mom and Felicity talking. "I'll go save her. You try to calm down." Helena pats his back. Oliver counts to ten then twenty as watches Helena. She's right, if he went over there right now he'd do something he'd regret.

-------------------------------------------------------------------

Felicity can't believe the mayor wants her input on the city's information site. There are so many things they could do online with the proper security in place. She's excited. She has lined up five potential jobs. If even two pan out she and Mollie can afford a new home, finally. That is an exciting and not so exciting thought.

They are discussing setting up a meeting for next week, when Felicity hears her.

"Felicity...Mayor Smith, Mr. Smith

"Moira!" The Mayor exclaims and hugs Moira the way society women do.

"I was wondering if I could steal Felicity for a few moments."

Moira wraps her arm around Felicity and leads her away. "I am giving you one last chance to leave my son alone." She hears Moira whisper in her ear. Felicity looks to her side for a moment then looks for Oliver. He is so handsome in his tux. She doesn't look at Moira when she speaks.

"What is it about me you detest so much?" She can feel Moira's glare on her. She doesn't change her focus. "I mean, most Mother's would like me. I am well educated, own my own company. I don't want Oliver's money, status or connections. I love him for the man he is, which is amazing."

Moira scoffs.

"You don't find him amazing?"

"I find him willful."

Felicity smiles. Oliver is stubborn but she wouldn't change that about him. Moira turns to her so Felicity does the same.
"You're not good for Oliver. You come from trash and you are trash. Why do I hate you? It's simple, dear. Before you Oliver, was my little boy in a grown man's body. All that mattered was keeping me happy so the money flowed. Had he not met you-- He would have married a girl I chose, had children when I said and worked with me at QC. Now, he has a bastard child, he takes pictures for a living and I pray he doesn't marry you. You destroyed everything just by existing."

Felicity considers what she says. "You don't want a child you want a toy. Oliver is a grown man with a brain of his own."

Moira laughs.

"Moira!" Felicity sees Helena Bertinelli approaching. Great. Helena air kisses Moira and then turns to Felicity. "You! You are the reason Oliver Queen keeps staring this way." She laughs. "He's quite smitten. You're one lucky lady."

Felicity blushes, "Thank you. I'm quite smitten myself."

"I can tell. We should do lunch sometime. I'd love to get to know you. A young woman who started her own company while being a single mom. Inspiring."

Felicity is taken aback by her kindwords, "Um, thank you."

"Felicity wasn't alone. She had Tommy Merlyn until she walked out on him. Willful girl."

Helena and Felicity both stop smiling. Felicity takes a deep breath, "You'll have to excuse MOIRA, you see, her marriage fell apart and she learned both of her children rather live anywhere but with her, yet to her I am the piece of trash." Felicity smiles and walks away.

Helena is laughing, "Definitely call me!"

Felicity walks over to Oliver, she notices Tommy with Sara across the room, but ignores them and puts her hand in his. He turns to look at her; he is talking to the Mayor and her husband now, and kisses her temple. She tugs on his arm; he excuses himself and follows her to the bar.

Oliver is smiling at her, "What?" She smiles brightly up at him.

"Tonight has been very informative." He raises his eyebrow in question, "Oh?"

"I talked to Sara and it's not me."

"What's not you?" They are both leaning with one side against the bar facing each other. He takes her hand that is resting on the bar.

"I'm not the bad guy. I'm not deformed or stupid or anything. Tommy hurt me because it's him. It's who he is." It likes she can feel relief rolling off Oliver.

He breathlessly whispers "Yeah."

"And your Mom? She hates me because you-- you love me. You truly love me and she hates that. She hates you grew up and don't need her."

Oliver's eyes are focused on her so intently and the love is flowing. "I do love you Felicity Smoak." He leans in and kisses her.

She pulls back, "I love you too, Oliver Queen." She cups his face. "I think I'm ready to put this behind me and move forward with you." There are tears in her Oliver's eyes. Happy tears and he is
smiling. He is nodding his head.

"You got all this from one party."

She smiles, "And two conversations." Her hand drops but her forehead moves to his. "I think I knew or hoped it wasn't me. That I wasn't broken-- but Sara talking to me about Tommy and your Mom telling me why she hates me changed things. Healed parts of me."

For a solid minute all she could hear was them breathing. Sharing and focusing. "I never thought I'd say this but I'm glad we came to this gala."

Oliver laughs. "I never thought I'd be happy you talked to my Mom."

"Oliver can you take me home now?" Oliver's smile fades. "I mean your home. Thea is out tonight with her friends. Mollie is with John and Lyla then tomorrow Digg is taking her to see Tommy. We have the house to ourselves."

She watches as lust fills Oliver's eyes. "I always want you to go home with me. But just so we're clear are you saying you're ready for more than.." He doesn't get a chance to finish before her lips are pressed to his. "I'm asking you to take me to bed and this time to please be sober."

Oliver's face breaks out into a huge smile. He grabs her hand and yanks her through the crowd. "Oliver shouldn't we say goodbye?" He looks back at her and the intensity takes her breath away. Alrighty then no goodbyes. Got it.

After they exit the building Oliver stops. He takes her face in his hands and kisses her. It takes her breath away. He pulls back, "I love you so much." She smiles and feels like she can finally take a deep breath for the first time in a long time. "But you're walking way too slow." Oliver bends down and throws her over his shoulder fireman style and sprints across the parking lot. Felicity can't stop giggling.

When they get to his Porsche he has the fob unlocking the car. He opens the passenger door and sits her down. He places a quick kiss on her cheek and shuts the door. She locks her seatbelt as he climbs in behind the wheel. Felicity looks to the backseat. "Definitely not enough room."

Oliver follows her eyes, "I want a big bed."

Felicity giggles.

Oliver calls Thea to see her plans for the rest of the night and she is staying with one of her best friends. He disconnects the call, "We have the entire house to ourselves all night."

"Whatever will we do?"

Oliver takes his eyes off the road to look at her, "Each other." She gulps.

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Oliver can't believe it! Felicity isn't blaming herself for Tommy and his Mom is in the past. Most of all he can't believe Felicity is ready to make love. He's wanted this, longed for this but he felt they were months away from this.

He pulls into his driveway and hits the garage door button. He pulls in. He and Felicity race for the door. When they are in the kitchen they stop and stare at each other. This is it. This is really it. He licks his lips. "Wine. I'll grab it and meet you upstairs. The lighter for the candles is in the top bathroom drawer." Felicity nods and takes off.
Oliver walks to his wine refrigerator and grabs a special bottle. He grabs two wine glasses and heads upstairs. He was worried Felicity would be shy about this, but so far she isn't. He promises himself not to push her and to take things at her pace. He needs this—they need this to go well.

Oliver arrives to his room to find Felicity lighting the last of the candles. He's really glad he bought them all now. She looks amazing by candlelight. He walks over to his nightstand and sits the wine glasses down. He turns away from her to uncork it, just in case the cork flies away. A trip to the emergency room is not how he wants this night to end. He pours them each a glass. He says a little prayer that things go well as he hands her a glass.

"To us." He says and watches Felicity take a sip. Her eyes get huge and she closes her eyes and moans from the taste and that sound? It goes straight to his dick. He needs to go slow and be careful.

"Felicity?"

She opens her eyes and looks into his. He forgets to breathe for a good ten seconds. She is the most beautiful woman he has ever seen. He wants her more than he has ever wanted anything, he thinks. He sees something like worry cross her features.

"If you don't want to do this—if you have changed your mind, it's okay. I won't push or get angry or anything. We can change into something else and go up to the entertainment room and watch something."

He watches so many emotions cross her face but none last long enough for him to decipher them. She steps closer to him, takes their wine glasses and sits them on the table. She grabs his hands into her tiny ones, "Oliver. I'm sure. I'm ready for this step. I trust you, I want to be with you in every way—I don't want to wait."

He's smiling so big and her eyes are so full of love that he wants this moment to last forever. He must wait too long to reply because she drops his hands and steps back, "Unless--" Her voice cracks, "Unless you don't want to do this, you don't want me."

He doesn't want her? There is no universe where Oliver Queen wouldn't want Felicity Smoak with every fiber of his being. He waits too long again and the words didn't come out because she turns away. He grabs her arm and she keeps walking so he grabs her hand.

"Felicity." He tugs her to him, "I want you so bad, Baby. I've wanted this night for so long and dreamed of you so many nights...many, many countless nights and I NEVER thought I'd have you." He grabs her hands this time. She finally looks up into his eyes, "I love you. I want you. I don't want to talk about why you doubt me. I don't want HIM or what he's done to be between us, not tonight. I just want to make love to the woman I have loved for so, so long."

Oliver watches as her face lights up. He feels like he just made an offering to the gods and it was accepted gleefully. He smiles down at her. He loves this woman so much it would kill him if anything ever happened to her, to them.

He steps closer and grabs her face with his hands, "Oh Honey, I love you!" He says just before his lips connect with hers. She tastes like the wine they just had and heaven on earth. He moans against her lips and his girl goes for it and plunges her tongue into his mouth. He smiles against her mouth. He was worried how things would go.
He reaches around and zips her pretty pink dress. She steps back; his lips try to follow her. She giggles as she pulls her dress from her arms. Oliver could be wrong but he thinks he could cum just by looking at her in this moment. "I didn't exactly dress to impress you. I wasn't planning on you seeing me--"

He realizes she is almost apologizing while he is trying to roll his tongue back in. He looks up into her face, "I think it would be best if you never try to impress me." He looks back down at her body. Sure he saw it that night they had the heavy make out session but wow, what Felicity Smoak does to him in lingerie should be illegal. "I wouldn't survive it."

She smiles at him relieved. "Your turn."

Oliver takes off his jacket. He hears Felicity mutter, "Suspender...holy hell."

He stares at her with an arched eyebrow, "Something wrong?"

She takes the three steps to him and grabs his suspenders, "I've always wanted to do this since that first Formal that we all went to and you took off your jacket...my panties were soaked just watching you in a pair of these."

Oliver gulps as she pulls him by the suspenders to her and kisses him in a way he has never been kissed before. Oliver has been kissed a lot by a lot of women but this kiss he feels down to his soul. She licks the roof of his mouth and his teeth and back to the roof of his mouth. Her tongue is perfect, her lips are perfect. She pulls away before Oliver gets lightheaded.

She steps out of her heels. She walks over to the bed and pulls back the duvet and sheet. Oliver isn't sure if he should strip down, she likes the suspenders an awful lot. Once she is done she walks back over to him, "I love the suspenders-- maybe next time you leave them on--but this time I really want you naked."

And that snaps Oliver out of his thoughts and he is naked in less than a minute. Felicity is laughing at him and he is certain it is comical the way he takes off each shoe and tosses it across the room. He doesn't bother unbuttoning his shirt he literally rips the buttons off and tugs it off his arms and almost rips his tee shirt off. The suspenders are down and he's tugged his pants off. He looks up at Felicity and realizes how he must look in only his socks and boxers.

Though when he sees her reaching behind her he is wondering what she is doing until he sees her pull her bra straps down her arms and off her body. She holds it out and then drops it on the floor. For some unknown reason he watches it fall and not her glorious breasts. He looks back up and oh yeah, there they are and oh so perfect.

He takes off each sock by lifting his leg and tearing it off quickly. He looks at her teasingly and he wonders if she is getting the message he is sending. She must because she slowly turns around and starts rolling down her thigh high stocking, giving him the perfect view of her perfect thong clad ass.

"You want to kill me? That is your plan?" He growls out. Bent over she has the audacity to smile at him as she moves on to the other leg. Once both stocking are on the floor he can't take anymore. Before she can stand up he walks behind her and cups her breasts. He rolls each nipple between his fingers and gives a slight tug. She moans. He takes one hand off her breasts and moves her hair over one shoulder and starts to kiss her neck while still playing with her nipple.

"Oliver--"

The breathy way she says his name makes him even harder. He rubs his erection along her back. She starts to turn and he drops his hands. She puts her hand in his boxers and grabs his dick. Her tiny
hands are magic as she uses his pre-cum as lube.

"You should stop before things end very quickly."

Felicity helps him out of his boxers and he helps her out of her thong. They just look at each other and it's clear neither of them thought they'd ever get here. Yet, here they are together. They both lunge for the other. Oliver picks her up and carries her the two steps to his bed. He needs to remember to be gentle and go slow; he keeps reminding himself as he gently places her on the bed.

There are so many things Oliver wants to do to her. He wants to make her scream his name and forget everyone who came before him and he wants this to be perfect. He starts kissing down her neck.

"Oliver.." She says as he makes his way down her softly rounded belly. Felicity is clearly in shape. He kisses her scar. He hates that she has it, but he loves every inch of the incredible woman under him. He goes lower until he is feasting on her. Her hands are in his hair. Felicity taste exactly how he always imagined only reality is so much better than his dreams. Her legs start to quiver as he sticks first one and then two fingers inside her. He's pumping in and out as his tongue plays with her clit. He feels her clit swell on his tongue and he rubs that place inside her and she comes with a scream all over his tongue. Oliver drinks it all up, every bit of her.

"Oliver--" She pants, "Please."

He is kissing her stomach and dragging his tongue across her between kisses and nips at her skin, "Please what?"
"I need you--" She moans.

Damn, he loves the sound of that. "Say it again." He says as his tongue runs across one very sensitive nipple and then the other. She shudders.

"I need you.

"You have me." He says as his face is even with hers. He settles himself between her legs, while careful not to put too much weight on her. He smiles down at her before he starts nibbling on her ear and licking below it. Her hips buck up. "I need you in me, now. I've waited so long."

"I've waited longer." He teases and then goes back to sucking on her neck. Juvenile to want to leave his mark, yes! But he can't help it.

Oliver isn't giving in yet, when he feels her move and grab him in her tiny hand and line him up with her entrance. He was worried Felicity would be shy in bed, but not his girl.

Oliver slowly eases in. They both moan in unison. Oliver has never felt anything like this (at least that he can remember). He slowly starts to move and Felicity meets him thrust for thrust. They are each getting closer and closer to the edge. Oliver moves to rub her clit as he knows he isn't going to last much longer and the second he touches her she cumms and sucks his dick into her body and he cumms right after her. He wraps her in his arms.

"Oh baby...yes!" He feels his eyes roll back into his head. When he is finally done he rolls over on his back and takes her with him. He maneuvers the covers over them. He could stay like this forever.

Felicity is rubbing his chest with her fingernails. It's turning him on. He swears, give him twenty minutes and he could go again. He squeezes her to him. "I think I want to sleep just like this."
She laughs, "I could get heavy around hour four."

"Nope. Never."

She moves her head and rests her chin on his chest. "Thank you."

He cocks his head, "For what?"

"Everything. For tonight, for loving me, giving me Mollie--coming home to me." Oliver moves and kisses her forehead.

"You know--if you moved in here I could COME home to you every night."

She snorts at his lame joke.

"I'm serious."

Felicity lays her head back on his chest. He knows she is thinking. He starts playing with her hair. He is content. They are content. Soon, he will need to get up and blow out the candles but they can wait a few more minutes while they lay here. Oliver rolls them back over and lifts off her. "Hey, that was not all night, Mister."

He chuckles as he walks over the first set of candles. "I thought I'd prevent the house from burning down and get a washcloth to clean you up." He walks over and starts blowing out more candles. He watches her out of the corner of his eye as she stretches and grabs her wine and sips it.

"Yeah, you shouldn't burn the house down before Mollie and I can move in."

Oliver has a candle lifted to blow it out when he stops and looks at her, "Don't tease me, Smoak." He thinks for the second time tonight his heart has stopped beating.

Felicity looks him up and down, "I need to talk it over with Mollie but--- I mean, there will be rules." Oliver blows out the candle and decides to leave the rest so he can see her face. "Rules?"

"Yes. Like you cook and I'll clean."

"Good rule. Food poisoning, not fun."

She flips him the bird and he laughs. He crosses his arms over his chest as he waits standing at the end of the bed.

"You're distracting me with that thing!" She says while gesturing in his general direction.

"You like my thing."

"Yes, I do and speaking of that..if I live here: suspenders are a must do." He laughs softly but nods. "And sex, lots of sex. I missed sex. I really missed good sex."

"Glad to help. I am at your beck and call." He is trying not to laugh. He doesn't want to wreck this before it starts. She smiling at him and then it drops. She gets out of bed and starts blowing out the candles. She walks back to bed.

"First we don't need to clean up because I think we can both go again." She looks at his erect dick. Yes, they can. He walks over to the bed and slides in. It's darker.
"Oliver, seriously. We need to make sure Mollie is okay with it. I know she seems to love it here but we need to decide about her schooling and activities."

Oliver lays down and pulls her with him. "You know what I like best about what you said?"

"Hmm?"

"WE. We will decide and we will help Mollie. WE are a family."

"Yeah, we are. So I will talk to her tomorrow when she gets home from seeing--- he who shall not be named." Oliver smiles at her. He's been reading Harry Potter since she and Mollie make references to it. "You have to do some work right?"

"Right."

"So I will talk to Mollie about moving in with you and Thea. Then I will text you to come over."

He kisses the top of her head, "And then we can figure out how fast I can move you two in here." He pauses. He's worried but he needs to know, "What changed your mind?"

Felicity stiffens in his arms then relaxes. "Knowing that maybe I'm not as screwed up as people say. We made love and you didn't kick me out...but mostly I trust me. I trust you. I trust us. We can do this."

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Oliver drops Felicity off. He wanted to spend the day with her, but he has to get these photos done and she wants to talk to Mollie about moving. She doesn't want them to become one of those couple who have to be together all the time. He needs to work.

Felicity walks into her apartment, locking her door. She heads to the window and sees the security hasn't arrived yet and Oliver is now pulling away. She can't believe she had to do the walk of shame, though she felt no shame at all. Stride of pride is probably more accurate. She had an amazing night with the man she loves.

Felicity heads to her room. She needs a nice warm shower. Her muscles are deliciously sore. She lets the water do it's magic. She turns off the shower and heads to her room. She puts on some yoga pants and tee. She decides to forgo any underwear or bra. She puts her wet hair up in a loose bun. She smiles at herself in the mirror.

"You're finally happy, Felicity." She squeals and heads to her living room. She thinks she will do a deep clean before she starts packing things up. Yeah, she doesn't need to think about it; she wants to live with Oliver. She thinks Mollie will agree, but she will give Mollie a chance to help her decide.

Felicity is heading towards the kitchen for a glass of water when her door is kicked open. She screams and starts to run for her room. Her cell is in there as is her pepper spray. She only makes it a few steps when she is pulled back by her hair, "Where you going?"

Felicity looks and sees two men, one holding her by her hair and the other smiling at her. The one not holding her is smiling at her and it's not pleasant. "Saw you coming in with the same dress from last night--" He steps closer. "Wonder why?"

"Please don't hurt me."

They both laugh. "That's what we're paid to do."
Felicity blanches. If they are telling her this they are going to kill her. "Please, no...I have a little girl."

"We know..."

"Maybe we should have a little fun with her first." The one holding her by her hair says. He reaches up and cups her breast. She whimpers, "Do you like that?" She shakes her head. "I think you do.." He licks the side of her face.

The other man speaks, "We are supposed to hurt her not rape her. I didn't sign up for that."

"You can gut her, but not fuck her? You're weak." The man shrugs. When the one holding her hair lets go she takes her elbow and jabs it into his stomach. She then hits him as hard as she can. She sees the other man has a knife. He looks scared.

"Run." He tells her.

She is turning to run when the worse one grabs her. He has her by her hair again. "On your knees." She goes down. He backhands the other man. He falls down and hit his head on her coffee table. "Guess we're alone."

"I will fight you." She warns him as he pulls her to her feet. He slaps her across the face. She doesn't back down. He pushes her onto the floor. When he is standing over her she rears back her legs and kicks him in the junk hard with both feet. He falls to the ground. She is rolling away from him when he suddenly produces a knife and stabs her.

Oh god, the pain. She grabs her side. He stabs her again through her hand before he can pull the knife out again someone yells, "Hey Asshole."

Felicity sees a young man in a red hoodie dive towards her attacker. The pain is overwhelming. Felicity goes to pull the knife out, "Don't! You will bleed out."

She focuses on the boy in the red hoodie who is leaning down over her. He is soothing her hair out of her face. "Thea call the cops and an ambulance."

Thea? Oh no is Oliver here? One of them needs to survive for Mollie. Mollie. She won't get to see her grow up. She knows if Oliver is okay Mollie will be fine. She really wanted to grow old with Oliver and see Mollie grow up.

Thea is now sitting beside her, "Hold on, Felicity. Please don't die! Oliver needs you. Mollie needs you. Please don't leave us.." Thea tears fall on her face. Felicity is so cold. Why is she so cold? Where is Oliver? She needs him.....

"Oliver--" The world goes black.

Chapter End Notes

Don't hate me!! The next chapter is written and edited. I promise to have it up soon.
Daddy

Chapter Summary

The aftermath of the attack begins.

Chapter Notes

I am really, really sorry for the wait!! I have a lot of crap going on in my personal life and then fandom stuff and yeah...I'm sorry. I hope this chapter is worth the wait.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Oliver left Felicity and headed out of the city to the nature preserve. He decided to get some nature shots. He hopes to bring Mollie here and show how Mollie has enhanced his life. He finds a space to park and grabs his gear from the back. He slides his phone into his gear bag. He puts his bag over his shoulder and starts his hike.

Oliver hikes for about 15 minutes before he puts down his gear bag. He gets his camera and the appropriate lens out. He is taking a few practice shots before he starts taking the ones he might use.

Oliver goes back to taking his pictures. The sooner he is done the sooner he can be with Felicity and Mollie. Hopefully, they will have talked and perhaps decided to move in with him and Thea.

He starts taking several shots of two squirrels playing. He smiles. The sun is high in the sky and it's unseasonably hot. He whips his shirt over his head and starts to look for other creatures. He could include the animal families in his article. He is busy at work when hears something. He turns to see Laurel Lance. He rolls his eyes and goes back to his work.

"Ollie-- I came out here to see you." Oliver just grunts. "You're being rude." He keeps doing what he's doing. Ignoring her has always been the best way to deal with her. He doesn't know why she keeps trying. He isn't going near her.

Thirty minutes later, Oliver moves further away. He's in a clearing and is shooting a waterfall few yards away. He only wants the top of the waterfall and the trees. He goes down on his knees to get a better angle. When he stands back up, Laurel puts her hands on his back. He sighs she still isn't getting the hint.

Oliver turns around and she is naked. Completely naked standing before him. "What the hell?" He looks up at the sky. He doesn't want to see this.

Laurel pulls on his neck and he starts to stumble forward. He instinctively grabs at her. Then he hears clicks. He looks around and sees paparazzi.

He knows from their angle how this could look. It will look like he met her out here for sex. Shit. He can't risk his relationship with Felicity. He stalks over to the other cameraman. "I'll pay you for that."
The man laughs. "No way. Playboy Queen back at it? These will pay off my house especially considering you aren't with your supposed girlfriend."

Oliver thinks about what he says. "What does that mean?" The guy looks around him to Laurel. Then back at Oliver.

"You don't know?" He looks around to Laurel again. "You didn't tell him? That's --wow." The photographer starts to walk away.

Oliver grabs his arm. "What did you mean?"

The man is clearly torn. He blows some air out and then looks at Oliver, "Felicity Smoak--she's not well. She’s been rushed to the hospital. That's all I know."

Oliver feels his heart stop. What. He runs across the opening, he jumps over a fallen tree and grabs his bag. His phone should have been going crazy IF something is wrong. It's off.

He looks to Laurel and sees she's finally getting dressed. "Did you turn it off?" She giggles.

"I didn't want us to be interrupted."

Oliver looks back down at his phone and it's finally up. It's starts going crazy he was 108 text messages. 45 voicemails and 200 hundred missed calls. Fuck. He grabs his shirt and pulls it back on. She's hurt. Oliver throws everything in his bag and starts running for his car. He is glad he left his keys in his pocket.

He makes it to his car and syncs his phone. The first voicemail is Thea. "Ollie? If you get this get to Felicity’s. Dad and I are at Mom's and we heard her talking to someone about paying them to hurt Felicity." There is some jostling and then his Dad's voice.

"Oliver she said kill. Your Mother said kill Felicity. I tried the police all they will do is send a car by."

Oliver knew his Mom was crazy and she must be ready to break. Oliver listens to several more messages. He only hopes his security team got to her or maybe John Diggle. Mollie!

He keeps playing the messages. Thea again: "Ollie-- we made it to her place. Dad is mad at me for doing this...Ollie she's not good." BEEP Another message: "Ollie we are at Starling General Hospital. Hurry."

Several more of Thea begging him to hurry. Then he hears John Diggle's booming voice. "Oliver. I have Mollie. We were with Tommy when we heard. I took her to the hospital. She's safe man.." He hears Diggle's voice crack, "I'm sorry, man. I thought--hurry."

Oliver screeches into the parking lot of the hospital. He heads to the Emergency Department. They send him to the surgical floor waiting area. He busts through the swinging doors frantically searching--he isn't sure who or what he is searching for but he sees his Mom and Malcolm. He can't deal with them yet. He sees Thea and her boyfriend. Oliver's heart stops ...they are both covered in blood. He assumes--Oliver feels dizzy--Felicity's blood. His knees almost buckle.

He sees The Diggle's: Andy, Carly and Lyla. He wonders where John is and scours the room. Then he sees them--Sara is seated next to Tommy who is holding Mollie in his lap. Her cheek is pressed to his chest while Sara rubs her back. He gasps. He's never seen her look so pale or so quiet. She must hear his gasp as the room is entirely too quiet.
Mollie looks up and sees him. Her eyes are full of tears and tear tracks run down her face. She wiggles out of Tommy's lap and starts running across the large room to Oliver, "DADDY!" She screams as she leaps into his arms. He had gone down on one knee and wraps her in his arms. She called him Daddy. Mollie has never called him Daddy. His heart and head are both fighting a battle. His daughter called him 'daddy' while the love of his life is in mortal danger. She has her arms wrapped around him and her cheek on his shoulder. Suddenly she pulls back. She grasps his head with both hands and looks him in the eyes, "Daddy--Mommy said you make everything better--so go in there and make her better, okay? Please? I need my Mommy. Please Daddy you can do anything Mommy said it. Mommy doesn't lie."

Oliver ungracefully falls to the floor with her in his arms. He rocks her. Trying to soothe her. He can't fix this. He wants to fix this so bad. He has failed his girls. He said he would protect them and it's his family that he failed to protect her from. He brought this into her life.

He is rocking her back and forth in his arms trying to still her body that is trembling. She finally cries herself to sleep.

Oliver stands with her in his arms when John Diggle comes into the waiting area. Oliver doesn't know who to hand his daughter to until Barry walks through the doors. He hands her over to Barry, "Keep her safe."

Barry looks Oliver in the eyes and he tries to convey to Barry how serious this. Barry nods at him, "Hey, Mollie, I got you." Barry soothes the sleeping child.

Oliver strides over to John, "What the hell happened?"

John is crying. Oliver steps back. He is scared now. He had hope this was a giant misunderstanding and Mollie was just scared because she's a child.

"Two men broke into her house. They were there to kill her." John stops and takes a deep breath. Neither man could see anyone wanting to hurt Felicity. He continues, "She fought one off, but the other one stabbed her. Roy arrived and took the guy out and kept Felicity from pulling the knife out. The ambulance arrived, but Oliver--it's serious."

John Diggle leaves Oliver and walks over to his wife. Oliver searches the room for his sister. He sees her and Roy cuddled up together. He storms over there. He towers over them. Thea stands after a moment and hugs her brother, "We got there as soon as we could--"

"You took her there?" He looks at Roy.

"No. Hell no. She called me and told me what she heard. I told her I could get there and *I* went there ALONE. She came in afterwards and I didn't want her in danger."

Oliver looks the boy up and down. He doesn't know what comes over him, but he pulls him into their hug, "Thank you!"

Oliver is fighting tears, "You take my sister home. Stay with her."

"Ollie--"

"Thea please? As soon as I can I will bring Mollie home and she will need you. You go home and wash up seeing her Mom's blood on you won't be good for her." With that Thea and Roy leave slowly. Oliver can tell neither one wants to leave.
Oliver falls into a chair. He can't talk to his Mom, not yet. He can't trust himself. He just sits there and he has no idea for how long he sits there lost. He is lost without Felicity. He can't imagine his life without her. He can't go back to living without her, she can't die. This world can't go on without her.

Mollie needs her Mommy. She was distraught without her. Mollie's entire world revolves around Felicity. He can't do this without her. They need her.

The doctor comes out to talk to them. "Mr. Tommy Merlyn?"

Oliver sees red. Tommy? No. He stomps over to them. Tommy looks at him, "Oliver, you aren't her next of kin."

"You aren't keeping me out of this Tommy so don't try."

Tommy eyes Oliver. He looks over to Moira and Malcolm, "Fine. He can come with us."

"I can't let you-- Law forbids me to talk about her health with anyone she hasn't cleared."

Tommy grins at him, "Sorry Ollie." He moves to leave with the doctor.

"If anything happens to her because you make the wrong decision? I will rip you apart limb from limb. Slowly."

Oliver watches them walk away. He starts to leave the waiting room. John stands up, "Where are you going?"

"To see my daughter. I need to hold her right now."

Oliver finds Barry and Mollie curled up together at a table. Mollie is asleep in Barry's arms. The poor kid will wake up and think it was all a nightmare then learn it's not. It will break her heart all over again.

"How is Felicity?"

Oliver lifts Mollie from his arms and settles her in his own. He sits down across from Barry. He starts to speak softly, "I don't know. Tommy is her next of kin or person in charge or something."

Barry nods, "I told her to change that to me or John. Tommy talked her out of it and kept him the one in charge." Barry pauses and looks around the empty cafeteria, "When she wakes up have her change it. Don't trust him Oliver."

"I don't." Oliver kisses Mollie's head. "I should get back up there." He hands Mollie over to Barry.

"We will be here until you want me to take her somewhere."

Oliver looks at Barry kindly, "Thank you. Not just for today, but for everything you've done for them. I know she ran to you when she left him and you took care of her. Thank you."

Oliver leaves to find Tommy and get some answers even if that means beating them out of him. He finds Tommy and his Mom in a small waiting room off the main one. He stops to listen.

"I never wanted her dead, Moira!"

"You want the child. She dies you get the child and I get Oliver. It's quite simple really."

"Mollie loves her Mom. I wanted her hurt and to leave Oliver! What happened to catching him cheat on her? That would solve the problems." Tommy groans. "I never wanted to hurt her."
Moira cackles, "You mean like when YOU decided you should marry her and keep her from Oliver? When you agreed to keep the letters from Oliver? When you would beat the poor girl and your Dad and I would cover for you? When exactly was this not hurting her thing?"

Tommy was in on it. He knew they were keeping Felicity from him and he wanted to marry her. Oliver makes his presence known. "You son of a bitch!"

Tommy runs behind the couch. Oliver realizes he thinks that will stop him from tearing him apart. "You wanted to marry her? You wanted to hurt her and torture her?"

Oliver steps on the couch and grabs Tommy by his shirt. He lifts him over the couch and slams him on the ground. The adrenaline rush is making Oliver much stronger than normal.

"You kept my daughter from me and today wanted to hurt the love of my life?" Oliver is holding him still trying to control his anger. He starts thinking that if he kills Tommy he will lose Mollie forever and if...Oliver swallows the bile rising in his throat..if Felicity can't take care of her and Tommy is dead and he is in prison she will be alone. He lets Tommy up.

"You wouldn't have either of them if not for me! Hell, you never would have fucked Felicity that night and made Mollie if not for me."

Oliver is stunned. "What do you mean?"

Tommy laughs and looks at Moira who looks curious, "I slipped you some X. It always made you horny. Sara slipped a roofie to Felicity. We wanted you two to be busy and not with one another. Felicity still thinks she was sober!" He laughs.

Oliver is shocked. Those two are disgusting. He's always wondered why that is the ONE night he can't remember. "You gave me extra?"

"Yeah. I wanted to spend the night with Sara. She was angry I proposed to Felicity. I had to make it right. We needed you two out of the way."

Now, he knows why he can't remember the best night of his life and why Felicity was finally willing to sleep with him. She was out of her mind. Oliver falls onto the couch and runs a hand over his head.

"You played God with our lives? You took our willpower away from us."

Tommy rolls his eyes, "You wanted her, she wanted you and we needed time together. I was angry she picked you. Why you? Always you..." With that Tommy walks out.

"Oliver, my dear boy, I've done all of this for you." She walks over to touch his face and he leans out of her reach.

"I hope they arrest you and put you in jail." His voice is devoid of emotion.

Oliver often wondered how Felicity survived everyone she loved betraying her. How much can one person take before they are just broken into too many pieces to ever be fixed? Oliver now knows how she felt. His parents, his sister (against her will) his best friend, his ex girlfriend--everyone betrayed him. They took away his mind that night and he left the one person he has ever loved. He doesn't know what he would do if he thought she betrayed him too.

"Daddy?"
With that one word, he knows how he will go on no matter what. Felicity carried their child to term with everyone betraying her. She raised Mollie on her own and gave her such a good life. No matter what Oliver owes it to both of his girls. Oliver wipes his eyes and takes a soul clearing breath, "Hey, Baby."

Mollie walks over to him. He sees Barry in the doorway. "She woke up and wanted you." Oliver nods and Barry leaves.

Mollie crawls into his lap. Mollie starts playing with his hands the way he has seen her do with Felicity. Oliver and Mollie are just sitting there. He doesn't know what to say to her and she seems content to just be with him.

A throat clears, "Ollie?" He looks up and sees Sara standing there. He just looks at her. "May I speak to you for a minute." John Diggle appears behind her. He comes around her and walks to Oliver. He reaches for Mollie and she quietly goes into his arms. Mollie is being too quiet. She is always so animated. Mollie curls into John's arms.

Oliver stands. "What do you want?"

"I came to tell you what the doctor said. Tommy doesn't want me to tell you but you should know something. You are probably who she would want to decide things."

Oliver is thankful she is willing to tell him. "Tommy won't hurt you?"

"No. He won't. Thanks for your concern." Sara moves slowly into the room. "Felicity is out of surgery. She has a concussion from falling they think. She was stabbed in her spleen, it was removed which is fine. She has a couple of broken ribs and a cut muscle in her wrist. The main concern is the concussion for now because they don't know when she will wake up."

Oliver feels nauseous, "She will wake up, right?"

"I know you don't like him having this control over Felicity--I don't like it either. Maybe we could find some middle ground."

Sara looks at him with such sadness it almost makes him feel sorry for her. "Ollie, I can't betray Tommy. He wants to be in control and now he is, but I can keep you posted. And you can go see her."

"I need his permission to see her?"

Sara looks away before speaking, "You're not family or Tommy. So, yes. The hospital is making an exception because your last name is Queen."

Oliver doesn't wait for her to leave. He walks past her and heads to the waiting room where he hopes to see Felicity. He walks in and sees his Dad. "Oliver I cleared it so you can see Felicity." His Dad sighs and looks over to Mollie, "They won't clear Mollie to see her."
"Who is in charge?"

Robert Queen points to a nurse. Oliver walks over to her. He puts on his charming smile, "Hello." He looks at her name tag, "Janice." He smiles brighter. Clearly flirting. "I need to take my little girl back there to see her Mom. She really needs to see her."

The nurse smiles back at him, "I am sorry but children under 12 aren't allowed on the floor." She moves closer. She takes a pen out of her scrubs pocket and takes his hand. She writes a number on his palm. "My number."

Oliver wipes his hand on his jeans. He isn't calling her. He sees Mollie who looks at him with desperation in her eyes. He has to get her back there. She needs her Mommy and he knows Felicity needs their daughter.

He motions for his Dad, John and Barry. "We need a diversion so I can get Mollie back there."

John steps forward, "There are no guards on her door, I will stand guard and say I was paid. Mr Queen, you can start insisting she needs guards loudly. Barry you run Mollie back to Oliver who will be waiting in her room."

Oliver smiles at the older man, "Thank you!" He looks at these three men and knows they will help him. His Dad isn't the best person in the world, but he is willing to help him.

Oliver starts the walk back to Felicity's room. He hears his Dad roar, "I insist Miss Smoak has a bodyguard on her door! Do you realize who I am?" Oliver smiles to himself. His Dad being an entitled asshole is coming in handy.

Oliver enters the room. He looks and sees her lying there so pale. Monitors and tubes everywhere. She has an oxygen mask on. The room is mostly dark. Oliver walks over and sits in the chair beside her bed. He moves to push her hair out of her face. She's so pale. He looks to the heart monitor. He has no idea if it's good or bad but it's beating. He keeps telling himself she will wake up. She is still here with him.

He can't hold back anymore. He lets the tears flow. "Felicity--baby...." He stops to get ahold of himself, "I need you to wake up. I need you to show me those beautiful eyes. I need to see you smile and hear you speak. Even if you yell at me I don't care just open your eyes, okay?"

Oliver moves back for a moment. He puts his hands on the back of his neck and leans forward. A small wail escaping his lips. He sniffs loudly and takes a calming breath. Mollie will be here soon. He has to be strong for her. He stands up and leans over to kiss her forehead. "I love you."

He can't believe that less than 24 hours ago they were making love and making plans for their future. They were so happy and so in love with each other. He felt like he had the world by the balls and he was finally getting everything he ever wanted. She had agreed to move in with him and they were making plans.

"As soon as you're well--I'm going after my Mother and nothing will stop me. NOTHING." He promises her. He wants to go after her now. He wants to put his hands around her neck and take the life out of her body. The only reason he doesn't is Mollie.

He hears running down the hall and opens the door. Barry has Mollie tucked into his arms, "One little girl to see her Mommy."

Oliver lifts her from Barry's arms, "Thanks. I owe you."
Any time.

Barry races down the hall. Oliver muses he must have ran track in high school he's really fast. He looks down at Mollie in his arms. "Ready?"

Mollie nods but remains quiet. "Listen, Mommy is sleeping and she has lots of wires around her and there are tons of machines."

"Mommy likes machines." Oliver pitifully almost smirks.

Oliver slowly opens the door. Mollie makes a tiny little gasping noise. Her big blue eyes collide with Oliver. He smiles at her reassuringly. "It's okay. You can talk to her, if you want."

Mollie bites her lip and looks down at Felicity. She makes no attempt to move from his arms. "Mommy, it's Mollie. I'm here-- you can't be sad you said you could never be sad when I'm here and I'm here Mommy-- open your eyes Mommy, please."

Oliver almost loses his grip on his little girl. Her pleas breaking his heart. First she begged him to make Mommy better and now this. He'd give anything to spare her this pain. Mollie looks at him, "Daddy why won't she open her eyes, doesn't she love me?"

Oliver pulls Mollie into his chest, "She's sick baby girl. The doctors are making her all better. She needs time, but know that she loves you more than anything!"

Mollie begins to cry against his chest. It's a silent bone deep cry. He looks up at the ceiling desperately trying to keep his own tears away. He looks down at Felicity so pale and he is scared. He is scared that he is going to lose her forever. He knows what the doctors said but she's so pale.

"Come on, I'm going to have Uncle Barry take you home and stay with you. Auntie Thea is there, okay?"

Mollie raises her little head, "Will you come too?"

He kisses the top of her head, "Soon."

Oliver opens the door to John's back. He always forgets just how huge John is. "Hey. I'm going to take Mollie out to Barry. Can you--"

"I'm here or someone from my team will be here. Your Dad didn't just mean for it to be a distraction. We all decided with your Mom still on the loose to keep her protected."

Oliver nods and walks down the hall with Mollie in his arms. He finds Barry talking to Lyla. "Barry? Could you take Mollie to my place? Thea and Roy are there."

Mollie moves from Oliver's arms easily into Barry's. She looks back at Oliver, "Bye." She cuddles into Barry's neck. Oliver watches her leave with Barry.

He looks around the mostly empty waiting room. He asks his Dad, "Where is Mom?"

"Gone."

"Home or left the country?"

Robert looks at his son with sadness, "I don't know son." Robert embraces his son, something he hasn't done since Oliver was a small boy, "I am sorry. I am so sorry for everything. I promise I will be a better Father to you and Thea and a good Grandfather to Mollie." Robert pauses, "And any
other little Queen's you two decide to have."

Oliver smiles as he pulls away from his Dad. Oliver watches as his Dad sizes him up, "Oliver she's a fighter. She will wake up."

Oliver slumps into the chair behind him, "Can she emotionally overcome being betrayed again?" Oliver pinches his nose with his left hand, "Dad--did you know it was Tommy's idea to marry her? It wasn't Mom and Malcolm."

Robert curses under his breath, "No, I didn't. I will apologize every day to Felicity for not protecting her and Mollie."

Oliver stands up, "Just help me now. Help me keep my girls safe and make sure Mom stays away from them both."

"All my resources are at your disposal."

Oliver nods and starts to walk away, "Oh and Dad?"

"Son?"

"If you want a relationship with me--and any future little Queen's? End things with Laurel Lance. She helped Mom."

Oliver doesn't expect the reaction he sees cross his Dad's face. Murderous is the best word to describe it. "What do you mean?"

"She turned off my phone and set me up to be photographed where it looked like we were having sex."

Oliver sees now where he gets that working his jaw when angry thing from as he watches his Dad react. "It's over. I won't see her again."

Oliver accepts him at his word and makes his way back to Felicity. He doesn't know if Robert Queen is breaking up with Laurel for his family's sake or because she was willing to sleep with Oliver or just look like she had to please Moira. It doesn't matter to him why as long as he does it.

John is seated outside Felicity's room. "Anything?"

John shakes his head. "Oliver.....maybe you should go home. See Mollie and rest."

"John, she's sleeping and I need to be here with Felicity."

The man who loves Felicity almost as much as Oliver nods his head in understanding. Oliver walks into the room where his entire life is resting. He pulls a chair close to the bed. He takes her hand in his and starts talking to her. He read once that it might help.

"I heard talking to you might help...you're the talker in this relationship." He chuckles, "When I first left I would dream about your babbles. I would go somewhere and wonder what you would think about things I was seeing. It's why I started writing. I guess my journal was like a long letter to you. I didn't think that at the time, but it was all about you."

Oliver pauses. He thinks back on that time. "At first, I had to make myself stay away. I missed you so damn much. I missed talking to you. I missed the way you'd get so excited about some tv show or new computer something.
"Mostly I missed your smile or how when you were near me things just seemed better, calmer and more manageable." Oliver looks around the room. He doesn't want her to wake up to this drab room but they can't move her and flowers aren't allowed.

"I think that's why I started drinking so much. I was trying to fill the void leaving you left in my life. Sex and drinking. It didn't work. The women were never you, they never even came close to being like you. And I'd sober up and that hole would still be there. I should have just come home and fought for what I wanted. What I needed. Had I known or suspected you needed me I would have been here."

Oliver moves to lay his forehead against her cheek.

"Enough about the past-- today when I got to the hospital Mollie called me Daddy. She did it Felicity. No one prompted her she said Daddy. She needed her Daddy and it was me. She needed me. She wanted me." He laughs through the tears falling down his face, "You didn't have to go through all this to get Mollie to call me Daddy."

He chuckles at his joke. Damn, this hurts so much. He is so happy Mollie took that last step, but he needs Felicity to celebrate with him. They need to discuss how great this is for him and Mollie.

"She's at my house or our house since I think she's okay with all of us living together. We just need you to open your eyes. You don't want me packing up your precious babies do you?"

Oliver swears he felt her move. It would be just like her to decide to wake to protect her computers. Her hand squeezes his and he raises his head, "Felicity?"

He waits, "Baby? Wake up." He squeezes her hand again. He looks and her eyes are fluttering. "That's it baby, wake up." He whispers to her. He stands, "Digg!"

John Diggle throws open the door. "Get the nurse, she's waking up!" John smiles at him and Felicity. John leaves the room. When Oliver turns back around Felicity's beautiful eyes are looking up at him.

"I didn't die?"

Oliver lets out a gasp-y chuckle as his eyes fill with tears. "No, you didn't." Oliver steps back as the nurse followed by a doctor come into the room.

"Mr. Queen if you could wait outside while we check Miss Smoak out?"

Oliver walks into the hallway where he and John share a very manly type hug. "I need to call Mollie and let her know. She will want to come see her Mommy and I need to call a lawyer."

John looks at him confused, "What?"

"I need to make sure Tommy Merlyn is no longer in charge of her medical decisions."

After the doctors and nurses are done, Oliver is allowed back in. Felicity is asleep but not unconscious. He knows Felicity will want Mollie here when she wakes up. Oliver kisses her forehead and leaves the room.

He doesn't know the man standing outside her room, "John Diggle hired me. I'm on shift for the next four hours." The man says before Oliver even asks. If John trusts him than Oliver does too.
Oliver heads home to get his little girl and reassure her that Mommy is okay. Once safely in his car, Oliver leans against the steering wheel and lets the emotions overwhelm for a few minutes before he heads home to be the strong man his girls need him to be for them.

Chapter End Notes

I never ever do this...but I've lost my muse for this story so some encouraging words would be quite awesome and highly appreciated right now.
The Truth Speaks to your Soul. Lies speak to the wind

Chapter Notes

A few notes:

Sorry for the delay. I have had to go to the hospital twice and it really weighed on me. Another thing is the election here in America. I can't believe he won. Also, the show...it's not inspiring my muse so I rely very heavily on comments and twitter talks.

I have the next chapter almost written and the rest of the story is planned out now and I hope to write it all up soon. I have NOT given up on this story! Promise.

I am also planning two other stories.

Felicity wakes slowly from her dream. She was on a tropical island with Oliver. It was sunny and beautiful. She opens her eyes expecting to see Oliver, but instead she is face to face with Tommy Merlyn.

"Morning, Beautiful." Tommy smiles at her.

Felicity frantically looks around the room for Oliver. She starts wondering if everything is a dream. Is she still married to Tommy? Oh god, where is--- "Mollie?" Her voice is broken and sounds like a frog. Her throat is dry and hurting.

She sees the anger flash in Tommy's eyes when she asks for her daughter. He hides it quickly but not quick enough. Felicity feels her stomach drop and she feels cold.

"She's with Ollie." His tone is clipped and cold. His eyes are that scary blown look that she knows means trouble for her.

Felicity wishes she could move away from him. She looks at the door. Tommy follows her eyes, "He's not here. The Queen's hired security, but hospital security made sure I could come in here and see you as I am in charge of your health care concerns."

Felicity thinks she probably has gone pale. Or perhaps ghostly white. Tommy is in charge. Her eyes dart down her bed looking for the call button. Tommy clears his throat and her eyes go to his.
He is holding up the call button and waving back and forth, "Looking for this?" He smiles and sits it down on the side table far from her reach.

She knows the nurses aren't coming. She is starting to panic. Tommy notices as her heart monitor kicks up. "Calm down, Felicity. I'm not going to hurt you. Not now at least."

He moves to stand over her. He slowly moves his hand up and down her arm. Her mouth is so dry. She is so scared and she just wants Oliver.

"Here's the deal. You are going to tell Oliver that it's over. You have the perfect reason." Tommy steps away from her bed and grabs a paper from the chair. He tosses it onto her tray table. Felicity strains to see it. Tommy hands her glasses to her and she puts them on. There on the cover is a picture of Laurel Lance naked in Oliver's arms. Felicity studies it. She looks up at Tommy. She still doesn't trust her voice.

"Ollie was with Laurel having a little fun in the woods while I was with OUR daughter and you--well you were being attacked." Tommy sneers, "Moira paid for it, by the way. You see, Felicity only I can keep you safe from them. Just like before."

Tommy walks over and takes her hand, "I've always protected you and Mollie. I will do it again."

Felicity stares at him. Tommy did protect her once. He married her to keep her and Mollie safe, but he also hurt her so many times. There were so many physical altercations, the mental abuse and the cheating. She can't go back to that; she won't. She will keep Mollie safe and herself. She can do that.

Felicity drops her eyes to the paper. There has to be a logical explanation. People who love each other the way she loves Oliver and he loves her don't cheat. Felicity slowly reaches her uninjured hand carefully to the paper while mindful of her I.V. She raises it just a bit to look. It's then she notices Oliver is dressed while Laurel clearly is not dressed. That bitch.

"See, Felicity? Oliver Queen can never be faithful to anyone. Especially not a piece of trash like you." Tommy takes the paper and sits it back on her tray table and then sits down by her legs, facing her. "Now, it's time to end this farce before you get really hurt. Before Ollie can hurt our daughter."

She decides she has to risk her voice speaking slowly and barely above a whisper, "He loves me. We are together forever."
Tommy looks at her. He studies her for a moment, a frown on his face that suddenly turns into a smile. "You fucked him again and you think that means something?" Tommy throws his head back laughing. Felicity suddenly feels like a silly school girl.

"Oh, Felicity. I've been there and done you. That's probably WHY he was with Laurel. You aren't very good in bed babe, and Ollie has had more women than me."

Felicity shakes her head. It isn't about good or not. It's about love. He loves her. Tommy could never understand that.

"You're wrong."

Tommy raises his hand and she flinches. He smiles condescendingly, "I won't hit you today. You've been through enough. Today is about healing and getting everything back on track." He is ignoring everything she has said. He really thinks she will leave Oliver.

Tommy is caressing her cheek when her door opens. Both of them turn to see Mollie followed by Oliver coming into her room. Felicity smiles as her daughter runs and jumps onto the bed. The jostling hurts Felicity but she won't say anything. Mollie hugs her. Felicity looks over her daughter's head to see Oliver with murder in his eyes. Felicity pushes Mollie back gently.

She clears her throat, "Water?" She asks.

Mollie turns to Oliver, "Daddy? Mommy needs water."

Felicity eyes get huge. Mollie has never called Oliver Daddy before. Oliver smiles at their daughter as he grabs the huge jug of water and fills a small cup for her. Oliver sits the water on her tray as he adjusts her bed. When he is satisfied with his work he hands her the water.

"Drink slowly."

She nods and sips at the water. When she feels she can speak she does, "Lil Bit. You okay?"

Mollie smiles brightly, "Yep! You're awake!" Mollie moves into Felicity side, her good side thank
goodness, as Felicity wraps her arm gently around her shoulders, "Daddy made you all better. I knew when Daddy got to be with you he would make it all better."

Felicity looks up and sees Oliver smiling down at Mollie. She smiles at him. "Yes, Daddy always makes things better."

Oliver looks at her with such fondness and love she almost cries.

Tommy laughs, "When Ollie isn't making Laurel feel better."

Felicity admonishes him, "Tommy! Not now."

Before anyone can say anything else there is a light knock on the door. "That's probably Jean. I asked her to draw some papers up for us."

Felicity watches as Oliver walks to the door and opens it. Jean walks in, "I have the papers you requested."

Oliver leads Jean over to the bed. Oliver smiles at her, "I asked Jean to draw up papers to make someone else, anyone else your next of kin and/or power of attorney."

Oliver looks at her with conviction. She is lost at first then his eyes dart to Tommy. Oh yeah, Tommy was in charge. Oh...OH that's not good. That's what he meant by in charge. Her brain is still a bit foggy. "Thank you."

Jean explains that all that she needs to do is decide who she wants and that person and Felicity sign the papers. "My assistant is in the hall and can notarize these papers as soon as the appropriate people are here."

"Felicity--" Tommy speaks up, "I don't think this is necessary. We've done well so far."

Felicity thinks it is more than necessary. She looks down at Mollie who is watching this with big eyes. She takes a deep breath, "Oliver is anyone else outside who can take Mollie to get something to eat."
"I'm not hungry, Mommy. Daddy made me panny cakes."

Felicity smiles at her daughter. Oliver understands as he always does. He leans down, "How about if Aunt Thea takes you to the gift shop to get something for Mommy. I bet she would love something from you."

Mollie looks from Oliver to Felicity. "Okay!" Mollie crawls out of the bed and runs for the door. Oliver follows her.

"I'll be right back." Oliver grabs Mollie's hand just before they reach the door. "Jean, if you could wait here please."

"Of course."

Felicity could kiss Oliver. He knows she doesn't want to be alone with Tommy. She wants to be strong and say she could avoid falling for his lies but he knows her too well.

As soon as they leave Tommy turns to Jean, "If you would give my ex-wife and I a moment?"

Jean looks from him to Felicity who shakes her head. "I don't think so Mr. Merlyn. While I was hired by the Queen family, I am here to help Miss Smoak."

Jean takes the seat beside her bed. "Miss Smoak do you have any idea who you would like to take care of you and your needs in the event of another emergency?"

"Oliver."

Felicity doesn't even hesitate. She doesn't believe that article in the paper or the pictures. Oliver will and would do anything for her. He is the only person who has never knowingly hurt her. He has never left her alone and he has never betrayed her. No matter what Oliver has always put her needs before his own and that was never more evident than in his patience with her and by bringing Jean here today.
"I would also like you to draw up a Will-- just in case." Felicity doesn't trust that she will be alive much longer. She has too many strong enemies.

"Uh- of course, Miss. Smoak if that's what you want. It will take some time but I can help with that."

Felicity is relieved. "It won't take long. My company, it's holdings and everything I have will go to my daughter Mollie, who will be with her Father, Oliver and he can hold it in trust for her until she is old enough to decide what she wants."

Jean stares at her for a moment, "You have a lot of faith in Mr. Queen." Jean looks down at the paper Tommy brought. Felicity's eyes follow. Felicity sits up a bit straighter, ignoring the pain.

"I trust Oliver with everything. I trust him without reservation."

Felicity hears a slight gasp and looks to see Oliver standing with the door open looking at her. She smiles at him. Felicity has no idea if things have changed between them now that she's been attacked, but one thing that will never change is her faith in Oliver Queen.

Oliver's eyes never leave hers as he walks to the bed. He leans down and he kisses her. It's a kiss full of love, so much love that she starts to cry. Oliver's lips leave hers as he rests his forehead against hers, "I love you." He kisses her once more quickly than stands.

"Okay. Are we ready?"

Jean stands. "I have everything I need to draw up the additional papers." Oliver turns to look at Felicity.

"Later." He nods at her showing he trusts her.

"Miss Smoak if you would be so kind to sign these papers." Jean puts her briefcase on Felicity's table tray and takes out the documents. "I'll get my assistant in here and file these this afternoon and have a courier bring a copy to the hospital."

After Jean leaves Oliver turns to Tommy. "When those papers are signed you have no reason to be
"Oh, Ollie I have every reason to be here. My daughter's mother is here." Tommy moves towards the bed and Oliver blocks him.

"There is nothing for you here, Tommy."

Felicity watches the two men. She has no idea what to say or do to defuse the situation. She just wants to be alone with Oliver. She wants to apologize to him and maybe he can kiss her again.

"How is Laurel, Ollie? Did you have fun playing in the woods while Felicity was being attacked?"

The air in the room shifts. She wonders if she is the only one who suddenly feels cold. Oliver is in Tommy's face and when he speaks. It's a tone Felicity has never heard before. His voice is so low and threatening she is almost scared.

"You and my Mother put her up to those antics. I was working, something you wouldn't understand. I would never betray Felicity."

Felicity thinks Oliver might punch Tommy or beat him down, but the door opens and Mollie comes in with a huge stuffed animal and flowers. Thea is standing behind her smiling. Mollie doesn't notice the tension in the room. She barrels towards Felicity.

"Look, Mommy! I got you flowers and a bear!" Mollie tosses the bear on the bed as Oliver takes the flowers from her and sits them on Felicity's table. Mollie crawls up into the bed with Felicity. "I think your bear might need to stay in my room through."

Felicity smiles and pretends to pout. "But I might want him in my bed."

Mollie laughs, "Silly Mommy! Where will Daddy sleep?"

Felicity looks up at Oliver who is smiling shyly. Felicity sees rage in Tommy's eyes as Mollie continues, "Daddy said you and I are moving in with him and Auntie Thea. You promised if I wanted to we could and I want to, please Mommy?"
Mollie folds her hands together as she begs. Felicity remembers her talk with Oliver. She smiles down at her daughter, "You're right. I guess the bear can stay in your room, but I get to visit him!"

Mollie cheers.

"You are living together." Tommy states more than asks. Felicity can't help but feel vindicated from his earlier dismissal of her relationship with Oliver.

Oliver smiles at Felicity and Mollie never looking at Tommy, "We are a family. We should be together."

"You don't get to come home and take everything away from me, Ollie! They're mine."

Felicity pulls Mollie close. "Tommy--" She pleads. Hoping he will see Mollie is scared and stop. He doesn't even hear her. "I won't let you take everything away from me, Ollie."

Mollie whimper. Felicity pleads with him, "Tommy, not in front of Mollie."

Tommy looks over at her and sees Mollie. "I am sorry Lil Bit. Daddy T is just upset that Ollie was with someone else, on a date, when Mommy was being attacked instead of protecting her."

Mollie looks to Oliver while Oliver is staring at Tommy. Felicity watches as Oliver's hands ball into fists and his jaw is clenching. Oliver is close to losing it. Felicity needs to defuse this situation but she isn't sure how to do it.

"Is that true, Mommy?" Mollie is staring at Oliver betrayal written all over her face. She is ready to gut Oliver in Felicity's defense. Felicity looks to him and watches as Oliver's heart breaks at Mollie's words.

"No, Mollie. Daddy was working and there was nothing he could have done. There is nothing he wouldn't do to keep us safe, Mollie."
"Work? Is that what you call Laurel?" Tommy sneers.

Oliver has clearly had enough he moves towards Tommy.

"Oliver..." Felicity hisses out. He can't do this not in front of Mollie.

Oliver looks at her and then to Mollie. Oliver understands then that this isn't the time of place for this. "Tommy you need to leave now. Felicity, Mollie and I need to discuss our new living arrangements. You understand, right Buddy?"

Felicity almost laughs at the tone of his voice. Oliver may not be able to beat the crap out of Tommy but his sarcasm will not be denied.

Tommy moves to the bed. Mollie hugs him though not nearly as enthusiastically as she would have a few weeks ago. She is cautious with Tommy. Mollie is a sponge when it comes to learning and when it comes to people's feelings.

Tommy leans down to hug Felicity. He turns his head to her ear and whispers, "I warned you once what would happen if you tried to take her from me. I promised hell would be a picnic compared to what I would do." Tommy pulls back and kisses her cheek and whispers, "Welcome to your own personal Hell Smoak."

He stands and strides out the door. Felicity watches him go. She is scared. She knows better than anyone how evil Tommy can be and how far he will go. He once made her think he had taken Mollie because he wanted her out of Barry's apartment. He had even had the place robbed and Barry carjacked. Felicity can't leave her daughter to suffer like this...he has trapped her.

Felicity feels someone grab her hand. She looks up into Oliver's face. He smiles and with that smile she remembers she isn't alone. Not anymore and never again. Oliver was here with her and he wasn't leaving her.

"Mollie, Aunt Thea is taking you shopping today. Tell your Mom bye." Mollie jumps and hugs her gently before running out of the room. John Diggle is standing there when she opens it.

"I'll take them around today."
"Thanks John."

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Oliver watches his new best friend and his daughter leave the room. Mollie talking a mile a minute. Oliver turns to Felicity. He sees the newspaper. When he and Mollie came in he could feel something was off but tried to ignore it for Mollie and Felicity. Now, he sees.

He drags a chair to her bed and sits down. He lifts the paper. "I guess I need to explain."

To his surprise she looks at him and shakes her head. "No." He rests his hand next to her on the bed.

"Felicity I swear I wasn't cheating on you and I wouldn't cheat on you and nothing happened at all."

She smiles brightly and takes his hand that was resting next to her on the bed. "I know that, silly man. I do want to know what you know about it and about my attack, but I TRUST you Oliver. I love you and I know you wouldn't cheat on me. Sure, for a minute I worried, but my heart knows you wouldn't do that to us."

Oliver can't help but let out a breathy laugh. This woman knows him so well. She knows every bad thing he has ever done and how commitment and fidelity were not his thing and she still trusts him. She doesn't doubt his love for her.

"I don't know if I'm worthy of all the love and faith you have in me but thank you."

"Anytime." She smiles weakly. She's getting tired, he can tell. "I take it Laurel followed you? Tracked you down?"

He rolls his eyes, "My Mother knew where I would be yesterday, I spoke about it last night and she sent her. She was to distract me and keep me from running to you and the press would see us-- that way if you survived-- you would leave me."
He watches as confusion takes over her face followed by the realization that his Mom did this to her. "Moira...it wasn't random. I remember them---" She pauses and closes her eyes, he assumes remembering. "They said someone paid them to kill me. Not to hurt me but kill me."

He watches as tears fall from her eyes, "I knew she hated me but to kill me? She's a Mother how could she want my daughter, her granddaughter to grow up without a mom.

"Felicity I promise to protect you and Mollie from her. I swear she will never get close to either of you again." Oliver runs and hand through his hair. He can't believe he let it get this far.

"Is she in jail?"

Oliver shakes his head. "Lance will be here this afternoon to take your formal statement. My Dad and Thea heard her on the phone planning this and they've already talked to the police." He doesn't want to tell her the next part but she deserves to know, "She may have fled the country with Malcolm Merlyn."

He watches her as she just accepts that fact. She sighs, "It doesn't surprise me your mom isn't one for facing consequences."

Felicity is right about that. Oliver is wondering how he can find them and how to make her pay. They can't get away with what they've done to her.

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Oliver is cuddling Felicity in her bed. Nurses come in and tell him to move and he does until they leave. When there is another tap on the door Oliver slips off the bed while Felicity giggles at him.

"Come in." She and Oliver are smiling at each other when a throat clears. They both turn and see Detective Lance.

"Miss Smoak, I am here to take your statement if you're okay with me being the one to do it?"

"Why wouldn't I be?" Felicity has always liked him in spite of his daughters.
"I know my daughters and I love them but they both have issues--and their issues have hurt you."

Felicity smiles kindly at the man, "You were always kind to me and like a father I never had. I don't blame you for your daughters' faults. They're grown women."

He nods at her, "Could you tell me what you remember from the attack"

Felicity hesitates. She isn't sure if Oliver should be in here or not. She sneaks a look at him, he looks worried. She knows in that moment that Oliver needs to hear it. "I don't remember everything. I remember-- there was a loud noise and the door was busted in. Two men came in--I tried to get to my room but they were so quick." She pauses to try and stop the tears from coming.

"One of them wanted to--" she sniffles the tears are now slowly falling down her face. Oliver standing beside her bed grabs her hand and squeezes. "One of them wanted to rape me before they--before they killed me."

Oliver sucks in a breath and she can feel him stiffen beside her. She looks up and he is staring over her head, jaw stiff and eyes dark. She has never seen that look on Oliver's face. She squeezes his hand and his eyes drop to her and his face immediately softens. He smiles and bends to kiss her forehead. He nods and she knows it's okay to continue.

"I took one of them out." She says with pride. She hears both men chuckle.

Oliver murmurs, "That's my girl."

"There was a struggle and I was stabbed. I kept fighting--then um-- a young boy came in and then Thea was there. I was so scared Oliver was hurt and Mollie would be left alone in this world. I needed them both to be safe..." More tears escape her eyes.

She hears Lance make a sound that made her think he was crying. She looks across the room to him and he has tears in his eyes. "I am sorry you went through this, you're a good girl." He closes his tiny notepad, "They've been arrested. I think they will cooperate with us."

"And my Mother? Has she been arrested?"
Lance shakes his head, "Not yet. The DA is scared to go up against the Queen and Merlyn families."

"The Queen family is not supporting her. Malcolm Merlyn may stand beside her, but my father and my sister will stand with me and Felicity." He grabs her hand to show they're united.

"You sure about that, Queen?"

Oliver stands a bit straighter and looks Detective Lance in his eyes, "Yes. I am positive."

"I will pass that information on to my superiors." Lance stands and starts out. At the last second he turns to the room, "I wish you kids the best. I think your problems are just beginning."

Oliver and Felicity know he is right. Moira Queen is backed into a corner and everyone knows a wild animal is most deadly when backed into a corner. Felicity can only imagine what Tommy will do now. She looks up at Oliver.

Oliver looks down at her, "We will be okay. I will protect our family."

Felicity knows in that moment, Oliver will do whatever is necessary to keep their family safe. Felicity will stand beside him and together they will confront whatever and whoever comes for them.
The past can be an evil mistress

Chapter Summary

Felicity is released from the hospital. Someone leaves Starling City.

Chapter Notes

I am so, so sorry about the wait. My muse is playing hide and seek with me. Life is crazy and I am doing my very best. There should be two more chapters before we are done with this story. Thank you all so much for your continued support and understanding.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Oliver and Mollie are running around doing last minute errands because today, Felicity finally gets to come home. They are stopping at the grocery store now which is their last errand before Lyla takes care of her while he picks up Felicity. Oliver can hardly wait to bring her home. HOME! Their home, together with their daughter. He smiles brightly.

Oliver gets out of his SUV and opens the back door to get Mollie out of her seat. She grabs her "Dollie" (that is in its own infant carrier seat) as he pulls her out. He puts her on the ground and takes her hand as they walk into the grocery store.

"What do you think Mommy will want for dinner on her first night out of the hospital?" He asks Mollie as he puts her into the child's seat of the cart and she puts her dollie in beside her.

"Big Belly Burger." Mollie says as if he should know this and he probably should. Felicity loves Big Belly Burger.

He wants them to have a nice family home cooked meal their first night with all of them under the same roof. It's cheesy and probably quaint, but he needs them to have that tonight. Tomorrow he will get her fast food with all the grease she wants.

"Okay. But what can we get tonight so we can eat at home?"
He watches as Mollie bites her lip and thinks about it intently. She starts tapping her chin like Felicity has done. He smiles down at his precious daughter.

"Mommy says you make the best lasagna. She would marry your lasagna." Mollie laughs at the obvious joke Felicity had made in the past. Oliver's heart leaps. Oliver will propose soon. He knows he will and that should be their dinner.

"Okay...what else?"

Mollie puts her head on the handle of the cart clearly exasperated that he needs a different idea. While she thinks about it, Oliver pushes the cart to the produce department to get their produce for the next few days. He only buys for three or four days at a time. He likes his produce fresh.

"She likes blue chicken!"

Oliver is dropping the leaf lettuce into the cart when she announces this. What the hell- "Blue chicken?"

Mollie nods excitedly. "Uncle John and Aunt Lyla make it. It's yucky so can I have nuggets, please?" She claps her hands together as if in prayer to beg him.

He can't keep the smile off his face. "Yes. Nuggets for you."

Mollie fist pumps like her Mom. Oliver starts pushing the cart up and down the aisles getting things he needs trying to figure out blue chicken. Finally giving up he calls Digg.

"What is blue chicken that you and Lyla make that Felicity loves?"

Digg laughs at him for at least three minutes. "Chicken Cordon Bleu. It's one of Felicity's favorites."

Oliver shakes his head. Of course, blue chicken. He laughs at his ignorance. "Okay, thanks. Can you send me your recipe to my phone. I'm going to make it for Felicity's first family dinner in our home."
John Diggle teases him a bit before promising to send it. Oliver is in the wine aisle wondering about some of the cheaper wines when his phone pings with the recipe. He decides against wine since Felicity will still be on medication.

Oliver and Mollie are headed home, stopped at a red light when Mollie lets out a squeal from the backseat. Oliver turns around and she's pointing. Oliver looks quickly.

"Daddy can we go? Pretty please?"

Oliver looks at the clock on the dashboard and he does have a little time before he has to be at the hospital. Oliver pulls over as soon as he can and parks the SUV.

"We only have a few minutes to look around. I have to go get your Mommy today." He tells Mollie as he picks her up out of her car seat and puts her on her feet outside of the car.

Oliver takes Mollie's hand that isn't holding her Dollie in its baby car seat. Oliver uses his other hand to open the door to the bookstore. He can't help but smile. His daughter, HIS, wants to go to be a bookstore. Sometimes, she is a mini Felicity.

Oliver is walking hand in hand with Mollie. "I love this place, Daddy it's my favorite place on Earth!"

Mollie starts to run and Oliver quickens his pace to kee up with her. Mollie stops in the kids section. She seems to know exactly where she wants to go. She stops suddenly and turns to him.

"Daddy, Hold Dollie?" She holds out the doll in its seat. Oliver looks at it and takes it without thought. He watches as Mollie caresses the books the way Felicity caresses her computers. He smiles at his little girl.

"Ollie? Ollie Queen?" Oliver turns to the voice while watching Mollie out of the corner of his eye. He sees the dark haired woman. She seems a bit familiar but he can't place her.

The woman steps next to him. "I never thought I would see the day that Ollie Queen holding a child's toy." She teases him.
He grins at the woman. "I'm sorry-- I don't remember you."

Oliver feels honesty is the best policy. The brunette laughs at him. "You were pretty drunk the one night we had together, but I was friends with Sara? She was my sorority sister."

Oliver nods though he still has no clue who she is really. Oliver slept with lots of women back then and had no care about who they were.

"You still don't remember me?" She looks at him incredulously. Oliver has dealt with this before. He watches as she seems to decide on another tactic.

"Yours?" She is looking at Mollie.

Oliver smiles brightly, "Yes. Mollie, my daughter. She's five." As Oliver speaks, Mollie looks over at him and smiles. She grabs a book and skips over to him.

"Daddy? Can I PLEASE get this one?" She bats her eyes at him. Oliver knows she's playing him and he doesn't care at all. "Mommy wanted to read it to me. It can be a gift for her too!" Mollie smiles brightly up at him, her missing tooth on full display.

He laughs unable to resist her charms. "Yes, you MAY have the book."

Mollie fist pumps and does a little happy dance. Mollie stops when she notices the brunette. "Who are you?" Mollie asks innocently. Oliver is relieved since the stranger still hasn't offered a name.

The young woman looks down at Mollie with a fake smile, "Samantha Clayton. I knew your Dad in college."

Mollie studies her for a moment. "You know my Mommy too?"

It would sound innocent if you didn't know Mollie. He knows his daughter is in protection mode for her Mommy. Mollie moves to stand between Oliver and Samantha.
"I don't know, who is your Mom?"

Mollie tilts her head and observes Samantha before she slowly says, "Felicity Smoak."

Samantha laughs. "Aren't you Tommy Merlyn's daughter? I heard they got married."

Mollie steps closer to Oliver and takes his empty hand. She looks up at Oliver. Mollie shouldn't have to deal with this sort of complicated mess.

"Mollie is my daughter with Felicity. WE are together now."

"Really? I never thought you had a thing for smart girls especially her. I thought you were nice to her because of Sara."

Oliver feels his blood pressure rise. He doesn't want to say anything in front of Mollie that could be wrong. He's supposed to be an example here. He is about to say something when Samantha grabs her shin and howls.

Oliver looks down to see Mollie with a very satisfied smile on her face. Oliver cocks his head and watches her. Maybe Mollie is more his’ than he thought. She is quite the little fighter.

Oliver scoops Mollie up in his arms, while still holding her doll. She wraps her arms around his neck. "Mollie, that wasn't nice. You need to apologize."

"Sorry." She whispers into his neck.

"I am sorry. Mollie has been going through a rough time. Felicity is in the hospital."

Samantha smiles at them. "I guess she has every right to defend her Mom."

Oliver rubs Mollie’s back. "Yes. But violence is wrong."
Oliver tells Samantha goodbye. He buys the book and takes Mollie to the car. He puts her in the car seat "Mollie, I know you were defending your Mom and that's good. But being violent isn't a good idea okay?"

"Okay. I just want to take care of Mommy."

Oliver moves and kisses her head. "I know, but that's MY job."

When they arrive at their house (he loves that it's theirs and not his anymore) there is a car parked in front of his house. He looks around to see if Lyla is there yet. She is supposed to take care of Mollie while Oliver picks up Felicity.

He stops the car and gets out of the car. He sees someone climbing out of the car. He stands against the car door in a protective stance. The press has been going nuts trying to get pictures of him and Mollie. They've been lucky so far with it.

Oliver relaxes slightly when he sees it's Sara. He opens the door and gets Mollie out. When Sara is in front of them he holds his hand up to tell her to wait. He sees the look on her face and he knows that look too well. Sara wants to talk about something he isn't going to like.

Oliver takes Mollie inside and up to the media room. He gets her situated with a snack and a movie she loves. Oliver hates using the TV as a babysitter, but he needs to have an adult talk with Sara.

Oliver shuts the door and heads down the stairs. Sara is standing in his living room. He observes her for a moment without her knowledge noticing she looks really nervous.

"I need to get the groceries inside. Lyla will be here soon." He warns her.

"I'll help bring in your groceries." Sara says as she follows him outside.

Oliver opens up the hatchback of his SUV. "Spill it Sara."

He sits on the ledge and waits. Sara is fidgeting and looks out to the car she arrived in. Oliver follows her sight.
"Who's in the car?"

Sara blushes. Oliver hasn't seen that in a while Sara sober and looks him in the eye. "I can't take it. The press, my family--everyone hates Tommy and I am...I am seeing him through other's eyes."

Oliver nods letting her know that he hears her.

"I'm leaving him. I'm leaving Starling City for good. Tommy when *I* am with him I see things through a skewed lens. I ruffled my best friend because he said I should. I was jealous of a child because he convinced me somehow I should be-- I always thought Felicity was weak and I was strong, but-- he knew he couldn't beat me like her so he manipulated my mind." Her voice cracks. "Ollie, he mindfucked me so bad. If I didn't have Nyssa--"

Oliver stands up, "Nyssa?"

Sara smiles, "A woman I met in the Peace Corps She's amazing Ollie. I love her. I didn't think I could be with her because she's a woman but-- I love her. I love who I am with her and how I can depend on her. She makes me better. She is the one to make me see how toxic Tommy and I are now. She's been my lifeline. I need to go. I need to not be here."

Oliver nods. He understands. Felicity makes him a better person and he loves who he is with her. He wants the best for Sara. "Why are you telling me this?"

Sara starts to fidget again. "I told Tommy. He's losing it, Ollie. I-I don't know what he will do now. He's angry. If Nyssa wasn't there-- I would have stayed. I would stay and help protect Felicity and Mollie. I do care about them..Ollie, Be careful."

She lunges and hugs him quickly. "Take care of Felicity and Mollie. Keep them close. I'm sorry for everything." With that she runs and gets in the car and drives away.

Oliver is stunned. She left Tommy..for a woman. He sort of wishes could have met the woman that Sara loves. It must be something else for her to leave her toxic relationship with Tommy.
Felicity is excited. Today she gets to finally leave the hospital. She's been here for over two weeks. The doctors would have let her go after a week, but Oliver worried and wanted every test known to man done. The only one Felicity wanted-- Oliver never thought of and she is too scared to ask.

Felicity looks around her room; this one is a private one for the Queen family. Oliver had asked for her to be moved here and made sure Moira Queen wasn't granted access to it or her. The room is big and overlooks the city. It has the world's most comfy hospital bed, it is painted in soft warm colors and has real sheets and she is in an actual nightgown. The perks of fame and lots of money.

Felicity looks down at her side table and grabs her tablet. Oliver and she argued about her having any access to the internet. She won when she threatened to not go home with him if he insisted on keeping her tablet from her. She isn't proud of the threat, but he was taking this overprotective thing too far.

She has just powered it up when her room door opens. She smiles assuming it's Oliver or her doctors with her release papers. It's not. It's Robert Queen. She gulps. Felicity no longer has a guard at her door since Moira Queen is under house arrest at the moment. When they found her at the airport ready to flee with Malcolm Merlyn Felicity was relieved and happy to be rid of the guards, Oliver was not. He wanted to keep the guards. Another fight with Oliver she won and in hindsight she should have lost.

"Felicity." He says in that authoritative way he has that scares her. She sits up straighter. She slips her hand under the covers and feels around to make sure she has her call button this time. She does. She wraps the long cord around her wrist so he can't take it from her. She is still leery of him. After all, his wife did try to have her killed.

"Mr. Queen." She says flatly. "What are you doing here?"

"I wanted to visit with you. Get to know the woman that my Son is in love with and who gave me such a wonderful Grandchild."

"Please sit." Felicity tells him. She is a bit worried about spending time with him. He is Moira Queen's husband and he hasn't been the nicest to her.

"There aren't many things to discuss. First of all, I have stopped seeing Miss Lance. Oliver told me it was her or his family." Robert Queen smiles at her in a friendly manner. "And by that he means you and Mollie and your future children."
Whoa. Felicity isn't sure what to think. First, Oliver putting the smackdown on his Dad and Laurel, impressive. Making sure he understood where Oliver's loyalties lie is amazing but the kicker is---Oliver wants more kids with her! She bites her lips and can't really hide the smile. She wants more kids with him.

Robert turns to her and gives her his full charming Queen smile. She gulps. That's where Oliver gets it from. "So, Miss Smoak. You will be living with both my children."

"Yes, Sir."

He chuckles. "I don't think we need to be so formal. You are the Mother of my oldest grandchild and I surely hope for more." Felicity ducks her head. She wants that very much. "Please call me, Robert."

Felicity smiles nervously at him and nods. "I came by today to tell you officially how sorry I am for the role I played in keeping you and Mollie from Oliver. I also want to start fresh with you and Mollie. As her Mother, I respect whatever boundaries you wish to set...I just really want a chance to be her in life. And that of my children's; of which I now consider you one of my children."

Felicity is shocked. Could this day get any weirder? She really doesn't think so. "Okay. um... I need some to think about this--" she makes a face. "Not that you can't see Mollie or your kids. Sheesh. I mean, I can't think of boundaries at the moment and I'm sort of shocked you want to include me in your family and you know-- you're being nice to me." She scrunches up her face in wonder

"Felicity I should have always been nice to you."

It gets awkwardly silent and when Felicity is about to say something, anything Oliver comes in.

"Hey" He smiles at her and she melts like she always does when he uses that soft voice and he has heart eyes for her. She thinks she could swoon. He's definitely swoon worthy.

"Dad, I didn't see you there." Oliver almost blushes.

"No you didn't. You only have eyes for Miss Smoak." The men both do that man chuckle of
discomfort. "Felicity and I were discussing her future in our family."

Oliver spine goes stick straight. Robert holds up his hands. "As in how I fit into your life with your family Oliver."

"Oh." Oliver grabs her hand. He smiles down at Felicity.

"I will go now." Robert announces. "I hope to hear from you soon."

"Of course. After I settle in at Oliver’s maybe you could come over?” Felicity asks hopefully.

"Our home, not mine." Oliver corrects her gently.

Robert leaves with a smile on his face. Oliver scoots a chair close to the bed. "I spoke with your doctors and the paperwork is all done. All we need is a wheelchair and a nurse and you are free!"

Felicity fist pumps. Oliver walks to the door and pulls in the bag he brought with her clothes to go home in. "I hope it's okay. Lyla went by your apartment and picked up some clothes for you before she came over to watch Mollie."

Felicity throws back her covers and tries to scoot to the edge of her bed. She hurts her wrist a bit, "Not as well as I thought.."

She watches Oliver who cringes. "Do you need help?"

She raises an eyebrow at him, "You want to help me get dressed?"

Oliver blushes, "Yes. I prefer you naked, but that can wait until you feel better and we are alone at home."

Oliver helps her off the bed and pulls out the clothes. He brought her yoga pants, panties, a bra and a hoodie. She should have known Lyla would get the perfect things.

"Lyla got enough clothes and things for a few days then I can go get more and start packing up your
"You don't have to do that Oliver. I can do it when I'm better."

Oliver shakes his head, "No. I don't want to wait and I don't think it's such a good idea for you to go back there."

Felicity thinks about the last time she was there. She shudders, maybe Oliver is right. She also might need to face that place again. It was her home. Her first real home and Mollie's too.

"I think I might want to say goodbye to my old home." She is gearing up for a fight when Oliver just nods and motions with his finger to turn around.

He unties the gown and it slips down her arms. She hears Oliver takes in a sharp breath. She knows she's still bruised and still bandaged up from her surgery. She turns to face him and he looks brokenhearted.

"I should have been there. I should have had the security in the building."
She cups his face. Her dear sweet Oliver. He takes everything on himself. His heart is so big and loving. "Oliver, I wouldn't have allowed that and you know it. We, you nor I, could have predicted your Mom would go this far."

He rests his forehead against hers and they both sigh. It's the first time they've been alone and could relish the fact she survived, they've survived his Mom and Tommy. They stand there for several moments, "Oliver?"

"Hmmm...."

"I am getting a little cold here." She teases him.

He laughs and helps her get dressed. When it is time to put on her shoes, Oliver gently lifts her onto the bed and puts her socks and then ties her shoes.

Felicity grabs her call button. "I am ready to go home now."
A few minutes later, a nurse comes in with a wheelchair. She sits down and Oliver gathers her flowers and gifts in his arms as they head out of her room. Felicity sighs in relief to finally be leaving this hospital. She never thought she would see this day.

As they pass the nurses station, they all come out to hug her goodbye and tell her how much they will miss her. They also tell her they'll miss Mollie. Felicity and Oliver both blush at the fact they weren't as good at sneaking her past them as they thought.

When they get to the SUV, Oliver helps her in. He gets her situated, "Comfy?" She grins up at Oliver. He always takes such good care of her. In the hospital, he was always worried about her pain level, if she was too cold or too hot and her food intake. Oliver's love is the best thing. It makes her feel warm and protected.

"Yes. Take me home."

Oliver's face lights up at the word "Home". Oliver is much like a kid at Christmas he is bouncing with excitement and it fills her with such joy. He drives slowly and carefully with her like she is the most precious cargo.

When they arrive at this-- their home there are tons of people there to welcome her home. John and Lyla with their daughter, Andy and Carly with AJ. Barry is there with Iris by his side. All the people who matter to her. Best of all, in Thea's arms with Felicity's savior who she now knows is Roy Harper, is Mollie.

Felicity watches as Mollie squirms out of Thea's arms and runs across the living room. Oliver steps in front of her, "Mollie, Mommy can't pick you up yet."

Felicity and Mollie both pout towards Oliver. He bends down at picks Mollie up so she can hug her. After Mollie pulls back they rub noses. Oliver pulls Mollie away and Felicity pouts more.

"You promised to rest." She did promise that. Oliver helps her upstairs. He helps her into bed. Mollie crawls in beside her.

"I'm going to go downstairs and get you both some food and get rid of our guests."
When Oliver left Mollie curled into her side. Life was good, again. She has her little girl and the love of her life.

"Mommy?"

"Yes, lil bit."

"I want to live with Daddy forever. He's so nice and he never makes anyone cry or gets mad."

Felicity swallows down the bile in her throat. "Mollie?" Her daughter looks up at her with her guileless eyes. Felicity takes a moment to collect her thoughts and school her features, "Lil Bit...did Tommy ever hurt you?"

Mollie shakes her head, her curls bouncing around her face as she starts to play with Felicity's hands while studying them intently. "No, but he made you cry sometimes. You would cry in your room. Or Sara would cry when he said something not nice to her. He told me I was special." Mollie looks up at her, her face scrunched up, "Why am I special? Why can't everyone be special and not cry?"

Felicity pulls her daughter closer, it hurts her a bit but it's worth it. "Mollie no one should ever be treated badly. Tommy-- Tommy is sick."

"His tummy hurts? I get grouchy when my tummy hurts..." She trails off.

Felicity will not let her daughter make excuses for Tommy. She wants her to never repeat the mistakes Felicity has made. "No! No, sweetheart. Tommy has an illness in his head, in his heart and in his soul. He needs help."

"Is that why Daddy doesn't let him come over and play?"

"Yes. That's why. Daddy wants to protect us from everything that could hurt us."

Mollie smiles at Felicity brightly, "I like that about Daddy. He's big and strong!" Mollie blows up her cheeks and raises her arms to show how big he is to her.
"He is! And he loves us so much!" Felicity kisses the top of Mollie's head.

"Do you know why I named you Mollie?"

Mollie shakes her head as she lays her head in Felicity's lap.

"Because you were a part of your Daddy that I got to keep with me forever, My Ollie..."

Mollie looks up at her, "You don't call him Ollie..."

Felicity smiles, "No, I don't but-- it was a way to keep a part of him with me through you."

"Because you love him so much?"

"Yep, I love your Daddy so much and that love is what made you." Felicity says as she tickles Mollie. Felicity thought she'd never see her daughter again. Felicity thought she was dying and as much as she hated leaving Mollie, it was easier knowing she would have Oliver.

"And you love Daddy now?"
"Yes. I love Daddy now."

"Well, thank goodness!" Felicity and Mollie both look to see Oliver carrying a tray heaped with food.

Oliver walks across the room to the other side of the bed and gently sits the tray down on the bed. He leans over and kisses Mollie's forehead and then Felicity's lips. Mollie crawls up to sit between them.

"Daddy?"

"Sweet pea." Mollie grins at the new nickname Felicity has never heard before. She looks to Oliver who shrugs.
"Do you love Mommy?"

Oliver smiles at Felicity, "Very, very much."

Mollie taps her cheek thinking, "Mommy loves Daddy...Daddy loves Mommy and love made ME." Both Felicity and Oliver smile at each other then at their daughter while nodding.

"Then when do I get a baby brother? Is he in your tummy now, Mommy?"

Both Oliver and Felicity are shocked. Felicity looks at Oliver who looks weirdly excited and a bit terrified. She needs to handle this obviously, Oliver is still a rookie at parenting of any kind and this is major league. Felicity sits up a bit more and holds her arms open. Mollie carefully crawls into her lap.

"Mollie, sweetie... Daddy and I do love you very much. We love each other, but no there isn't a baby right now." Mollie's eyes well up with tears and her little bottom lip pokes out. "BUT-- maybe someday." Felicity sneaks a look at Oliver to see him grinning.

"Someday." Is all he says and it's enough to send Felicity's heart soaring and Mollie launching herself into his arms. Mollie kisses Oliver's cheek and then drops from his arms.

"AUNT THEA! Daddy and Mommy said we can have a baby! Told you so!" Mollie screams running from the room.

Oliver takes the tray of untouched food and sits it on the floor. He crawls back in bed and takes her in his arms. Felicity finally relaxes for the first time in days that is until Oliver mutters, "We need to talk about Tommy."

She stiffens, "What about him?"

She watches as an internal struggle rages inside of Oliver. He looks heartbroken.
"Oliver, just tell me."
Oliver looks into her eyes then up to the ceiling. He takes a deep breath, "It was all his idea."

Felicity is confused, "What was all his idea?"

Oliver shakes his head and she knows he'd give anything to not be the one to tell her whatever he has to tell her. She would rather hear it from him. She knows deep in her soul whatever it is will be upsetting but with Oliver by her side they can handle it.

"I don't know where to start--"

The wait is killing her. She needs to know.

"That night-- I guess I should start there. The night you were attacked, when I got to the hospital Tommy was there with Mollie. He disappeared and so did my Mother. I went looking for them and I overheard them arguing."

Oliver takes her hand in his and threads their fingers together. "My Mother talked about it being Tommy's idea to marry you." Oliver kisses her temple.

"No, I was there. Malcolm and your Mom made him do it. He saved me and Mollie. I would have been out on the streets." She watches as Oliver shakes his head.

"No. It was all part of the plan, his plan for you."

Felicity watches as tears form in Oliver's eyes and she knows he's telling her the truth. Her eyes drop to their hands. Tommy conspired with them to essentially hold her hostage. He helped them.

"Felicity?" Oliver whispers.

She looks up at him. "That's not all."

Felicity swallows the bile that has risen into her throat. What else could there be? What else could
"He's done so much more..."

Felicity snaps her mouth shut realizing she had spoken aloud. She sighs and then asks quietly, "What else?"

"I want you to know what I am about to tell you changes NOTHING for me. I love you; I have always loved you and will always love you."

She takes a deep breath, "I love you too, Oliver. Always."

He smiles at her sadly, "That's all I ever wanted... you and your love and now Mollie." She smiles at him. "The night we made love, the night we made Mollie?"

Felicity smiles hugely at the memory. He takes his hand not holding hers and cups her cheek then slowly lowers his lips to hers. When he pulls back he rests his forehead against hers, "Tommy and Sara drugged us that night. They wanted to be together and needed us to be occupied. He drugged me and Sara slipped something into your drink. I am so sorry, Honey."

Felicity feels her chest tighten. She runs through several scenarios in her head and all of them, but what happened end badly. "I am sorry they did that to you--" She trails off.

"I don't care about that, I care about you. So many things could have gone wrong that night."

She starts to cry, "I know-- I could have been raped or I don't know what..."

Oliver pulls her closer as she cries. "Felicity? Are you okay?"

"What else did he do? Tell me, please."

"Are you sure?" She nods in response.
"This isn't about us. Sara left him."

"What? When? Why?" She looks towards their bedroom door. Oliver knows she worried about Mollie.

"She left him for a woman she met in Peace Corps. She is leaving Starling for good. She isn't coming back."

Felicity is considering the ramifications of Tommy being left. At least, when she left him he had Sara. Tommy will lose his mind. He will blame her and come after her. He will kill Oliver to get to her and Mollie.

"Oliver I have to go back to my place." She starts to get out of bed. Oliver grabs her good wrist.

"You are NOT going back there." Oliver is giving her a hard look. "If you don't want to be here, if you don't want to be with me." The pain in his voice and in his eyes are breaking her heart. "It's fine. I will deal with that, but I can't live with you and Mollie not being safe. It isn't an option. That apartment isn't safe."

Felicity folds in on herself, "Oh, Oliver. I want to be with you. I want this life, but Tommy has lost everything. He will come for you. He will think you took us away from him. He will kill you and I can't let that happen."

Oliver's eyes go dark. It almost scares her, "You want to sacrifice yourself to Tommy?" She nods. "That. Is. NOT. an. option. Not now and not ever." She watches as his eyes soften. "Tommy can come for me I don't care. I won't let him hurt you or Mollie. I will protect you." He wraps her in his arms. "He won't kill me. I know you see him as some sort of super evil being, but Felicity he is a man and I can and will protect you from him."

Felicity relaxes into his embrace. It's hard for her trust anyone to be there for her and for Mollie. Everyone leaves her and here is her Oliver telling her that he will stand by her no matter what what. Felicity knows with every fiber of her being Oliver is telling her the truth. He can and will protect her and Mollie.

Felicity Smoak feels safe, loved and protected. She knows Tommy hasn’t done anything to go to jail so they could be truly safe. She also knows Tommy Merlyn well enough to know he will do
something sooner or later. Tommy will lash out and she and Oliver will need to keep Mollie safe.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter....Tommy makes his move.
It's always back to you...

Chapter Summary

It all comes down to this.

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the delay. I've been having health issues and fighting depression for awhile. It's gotten pretty bad lately while I kept pretending it wasn't. But I'm doing a bit better now.

So...this is it unless y'all want an epilogue.

I really like how this turned out. A few notes...the breaks will take you back and forth in time. I think it's easy to understand though. There is mild violence and some references to sexual assault but nothing comes close to happening with that.

Here is the song that inspired the name. I was listening to this song when I decided it was time to write this story that had been wanting out for awhile. https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=HHJ5xnh4zII

I hope you like this...I'm very nervous. I didn't use a beta this time so all mistakes are mine. Please be kind, people. The world is mean enough right now don't add to that.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Oliver meets Barry in front of the Felicity's apartment building with a smile on his face, he is so happy Felicity no longer resides here. He hates what happened to her but is relieved she isn't living here anymore. Oliver never liked the neighborhood. Her apartment was clearly full of love and laughter, but this neighborhood and her living here kept him up at night worrying.

"Oliver!" Barry calls from the front stoop of the building. Oliver crosses the street. "An U-Haul?" Barry observes.

"I can't leave her babies here any longer. She might decide to leave me for them." Oliver is only half joking. He knows her love for her computers and all their parts. He loves how passionate she is about things. It was one of the things that first attracted him to her. "I want to get all her stuff out of here and safely into our home."

They slowly make their way up the stairs. Oliver pulls out his key but the door opens.

"Oh no." Barry says softly.

Oliver pushes the door open and holy hell it looks like the place has been bombed. There is debris everywhere. The walls once held family pictures and drawings Mollie had drawn are now broken and on the floor. There are papers everywhere. Oliver steps further into the small apartment and
notices that there is a smell coming from the kitchen and he knows Felicity didn't have food that could go bad. She never cooks. He also knows Lyla and Carly came to clean up while Felicity was still in the hospital.

When he enters the small kitchen there is garbage everywhere. Mostly of the fast food container type. It's piled up high and smells. Does she have squatters living in here? His mind briefly settles on maybe Thea and Roy have been hanging out here. He thinks they'd clean up a bit better than this to try and cover their tracks. He also knows Thea and Roy would not destroy Felicity's home.

"Oliver."

He walks back into the living room to see Barry holding up a busted monitor. He looks around and all of her computer parts are damaged. Oh shit. Not only will she be heartbroken but this isn't squatters and that can't be good. Someone homeless would have sold the parts for money. It would be quick easy money. Breaking and shattering things makes no sense for a squatter.

Oliver is looking through the computer components to see if he can salvage anything. The truth is he really has no idea what he is looking for nor what he is looking at. Maybe he should leave this all for Barry to handle. He hears a noise and quickly spins and stands.

"What the hell?" He hears John Diggle ask. Lyla and John slowly walk in. Mouths agape and eyes darting everywhere. They all look at each other after taking in the apartment.

"When Carly and I came to clean up after the-- after it wasn't like this! There were a few things knocked over and a bit of a mess, but this--this is personal." Lyla tells the men. Without another word they all start working on this puzzle. Oliver knows they should call the police and he will soon. He just needs to grasp what is happening.

Digg goes to examine the front door, Barry is slowly going through the computer parts that Oliver had abandoned since he is clueless and heads to Mollie's room and Lyla practically sprints past him into Felicity's room.

Oliver enters Mollie's room everything is in it's place except for a picture Mollie had of the two of them with Felicity that had been sitting on her nightstand the last time he was here. He picks it up and looks at it. His face has been blacked out. Felicity's face has black circles around her eyes and red scribbles all over her body. Oliver's blood runs cold as he sees Mollie's face is circled over and over in yellow crayon. Oliver grabs his chest, "Oh god...not my family...Please not them..." To him this looks like a personal attack.

Oliver turns to flee the room hellbent on getting home when he sees Lyla. "It's gone."

Oliver is confused, "What's gone?"

Lyla Michaels is a strong woman, not easily scared and able to handle any situation from what Oliver's seen of her. Right now, she looks terrified. "Felicity has a box. It's her Oliver box. It's stuff that you gave her or she swiped, like a beer bottle cap or a receipt or her favorite picture of you. She's taken that thing everywhere Oliver. It's always been her most prized possession even when she didn't look at it for a year. She would never move it until she was ready to move it."

Oliver smiles, but he doesn't have time for this. "Why would someone steal it?" Oliver feels like he's missing something here.

Before Lyla can answer Oliver's phone chimes. "It's Mollie on FaceTime."

"Sweet Pea, where's Mommy?" Felicity doesn't allow Mollie to use the tablet without her nearby. He
just wants to see both of his girls right now.

Mollie sniffs and Oliver notices she's been crying. "Tommy is here. Call Uncle Digg and Aunt Lyla... their number isn't on Mommy's tablet. Tell them PEANUT BUTTER. Daddy, Peanut Butter."

Oliver is staring at his phone confused on what could be going on. Felicity is allergic so why would-- Lyla grabs the phone from his hand.

"Mollie, It's Aunt Lyla. Uncle Digg and I are on our way. Go hide someplace safe--"

Oliver is connecting the dots as he takes his phone back. "Sweet Pea, go to the media room. Lock the door and do not come out for anyone but me, Aunt Lyla or Uncle Digg, got it. No matter what Mollie. Go and lock the door."

He watches as Mollie nods and sniffs again, "I'm scared Daddy."

That rips at his heart. His little girl is crying and scared. He has failed to protect her. He knew he should have had more than just a security system at the house. Damn it. Oliver wants to take the time to comfort her. Lyla leans over and whispers.

"We have to go NOW."

Barry walks in and sees his phone, "I called the-- hey Moll."

Oliver is never more thankful for the kid than he is right now. "Mollie carry the tablet with you. Barry will talk to you until we come and get you. Make sure it's clear."

Oliver watches the phone's screen. He listens to Mollie's breathing. "No one is up here."

"Now run."

Oliver can only see the hardwood floors as Mollie does as she was told. Oliver briefly hears Tommy yelling in the background. Mollie whimpers. Oliver turns to Barry.

"You talk to her. Keep her busy while we go and get her and Felicity."

Barry nods. Oliver waits until the little girl is safely locked in the room. "Go upstairs and get comfortable okay, Sweet Pea. Daddy will be there soon."

Oliver hand his phone to Barry as he walks out he can hear him talking to Mollie as he leaves the room with Lyla. They grab Diggle on their way out the door. As Lyla grabs his arm he asks, "What?"

She doesn't need to explain one phrase seems to answer him, "Operation: Peanut Butter."

"FUCK." Digg swears. Oliver's blood feels more like acid in his veins. Digg and Lyla are both competent well trained people. This is not good. Whatever this is it's something that scares all of them. They reach Digg's car and he throws the keys to Oliver. Digg gets Oliver more than most people. He needs the control right now.

"I take it you and Felicity had a code set up." Oliver states hoping they will elaborate.

Digg just stares straight ahead. Oliver is driving and chances a look. Oliver's mind is racing. "What
exactly is operation Peanut Butter?"

He glances in the rearview mirror and Lyla avoids his eyes. He looks at Diggle when they stop at a stoplight. "What is going on?" Oliver knew it was a code word. He knows she's allergic to peanut butter so it isn't something they would use very often in everyday conversation.

"She's going to eat peanut butter..she going to cause a medical emergency." Oliver can barely get the words out. "She could DIE!"

Diggle doesn't look at Oliver when he replies, "Only as a last resort, Oliver." Digg tells him through gritted teeth, "And Mollie would be safe with you and away from Tommy IF something happens to her.."

Oliver tries to digest these words. This was a plan. They all had a plan. "How could you be okay with this?" Oliver looks around and decides to go around the three cars in front of him and go through the light.

"We aren't okay with it. It's a plan of last resort if Tommy ever lost it completely. She would only initiate EATING THE PEANUT BUTTER if she sees no other way. If and only if Tommy might hurt Mollie. Before you came back we would take Mollie and run or Barry would. Oliver this isn't something any of us agreed to lightly. We love them both. Mollie is safe in the media room so she probably won't have to go that far, okay. If it meant being with Tommy she would rather die and she didn't want Mollie to ever be stuck with an insane Tommy."

Oliver knows Felicity would do anything to keep Mollie safe. Everything she's done has been for Mollie. He knows he would sacrifice his own life for their child, yet the thought of losing Felicity makes him break out in a cold sweat. Oliver punches the gas. He won't lose her!

===================================

Felicity has been at Oliver’s for a few weeks now. They've more or less have settled into a new way of living. Oliver takes Mollie to school every morning. A few minutes later, Roy picks up Thea. Then Felicity is left alone more days than not where she works on her PT. She did try cooking but when she had to call Oliver home to remove the smoke alarm they both agreed he was the cook in their relationship.

Moira is now in jail after violating her bail for her attempted murder charges. Felicity is surprised she didn't make a run for it, to be honest. Malcolm is standing by her side. Sara is away and seems happy from what she's heard. That only leaves Tommy. He's been leaving them alone and for that Felicity is very happy though he does call and talk to Mollie a couple of times a week.

For his part Oliver has been very accepting of the phone calls. Though he did insist on putting in a state of the art security system when she realized that having someone else here 24/7 was too much on the young family and it made Felicity feel as trapped as she was when she lived with Tommy. When she explained that to Oliver he immediately took steps to make her feel better. She loves how open Oliver is to helping her work through all of her mental and physical issues.

Oliver has been doing research for something and Oliver mostly researches old school by going through books. Felicity isn't exactly sure what he is working on as he has been very hush hush about his work which finds totally endearing. His article about coming home is supposed to be published in a few weeks. All she knows is that he loves doing things in his own way. Felicity loves this new side of Oliver. Don't get her wrong, she loved Oliver as a young college student. He always had a good heart and made her feel safe, but grown up Oliver who is passionate about his job and determined to succeed? That is sexy as hell and makes her love him even more. Not to mention Oliver as a Dad.
She can't wait to see him hold their newborn someday.

Felicity has been spending her days working on several of projects with the contacts she made at the gala she went to with Oliver when she isn't doing her PT or cleaning. She has found she needs to clean to help herself deal with everything going on. It was hard at first with her wrist but now it's healed and she is feeling better. She loves making her own money and she loves even more the fact that she has made these contacts and has such interesting work to do and keep her busy.

She looks at the clock and realizes Thea and Mollie will be home soon. She stretches in her chair and slowly stands. She walks out of the office she now shares with Oliver as her phone goes off.

"Hey Honey!" Felicity smiles at Oliver's endearment.

"Hi, yourself." She can't stop the smile on her lips and doesn't want to do it either. The last few weeks have been amazing.

"Barry called and said he can help me pack up your babies so we are going to meeting now at your old place and packing it up. I'm going to rent a U-Haul and bring it home."

Home. Their home. She bites her bottom lip as she smiles. She loves their home. "Okay. You know I trust you--"

Oliver laughs heartily, "Sure you do. Barry's here, gotta run. I love you."

"Love you too. Hurry home."

"Will do."

She disconnects the phone and she hears Roy's mustang. She walks to the front door and disarms the security system. She watches as his sports car pulls up out front. She watches and is sort of curious how he affords the car, but she would never ask. She thinks Oliver might have gotten it for him for saving her life. He earned it in her book and Oliver is generous when he wants to be.

She steps outside as Mollie comes running up the grass. Mollie gently hugs Felicity. She looks at Roy and Thea and sees them kissing goodbye before Thea yells out a word, "Aunt Thea said a naughty word." Mollie looks up at Felicity with a shocked face.

"What's wrong?" She calls to the teen.

"I left my book bag in my locker." She looks upset. Thea has really been trying with school since they all started living together. Felicity is really proud of her. Oliver swears it's Felicity's influence but she thinks it is more Thea wanting to impress her big brother.

Roy speaks up, "I can take you back." They both turn and look at Felicity. She looks down at Mollie.

"Run inside, Lil Bit. I will be there in a minute, okay?" Mollie nods and runs into the house as Felicity makes her way to the teens.

"You may go to school and back-- but try NOT to take too long with your make out session. I don't want Oliver coming and getting mad at all of us and being all GRRRR."

Both teens drop their heads, "I really did forget my bag." Thea mutters.
Felicity smiles, "I'm sure you did. And I'm also sure you're going to use your time wisely." She winks at her. Felicity knows how it is to be young and in love. She feels sixteen with Oliver most of the time. The two young people smile as they head back to his car.

"Mommy!" Felicity turns to see Mollie looking upset. She probably couldn't reach her crayons. Oliver is petrified she will color all over the place.

"Be home by dinner." She calls out to them. They both nod at her and get in his car to drive off as she walks into the house. As she gets closer Mollie steps back further into the house. It's then Felicity sees tears in her eyes. "Lil Bit what is it?"

After she enters the house and she walks to her daughter the front door slams shut. Felicity jumps and looks. "Oh god." She puts herself between her daughter and Tommy.

She looks and he has a knife in his hand. "Please tell me you didn't threaten my daughter with that."

She watches as Tommy's eyes drop to the knife in his hand. "Our daughter. And no, I didn't need to threaten her."

He steps closer to her and it takes everything in her not to recoil when he reaches out with the hand that isn't holding the knife, "Hey, Beautiful." He rubs his thumb along her cheek. "Miss me?"

She shakes her head. Tommy snorts, "Of course not. You have Ollie and you two are playing house."

He's so quick she doesn't have time to step out of his reach, he just moves his hand from her face and smacks her hard across the face with such force her head snaps back. Damn, she forgot how much this hurts. She hears Mollie scream and forgets all about her pain. Her child shouldn't see this. She has to protect her.

"Sh--it's okay, Mollie." She doesn't look at Mollie. She doesn't want her to see the fear that Felicity doesn't think she can hide on her face. Mollie has never seen this before. Felicity had hoped to keep her from ever witnessing any violence.

"We are going to play a game." Tommy tells them. "What GAME?" Felicity asks. Her voice unable to hide both her fear and trepidation.

"The how fast can we do what we need to do and then get you two packed and all of us out of town game." He smiles what he probably thinks is a warm smile but it's more menacing and scary than anything.

Mollie moves around Felicity, "I'm not going with you. I'm staying with my Daddy." She puts her hands on her hips and sticks out her chin. Felicity's heart seize. While she loves how determined and strong her young child is she is also scared what Tommy will do to her. Tommy's eyes drop from Felicity to Mollie.

"I AM YOUR DADDY. You will go with me...or else."

It was the "or else" that has Felicity scared for herself and more so for her daughter. "You're not my Daddy and I want to stay here."

Felicity pulls the little girl behind her back as Tommy steps towards her and moves to hit the child. Felicity stops his hand. "Don't." It isn't a request, but a demand. She will take any beating he needs to administer, but he will not hit Mollie. Not now, not ever.
She turns to face Mollie and gets down on her knees in front of her and takes Mollie's hands in hers. "Sweetie...Lil Bit. Why don't you go upstairs and start packing, Okay. We have to do what Tommy says." Felicity soothes down the soft curls of Mollie's hair.

Mollie's lower lip starts to tremble as tears well up in her eyes. "I don't want to leave. I love my Daddy and Aunt Thea. We have a house with a yard and we are getting a pool! And Daddy said we could get a puppy...."

Felicity looks in her eyes, "I know. I know." Felicity decides to risk everything. She cannot let Tommy take her daughter from her home, from her Daddy. She will do whatever it takes to keep Mollie here and safe.

She waits until Mollie wipes the tears from her eyes, "Sweet Pea." She says slowly watching Mollie. "You know what would be really good? Why don't you go start packing and make sure you get your tablet and I will make us some peanut butter sandwiches." Felicity pauses to see if Tommy remembers her allergy. He doesn't seem to remember, at least not yet.

Felicity turns Mollie towards the stairs. The little girl walks up several steps before turning to look at her Mom. Felicity holds her breath, "MY tablet?" Mollies asks softly.

"Yes, SWEET PEA, while I make us PEANUT BUTTER sandwiches. Do you understand?"

Felicity watches to see if Tommy remembers her allergy yet, not surprisingly he doesn't.

Mollie looks at her. The look on her face is Oliver right down to the clenched jaw and determined eyes. "Yes, Mommy. I understand."

"Good girl."

Felicity watches Mollie walk the rest of the way up the stairs. She moves to get up.

"I always have enjoyed you on your knees." Tommy leers down at her.

"I need to make the sandwiches." Felicity slowly stands up. "You don't want her to walk in on anything."

Tommy looks up the stairs. "You're right. There is plenty of time for us later."

Felicity stands and they start to head for the kitchen when he suddenly stops. Felicity looks to see what he is looking at. On the coffee table are pictures of Felicity, Mollie, Oliver and Thea. Oliver had set his camera up on a tripod and used the timer to take some family shots of them. They'd been going through them trying to decide on which ones were the best last night. They had all been laughing and teasing one another. It was a perfect night.

"You really were enjoying playing house with him?" Tommy asks her as he picks up a picture of Felicity and Oliver staring into each other's eyes. Thea is standing next to them with Mollie in her arms; the two girls are making faces at each other. It's one of her favorites from the impromptu photo shoot.

"Does it matter? We both always knew you wouldn't let me be happy."

Tommy tosses the picture back down. "Now, come on. You should be happy! Finally, a man is coming back to your sorry pathetic self."

Felicity tries not to let his words sting. She knows they aren't true. Oliver will always come for her, always. She is about to reply when they hear the pitter patter of Mollie's feet upstairs and then a door
slamming. They stare at each other for a moment before Tommy takes off up the stairs with Felicity right behind him.

When she gets upstairs Tommy is in Mollie's room. "Where are you, Lil Bit? Come out, come out where ever you are!" He sings. Felicity can see the anger in his eyes. She silently prays Mollie stays where she is and doesn't make a sound.

Tommy decides she isn't in her room. He stalks down the hall throwing open Thea's bedroom door, then the office and then comes upon the Master Suite. He opens the door and pulls her in.

"If we had time, I'd fuck you in his bed." He says softly with a tone that is cold and heartless. Felicity just stares at him. She learned long ago never to react to his taunts if she can help it much like a bully on a playground reactions are what he lives for. He walks back out and heads towards the door that leads up to the media room. He tries to turn the knob and it's locked. Felicity smiles. Her brilliant girl hid in the safest place in the house. Or Oliver told her too. She knows Mollie had to call Oliver and tell him to call Digg and Lyla. She only hopes they make it here in time for Mollie.

He pounds on the door, "Mollie! Open this door right now!"

Felicity knows she may hear the pounding on the door, but she won't hear his words. The room has been sound proofed. Oliver was scared that the noise could keep the girls awake when he watched whatever game he was watching at night.

He grabs Felicity by her arm (her bad wrist) and pulls her towards him. She grunts but refuses to cry out in pain. He pulls her right up in his face, "Make her open this door!" He spits in her face. She calms and centers herself.

"I can't."

"Can't or won't?" He screams not an inch from her face. She doesn't close her eyes, but she does tremble with fear. She's always hated being yelled at by anyone.

Felicity takes a deep breath before she speaks, "I can't because the room is soundproof." Tommy deflate and seems satisfied with her answer as his head sinks to his chest. His plan is failing. He is failing. She doesn't know why she doesn't drop it but she doesn't, "And I won't even if I could. She's safely out of your reach."

Tommy slowly lifts his head. The look in his eyes is void of any and all emotions but perhaps hate. His eyes are almost black. He starts breathing heavily through his nose. He is poised almost like the bull before it attacks the matador.

"I.AM.GOING.TO.KILL.YOU." He starts to stomp towards her and she swivels on her feet and runs for the stairs. Mollie is safe now she can run."Come back here Felicity!"

She makes it to the third step from the bottom when he catches her by her hair. He grabs it and yanks her back to him. He brings the knife that he has never let go and puts it to her neck. "I guess we can do all the things I always wanted to do while we wait for Mollie to come out OR Thea to return."

Shit. She forgot about Thea. Damn it. She has to get out of here and warn her. When Tommy lets go of her hair to grab at her waist she takes her right hand into her left and elbows him in the stomach. He's off balance. He bends forward from the pain she drops to her knees and he tumbling over her and down the remaining steps.

Felicity watches for three seconds before she moves to sprint past him and out the front door. When she goes to jump over him he grabs her ankle. She thinks she's a goner when suddenly she feels arms
around her waist. She turns her body to see, "Oliver!"

He yanks her ankle free of Tommy's grasp and literally hands her to Digg. He wraps her in his arms, "Thank God."

"Mollie! She's upstairs." Felicity informs the men.

Digg pauses to tell the people outside what was happening. Felicity runs as fast as her now sore ankle will let her up to the Master Suite and the dresser where Oliver keeps the key. They made sure to have several keys made in case anyone got locked in but they are all well hidden.

She opens the drawer and tosses out all the clothes then opens the fake bottom. Oliver's paranoia pays off! She lifts it up and grabs the key. She runs past Digg who is in the doorway and heads for the door. She puts the key in the lock and it unlocks. She smiles as she takes the key back out of the lock and loops the long chain around her neck.

She runs up the stairs and finds Mollie sitting in one of the captain's chairs watching "Beauty and the Beast". The music is loud, but she hears Barry talking to her and that's when she notices the tablet.

Felicity tears up. She has the best family ever. She moves to Mollie, "Hey Lil Bit."

Mollie looks up and her face lights up, "MOMMY!" She throws herself into her arms. Felicity watches as Digg grabs the tablet and talks to Barry about everything.

"We should go downstairs." Felicity tells Digg. He steps in front of her.

"Mollie should wait here." He counters.

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When they arrive at his house nothing looks amiss. He barely puts the car in park before his door is open and he's running for the door. He doesn't even know if he turned off the car. He doesn't care either.

Oliver makes his way to the door and opens it. Felicity is leaping towards the door and he catches her. When she is almost tugged out of his arms he sees Tommy on the floor holding her ankle. He kicks Tommy side and he releases her foot. He looks her over quickly and sees no signs of an allergic reaction. He hands her to Digg, "Get her out of here, now."

Oliver watches as they head upstairs. Of course, Mollie. He smiles at her before his gaze drops to Tommy. Oliver knows his sister, Roy and Lyla are in the front yard. He heard Roy's car and he knew his friend would take care of the teens. Oliver slams the front door shut with his foot. He doesn't take his eyes off Tommy as he reaches behind him and locks the door. He doesn't want them to see or walk in on what he is about to do.

Oliver read up on the laws in his city. He knows that Tommy has broken into his home and threatened his family. The law is very clear that even if he kills him, Oliver can't be charged as long as one part of Tommy is still in the house. He smiles down at Tommy. "Hey, Buddy..." His tone isn't dripping with sarcasm.

"Ollie---" Tommy starts to speak, but Oliver doesn't care to hear anything he has to say.

"Don't." Oliver reaches down and yanks Tommy to his feet. "You came into our home and tried to hurt my girls...to take them from me. You thought you could take them from me?"
Oliver punches him before he can reply. Tommy's head jerks back and blood shoots from his nose. Oliver felt the crack of the break when his fist connected with Tommy's nose. Damn, did it feel good.

Tommy wipes his face and smiles. It's then that Oliver notices the knife. Oliver can tell Tommy thinks this gives him the upper hand but he is oh so wrong. Slade trained him to fight and to disarm and armed combatant. Oliver never thought he'd need that knowledge but he's glad he has it.

When Tommy lunges for him Oliver steps back and uses Tommy's own body to propel him forward while he grabs his arm with the knife in it. Oliver twists it and Tommy drops the knife. He clearly isn't a fighter. Oliver kicks the knife across the room. He spins Tommy to face him and starts punching. Oliver couldn't say where his punches were landing he was just glad to feel his hands beating him.

"How does it feel Tommy?" Oliver taunts as he keeps striking. "Do you feel helpless? Is this how you wanted Felicity to feel?"

Tommy smiles with blood dripping from his nose and several bleeding cuts on his face, "Do you think you're better than me? Do you think she will let you touch her with the hands that beat someone?"

Oliver stops for a moment. Will she hate him? Oliver is brought back to reality until Tommy speaks again.

"Felicity needed the guidance. She was a fucking mess. I made her stronger. Hell, I made her! Without me she was nothing and is nothing. You will never understand what she needs. The hitting made her a better person. I hit her to help her!"

It's then that Oliver realizes he can't let this man live. He can't risk him getting out of jail and coming back. Mollie, Thea and especially Felicity will never be safe with him in this world.

Oliver takes Tommy by the throat and tosses him to the ground. He's choking him. He feels the life draining from Tommy. Oliver has never killed anyone before. He's never really ever wanted to kill anyone before this. Suddenly, there is a tug on his arm.

"Oliver, let him go. Please don't do this!" Felicity pleads with him.

Oliver turns to see Felicity with tears in her eyes begging him to stop. "He has to die. You won't be safe!"

She tugs at his arm again. Her strength is no match for his. He is certain Tommy is about to die when his hands are dragged from his throat. Oliver actually roars. He is pushed up against the wall, held there by John Diggle.

"Oliver, man..you got to stop. I know you want to kill him. Hell, I want to kill him, but that's not you. You're not a killer. You're not someone who can do this."

Oliver is taking deep breathes. Is he a killer? No. But he could be to keep his family safe. He pushes Digg and miraculously he moves. Oliver leaps onto to Tommy who has turned on his side coughing and trying to drag air into his abused lungs. He pushes him onto his back. Oliver is about to try to strangle him again when Felicity puts her face between the two men. She is bent over looking him in the eye, tears are in hers. Felicity's beautiful hair blocking Tommy from his view. "No Oliver! Not for me. Don't do this not for me. I'm not worth it."

Oliver falls back on his heels, stunned. She's not worth it? He looks at her confused, his brow
furrowed, "You're everything. You're worth everything to me."

Felicity moves down on her knees in front of him as Tommy rolls away. She places her hand on his cheek. "Only you..." He rests his forehead against hers. It's then he realizes he can't kill Tommy and risk losing her. He just found his forever with her and Mollie. He might not go to jail in the physical sense but he would be in one of his own making nonetheless.

They stay like that; forehead to forehead. Breathing each other's air for several minutes. Oliver hears Digg warn Tommy to stay still. He hears Tommy coughing and grasping for air, but all he cares about is her. This moment. This moment right here when he knows she is his everything. That he would die for her, but more importantly he will live for her. He will live to tell her everyday how amazing she is and worthy she is and to prove to her that she is loved.

They've survived this, together.

Chapter End Notes

Epilogue or not? Let me know.

I'm working on two new stories and hope to start posting soon!

One is a soul mate AU and the other is a crossover of sorts with Fast and Furious.

For those who follow me on twitter I hope to be back soon. I just need to learn to enforce my boundaries and recognize my own limits.

See ya soon!
Happily Ever After

Chapter Notes

So many of you asked for this epilogue that I felt I owed it to you. I went back and forth with this and what to put into it. I feel this covered things quite nicely and hope it does for you too!

Thank you so much for sticking with me through this story. Thank you to those of you who shared your own survivor stories with me. If you need help please do so carefully and know that there are people out there that will help you. You don't deserve it and it's not your fault. We all deserve to be loved and respected no matter what we do.

This isn't beta'd so if I messed up please forgive me. I've had a rough month but wanted to do this for all of you who continue to amaze me with your strength.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Oliver and Felicity take Robert Queen up on his offer to stay with him. Their home is now a crime scene. The police said it would be several days before they can get back in. Oliver wanted to stay at a hotel, but Felicity felt they should be in a more private location and with family.

"Hey Dad.." Oliver finds his Dad in the study. He looks like he's upset. "Is everything okay?"

"That was the DA. Oliver..your Mother was killed in prison."

Oliver falls onto the couch in the study. He knows that his Mom did terrible things and he never wanted to see her again, but...he isn't sure how he feels about her death. "Who..who killed her?"

Oliver watches as his Dad squirms, "An enemy of Malcolm Merlyn. He and your Mother double crossed him. He killed her to show Malcolm he is next."

"Or Tommy..." Oliver mutters. He wouldn't shed a single tear for Tommy's death he just wants him to suffer first. He wants him to know pain. "Did she suffer?"

Robert shakes his head. "I need to tell your sister. Where is she?"

"She has Mollie in the tv room. They're having a sleepover."

Oliver and Robert make their way downstairs to the tv room. they walk in and find Mollie asleep across Thea's lap. Thea looks and sees the serious faces. She looks down at Mollie as if to tell them not now. Oliver moves around his Dad and lifts his daughter from his sister's lap. Mollie cuddles into his shoulder and he smiles. He puts his hand on her back and leans down "I love you, Speedy."

He walks out of the room. He hears Thea's tears as he makes his way to the first floor. This will be hard on her. She is so young and her relationship with their mother was much more complicated than his was with her.

He walks up the three flights of stairs with his little girl in his arms. He came so close to losing her today. He could have lost all of them. He reaches his old bedroom and slowly opens the door. He hears the shower running and smiles. He wishes he could join her.
He puts Mollie down on the large sectional sofa in his room. He grabs a blanket from the end of his old bed and drapes it over her. She curls onto her side and wraps it around her better. He kisses her temple. She's the bravest kid he knows. Granted one of the only kids he knows but the way she handled things was perfect.

He turns to see Felicity coming out of the bathroom. She is wearing one of his old college tees she left here. It looks damn good on her. She is drying her hair with a towel as she walks across the room to the bed. He's in the dark on the far side of the room.

He moves towards her slowly. He doesn't want to spook her. She's been through enough. "Hey." He says low enough to not wake Mollie yet let Felicity know he's there.

She looks over at him and smiles. She's the most beautiful woman he has ever seen. He takes the towel from her and tosses it into the hamper. He is already showered and changed into his sweatpants and tee shirt. He lifts the shirt over his head and climbs into bed. He doesn't lie down because she isn't.

Felicity crosses her legs and sits beside him, facing him. He waits. There is something on her mind. Finally she blows out some air.

"Oliver I have to tell you something and I don't want you to freak out. I'm fine. Everyone is fine."

Oliver sits up straighter. He folds his legs and moves to face her. He takes her her hand. "You heard about my Mom?"

"No...what happened?"
Damn it. He shakes his head, "She was murdered in prison by enemies of Malcolm."

"Oh, Oliver. I'm so sorry." She grabs his hands. "You know what..my news? It can totally wait. Let's go to bed."

He doesn't budge. "No. You and me and Mollie that's what matters. Is everything okay with Mollie? I thought when the docs checked you out everything was fine."

Felicity smiles at him. "She is perfect. Tommy didn't hurt her."

Oliver's heart starts to race, "Did--did her hurt you?" He has worried about Tommy hurting her all night. He could only imagine the things he could have done before Oliver got there.

"I'm fine...but..." She looks over to where Mollie is sleeping. His eyes follow hers and he smiles. "She's so perfect." Felicity whispers.

"She is..." He looks back to Felicity. She slowly turns her face back to him.

"Do you think we will always make perfect babies?"

Oliver smiles and he has thought about this a lot. "Yes I do. With you for a mother how can they be anything but perfect. Someday."

She moves closer and then climbs into his lap. "Or in about seven months?"

He nods. "You want to try in a few months?" He's so excited. He wants a bunch of kids with her. A houseful and huge houseful. She shakes her head. She reaches under what will be her pillow tonight and holds up a picture. It's a sonogram.
"Is this Mollie?" He only has seen the one.

"No. This is her little brother or sister. Do you prefer a girl or a boy?"

Oliver can't breathe for a moment. They're having a baby. Another baby that he can see from the first breathe? He's hugging her tighter. "How?"

She laughs, "See Oliver when a mommy and daddy really love--"

"I know that but --"

"My meds made my birth control ineffective. So the night we celebrated my recovery we really celebrated."

Oliver pulls her down to lay with him. He cuddles her to his side. "You're okay. The baby?"

He will kill Tommy with his bare hands if he hurt Felicity or their baby. He already hates what he's done to them, but this would be too far for him to walk away and let him live.

"The doctor checked me out and did the sonogram while you were with Mollie. I suspected I was pregnant so they did a test and sonogram to confirm it. And we are both perfectly healthy and fine. I need to cut back on the stress but I think that's doable."

Oliver can't believe it. He wants to tell the entire world that they're having another baby. "Felicity we should get married."

She pulls away. "I don't want to get married just because I'm pregnant Oliver."

He knows that's a touchy subject with her. He decides to table it for now. What happened with Tommy and that marriage still haunts her. He knows in time they'll be married. They falls asleep wrapped in each other's arms.

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Oliver is awaken by a munchkin in his bed. He hears her crawling in bed. She slides between him and Felicity. He opens his eyes to see her staring at him, "Hi Daddy. Can we go to the bookstore today?"

Oliver doesn't want her to leave the house not today or for a few days really. "I think we should hang around here today." She pouts her lip.

"Hey Lil Bit." Felicity says sleep still in her voice.

"Mommy." Mollie squeals and hugs Felicity. Mollie crawls onto Felicity's stomach and he removes her quickly.

"Oliver she can't hurt the baby."

"Baby? What baby?" Mollie pulls up the covers clearly looking for a baby.

Felicity laughs, "The one in Mommy's tummy. You're going to be a big sister!"

Mollie dives into Felicity's waiting arms. "I am so excited!" She screams. There is a knock on the door.

"Come in." Mollie tells them.
Oliver looks and sees his sister. "I heard screaming is everything okay?" Oliver watches her. He can tell she's been crying.

"Aunt Thea I'm going to be a big sister!"

Thea's face lights up. "What?" She looks to Oliver and Felicity for confirmation. They both nod.

"Finally some good news." Thea declares. "Raisa wants you all down stairs for breakfast. She insists on spoiling us with food."

Tommy Merlyn asked and got his fast and speedy trial. He was convicted of breaking and entering, kidnapping, kidnapping of a minor, unlawful imprisonment, and attempted murder.

Oliver holds Felicity's hand as they sit in the courtroom awaiting the sentencing portion to start. Felicity will be the only one giving a victim's impact statement.

"Miss Smoak?" Oliver looks to see the DA standing there. "The judge has agreed to both of your requests. You may go to the witness box and sit."

Felicity turns to him. He kisses her forehead and helps her stand up. She grabs the small bag he was holding and walks up to the witness box. The bailiff, a nice young man, helps her up into the box. She sits down and then Tommy is brought into the courtroom.

Oliver watches his former best friend, the man he loved like a brother enter the courtroom. Gone is the cocky smile and he's lost weight. Prison hasn't been good to him. Oliver watches Tommy sit and he sees him straighten up as soon as he sees Felicity.

Oliver wants to run up and block his view of her. He knows he can't so he sits there and balls his fists. He catches Felicity's eye and smiles. She takes out her bag and unzips it. She has to wait for the judge now. Damn, he's proud of her.

The court is called to order. The Judge, a woman, who seems sympathetic to Felicity sits and allows them to sit. "Okay, this court is called to order, Miss Smoak,you may now put the protective gear on."

"Excuse me, Your Honor...the defense has no idea what is going on."

The judge rolls her eyes. Oliver likes her even more now. "Miss Smoak is about to deliver her child any moment now and asked the court to allow her to play music on headphones so her child doesn't hear what the Mother suffered through at the hands of your client."

Tommy's lawyers consult with him. Then the man stands back up, "Your Honor we object this makes Miss Smoak more sympathetic."

"Overruled. And Counselor please remember there isn't a jury present. I decide his sentence." The judge turns to Felicity. "Miss Smoak whenever you two are ready." She smiles kindly at Felicity.

Felicity takes out the headphones and iPod and starts the music then places the special headphones on her stomach. They had argued what she should play and eventually let the baby decide. Felicity was shocked when the music that calmed the baby the most was Fall Out Boy. Thea had laughed and joked about how the poor child has his taste in music.
He watches Felicity make sure they're placed perfectly then she looks to him. They share a smile knowing what their child is listening too.

"Miss Smoak whenever you are ready to give your impact statement."

Felicity reaches for the glass of water. She takes a small sip. He watches her take a deep breathe and look Tommy straight in the eye like she said she would. She won't cower to him ever again.

"I want to start by saying thank you to Mr Merlyn. He has enough love in his heart for my daughter to not make her testify in open court. So, Thank You."

He watches her knowing she is gathering her strength. He wishes he could hold her or even do this for her. He knows she is strong and wants to do this, but he hates this for her. Oliver starts rubbing his forefinger and thumb together in nervous habit.

"There are so many things I could say about Mr Merlyn. He was my first really serious adult boyfriend, my husband and a father figure to my child. I will regret most of those things for the rest of my life. He was also the man who hit me. Tommy would hit me and I would blame me. He blamed me. The physical scars will mostly heal. The emotional scars...those have been harder to rid myself of."

She sits up straighter, "He made me believe I wasn't lovable, that I didn't deserve love and that I was a waste of a human. He would manipulate me into being who he wanted, when he wanted.

What I wanted was peace. I wanted to raise my daughter in a loving home and give her the confidence a young girl needs to grow up in modern society."

He watches as tears fall from her eyes. He wants to stand up and wipe her tears. He wants to make this all go away.

"More than that, he tried to convince I was stupid. Worthless. A bad Mother and someone who didn't deserve respect, kindness or even food at times. My life with him was awful. I've learned to own my part in the cycle of our relationship. I've learned to accept all that. Now, it's your turn."

She wipes her tears.

"You shattered my entire world the first time you hit me. I picked up the pieces and I stayed. I don't know why I thought I had to stay. I don't recognize that girl or her illogical thinking anymore. But stay I did. You shattered my entire belief system, my entire sense of self and then you tried to take away my freedom."

She takes another sip of water. She seems to cringe. He wonders if the water is cold and hurt her teeth. They've been very sensitive lately.

"You didn't break me completely. I have picked up the pieces that you broke. And along with Oliver, I've found myself again and have a sense of self that no one will ever take away from again. I am going to have a full and complete life despite your best efforts. I will finish this statement and leave here. I will take Oliver's hand and we will go find Mollie. I will have my son soon and marry Oliver."

Felicity adjusts the headphones. "You tried to convince me no one would love me. You made me think no one could love me." Felicity looks at Oliver. He smiles, "Oliver has shown me I am worthy. But more than that he helped me love myself. I love me. I am free to love him and our little family."

Tommy makes a sound like a wounded animal. The judge looks at him, but says nothing. Felicity
tilts her head and watches him. "Look at me, Tommy."

He doesn't.

"Look.At.Me." Tommy slowly raises his head to look at her. "I am walking out of her a free woman. Once I pass through those doors I will never think about you again. You will be a tragic memory of a life I once lived and in time it will feel as if someone else lived that life with you. YOU will be nothing, you won't hold a place in our lives and you won't hold us hostage to the memories."

The judge smiles at her, "Is that all Miss Smoak."

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Normally the victim would go and sit, but Miss Smoak requested to not have to walk past you and I am honoring her request." She smiles at Felicity who looks up at her thankfully.

"I am sentencing you without me discussing why or how you earned it. You know what you've done. I am sentencing you to 25 years for each offense aside from the attempted murder which is life. These sentences will be consecutive not concurrent to assure you never leave prison."

Tommy starts to stand but his lawyer pulls him back down. The judge dismisses the court and Tommy is shackled. Tommy looks to Felicity, "You won't ever forget me, baby. Never."

Oliver wants to jump up and strangle him. Thea grabs his hand, "Don't Ollie."

After Tommy is out of the courtroom, most of the spectators file out. Oliver waits for Felicity. She walks over to him, "Let's go."

"What's your hurry?" He teases and pulls her into a hug.

"My water broke up there and I'm not sure if that is illegal and we might want to get to the hospital.." Oliver looks and sees the mess. "Do you want to go home and get your bag and Mollie?"

She practically breaks his hand, "No time."

"I read that labor can take awhile."

She looks up at him, "I've been in labor for about six hours...I didn't want to postpone this. I wanted this over with before he's born."

Oliver reaches down and picks her up bridal style. He exits the court and Thea is waiting. "Dramatic much?" She asks.

"She's been in labor for hours. Call Digg and get Mollie and meet us at the hospital." Thea takes off for the exit as Oliver carries his wife towards the elevator.

John Jonas Queen is born two hours later.

Felicity is staring at him. She and Oliver decided to name him John after their best friend and let Mollie pick the middle name, but she insisted on the nickname instead. Felicity picked Jonas for his middle name. Her son should be named her two favorite men and she can only hope he grows up to be just as strong and wonderful.

The door opens and Oliver enters carrying Mollie. They sit down beside Felicity in the bed. "Here's
your little brother, John Jonas"

Mollie looks down at him from her Dad's arms, "Jack. Like Jack Frost."

Oliver and Felicity share a look. "You're from Vegas...it'll be cute." He tells her. They kiss quickly while Mollie rubs Jack's head softly.

Felicity looks to Oliver who is staring at his son, "Hi, Jack welcome to our family." He tells their son.

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Felicity Smoak becomes Mrs. Smoak-Queen, six months to the day later. She marries Oliver in the courtyard of the apartment he lived in when he was in Italy. They are surrounded by friends and family. It is a small intimate ceremony far from the spotlight of Starling City.

After the ceremony, Thea and Robert take Mollie and Jack with them to the hotel. Oliver and Felicity stay in his old apartment that Slade and Shado made ready for them.

Felicity is on the small balcony watching the street below. The curtains are blowing with the light breeze. It's dark but the moon is casting a bright glow for them.

Oliver walks up and puts his arms around her waist. "This is where it all started."

She turns in his arms, "What?"

He smiles down at her then pecks her nose with a light kiss, "I was sitting on this balcony the night Thea told me you were single. She actually let it slip he was remarrying."

Felicity smiles, "So you hopped the next plane home." She teases him.

"Actually yes. I talked to Slade and Shado and knew I had to know. I had to try. You were the one. You are the only one who matters, who ever mattered."

She rising on her bare tiptoes and kisses him, "Thanks for coming home."

"I had to...you're my home. my always."

Chapter End Notes

I have two stories coming up. I think the first to be posted will be "Cross My Broken Heart". It's a Soul Mate AU with a few twists. I thought it'd be a very short story but apparently it won't be! I hope it's good. I will start sneak peeks on it soon.

I also hope to start posting a story long in coming (years!) It's called "I Got Family Not Friends" and it's a Fast and Furious meets Arrow au. I really hope you all continue this journey with me.

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