How the Mighty Fall (in Love)

by Abbie, RosieTwiggs

Summary

When Hell decides to make a play for Tommy Merlyn's soul, they send in Felicity Smoak - an IT demon with a heart of gold, and a slightly inconvenient crush on her target.

Tommy's Guardian Angel, Oliver Queen, will do anything, absolutely anything, to get in her way and protect his charge.

But to find out Hell's plan, he may have to play Felicity's game. Win or lose, Tommy, Felicity, and Oliver are all in.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.
Hell is a cubicle farm.

Or at least its IT department is.

Felicity hardly notices anymore how abominably unflattering the overhead fluorescent lighting on the IT floor is, though every now and then she looks up and towards the string of small offices on the wall and grits her teeth.

One of those offices damn well should have been hers by now. She’s the most valuable demon in the entire department, all but singlehandedly bringing Hell into the 21st century with her internet-based soul-snare strategies. All of the department’s tricks and traps have Felicity’s fingerprints—well, if
demons had fingerprints—all over them, several of them brainstormed, strategized, and implemented chiefly by her.

And her sleazy, lazy supervisor makes sure to take the brunt of the credit every time. Felicity should have been promoted into one of those private offices ages ago. So she doesn’t feel too bad taking her revenge by spending half of her shift dicking around on the internet. It only takes her half her shift to actually get her job done anyways; if they want her to be more productive and dedicated to advancing Hell’s agenda, maybe they should actually recognize her talents and efforts.

Felicity’s taking her revenge time to catch up on her favorite blog when everything turns on a dime and changes. It’s really a fuck of a piece of irony that she’s elbows on the desk, fingers laced under her chin, bottom lip between her teeth and hearteyes deep in Tommy Merlyn’s latest personal blog entry when her supervisor comes strolling up.

“Smoak,” he clips in that nasally, waspish tone that everyone mockingly attempts and fails to imitate when his back is turned.

She startles, hand immediately flying to her mouse and clicking to hastily make prominent the program she’d finished coding over an hour ago. “Jeff! Hi!” Felicity cringes at her too-loud voice, clearing her throat as she glances at the eyes peering over the neighboring cubicle walls and lowers her volume. “What can I do for you?”

Jeff, a reedy demon with thinning sandy hair and a really unfortunate weak chin, props his arms on the low wall of Felicity’s cubicle and leans forward, the short sleeves of his post-it yellow button-up showing off his fleshy biceps. He narrows his muddy-hazel eyes, asking, “What’re you working on, Smoak?”

Felicity bites her lips together. “Um. Just wrapping up a simulation run on that new Pornhub background program. Just a few more tweaks to the coding and it should be ready.”

It’s been ready for a week and a half.

Jeff nods, fingers tapping arrhythmically against her cubicle wall. “Good, that’s good. You should make note of what needs tying up and pass it along to Cole.”

Felicity straightens stiffly in surprise. “Wait. What?” She cuts a sharp glance across the cube-farm to Cole’s hole; he catches her eye and instantly ducks out of sight. “No. I’ve got this, it’s almost ready, I’m like three days ahead of schedule.”

“Not a request, Smoak,” Jeff replies loftily. He slaps his hands against her cubicle and stands straight. “You’re being reassigned.”

He takes a step back and Felicity half rises from her chair, her whole face a frown. “Rea—reassigned? What do you mean reassigned?”

Jeff continues to walk away backward, making a come-hither flap with his hand. “Find out.”

Scowling, Felicity locks her computer—no way in shit is Cole touching her project or getting any of the credit—and stands up, smoothing her hands over her pink button-up blouse and black pencil skirt before darting after Jeff, teeth clenching in resentment as he deliberately strides ahead, making her scurry in her sensible black flats to catch up.

She’s surprised when they bypass Jeff’s corner office and pass through the hall past the breakroom and towards the cluster of conference rooms at the end. Jeff at least pauses at the door for Felicity to enter alongside him.
As they pass inside, a tall, dapper, dark-skinned demon—definitely upper-management—stands from the head of the conference table, smoothing his tie and shooting the cuffs of his very fine suit as he regards Felicity assessingly. “Miss Smoak, a pleasure. I'm Walter Steele.”

Walter St—shit. Felicity gapes with wide eyes for a second before shaking his extended hand. Her hand, in the hand of very-upper upper management. Oh god, what did she do, who did she piss off? What did she get caught doing? “Um. The pleasure is mine, Mr. Steele. I mean, it’s a pleasure to meet you, my pleasure, wow, that is way too much talking about my pleasure while I am still holding your hand and now this is getting awkward so… I’m going to… stop.”

Cringing, Felicity withdraws her hand from Walter’s, who looks askance at Jeff.

Jeff shrugs, arms folding over his thin chest in a somewhat petulant pose. “I did suggest you find anyone else.”

Felicity glares at him in affront; nevermind that five seconds ago she was sure this reassignment was some sort of nightmarish punishment, how dare Jeff imply Felicity isn’t good enough? Jesus, she can’t stand him.

Walter fixes Jeff with a cool stare as he straightens his lapels. “Thank you, Jeffrey, you may leave us.”

Jeff does an actual doubletake. “But as Felicity’s supervisor, shouldn’t I be involved in this loan-out —”

“Jeffrey,” Walter interrupts, all crisp, impatient British vowels and pressed-thin lips. “You may go.”

Felicity purses her lips, brows high as Jeff reddens and shoots her a glare—hey, he’s the dumbass who needed to be told to leave twice—and stalks stiffly for the door. Walter and Felicity stand and watch as he hesitates before closing it with marked resentment behind him.

Felicity turns back to Walter and stifles a wince as he shakes his head in minute exasperation. He gestures to the table, where she only just notes a thick file sits in front of the chair he’d risen from. “Please, sit, Miss Smoak. We have much to discuss.”

Feeling her wariness return, Felicity pulls out the chair at the corner of the table and smooths her skirt as she settles into it, Walter retaking his seat adjacent to her. “Jeff said I was being reassigned but—forgive me—that doesn’t make any sense.” Demonstratively, she hooks her thumbs back in the direction of the cube-farm. “I’m IT. I’m actually the best demon Hell has in IT. Honestly, if you guys take me out of this department I’m pretty sure half of our programs would collapse inside a week, and soul-snaring has been up 23% in the last two quarters alone on projects I introduced and developed.”

Walter offers her a small smile, leaning back in his chair, the fingertips of one hand just dusting the file’s jacket. “We’re not removing you from IT, Miss Smoak. We are aware of your contributions and value to this department. As it so happens, you may yet present an unexpected value outside of IT, as well.” Casually, he opens the file so that only he can see the top page, his face giving nothing away. “As Jeffrey mentioned, this assignment would at most be a loan.”

Felicity leans forward, licking her lips in itching curiosity. Some tugging tenterhook in her gut is telling her to run as fast as her flats can carry her back to her cubicle, but damned if Felicity could ever resist a mystery. “A loan to do what, sir?”

Walter smiles at her, and it’s anything but reassuring. “You are needed in the field for a special
acquisition.”

She sits back, hands finding and gripping the arms of her chair. Felicity laughs a little, soft and hollow. Walter stares, not admitting to the joke. Felicity stares back. “In the field? Me?” She points at her face and circles. “Me. Doing what, exactly?”

Walter sits straighter, his eyes hooding in a vaguely intimidating seriousness that pulls Felicity’s spine up in reflexive response. “Whatever is necessary, Miss Smoak. And I apologize for the broadness of those terms, but I assure you they are quite accurate. There is no simple description of what may be required of you, though I should hope you can assure me that you are willing to do whatever may be needed. I am afraid your pursuit of this task may call you well above and beyond the duties of your current position.”

“What goal exactly would I be pursuing? And—and exactly how far above and beyond my job description are we talking? I mean, I pretty clearly don’t work in Retrieval or for the League for a reason. A lot of reasons, actually.”

Walter levels her with a droll look. “I suspect you already have a strong idea of what may be asked of you in this mission, Miss Smoak. As for your goal, Hell has developed a rather pressing and vested interest in staking a definitive claim on the soul of Thomas Merlyn.”

Felicity freezes, eyes wide and lips parting slowly in surprise. Oh, god. Has she gotten caught at something after all? Her somewhat admiring fascination with Tommy Merlyn and his secret online identity isn’t exactly strictly above-board, but she’s covered her tracks so well. How do they know? Oh god, what do they know? Do they know about her teensy, tiny, totally harmless little crush?

Swallowing hard, she blinks at Walter’s inscrutable stare. “Ummm. How am I supposed to help with that? Because I’ve been personally spamming his email with porn links and penis-enhancing traps for months and it hasn’t really been super effective.” She shrugs her head to one side. “Well. Among other tactics, but yeah, he seems relatively immune.”

“That is precisely why we are attempting something… new. Innovative.” Walter ticks a finger at her indicatively. “None of our traditional methods have been successful with young Mr. Merlyn.” Sitting back again, he flips open the file and leafs through a few sheets of what look like summary reports and raw data figures. “A truly staggering roster of seduction demons have been dispatched to this purpose over the last handful of years and not a single one of them has made more than a slight dent in Thomas’s claims.”

Uneasily, Felicity nods. “You are being immediately reassigned to this task until it is completed.”

“Getting a little scared now,” Felicity murmurs, eyes flickering rapidly between Walter’s face and the ominous file on the table. “What goal exactly would I be pursuing? And—and exactly how far above and beyond my job description are we talking? I mean, I pretty clearly don’t work in Retrieval or for the League for a reason. A lot of reasons, actually.”

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Felicity presses her lips together; it’d probably be bad to give away that this is not news to her. It’s actually pretty easy to pick out which of the one night stands he blogs about were Hell’s agents, and he’s never shown any sign of being all that vulnerable to their particular sales pitch. Whatever Tommy Merlyn really, really wants—and she’s actually got a strong hunch he doesn’t know, which, well, not really that unusual—he’s not about to sell his soul for the price of mindblowing orgasms.

Thankfully, she manages to keep all of these thoughts on the inside and hold her tongue, waiting for Walter to spit out what he wants her to do. And why.

Walter glances back up at her from the papers in his hand. “This is where you come in. It has been suggested that you may be better suited than most to discovering what Mr. Merlyn wants badly enough to give his soul for. Your name is mentioned prominently in every report concerning Thomas Merlyn issued from this department. It would seem he has been your almost exclusive ongoing project, has he not? And that this would suggest you have culled a working knowledge of the boy?” Uneasily, Felicity nods. “You are being immediately reassigned to this task until it is completed,
however long it should take. You will, of course, need to get close to him in an offline capacity.”

Felicity blinks at him. “And I should do that how? Spill a latte on his laptop and offer to fix it?”

Walter blithely ignores her snark. “Sex is very likely a good place to begin.”

Felicity’s eyes bulge and she doesn’t even bother to stop her jaw flopping wide open. “Excuse me? You just established that actual seduction demons have not done a swell job at this specific goal, and you think, what, maybe he just needs a heretofore unknown nerd kink tickled?”

It’s hard to say if Walter’s eyelid-flicker is annoyance or amusement. “I said sex could be a good place to start, Miss Smoak. His libido is clearly a vulnerable opening in his life that can be easily exploited. You needn’t necessarily consummate the flirtation, but you might then parlay it into whatever association you deem necessary to ascertain how Hell might stake a final claim on his soul.” Felicity clasps her hands in her lap and shifts uncomfortably, and Walter softens slightly. “No one, of course, expects you to take the young man to bed if you are opposed to it. You’re a bright demon; I imagine you’ll poke through his life and find somewhere to insert yourself.”

Felicity winces. She’s sure poked through his life plenty, but Walter’s suggestion is unfortunately on the nose. The absolute easiest way to get to Tommy Merlyn is through his pants. Not that it’d really be a martyrdom to, er, throw herself on Tommy’s sword. “I’m—I’m sure I’ll think of something, Mr. Steele.”

His features brighten and he sits up, closing the file. “Sounds like you’re already on the job. Excellent.” He tidies up the file and pushes his chair back, and Felicity follows his lead, standing as he does. He tucks the file under one arm and buttons his suit jacket. “You will for the duration of this assignment report directly to me. You are to be removed from the IT roster and rotation indefinitely, until your task is complete. Jeffrey has already been informed, and you may consider yourself clocked out after we leave this office.” His chin tucks solemnly, and Felicity nervously smooths her hands down her skirt. “But Miss Smoak, I must be clear. This mission requires your utmost focus. There is no shift on or shift off; you will live this assignment for as long as it is given to you. Are we understood?”

Felicity nods. “Understood. Thank you, Mr. Steele, I won’t let Hell down.”

He smiles, slight but sincere. “I’m sure you won’t.”

He gestures Felicity ahead of him and she makes hurriedly for the door. She’s got to clear her project slate for at least the next week, and make sure Cole doesn’t get his grubby mitts on any of her work.

And from there, Felicity just has to figure out how to seduce Tommy Merlyn.

—

Laurel snorts, “Well, that part should be easy.”

From deep within the wilds of her closet, Felicity scoffs back. “For you, maybe.” She flips quickly from hanger to hanger, pleased by absolutely none of the dresses in her hands. She needs something daring, something hot, something with wow-factor… “You’d have him eating out of your hand and trailing after you like a puppy in about five minutes. But have you met me? He’s probably gonna pat me on the head and offer to call me a cab.”

Seated on Felicity’s bed, Laurel pokes with mild interest through the haphazard pile of “maybe” dresses beside her. “Get off it, Smoak, you’re adorable.”
Felicity leans out of the closet, a cobalt blue A-line dress pressed to her chest with one hand. Rolling her eyes, she frowns at Laurel. “Right, because ‘adorable’ will absolutely send him running up the flagpole in desperation. I don’t need to be adorable, I need to be sexy.”

Laurel tilts her head, frowning consideringly as Felicity holds out the skirt of the dress against her and looks down at herself. “Not that one. And you’ve done sexy plenty before, but I really don’t think it’s going to be nearly as difficult as you’re making it out to be to get this guy into bed. From how you’ve described him previously, warm and wet and willing seems the top rung of his standards.”

Sighing, Felicity deposits the blue dress back on the closet bar. “I need to stand out. Assuming he even wants to take me home out of all the options on the menu, I need to be more memorable than a one-night flash in the pan.” She turns and frowns at Laurel. “And he’s really not that shallow, Laurel. He’s just... been through some things.”

Laurel rolls her eyes, leaning back on her hands, her caramel-brown mermaid curls sliding over her shoulders. “Yes, so you continually say.” Her chin drops forward, eyebrows rising pointedly as she locks eyes with Felicity. “And if you want to be memorable, pretty sure that’s going to be more about what you do and say than what you wear. It’s just gonna end up on the floor, anyways, right?”

Felicity chews her lip and nods. “You’re right. I’m overthinking this.” She moves back to the bed, digging through the maybe-pile. “I’m just nervous, you know? I don’t go out in the field. And it’s Tommy Merlyn. I’ve been following his anonymous blog for two years now, and oh my god, maybe I thought he was a shallow, flighty jackass at first, but he’s really not? And now I’m going to meet him. Maybe sleep with him.”

Frowning, Laurel stares hard at the floor, eyes narrowing. “It’s just so weird they’re assigning you to do this sort of thing. Are you sure they don’t know about your weird little crush?” Felicity gives her a look; she really does hate repeating herself. Laurel rolls her eyes and waves a dismissive hand. “Yeah, yeah, you cover your tracks. But there’s just something really off about this. I don’t like it.”

Laurel’s a driven, ambitious demon working her way up the ranks in Legal; Felicity can recognize the signs of Laurel worrying at an inconsistency like a dog with a bone. It’s a trait they share, really, but the way Walter described it, it seems like Hell’s just run out of ideas for snagging Tommy’s soul and is now willing to try off-the-wall options.

“It’s definitely weird, yeah, but it kind of makes sense? I mean, Jeff was supposed to be handling all the Tommy assignments personally, but typically, Jeff has just passed the buck to me every time. So on paper, I look good for this, I guess.”

“No, it’s not that,” Laurel waves her hand again. “I feel like I’m forgetting something, like there’s something obvious about this I should be seeing. I know the name Merlyn’s been all over the place lately, but this still just... doesn’t feel right.”

Felicity makes a face and pulls a dress off the bed, examining it with a tilt of her head. “Yeah, apparently there’s some hot tip that Tommy’s dad is going to kick the bucket in the relatively near future. Everyone knows he’s gonna get bumped up to demon on arrival.” Felicity sighs, fingering the slit in the hem of the short gold dress. It could work. “Really not looking forward to that. Malcolm Merlyn’s a piece of work, based on his gold-star parenting alone. If you just read some of the things Tommy’s written about him... If there’s any soul that really should do the cleanse-by-fire damnation tour, he’s front of the line.”

Laurel nods aprovingly at the gold dress. “Which is of course exactly why Hell is drooling to recruit him.” She pops to her feet off the bed and moves into Felicity’s closet to peruse her shoe options. “I
Felicity lays the gold dress to one side and starts unbuttoning her shirt; if she wants to try and catch Tommy tonight—fortunately, he’d blogged about feeling the club itch again—she needs to get ready and get moving. “This is Hell, Lance. There’s always something bigger happening.”

Laurel bends and snags a pair of strappy red stilettos and tosses them on the bed by the dress. “I just don’t want you getting ground up in the gears of someone’s grand machinations.”

Felicity shrugs out of her workday bra and shimmies free of her pencil skirt, grinning as she plucks the gold dress up and pulls it on over her head. “Always looking out for me.”

Laurel eyes Felicity wryly as she pulls her hair free of the neck of the dress. “Someone has to. You want help with your hair? I can put it up for you before I have to go.”

Felicity grins at her over her shoulder. “Yeah, that’d be great. Got plans tonight?”

Moving to Felicity’s vanity and picking up the brush from the tabletop, Laurel smiles softly. “Yeah. Sara and I are getting together.”

Felicity’s own smile gentles as she sits on the corner of the bed next to Laurel. “I’m really glad you two have been able to talk again.”

Laurel’s fingers are gentle as the starts gathering Felicity’s soft, loose curls and running the brush through them. “Me, too.” She bites her lip, and Felicity can tell she’s not really ready to dive deep into the topic, not right now. “Anyways, are you stopping by this townhouse they’re renting you before the club?”

Felicity just barely manages to not shake her head and upset Laurel’s work. “Nah, I won’t have time. I have to stop by the Quartermaster first.”

Laurel’s hands still and she frowns at Felicity. “What? Are they issuing you a weapon?”

Felicity’s snort of laughter is indelicate. “A weapon? Me? Fuck no, Laurel, I’m getting into a guy’s pants, not picking fights with Archangels. No, I have to pick up a temporary humanity spell. On the off-chance I do wind up in bed with Tommy, the physiology needs to be a little more convincing. I should probably do that whole unconscious breathing thing like a human. I’m not a trained seduction demon, I don’t know how to do that kind of spell myself.”

Laurel sighs, reaching to the vanity for a handful of bobby pins. “Alright, then. Just make sure you’re careful out there. I just have a bad feeling about this assignment.”

Felicity bites her lip against her smile, warmed by Laurel’s concern. “I promise. Nothing more dangerous than getting my feelings hurt when he doesn’t want me.”

~*~

The lower orders used to whisper in awe about Oliver Queen.

Oliver Queen buried the city of Ubar in the sands for its wickedness, with a single beat of his massive wings.

Oliver Queen once fought off the armies of Artaxerxes alone using his bow and a thousand flaming arrows.
Oliver Queen defaced Ba’al and then dragged him, kicking and screaming, back to Hell.

The whispers still follow him. Only now they’re accompanied by narrowed eyes and pursed lips, and spoken with disdain.

He’s learned to mostly ignore them over the past 650 years.

He generally avoids the company of other angels, aside from a very few close friends. Unfortunately, he is still required to report to the Committee of Three once every six months on his progress. A committee with an open audience.

And sometimes a few whispers still get through his defenses.

*He’s a joke. Washed up. Hasn’t had a real mission in years.*

Oliver grits his teeth, looking up at the podium as the Three review his reports from over the last half year. He rolls his shoulders, his chainmail and dress armor suffocating him in a way it never used to before his disgrace.

*His commanding officer must be so embarrassed to have been saddled with him.*

The folder under review is painfully thin. He’s been given the task to observe and contain, nothing more. For ten years, he’s guarded Tommy Merlyn, but unless a direct threat to Tommy’s soul presents itself, he is forbidden from engaging.

Almost all angels have souls charged to their guardianship. Some can have as many as several hundred. And each soul needs to be preserved, cared for, protected. Some need more attention than others. For some, Heaven has a plan.

Oliver has never been certain what Heaven’s plan for Tommy is. Mostly, he suspects their plan in this case has more to do with keeping Oliver out of the way with a pity mission, his first in several centuries.

He’s fairly certain that the reason they don’t want him getting any closer than he has to, is because they believe he’ll mess it up. That he can’t even handle a simple guardianship.

They don’t trust him.

He can’t blame them.

*The generals should have just made him Fall.*

It still rankles. Oliver understands it, but that doesn’t make it any easier.

He’d once commanded armies. Now he commands nothing but what he writes on the pages up on the dais. And even that…

“Everything *seems* to be in order, Queen.”

Carter Bowen, the head of the Three, makes sure Oliver can tell from his tone that he doesn’t actually believe Oliver’s done his job properly. Oliver bites down on the inside of his cheek, nails digging into his palm. Carter Bowen has never seen a day of combat, or pulled a soul from the void between Heaven and Hell. Carter Bowen doesn’t realize that the only thing standing between him and the wrath of an angel who could have reached the highest orders under different circumstances, is Oliver’s own strict self-discipline.
“I mean, there’s not very much information to go through to begin with… Just some of your charge’s less, ah, pleasant encounters documented here… Are you sure he’s still Heaven-bound?”

To be honest, Oliver could write pages and pages about Tommy Merlyn. He could write about his strength of spirit when faced with a father who diminishes his every achievement and belittles his interests. He could write about Tommy’s love of beauty, be it art, architecture, or yes, even women. He could tell the Three about the time Tommy took a girl from a club back to his hotel room and halfway through getting their clothes off she started crying - a combination of stress, an ex, and her job, and how Tommy just ordered room service, put on a good movie, and listened to her talk until she fell asleep.

Is Tommy still Heaven-bound? Oliver clenches his jaw and holds back from telling Carter Bowen to go fuck himself with a holy sword.

Unfortunately, all they are interested in are the cold hard facts. Sins weighed against virtue. Moves by Hell to attempt to claim him. How many seduction demons he’s already allowed to take him to bed this year, and how they’ve all failed to get at his soul anyway.

There’s some vague discussion between the Three as to why the demons have failed, but nothing substantial. None of them really seem to care, and Oliver is at last dismissed.

He walks out of the committee hall, head held high and his armor shining gold and green in the sunlight, the whispers still shivering across his back.

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Oliver lifts himself up to the next bar on the ladder, pulling up, arms straining with exertion.

Blinking sweat out of his eyes, he pulls up again.

Another pull up to the next rung. He can feel the burn in-between his shoulder blades.

The slightest shift in the air alerts him to the fact that he’s not alone and Oliver drops down to the floor, landing with a grace born of several millenia of combat.

“Are you just going to keep watching, or is there a reason you’re lurking in the corner?” he asks, beginning to unwrap his hands. A tall man with arms bigger even than Oliver’s, testing the limits of his black uniform, pushes away from the wall.

“Man, do you ever get out anymore, Oliver?”

Oliver shrugs. “Committee of Three this morning.”

Diggle shook his head. “Oliver, time was, I could spend hours looking for you with a new mission before I found you.”

Oliver glances over his shoulder at John Diggle, his commanding officer. “Time was, you actually had missions assigned to me. How long has it been?”

Diggle shakes his head, drawing even with Oliver as he flexes his shoulder blades, feeling his wings stretch, even if they’re currently hidden on another plane.

“You have a mission.”

Oliver arches an eyebrow. “You and I both know one soul doesn’t count as a ‘mission’. It’s a
consolation prize. Something to keep me quiet and out of the way.”

Diggle takes a deep breath. “Be that as it may, even consolation prizes still need taking care of.” He hands Oliver a manilla folder.

Oliver opens it, looking over the contents with disinterest. “So? Hell’s making another play. It’s nothing they haven’t tried before. We already know the seduction demons don’t work. Sex isn’t the way to Tommy Merlyn’s soul.”

“And that might matter if Hell was sending a seduction demon.”

Oliver frowns and looks over the contents again.

“I got intel from Lyla,” Diggle says. “Our contact at Styx told us the new player was only just reclassified as a seductress this morning. We think they’re trying to throw us off the scent, trying to find another way to worm into Tommy’s soul. But we’re not sure what their angle is. We really don’t know anything about this demon, except that she used to work in IT.”

Oliver lifts his head, completely bemused. “IT?”

Diggle nods. “Yeah, exactly. I’m just as stumped as you are, Oliver.”

Oliver can’t imagine an IT demon turned seductress could possibly pose as any sort of threat to him or to Tommy. The opposite is actually true. But he’s been wrong before. He’s been so very wrong.

“Look, man,” Diggle says, laying a hand on Oliver’s shoulder. “I’m your CO, but I’m also your friend. I know the last thing you want to do is fraternize with a demon, especially after Sara-”

“Don’t.” Oliver cuts him off, fire in his eyes. “Don’t bring Sara into this. Don’t bring Sara into anything.”

Diggle sighs. “Fine. But the fact still remains that Hell’s making a play, and we don’t know what it is. And you could go down there and smite the Hell-bitch, but what’s to stop them from sending someone else? If we don’t know how they’re trying to get to Tommy’s soul—”

“Then we can’t stop them from eventually managing to get through my defenses. We need to be sure that he’s immune to whatever it is they’re going to try to tempt him with.”

“Exactly.”

Oliver grits his teeth. “So you want me to, what? Watch? Watch another demon get her hooks in him, get him high? Horny? Get him off? And then leave him feeling emptier the next day than he did before?”

Oliver’s had to watch the same scene play out countless times. And every time, he has to swallow his own pride, watch his soul find temporary release that Oliver knows does nothing to satisfy him. When he knows what Tommy really needs. He needs to matter.

Oliver shakes his head and shrugs. “How’s that any different than what I already have to put up with?” He knows he sounds bitter, and he doesn’t care. “I have one charge, one soul, and all Heaven wants me to do is make sure he doesn’t fuck up too badly, cross the final red line.”

Oliver’s shoulders drop as the fire goes out of him. In the end, it’s not Tommy’s mistakes and
indiscretions he’s upset about,, but rather the restrictions Heaven’s placed on Oliver’s protection of him.

Tommy Merlyn’s soul is one of the brightest he’s seen in a long time. He could be so much more than he is. He deserves so much more than the life he’s living. All he needs is guidance.

And Heaven won’t let Oliver do anything about it.

Diggle waits for him to fall silent. “Heaven doesn’t want you watching from the sidelines this time, Oliver. You’re going to have to find out what the demon’s angle is, and you’re going to have to do it up close and personal; beat the demon at its own game.”

He doesn’t like it. Doesn’t want to have anything to do with demons, no matter the reason. Nothing good ever came of associating with them. Oliver had learned that the hard way.

But Heaven’s giving him an opportunity, one he wasn’t sure he’d ever get again, and he doesn’t plan on fucking it up. Not when it’s Tommy on the line.

“Okay,” he says, nodding at Diggle. “I’ll do it.”

Tommy Merlyn’s soul is under his protection, and he’ll do whatever it takes to keep it.

~*~

There are nights when Tommy knows exactly what he’s looking for. He can hit a club, a bar, anywhere really, and leave five minutes later with a gorgeous redhead, leggy brunette or bubbly blonde on his arm. It never takes him longer than ordering a drink and dropping a couple of lines.

But then there are nights, nights like tonight, when Tommy feels an itch he can’t scratch. He’s got fire going in his chest and a longing he can’t identify, can’t quite place.

It happens once in a while, and those evenings progress more or less the same way, they leave him feeling empty and cold the following morning, slipping out before the girl (or once in a while, guy) even knows he’s gone.

He’s been scanning the crowd and the people at the bar for the last hour, vibrating just beneath the surface of his skin, and still hasn’t managed to settle on someone.

To be honest, he’s contemplating just leaving, but the thought of going back to the manor...

Tommy tenses as he remembers crystal shattering on the wall, the smell of forty year old scotch soaking into the carpet and quietly venomous disappointment leveled at him from across his father’s office.

He really doesn’t want to sleep at home tonight. He’d much rather make some temporary, easy home in someone else’s bed until the morning.

And then a hand runs gently across his shoulders, and inexplicably, the vibrating changes frequency and he feels the hairs on the back of his neck stand on end.

"You look… thoughtful," a low, throaty voice says to him. He shouldn’t be able to hear it over the music in the club, but it hums through him, and he turns to find a woman who definitely would have caught his attention from across the room. Bright blue eyes enhanced by smokey makeup, luscious red lips, loose blonde curls and a gold dress that barely covers the tops of her thighs. She bites her lip lightly and Tommy swallows.
However, the dangerous temptress effect she has going for her is shattered a moment later when the woman frowns. “Not that I mean I think you don’t usually… look thoughtful, I mean.” She blinks and shakes her head, the curls bouncing on her shoulders. “I’m sure you have lots of thoughts, all the time. Or that you aren’t a thoughtful person. You look like the type of guy who would help the old lady next door take out her trash… I just meant—pensive, I meant you look pensive.”

She looks towards the ceiling, muttering something under her breath, he doesn’t catch all of it, but the words why me are clear enough that he picks up on them.

Tommy can’t help it, he laughs. Somehow, miraculously, after having spent the afternoon being berated and threatened by his father, told how useless he is, what a disappointment, he’s laughing.

"I am that," he finally says, "Thoughtful." He gives her the patented Tommy Merlyn grin™, the one guaranteed to get him into a girl’s panties in under ten minutes, and the woman stops, tilts her head, and responds with a slow smile.

And that smile does unexpected things to him.

"I’m sorry, I didn’t catch your name, Miss…?"

"Smoak," she responds, biting her lip again and narrowing her eyes like she’s trying to figure him out, which is hilarious, because she came on to him, and he has no idea what to make of her. "Felicity Smoak."

"Uh-huh, and what do you do, Felicity Smoak, when you’re not rambling at strange men in clubs?"

Felicity purses her lips and arches an eyebrow at him. “Rambling? I’m personally offended. It usually takes a guy at least two dates to get one of my adorable rambles out of me. You’re getting a real exclusive deal here,” she says, and Tommy grins. "As for what I do, let’s just say I work in… acquisitions."

Tommy feels the thrill of the game unfurling in his chest. “Acquisitions, huh? Well, would you like to acquire a partner for this dance?”

Felicity laughs, and Tommy is immediately enamored of the sound.

"I don’t know. I usually refuse to go in for cheesy lines when I don’t even know the name of the guy feeding me them…"

"It’s Tommy," he responds, taking her hand and leading her towards the floor.

"Tommy Merlyn."

~*~

Tommy leads Felicity onto the dance floor, their fingers interlaced, and she keeps her smile in place even as her heart—god, she’s so not used to that thing; being in human flesh is so weird—pounds frantically against her sternum.

She can’t believe this is working.

Well. Maybe she kinda can. After all, she’s pretty and willing, and Tommy Merlyn is pretty easy.

Not—not easy easy, she’s not casting judgement on him for sleeping around, geez. She’s a demon, not an asshole.
Unfortunately, having lots of willing and enjoyable sex isn’t going to get you into hell any more than lying to your mom about who ate all those cookies. If it did, Hell would have bagged Tommy’s soul ages ago. It is the perfect way to get under someone’s skin though, if you use it right, which she plans to.

Tommy turns to her with that curling, laughing grin, one eyebrow raising invitingly as he lifts their laced hands and spins her towards him.

Felicity covers a grimace with a laugh when she almost trips over her own mile-high heels and crashes her back into his chest. He wraps an arm low around her waist, his other hand gliding up and down her bare upper arm.

Felicity breathes slowly, trying to get it together. Why did they send her? God, why her? She’s not a seduction demon, she is so bad at this. Although, it’s not exactly a hardship if she ends up sleeping with Tommy; he’s so pretty.

(And kind of adorable, but she’s almost absolutely sure management doesn’t know the extent to which she stalks his social media and the pseudonyms he uses when he’s active on fansites. He’s such a secret goofball, and his personal blog is intimate and electrifying, and she wants to keep him, damn it.)

So when he slips his hand down to press along the ridge of her hipbone, guiding her to move with him as he dips and sways his hips, she bites her lip and, fingers shaking, breath catching, smooths a hand down his thigh, gripping tight as she deliberately grinds back against him.

She feels him gasp—in the fill of his lungs against her back, in the rush of air by her ear, where the tip of his nose traces along the rim. His lips brush against the industrial bar there, and she shivers.

Sweet gates of Hell, if she actually wins Tommy Merlyn for her team, they’d be idiots not to pull him out of rotation and make him a seduction demon. She came on to him, but he’s definitely the one seducing her.

"You don’t do this often, do you?” His voice is rich with amusement, right against her ear.

Laughing nervously, she turns in his hold and slips her arms around his neck. Biting her lip against a nervous, too-revealing ramble, she sweeps her gaze up to his and chokes out, “Um. You can tell, huh?”

He blinks at her, a little in surprise, and then his grin is blinding. “Takes a pro to know a pro, I guess. You’re... very new to the game.”

Felicity presses her lips together, head tilting to one side, a little defensive pride flaring in her chest. “Less new than... out of practice.”

To prove the point, she arches her back, pressing her breasts into his chest and her hips firmly into his. He’s maybe not desperate for her, but he’s definitely... interested. She may not be a seduction demon, and it may have been a while, but Felicity’s not exactly a complete stranger to this kind of game.

Tommy clears his throat. “Are you sure you wanna pick up a random guy in a club, then?”

Felicity’s head pulls back in surprise and she blinks at him, a slow, sweet smile spreading on her lips as he glances down, uncertain. It’s really obvious why he’s a hot commodity, wanted by both Heaven and Hell. Because he’s a genuinely good guy, asking if she’s sure she wants to semi-anonymously hook up with him, all the while his palm is spread low enough on the small of her back.
to be just about cupping her ass.

His free fingers play with the ends of her curls, and god, he’s adorable.

Grinning at him like he’s the goddamn bee’s knees, Felicity nods, a warm giggle bubbling up in her chest. He rubs his lips together, wetting them, and returns her grin, his eyes twinkling with startled pleasure.

*He’s so cute.*

Felicity rocks onto her toes and wraps a hand around the back of his neck, tugging him down a little so she can brush her lips against his, wet and open and teasing. “I think you might be exactly what I need, Tommy Merlyn. The question is… am I what you want?”

Tommy tips his chin up, lips brushing hers again. Chuckling warm and low in his throat, he slides the hand on the small of her back down to mold to the curve of her ass, the fingers in her hair slipping up to cup the back of her head.

"Oh, Felicity," he punctuates her name with a kiss, "trust me, wanting you is easy."

He kisses her again, full and hot and exploratory, the hand on her ass squeezing. For a moment, Felicity can't help but smile into his mouth, a little thrill curling in her chest.

Yes, because against all odds, she might actually be succeeding in her assignment; but also because kissing Tommy Merlyn is maybe kind of something she's wondered about before on late nights rereading his racier blog entries.

Her imagination definitely hadn't done his tongue justice.

She's pulling back for air—functioning lungs are so inconvenient—with his lower lip between her teeth, pressing her hips harder into his—and good god he's definitely harder now—when a throat clears behind them.

"Felicity Smoak," the angel behind her calls over the music. "I wasn’t expecting to find you here."

Felicity sighs against Tommy's lips, and he pulls back a little to raise a curious eyebrow at her. Grimacing, she holds Tommy's eyes and licks her lips, sliding her hands down his shoulders and chest before turning—very deliberately in his arms, leaving him to adjust the position of his hands to rest low on her stomach.

She jolts in surprise at the sight that greets her, mouth falling open and eyebrows going up up up.

"You?" She blurts incredulously, fingers tightening on Tommy's—wow, really firm, that's incredibly nice—forearms.

"Hi," the angel smiles, sharp and hard. "I'm Oliver Queen."

Shit, oh shit, what is Oliver Queen doing interfering with her play for Tommy? She is so small time,
and he's—crap, he spent a couple hundred years playing junior archangel.

Chest still heaving from that fantastic kiss, and also from mild panic because Oliver Queen—Felicity's really not a fan of physiological reactions—she says, "I know who you are."

And she knows what she is: fucked.

And not in the way she was hoping to be.

~*~

Tommy's not going to lie. It takes him more than a moment to realize that there's someone else with them on the dance floor. That's probably because he's never had a kiss like that in his life.

His lips are—burning isn't the right word, not really, but the almost cinnamon sting of Felicity's mouth and tongue have left him breathless, disoriented and very, very hard.

It takes him even longer to realize that Felicity clearly knows the guy. That's probably because the second he lays eyes on him, Tommy is struck by two things:

1. He is the hottest guy he has ever seen.

2. He knows him too. He can't place it but Tommy is absolutely sure that he knows him somehow.

Tommy clears his throat, shaking his head a little to clear it. The bass is thrumming through him, practically in time with his raging hard on, and he frowns.

"Uh, hi?" he says.

The guy, and it's just registered that he introduced himself as Oliver Queen, so Oliver, looks up at him, and Tommy bites the inside of his cheek. The guy's eyes are just—he feels his stare like a cold slice to his lungs and he takes a deep breath, mouth going dry.

Oliver tilts his head, narrows his eyes and then goes back to staring down Felicity.

"What are you doing here?" he asks, and Jesus Christ, his voice is practically a growl, so deep Tommy feels it shiver down his spine straight to his dick.

He can't see Felicity's face, but he sees her square her shoulders like she's taking a deep breath and getting ready for a battle.

"It's a free country, right? Everything's up for grabs. It's the land of opportunity and consumerism, after all, isn't it?—all that garbage? So here's me, consuming an opportunity. Please go away." She turns back around in his arms, looks up at Tommy and reaches up, running her fingers through his hair again.

He shivers at the contact, but warning bells are going off in his head.

"Wait, are you two—Is he—Is this your boyfriend or something?"

Felicity makes a face like she just sucked on a lemon, and he notices Oliver rolling his shoulders like he just touched something slimy.

"So not dating then... Ex?"

Felicity sighs and glares back over her shoulder. "No, Oliver's just a self-righteous has-been who
thinks he can tell me what to do."

Tommy watches Oliver's eyes go wide and then narrow in a glower. It's simultaneously hot and terrifying.

"Okay?" he responds. He doesn't point out that she still hasn't explained why, though.

Felicity seems determined to ignore that Oliver's there at all, and while Tommy's not exactly sure he's going to be able to do the same, not when his body is humming with Oliver so close by, aware of the other man in a way Tommy doesn't understand, and isn't sure he wants to ignore, he puts his hands back on Felicity's hips, sliding them down to the top of her ass as she begins to sway once again.

When Tommy glances back up again, Oliver's gone and Tommy feels—disappointed.

He freezes a moment later when he feels two large, strong hands on his hips and the incredibly imposing presence of Oliver behind him, and then a voice is breathing into his ear, breath hot against his skin and lips brushing lightly against the shell with each syllable and holy God, Tommy swallows roughly and his hands tighten on Felicity's ass.

"You really don't want to be dancing with her, Tommy," he says.

"How—How do you know my name?" he asks, and wow, way to go, focusing on the important details, Merlyn.

If looks could kill, Felicity's eyes would have murdered everyone in the club by now.

"Shut up, Queen, Tommy's taken."

"He doesn't seem to mind me being here, Smoak."

"Oh, is this how we're doing this? We're actually doing this, right now?"

Tommy has no idea what's going on. All he knows is he is currently trapped between two of the hottest people he's ever met. Felicity's hands are in his hair and Oliver's lips are brushing against his skin, and Felicity is soft beneath his hands, and oh God, he can feel Oliver hard against his ass, and he is so on board for whatever weird competition these two are psyching themselves up for.

Oliver growls again and Tommy swallows, eyes falling shut.

"You don't have the balls, angel." If the term of endearment seems odd to Tommy, it barely registers. He opens his eyes, turning his head back to look at Oliver, looking for his reaction to that challenge.

Oliver grins like a shark scenting blood in the water. "Game on."

~*~

Felicity's starting to panic spiral a little, despite the brassy confidence she trying to project. And oh god, does she have a death wish? She's going to get turned to ash and she won't even be able to blame anyone but herself and her big mouth.

How the hell is she supposed to win Tommy Merlyn's soul if Oliver Queen is playing his Guardian Angel? She can't believe Walter did this to her; there's no way Hell didn't know about Queen, and no way it wasn't a deliberate choice to just send her in blind. She's wondering in the back of her mind if she pissed off somebody really high up the food chain recently after all, insulted anyone important, embarrassed herself in front of anyone especially mean. Because obviously Laurel’s bad feeling was
on the money and someone is trying to get Felicity wiped out of existence.

Except—except Oliver's not dragging her into the back alley by her hair and ramming a holy sword down her throat. Instead, he's glued to Tommy's back and—and *nibbling* on his earlobe. It shouldn't be as hot as it is, but being a demon, Felicity's always been more for *pleasure* than *guilt*, and watching this frighteningly gorgeous angel rise to the challenge of trying to steal Tommy's attention is actually... really, really hot.

And Tommy obviously thinks so, too. His hips keep hitching against Felicity's like he can't quite help himself, his hands on her ass squeezing and kneading rhythmically. His eyes are hazy and blissed-out, that smile on his face screaming "I can't believe my luck" and "it's not even my birthday."

Felicity’s not sure how Queen arrived at the conclusion that it was better to employ his apparently considerable wiles in an attempt to out-seduce her for Tommy’s soul than to get violent, but she’s not about to look this Smitey McSmiteypants gift horse in the mouth. And damn it, maybe Felicity can't compete against Hero Angel—who she can now feel grinding slowly against Tommy's ass—but she is not going down without a fight.

Rising on her toes—and dragging up the length of his body as she does so—Felicity grins to hear him groan and cranes her head around to the ear Oliver isn't toying with. "Tommy," she all but purrs against his skin, hands on his chest and thumbs pressing against his nipples. "Kiss me?"

Tommy laughs, that note of "am I dreaming?" coloring his voice, and throatily murmurs, "Yes, ma'am."

He bands an arm around the small of her back with enough force to make her squeak, and if their first kiss was hot, this one is an immolation. Tommy really knows what he's doing, sucking on her tongue and nipping her lips with just the right pressure, the right sting. For one gorgeous moment she forgets Oliver is even there, focused entirely on Tommy's mouth and giving back as good as she gets, scraping her thumbnails over his nipples to make him roll his pelvis against her.

But Oliver is clearly not to be ignored. A hand slides across Tommy's stomach and between Tommy's and Felicity's bodies, and when Oliver cups his hand over Tommy's length and rubs, close as they are, it's not just Tommy who breaks from the kiss with a gasp at the friction.

~*~

Oliver probably should have thought this through more.

But the moment he’d walked into the club, he’d zeroed in on Tommy’s soul, lighting up the room like a beacon, only to find his “competition” already at work, grinding up against him.

Once more, he had to wonder what Hell was playing at. As he had told Diggle, sex wasn’t the way to Tommy’s soul, and why flip the switch on everything if they were just going to end up pulling the same tired routine?

Then the demon had kissed him, lips brushing tantalizingly over Tommy’s, and something acrid and territorial began burning in Oliver’s chest.

When Diggle had said he might have to play at the demon’s game—get up close and personal, Oliver hadn’t really considered what up close and personal might mean, but he was committed to the strategy. Then, before he could stop himself, he was just that—up very close, and very, *very* personal. Now he’s rubbing Tommy’s cock, only Tommy’d been in the middle of actively and
intimately grinding against Felicity, and Oliver’s ended up rubbing Felicity into the bargain, and while it achieves his goal of breaking their (astonishingly sexy) kiss, the way she's staring at him wide-eyed and startled over Tommy's shoulder is—well it's—

"Do you mind," she hisses at him, shaky—belated.

He still can't fucking get over the fact that Hell sent Felicity Smoak to do a seduction demon's job; she may have a reputation as formidable, but she's not what his side would consider a threat when out from behind her keyboard. Oliver raises a curious eyebrow, helpless against the smug smirk curling his lips at how obviously affected she is. "Not really."

Tommy's hand grips his wrist, stilling him and snapping Oliver's gaze to his profile in surprise. Tommy's cheeks are flushed high, his lips wet and kiss-swollen—and how, in all these years, did Oliver never really notice that Tommy's kind of, well, kind of fucking gorgeous—and he turns his head to look Oliver in the eye as he pulls Oliver's hand off his dick.

The swooping disappointment Oliver feels in his gut when Tommy drops his wrist is replaced quickly by vicious triumph when Tommy also releases his armful of demon to totter back on her very high heels. (The look on her face is startled and—not disappointed, but actually a little devastated, and Oliver is surprised and... Jesus, is he actually feeling sorry for Hell's IT darling?)

Tommy steps sideways and away from the two of them, clearing his throat and nervously straightening his shirt as he bites his lip and grins at them both. "Look, if this gets any hotter, we're all going to get arrested for public indecency, and I haven't done that since I was 23." He licks his lips and raises eager eyebrows, trading an inviting, honestly filthy look between Oliver and Felicity. "What do you two say to taking this somewhere more private?"

Any lingering disappointment immediately becomes intensely smug satisfaction. Ideally, Oliver would have preferred to have Tommy drop the demon and leave—just the two of them, but he still needs to figure out Felicity’s game, and she got a considerable head start, so he'll take it.

He catches Felicity's eye, and the demon looks both incredibly frustrated and turned on at the same time. She swallows visibly, eyes narrowing, but then folds her lips between her teeth and nods at him.

"We're in," he says, and his human voice is lower than usual.

Tommy's eyes go wide and he takes a deep breath.

"Jesus," he mutters, "Wow, okay... Um—where...?"

Right. Tommy doesn't have anywhere to go. Oliver can completely understand his charge's reluctance to take either of them back home. He can’t imagine Malcolm Merlyn would take kindly to his son bringing his dalliances home.

"I have a suite at the Four Seasons," he responds. Or at least he does now. He'll square it away with Heaven later.

Felicity looks confused but shrugs. "We can take my car. I'll drive."

~*~

Tommy had whistled when he'd laid eyes on her little fuck-me-red Porsche, and she'd grinned, even as she'd seen Oliver roll his eyes behind him.
The hope had been to shove angel boy in the back seat and have Tommy all to herself up front.

She's regretting that decision.

Tommy has his head thrown back, with Oliver mouthing at his neck as the wind whips past the convertible.

Felicity grinds her teeth together, tightening her hands on the steering wheel as she speeds through yet another red light.

She needs to get in between the two of them and soon. She chooses not to examine too closely the fact that right now, she wants in for the promise of the pleasure two men can give her, as much as she's in it for Tommy's soul.

Tommy moans to her right and her fingers twitch. She's about three minutes away from the Four Seasons. A lot can happen in three minutes.

Reaching out next to her, she lets her hand fall on Tommy's knee, scraping her nails down lightly. He jumps, shivering when her hand begins to trail north until she's cupping him through his pants, rubbing along his length.

"Undo your pants, Tommy, I want to feel you." She's really dialling up the seduction gig, being way more forward and explicit than she usually is.

Tommy's quick to comply, Oliver still sucking at a spot on his shoulder, shirt pulled aside, and Felicity dips her hand beneath the waistband of Tommy's boxer briefs and grips his length.

"Oh my God," he moans.

"God's not here right now," she mutters to herself, low enough that neither of them can hear her.

They reach the hotel in record time, and Tommy's a mess. He zips himself back up and stumbles from the car while Felicity tosses her keys to the valet. It's all the three of them can do to keep from sprinting across the lobby, but once they're in the elevator, they fall on each other again, Oliver kissing Tommy fiercely, hands in his hair, while Felicity wraps her arms around his waist, slipping both hands back down to pick up where she'd left off.

Tommy groans against Oliver's lips, "I don't know what I did to deserve this, but tell me later so I can make sure to do it more often."

She wonders what he'd say if he knew he had an angel and demon fighting for his soul by getting into his pants.

There's some sort of snicker-worthy pun about the way to a man's soul, but the idea of it flies immediately out of her head when Tommy breaks—wet and noisy—from Oliver's mouth to glance at her over his shoulder (hips helpless to the rhythm of her hand.) "Hey."

His voice is throaty and low and scratchy with lust and it makes her borrowed breath catch. "Hey."

Good lord, is that breathy voice hers?

Tommy turns back to Oliver and runs his hands down Oliver's arms to circle around his wrists. He pulls Oliver in closer, and Felicity gasps—her hand trapped now between one erection and the other—and then gasps again when Tommy tugs Oliver's arms past his own waist and carefully places Oliver's hands on Felicity's hips.
"I don't want anybody getting left out."

Felicity stares with wide eyes and open mouth at Oliver's Adam's apple bobbing in his throat. The angel meets her eyes, hooded and dark and unreadable as any winged bastard. His voice is nearly a snide growl when he asks, "Think you can handle this?"

A flash of panic bursts in her chest and she wonders what Hell is getting her into. Between Tommy Merlyn and his damned golden heart and Oliver Queen's—everything, she doesn't stand a chance of coming out of this unscathed.

(Especially since, when he looks at her like that, with Tommy between them, it makes her kind of want to get scathed.)

Felicity bites her lip against her nerves, holding Oliver's eyes as she nods resolutely. "Whatever Tommy wants."

The smirk that curls Oliver's lips is sinful enough to belong on her side. "Tommy gets."

His hands slip back to seize her ass, pulling her flat against Tommy's back, making her squeak.

In revenge, she swirls her hand up the length of Tommy's cock, making both of them groan with her knuckles rubbing Oliver through both men's pants.

Tommy chuckles, deep and dark and happy. "How do you two know each other again?"

Felicity rubs her thumb over the slit of his head and nips his shoulder with her teeth. "Reputation."

The elevator hits their floor.

~*~

The trip down the hall and to the suite Oliver has procured is a blur, he's too focused on the slide of Tommy's lips on his, Felicity's fingers unintentionally brushing against him.

Being human is almost inconvenient in how much sensation comes with it, although to be fair, Oliver isn't complaining, not right now.

Somehow they're past the front door of the suite and finally pushing into the bedroom. Oliver lost his sweater in the living room, Tommy's shirt is completely undone, pants hanging open, and Felicity's kicked off her heels and let down her hair.

He pulls back for a moment, letting his eyes roam over Tommy's lithe form. It's like seeing two people at the same time. There's the physicality of Tommy that is—breathtaking... He's never had the opportunity to get this close to Tommy. Until now, he's only watched him and his soul from afar. And while Oliver has come to appreciate the beauty of Tommy Merlyn's soul, come to cherish it, he is more than happy now to be discovering him in a much more hands-on approach. His hands are, in fact, on Tommy's hips, under his shirt, and his thumbs are rubbing circles into his hipbones, and Oliver makes a mental note to congratulate Heaven at some point about Tommy's—everything. But it's not that part that has Oliver swallowing roughly, lips stinging from the nips and bites Tommy left on them.

Tommy's soul is humming around his edges. Oliver can hear it, golden vibrations resonating beneath his own skin, making him itch to grab for him. He wants it so badly, is determined to keep it.

Felicity steps in between them, snapping him back into the moment.
"Oliver," she says, drawing out his name and grinning at him, "Get on the bed."

The demon is determined too. Determined to get in the way, to try and take Tommy away from him.

But he’d asked them...

Whatever Tommy wants.

Oliver lets Felicity back him slowly onto the bed, glancing at Tommy over her shoulder, watching Tommy watch them, and he knows—he’s about to cross a line.

But he's been guarding Tommy's soul for over a decade. He’s his first soul since—well, in a long time. Oliver has been charged with keeping Tommy safe, and if not wholly righteous, then at least not evil. And he knows the capacity for good in Tommy’s heart.

The golden hum buzzes again in his ears, and Oliver realizes there are no lines. Not here. Not tonight.

Felicity climbs onto his lap, one leg on either side of him and he grips her thighs, fingers tightening, digging into her skin, dragging them up until her dress is bunched around her waist.

"Felicity," he growls, and her name is a dare—do it, he's telling her, I dare you.

She tilts her head and slowly grins down at him. Her eyes, deceptively clear and blue, are every bit as piercing as his own are.

"Oliver," she responds, and his cock twitches at the smoke in her voice, all temptation. Then she threads her fingers through his hair and tugs his head back, bringing her lips down to his.

He can taste the cinnamon temptation on her tongue—the spice of just how much danger Tommy is in if left alone with her.

He wouldn't have thought before tonight that Felicity Smoak would be really dangerous to Tommy, unless the danger was too many questionable pornsite invitations in his charge's email. But Felicity is committed, as dedicated to her mission as Oliver is, and there's something about her he wouldn't have expected from any demon, and isn't really prepared to combat in this little battle.

There's very little artifice in Felicity. She may be acting like a seduction demon that she most definitely isn't—they always overdo it in the tits, nip the waist more, look like a Playboy centerfold—but there's something to the way she wants Tommy that isn't about her job. Demons aren't open books like most humans, but Hellspawn or not, sincerity clings to Felicity like a scent she can't wash off.

It's a little intoxicating.

To Tommy, of course.

It's for Tommy that Oliver sucks on the demon's tongue, for Tommy's benefit he traces two fingers along the red lace edge of her panties.

(It's for him, even Oliver can admit, that he gasps when she bites his lower lip and drops her weight onto his lap to grind against his cock.)

Tommy doesn't spectate for long.

The bed dips as Tommy climbs onto it on his knees, straddling Oliver's legs to curve over Felicity's
back, latching his mouth to the juncture of her shoulder and neck and sucking, sucking, sucking.

She breaks from Oliver's mouth on a breathy whine, rubbing herself into Oliver's length, her hands braced on his bare chest.

Oliver stares, transfixed—wondering if maybe they've both got it wrong, if Tommy is the one seducing them—as Tommy pulls his mouth off Felicity's skin, leaving a wet red mark that, if she stays human, will last for days. He brushes her hair over her other shoulder and noses at her ear, holding Oliver's gaze as he nips her earlobe.

Felicity's eyes have slid shut, and she hasn't stopped rocking back and forth on Oliver's dick, keeping a constant friction that electrifies them both and satisfies neither. Tommy runs a hand across the demon's stomach, knuckles grazing Oliver's abs and pulling his attention back.

Keeping Oliver's eyes locked on his, Tommy presses his mouth to Felicity's ear and whispers, "I want to fuck you."

~*~

Felicity swallows. Okay, that sounds... ngh... yeah.

A full body shiver runs through her, Tommy's breath hot on her neck and she gasps, letting her head fall back on his shoulder. Oliver is rock hard between her legs, and she would be gloating with all of the smugness a demon of Hell could muster (which is a lot of smugness), if she wasn't so damned turned on.

There's only one problem. She's supposed to be fucking Tommy, not the other way around.

She plants a hand firmly on Oliver's chest, pushing him down to lay back on the bed, grinding down onto his erection at the same time. Oliver arches his back, eyes shut tight, and Felicity feels a thrill at managing to make an angel lose control. She lives for sinfulness, but even she has to admit that something about this feels especially forbidden.

She keeps up a steady grind, easing her own ache while teasing Oliver, and twists slightly, grinning at Tommy.

"Lie down next to him," she commands, and Oliver opens his eyes again to watch Tommy climb off and follow instructions.

Felicity bites her lip. "Good boy," she murmurs, and Tommy's eyes are almost completely black—just a thin line of deep blue surrounding his blown pupils.

She climbs off of Oliver and settles in between Tommy's legs. She grips the waist of his pants, and Tommy lifts his hips up as she pulls both his pants and boxer briefs slowly down to his ankles. Trailing her fingernails lightly up his legs on her way back up until she reaches his hip bones, Felicity presses her thumbs into the skin. Tommy lets out a shaky breath, cock twitching and straining, and she knows he wants her mouth on him.

"There'll be plenty of time for you to fuck me later," she says, "for now..." She leans down, licking a stripe up along his length, Tommy crying out at the sensation.

"For now I think we should see who gives better head, me? Or Oliver?"

Oliver sits up, breathing in a sharp breath, and Felicity keeps her eyes locked on his as she lowers herself down, taking Tommy in completely.
Oliver is throbbing in his pants, and god help him, it's at least as much missing the soft, rocking heat of the demon as it is—well, as it is wanting her hot, smart mouth swallowing him down like she is Tommy and... wanting it to be his turn to be kneeling between Tommy's legs.

It's been a long goddamn time for Oliver since he last went down on another man—never a regular occurrence at any time in his long life to begin with—but he's never wanted it this badly. Maybe it's wrong, maybe it's really wrong to be sitting by, waiting to take his turn blowing the man he was charged with protecting, along with a demon from Hell's IT department, but it's all he's got in his bag of tricks right now.

It's also what his human body is salivating for.

Oliver knows he should be distracting Tommy, touching him, kissing him. But he can't take his eyes off Felicity as she bobs up and down, her cheeks hollowing as Tommy hisses in something like pain—but Oliver knows is so much more exquisite—fingers gentle in her hair. Felicity pulls off Tommy's cock, the veined, flushed length of it slick and wet from her mouth, and when she flattens her tongue over Tommy's head and swirls, Tommy cries out and Oliver can't decide who he more wants to be right now.

He's in so much fucking trouble.

Felicity goes back down, her hand wrapping around the base of Tommy's dick, squeezing, fingertips stroking. Oliver sucks on his own lower lip when she starts to hum and Tommy whimpers, bucking into her mouth. She slowly sucks her way back up, and Oliver is startled out of his near-trance by Tommy's hand landing on his atop the bedspread, gripping tight.

Oliver looks at him to find Tommy's eyes, dark and hooded on Oliver as Tommy runs his tongue over his lower lip. Panting, he rasps, "She's amazing, right? It's not just me?"

Oliver swallows against the answer he wants to give, and finally rouses to action, rolling into Tommy's side and rubbing his fingertips into the skin of his abs. "I'll show you amazing."

He leans down to kiss Tommy, but is thwarted when Tommy's eyes slam shut, mouth open in a silent scream, head bouncing on the mattress.

Brows furrowing in consternation, Oliver looks down to see Felicity massaging Tommy's balls in one hand, her lips circled around the base of his cock and then she swallows.

She's staring right at Oliver.

It takes everything in Oliver not to blow his load without even having been touched, right then and there.

Felicity suckles Tommy through the last tremors of his orgasm, and he’s left panting and keening on the mattress. He doubts Tommy is aware of anything right now. He's definitely not aware of how disappointed Oliver is that he didn't get a chance to taste him before Felicity Smoak did.

Felicity finally pulls off of him, Tommy whimpering, eyes still screwed shut, and swipes at the corner of her mouth with her thumb, smirking. Her eyes haven't left his own since Tommy came.

And something snaps. He knows Tommy's not paying attention, he doesn't have to put on a show for him, but fuck, he can't pretend anymore that he's not turned on by both of the people currently in this bed. With a coarse growl, he grabs Felicity, pulling her roughly up against him, catching the slight
widening of her eyes before he takes her mouth with his own.

He's not gentle. He bites harshly at her lips, making her gasp, and feels a vicious pleasure at the sound. His tongue strokes against hers, thrusting deeply, mimicking what he wants to do to her later, and he laps up the salty taste of Tommy on her tongue. She drew first blood, so to speak, but that's not going to stop him from sharing in the pleasure.

Tommy groans, and Oliver opens his eyes, still biting, licking, sucking on Felicity's lips, and watches Tommy over Felicity's shoulder. He's opened his eyes and is watching them with unquestionable lust.

"Holy..." Tommy mutters, and Oliver smirks into Felicity's mouth. Yes.

He glances down at Tommy's cock, which is already swelling once again. The perks to having a threesome with two supernatural beings...

He pulls away roughly, pleased at Felicity's drugged look and swollen lips, pushing her lightly back down towards the bed, before crawling up Tommy's body to kiss him as well.

He wants to make Tommy moan, make Tommy tighten his fists in the sheets.

He wants Tommy to taste himself on Oliver's tongue.

~*~

Felicity's chest is heaving as she tries to catch her breath—wouldn't be a damn problem if it weren't for these functioning lungs—but it's as much the shock and the arousal as the marathon blowjob that has her gasping.

She hadn't been expecting that. Why did Oliver kiss her? Kiss... her? Tommy wasn't even aware enough to be watching until the end.

But Oliver settles his weight on top of Tommy and licks directly into his open mouth, and Felicity gets it instantly.

It had nothing to do with her. She got Tommy's first orgasm of the night, but Oliver wants to be the one Tommy's sucking the taste off his tongue.

He goddamn robbed Felicity of her victory lap.

She swallows thickly, thighs squeezing together as they kiss, mouths wet and sliding and sucking, hips rolling against each other (and Tommy's got to be so raw and sensitive, and Oliver's still in his jeans.) They've forgotten she's even there.

She's turned on so much her skin is buzzing like naked electricity, and they're so absorbed in each other—Tommy's hands full of Oliver's ass, Oliver's palms planted on the mattress to better buck between Tommy's legs—that Felicity might as well... not exist.

What was she thinking, going head to head for Tommy Merlyn's soul against his Guardian Angel in some sort of wild and taboo game of sex chicken?

Oliver sinks his teeth into the flesh of Tommy's shoulder and Tommy stutters a breathless moan, head rolling.

Felicity bites her lip and wonders if she lost before she ever got started.
She shakes her head, rallying her determination, reaching for confidence.

She just needs to change tactics.

Squaring her shoulders, she climbs up next to Tommy's head. She settles with him right between her knees and sits back, his light scruff brushing against the inside of her legs, making her shiver. Tommy's eyes open when he feels her there, and he looks up at her, eyelids fluttering whenever Oliver's fingers trail up his sides.

Felicity smiles down at him, all teeth, and pulls her gold dress up and off in one smooth motion. She's not wearing a bra, so that leaves her in nothing but the tiny red lace panties she'd picked out so meticulously after Laurel left.

Tommy's eyes go wide as Felicity tangles her fingers in Oliver's hair and pulls up, forcing him to pull away from Tommy's skin and rise to his knees. The angel's expression mimics Tommy's when he realizes that Felicity is no longer wearing any clothes, and she gets a thrill from his heated gaze sweeping over her.

She takes advantage of his momentary distraction to murmur, "Ready?" down to Tommy, before pushing forward into Oliver and kissing him instead, raking the nails of one hand down his chest to his pants, undoing the button, and simultaneously pulling her panties aside with the other, bringing herself down on Tommy's lips.

She hears and feels him groan appreciatively, and a moment later she's gasping into Oliver's mouth as Tommy's tongue circles her clit once, twice, before plunging inside of her.

Oliver pulls back and catches on to what she just did.

"Fuck," he mutters. And then again, "Fuck." And when he reaches down she stiffens, thinking he's going to push her away, but instead he takes her underwears in both of his hands. Then there's a rip as he tears them off of her, casting them aside, and leaving her second hand free to get into his pants.

She arches an eyebrow at Oliver, confused, but her eyes fall shut when Tommy's tongue strokes up roughly against her clit again and she hums, bucking against his face. Her hands are shaking when she brings them back to Oliver's pants and she manages to get them down around his thighs, eyes hooded with lust as she takes in his impressive cock, wrapping one hand around him and beginning to stroke roughly while her other hand reaches down, cradling his balls.

They set up a steady pace, Felicity circling her hips and pushing down onto Tommy's tongue, shaking with each stroke, each nip. She's relentless when it comes to Oliver, stroking, twisting her hand lightly, rubbing her thumb over the tip of his cock, until he's straining in her hand. He's gripping her hips, moving with her, and his fingers tighten with each stroke of her hand. She knows he's on the edge and it strikes her for a moment that she could hurt him—cause him immeasurable harm, but he's letting her do this to him, letting her get him off, and the thought coupled with a final stroke from Tommy's tongue brings her to her bridge—she's on it, she's climbing, higher, higher, tipping off of the edge into—

She screams, arching her back, and she's vaguely aware of the feeling of Oliver's cock pulsing in her hands, before she falls forward onto his chest.

~*~

Tommy licks Felicity through her orgasm, long, slow, hot swipes as she pulses and spasms on his tongue, gasping little whimpers and sobs above him. He feels more than sees Oliver come in
Felicity's hands, onto Tommy's stomach. He sure as hell hears the other man choke out another agonized, "Fuck."

Tommy's hands cradle and massage Felicity's shaking thighs, and he almost whines a protest when she shifts off of his face, wobbly and weak-kneed.

His grin is smug, lips slick and shining as Oliver helps Felicity settle to Tommy's right. With a groan, Oliver rolls onto his side at Tommy's left, his pants down and open and his—very nice cock still half hard.

Tommy chuckles to himself, satisfied and self-satisfied, as they lie in heaps to either side of him, gasping and panting and staring at nothing in a haze. Tommy's rock hard again himself, twitching and eager; he's never enjoyed a refractory period so short in his life, and he can only chalk it up to the incredible deliciousness of his unexpected bed partners.

This isn't Tommy's first threesome—not even his third threesome—but these two, Oliver and Felicity... something about them is different. Special.

Thinking it at all puts a swoop in his stomach that isn't entirely at ease with the burn of his lust, so he puts it aside. Clapping his hands together, he smirks as both Oliver and Felicity startle, lifting their heads to watch him as Tommy sits up and bounces to his feet.

Oliver is running his lower lip slowly through his teeth, one hand reaching down to lazily stroke himself, eyes on Tommy's; Felicity—gloriously naked, glowing with flush and pleasure and sex—lies on her stomach and props onto her elbows, her arms pushing her breasts together and begging Tommy to suck.

Laughing a little at himself, low and breathy, Tommy glances down at the sticky mess on his stomach, his own cock curling up towards his navel and his pants sagging around his ankles. Stepping out of them at last, Tommy waggles his eyebrows at his companions—fuck buddies? lovers?—and grins, jerking a thumb towards the en suite bathroom to the right. "I'm gonna go get myself cleaned up. Then we're gonna need condoms, because when I get back," he points at Felicity, smile curling slow and wicked. Her eyebrows rise steadily in interest. "One of us is getting inside of you, or both of us, or we can take turns."

Her mouth drops open, and Tommy's a little surprised and a lot charmed by the deeper color that dusts her cheekbones. He glances at Oliver, whose expression is curiously blank, eyes round and eyebrows halfway up his forehead. Tommy winks at him, then puts a knee on the bed to lower his face to Felicity's. "It's definitely time to fuck you." He takes advantage of her still-open mouth and slips his tongue inside, kissing her long and slow and full of the taste of her own orgasm. Pulling his lips off hers, just barely, he breathes, "Get ready."

A needy little whimper hums in her throat and he stands back. Tossing one more broad smile at Oliver—once again slowly fistling his dick—Tommy strides for the bathroom.

~*~

The door has barely shut before both Oliver and Felicity are up on their feet and facing each other, Oliver tugging his pants back up.

"You—you asshole," Felicity grits out through clenched teeth, poking a finger into the center of Oliver's chest.

He glances down at her bright red fingernails flashing against his skin. "I'm the asshole?" he
responds incredulously. "Hell makes a move on my charge and you think I'm not going to try and stop you?"

"Tommy Merlyn is fair game, angel," Felicity spits out, and she's not sure she's managing to sound as threatening and authoritative as she'd like, considering she's stark naked and just came all over Tommy's face while Oliver watched, but fuck it if she's going to let Oliver Queen bully her out of a soul, just because he's all big and hard and, and—and *smitey*.

Oliver does a double-take. "Smitey? Really?"

Right, she forgot that really good sex loosens her lips. "Fuck you," she responds, and she sounds petulant, she knows, but she can't help it.

"I plan to," Oliver retorts, without missing a beat, eyes growing dark.

Felicity swallows. Right now, she's not sure anyone would be able to tell who was the angel and who was the demon in the room, considering she's flushed and feeling considerably fluttery, and Oliver's eyes are promising things that she didn't think angels even knew about, much less did.

She clears her throat. Back on topic, get back on topic, she tells herself.

"So, are we at an impasse, or...?"

Oliver's eyes travel down her body, and he licks his lips at the flush on her chest and the wetness glistening on her thighs. Felicity shifts her weight, feeling his gaze like a hot brand trailing across her skin.

"You're not getting Tommy," he says finally, slowly letting out a deep breath. "I won't let you. But we're both here, and willing, and Tommy wants this. So yes. I can put up with you for the night."

Felicity laughs at that. "Put up with me," she repeats, shaking her head. She steps up right into his personal space, breasts brushing against his chest. He's still hard, and she feels him rub against her stomach as she grips the edges of his pants, still hanging open and loose around his waist. She lowers them slowly, crouching down, legs falling open at the knees. She breathes in the musky scent of him, letting her breath out slowly, letting the moist heat of it brush against his cock, and looks up at him from beneath her eyelashes. He's clenching his jaw, but he's also watching her with a fierce level of attention that has her dripping with a new flood of want.

"You're not going to just put up with me, angel," she says, once he's stepped out of the clothes. Felicity stands slowly, making sure to rub against him as she inches her way back up. She bites her lip and scrapes her fingernails down his chest, cutting across his nipples.

"You're going to taste me, touch me, bite, suck and fuck me so hard I scream." She raises herself up on her tiptoes and looks directly into his eyes, lips brushing against his.

"And you're going to *like* it."

Oliver inhales sharply and then the bathroom door opens.

"Excellent! You got rid of the rest of your clothes. So, who's ready for round two?"

Felicity can't help the broad, sparkling smile she offers Tommy, biting her lip against it. He's so eager and happy and *bouncy*, like a puppy.

For half a second she's knocked in the chest by wanting him—not just wanting to ride him straight to
Hell, not just wanting to brush up against that gorgeous, warm, golden soul and wrap her fingers in it and call it hers—and it's so familiar it aches.

She'll play with Oliver all night and into the morning, but if he thinks she's not coming out of this with Tommy for keeps, he's crazy.

(There's a thud in her damned beating heart that whispers cruel and stupid things about wants she's not allowed to have, hasn't stopped having since the first time she sent Tommy's email a flood of porn spam and accidentally fell down the rabbit hole of his secret online double life. She can't want to talk to him all night and hold his hand, she can't want to crack jokes with him through an evening of wine and pizza and delightfully cheesy sci-fi. She can't want and she can't have him for a friend, can't spend hours finding out how he likes to kiss when kissing is all you want to do. So she'll sublimate it all into wanting to fuck him into the mattress, wanting to walk home with his soul given free and clear into her hands.)

Licking her lips and pivoting on her heel, Felicity deliberately steps away from Oliver as if he doesn't matter—because teasing the naked winged killing machine is obviously the greatest idea Felicity has ever had—and meets Tommy halfway as he crosses the room. He reaches for her waist and she drapes her arms over his shoulders, too short flat-footed to get a proper grip on him. "Oh, I am very ready."

He grins down at her and she grins back, licking her lips slow, tip of her tongue pressing between them before disappearing back into her mouth, promise and reminder. She tilts her chin up sharp and gets a good grip on his shoulders, holding his eyes and making sure he understands what she wants before bracing her weight on her palms and jumping.

He catches the backs of her thighs in his hands and she shrieks a laugh, wrapping her legs securely around his waist. He resettles his hands under her ass, fingers stroking and kneading as he holds her eyes from inches away. "Glad to hear it."

Felicity leans forward and kisses the hollow of his throat more tenderly than she really should, but his soul is shining through his eyes and his cock is trapped between his stomach and her core, and it's too much. It's not enough, either; not nearly enough.

Her breath catches in her throat as she feels him press a kiss to the top of her head. She's not the only one indulging in intimacy that doesn't belong in this setting, and she hurries to lock down the queer, swooping hope that bursts through her chest. That won't do.

Swallowing hard and going for damage control, Felicity rolls her hips, rubbing her clit against Tommy's dick, getting him slick and making him groan. He squeezes her ass, and she stops. He looks away from her face and over her shoulder, and Felicity turns her head to find Oliver standing close behind them, an unreadable curl in the corner of his mouth and one eyebrow quirked in intrigue.

He's stroking himself almost idly, and Felicity breathes in deep, a nervous anticipation fluttering in her chest. She was feeling very, very bold when she told Oliver exactly what he was going to do her, but now he looks like he is eager to deliver on it all and more and she's slightly... intimidated.

Clearing his throat, Tommy bites his lip and, holding Oliver's gaze, eases his fingers inward between Felicity's legs, teasing frustratingly gently at her outer folds. "So I hope one of you found the condoms." He returns his attention to Felicity, and the smile he gives her is slow and broad and full of every little wickedness she hopes to wring out of him tonight. "Because unless you object, I've decided we're definitely taking turns inside you." He gives her a little nipping kiss, and she nips back, one hand playing softly in the hair on his chest and the other curled around the back of his neck. "To
Felicity breathes a soft groan, tempted to tell him to forget the condoms; it's not like she can get pregnant, and even if she didn't know he was clean, the STD doesn't exist that can touch a demon—or an angel, for that matter. But he’s a sensible sort, and she’d rather not waste the time on a pointless argument.

With a teasing little lick to her lips—accompanied by a fingertip rudely pushing just barely into her—Tommy raises his eyebrows at Oliver. "Any objections?"

Oliver laughs, stepping up close enough behind Felicity that his cock rests at the small of her back. He reaches underneath Felicity to test the weight of Tommy's balls in his palm, and Tommy gasps, his dick twitching against Felicity's clit. "Nope, none from me. This little she-devil was talking a pretty big game while you were getting cleaned up." He presses a soft kiss to Felicity's shoulder, whiskers rasping on her skin, making her startle; judging by Tommy's hungry stare, their eyes are locked, expressions intense. "Something about how hard we're going to fuck her."

He lets go of Tommy's balls and slides his hand across Felicity's sex, tracing Tommy's finger and following it inside of her with one of his own, deeper than the first knuckle, pressing slow and insistent and making her cry out, forehead falling against Tommy's clavicle.

Tommy snickers, and pushes his finger further into her, following Oliver's lead, stretching her together with him.

Felicity clamps down on them both, heart pounding—she knows they both can feel it, Tommy at her front and Oliver against her back—and gasps little needy breaths.

Her focus is wavering and everything is threatening to get dangerously off-mission. She knows Oliver wants her, but she also knows he's determined to stay between her and Tommy—no, between her and Tommy's soul.

Working in concert like they've done this together before when she knows they haven't, Tommy and Oliver pull their fingers out of her—and then thrust them back in.

She cries out again, helpless to keep her head from falling against Oliver's shoulder. She opens her eyes and he's looking down at her so dark and hungry and smug. She looks to Tommy and swallows at the way he's staring, mouth open and eyes half-hooded, right at her.

Heat pulsing between her legs and panic clawing at her throat, she blurts, "Tommy first."

~*~

If Oliver's surprised at the twinge of disappointment he feels over Felicity choosing Tommy first, he hides it well.

"Are you sure, Felicity?" he says, dragging her name out into four long syllables. He pushes a second finger into her on the next thrust, making the total three, and twists.

Felicity cries out, throwing her head back, and Oliver bites down on her shoulder.

Tommy's watching him, eyes dark, waiting to see how it plays out.

"Yes!" Felicity yells, twitching again on the next thrust of fingers. "Tomm-" she moans. "Tommy first!"
Oliver pulls his fingers from Felicity's dripping sex and steps away. He watches her shiver at the sudden lack of heat at her back with smug satisfaction. Curious, he lifts his fingers to his mouth and sucks, tasting her. Tommy makes a strangled sound when Oliver hums his approval. She tastes like sin—tangy and addictive and he's now determined to taste her again.

Since explaining to Tommy that he is currently having filthy porn-film worthy sex with an angel and a demon probably wouldn't go over very well, Oliver steps over to the bedside table where he'd made sure to procure condoms, though they don't actually need them.

Felicity is grinding down on Tommy's cock, and that blush that looks so much like innocence (Oliver knows better) reaches lightly down her back to the top of her ass.

She's been calling the shots too much this evening. It's his turn.

"Sit down on the bed," he tells Tommy gruffly, taking out a little foil package. He rips it open as Tommy maneuvers himself and Felicity until they're sitting, with her straddling his lap. The two are kissing again, and the sound of them sucking and licking at each other, the wet slide of lips and tongues, is making Oliver harder by the second. Felicity’s making little breathy moans that lack artifice—Oliver isn't even sure she realizes she's making them.

Stepping up behind her, Oliver moves one hand around to her front, kneading her breast and tugging her slightly back. She pulls away from Tommy's lips with a smack, arching her back when Oliver rolls her nipple between his finger and thumb. Tommy blinks up at him and leans back on one hand so Oliver can reach down and roll the condom on, while Tommy pinches the tip.

Pulling back on Felicity's hair, Oliver leans down, kissing her, letting his tongue dip into her mouth, curl around her tongue, and then pulls away. She looks slightly dazed.

"Turn around," he whispers hotly into her ear, and she gets up, wobbling a little bit as she turns around so that her back is facing Tommy.

"Good girl," he says, and he knows Felicity can hear the little bit of sarcasm in his voice, because she shoots him a look, but she also swallows like she likes it. Likes being praised. Oliver files that away.

"Now," he says, "Fuck yourself on Tommy's cock."

Felicity's eyes fall shut. Her knees are braced on either side of Tommy's lap, and Tommy's gripping the sheets, breathing heavily. He's getting off on this too, enjoying the commands.

Oliver begins stroking himself lightly as Felicity breathes out, gripping Tommy's length as she lowers herself down onto him. Both of them inhale sharply when he slips inside of her, and Tommy throws his head back. Oliver can see his throat working.

He knows the moment she bottoms out because Tommy lets out a strangled "Jesus," and Felicity mewls helplessly.

Felicity's biting her lip, cheeks flushed, eyes shut and face tilted towards the ceiling. He catches the tremors in her thighs, grips himself a little more tightly as he strokes.

"Move," he growls.

Felicity complies, lifting herself up on her knees until only Tommy's tip is still inside of her, before sinking back onto him once again. Lifts up, and sinks down. And again. Again. He can see Tommy's length glistening with her wetness each time she pulls off, watches it disappear inside of her again, can see the spot where they're joined.
Tommy's legs are spread wide and Oliver lowers himself to his knees in between them. He lets go of himself and instead grazes his nails up the inside of Tommy's legs.

"Oliver!" he cries out, bucking up into Felicity, and she lets out a surprised yell in response.

"Remember your promise to me before?" Oliver murmurs up to her. She opens her eyes, looking down at him through a haze of lust.

"You're going to take everything Tommy has to give you, while you come screaming on my tongue, and then it's going to be my turn. I'm going to fuck you so hard you won't remember your own name, and yes, I'm going to like it."

He grips either of her thighs, spreading her wider, and lowers his mouth to her clit.

~*~

If Tommy is passed out alone and drunk in his bedroom and dreaming, he doesn't want to wake up.

Maybe ever.

This is easily the most surreal—and the most breathtakingly carnal—night of his life. Whatever itch he'd been afraid he'd never be able to name much less scratch at that bar, he's pretty sure that Felicity and Oliver are going to help him scratch every itch he knows and at least ten he doesn't.

He can't fucking believe this is happening.

But he's balls deep in a girl who's more than any wet dream his imagination could ever produce—more sexy, more fun, more adorable, more everything—and the hottest guy he's ever met, who feels inexplicably, eerily familiar, is between his legs, licking and sucking Felicity's clit and occasionally catching a stripe across Tommy's cock when Felicity rises onto her knees in the process.

He'd wanted to complain of unfairness when Oliver was murmuring something to Felicity, too low for Tommy to hear. He couldn't make out the words, but his tone had been dark and growling and downright filthy. For probably the first time since this started he felt almost left out, but then whatever Oliver had said to Felicity made her flutter around Tommy's length inside of her, and all he'd been concerned with were the stars bursting in his vision.

And now he can't see anything, just Felicity's back and bare ass as she bounces up and down on him, erratic between his shallow thrusts and Oliver's mouth, and Oliver's broad shoulders just past her.

But he can feel Oliver's hands on his thighs, and Felicity's hips under his own palms, and he can hear—everything. The wet, obscene noise of Felicity fucking herself on Tommy's dick, of Oliver going down on her; Felicity's stuttering, gasping breaths and moaned swearing.

Her hands are braced on Oliver's shoulders, and he can feel her tensing, her thrusts speeding up as she starts a steady, desperate humming low in her throat. Tommy wants to feel her come, wants her to fall apart around him. She's close, so close, he can feel it in the way she's clenching down on him with each downward stroke. He smooths his hands back and starts massaging her ass, and that little extra sensation, together with two rough thrusts of his hips and whatever the hell Oliver is doing to her—and god, he's a little pissed he's missing that show—pushes Felicity over the edge.

She comes with a high, ragged gasp, jerking and shuddering on top of him, slamming down onto his lap and just... grinding and rocking into his hips as she spasms around him and Oliver continues to suck her.

Tommy swallows hard, throbbing and hard as ever inside of her. God, this has been amazing,
incredible, but it's not—he needs—

"Felicity," he bites out, strained. "Oliver, back off."

Oliver jerks away in surprise, his eyebrows high and looking concerned as he shoots to his feet. His mouth and chin are slick and shining, and Tommy can only spare him a heated look before he's lifting Felicity off of him. Her back hits the mattress with a surprised whoosh of air, and her eyes are still hazy from her orgasm as he positions himself between her legs again.

"Hey," he says softly, voice still a little tight, throat working as he swallows. He slides his hands under her knees and folds her legs gently up towards her chest, pushing them a little wider as he presses against her entrance.

"Hey," she murmurs back, smiling crooked and sweet.

Jesus, she's going to kill him with how fucking precious she is. This girl is dangerous.

The thought, however, does nothing to stop him sliding slowly inside of her, and her smile vanishes as her head falls back, eyes screwing shut and mouth dropping open, and god help him, she is still fluttering with aftershocks as he fills her completely. Her hands slide up his arms and roam restlessly over his shoulders, the back of his neck, through his hair.

And fuck him if the way Felicity's eyes roll back in her head, the way her mouth falls open as her throat works, gasping in air, the way her cheeks flush while he pumps into her doesn't set him off.

He realizes how completely fucked he is the second he comes and buries his face in her neck, thrusts erratic while she milks him for all he's worth, and just the smell of her, cinnamon and something almost like wood-smoke, takes him one step further and his vision totally whites out.

God he wants to stay buried in her forever.

His chest is still heaving when he blinks his eyes open again, forehead pressed to Felicity's collarbone. She's still shuddering on and off, fingers gripping tightly in his hair. When he lifts his head back up, swallowing, she's got her eyes closed, a look of intense concentration on her face.

"Fuck, I—Felicity," he swallows again and turns to look over his shoulder.

Oliver's standing at the foot of the bed—he's been watching them the whole time, but Tommy catches something in his eyes—for the first time this evening, he looks—unsure?

Of course he does. Tommy replays the last three minutes through his head.

He turns back towards Felicity, pulling out of her gently. She groans, opening her eyes, and okay, yeah, they're going to have to take care of her in a second, she's ready to go again, but first...

He kisses her lightly and gets up, wincing a little as he discards the condom.

Once he's standing in front of Oliver he reaches up, running his fingers through his hair until they're gripping the back of his neck, and then pulls him in for a kiss.

God, he can still taste Felicity, but the second Tommy licks at the seam of Oliver's lips, he responds fiercely, sucking Tommy's tongue into his mouth, stroking it, teasing it, while his hands come around to cup Tommy's ass.

And he'd meant the kiss to be an apology of sorts, because he wasn't sure he had anything else left in
him, but somehow, fuck—somehow, he can feel himself getting up again. His hands come down to
grasp Oliver's shoulders, and wow, okay, those are some really nice, broad shoulders, and Oliver pulls
Tommy into him. He's only half hard, but when he feel's Oliver's erection rubbing against him, he
feels himself twitch and swell, blood rushing south until his cock is pulsing thick and firm again.

"Fuck," he mutters, "you two are like my own personal viagra or someth-" Tommy doesn't finish the
sentence, because Oliver has just run two fingers up the crease of his ass, fingers brushing lightly
against his entrance and he lets out a strangled curse, arching his back.

~*~

Oliver is rapidly losing control of this situation but he can't stop.

He'd been startled—and admittedly, a little hurt—to be pushed out of the action by Tommy. He got
it, yeah, he understood, and there'd been plenty of promise for Oliver in that wild look Tommy had
given him before he tossed Felicity onto the mattress. Felicity had been still coming, and Oliver was
plenty smug and self-satisfied with the smoky, tangy tasty of the demon on his tongue, but Tommy'd
just been driven to desperation.

So Oliver stood back and wrapped his hand around his cock and prepared to indulge in some classic
voyeurism while Tommy got what he needed. But Jesus, he'd faltered at the unexpected, inescapable
tenderness between them while Tommy set Felicity up how he wanted her. They'd shared a
goddamn moment with that little "hey," and Oliver had had nothing to do with it. It felt like he was
losing ground, and he didn't understand how this was happening. How Felicity Smoak could have
already asserted such a hold on Oliver's charge.

He knows for a fact this is her first time being dispatched after Tommy's soul, and this weird
goddamn connection they seem to have with each other doesn't make any fucking sense. But he can't
pretend it isn't happening right in front of him, and damn it, Felicity isn't even trying.

Because yeah, the sex is definitely helping her cause, but it isn't her vagina that Tommy is truly
vulnerable to, either.

It's that damned smile, that light in her that looks almost like a soul, like the kind of soul that draws
you in like lamplight. It's fucking impossible. But it isn't just Tommy she's setting her hooks in and
Oliver is drowning without knowing what to do.

So he'd stood and watched Tommy fuck her, and it'd been hot enough to keep his fist pumping while
he drank in Tommy's panting breaths and the little humming gasps Felicity didn't even seem to know
she was making. But with every thrust of Tommy's hips, Oliver'd felt his grip on this situation
slipping. He'd had utmost confidence when he told Felicity they'd fuck into the morning but she'd
never walk away with Tommy's soul.

Now—now, he's a lot less sure about that last part.

(And a little less sure any of them will be able to stop with the morning.)

His confidence cracks even further when Tommy comes with a ragged, low cry to accompany
Felicity's soft moan, and the intimacy of their moment is staring him straight in the face, making him
drop his hands to the side and wonder where the hell this all went wrong.

But Tommy's looking at him like he's worried and relieved, and he kisses Felicity and pulls out of
her. He gets rid of the condom and doesn't bother to head for the bathroom before he's in front of
Oliver, and Oliver's half expecting to have his invitation to this whole thing rescinded, but that's not
even close to what happens.

The kiss tastes like "sorry" only long enough for Oliver's resolve to steel; he decides he's not giving up this easy, not giving up Tommy or his soul—hell, he's not giving up this night with either of them, either. He wants all of it.

So Oliver jerks Tommy closer and takes control of the kiss, takes firm grip of Tommy's ass with both hands while Tommy's hands map his shoulders with something like reverence (and for half a second Oliver wonders what Tommy would do if Oliver brought his wings into reality, if Tommy would stroke the feathers in half as much awe.)

Tommy's mouth is full of echoes—Felicity's shadowed spice and Tommy's own undecided brilliance—and it's a heady combination even an angel could get high on. Between Tommy's tongue against the roof of Oliver's mouth and his dick—still slick and sticky from the inside of the condom—raring to go again and seeking friction with Oliver's, it makes Oliver greedy for more, for everything.

But Tommy's barely groaning and arching responsively to Oliver's questing fingers before he's shying his hips slightly aside, pulling off Oliver's mouth like it hurts him to breathe his own air. Oliver opens his eyes to half-mast to stare hungry and curious as Tommy licks his lips, slowly focusing his gaze on Oliver's with an intoxicating self-possessed decisiveness.

"Not yet." Tommy's voice is a tight rasp that makes Oliver's blood boil and cock throb.

He hisses in near-agony when Tommy roughly grabs Oliver's dick and gives it three firm strokes before stepping out of his grasp. He moves to Oliver's side and puts a hand between his shoulder blades—the muscles twitch under Tommy's palm, half-thoughts of wings whispering again—and pushes him a step towards the bed.

"It's your turn. You guys are like some kind of drug, but I could still use a break." Oliver's still watching Tommy, who breaks into a crooked grin. "Now I wanna watch."

Oliver turns his head at last to look at Felicity, who's facing them on her stomach now, propped on one elbow, her breasts resting attractively on the mattress. Her mouth is open, curved slightly in a smirk; there's a hand that disappears beneath her somewhere, and Oliver knows she's been watching them, touching herself. He wants to know if she's playing with her clit or riding her own fingers.

Tommy sidles in close, drawing an arm across Oliver's shoulders and grinning as he leans in to stage-whisper into his ear, "Now, what were you saying about how hard you were gonna fuck her?"

Oliver shoots him a sidelong look, and the smirk they share sends a shiver down Oliver's spine.

Theatrical as he can be, Oliver still wouldn't have expected Tommy to take a turn directing. He finds he doesn't mind.

He's wanted to bury himself inside of Tommy since the first time he caught sight of that little shit-eating grin this evening.

But Oliver can't deny that he's gotten to the point where he wants Felicity almost as much.

She's still smirking at him, but her eyes are wide and clear, and it's that duality—that naughty innocence that she has going for her that's done him in, he knows.

"Get up on your hands and knees," he growls at her, rolling his shoulders.

He watches her shiver, and sees her eyes go dark, and knows—she likes the commands.
She pushes herself up and her fingers glisten with her own wetness. So she was riding them after all. She's breathing heavily, and Oliver grabs another condom for the sake of the performance, rolling it on, before climbing onto the bed behind her. They're both facing Tommy, who's pulled up a chair to watch, setting it directly in front of them.

Felicity glances back at him over her shoulder. Her cheeks are pink, tousled blonde curls cascading everywhere, and for a moment, she looks like she belongs to Heaven, not the pits where she'd come from. She wiggles her ass, and she's fucking presenting herself, her sex on display for him, open, wet, and waiting.

He grits his teeth, grabbing her hips. Her breath hitches when his nails dig unforgivingly into her skin, and he takes a moment to line himself up at her entrance before slamming home with no reservations.

Felicity yelps, scrabbling at the bedspread, and Oliver doesn't give her a moment to catch her breath before he pulls out and slams back in again.

He sets up an absolutely unrelenting pace, reveling in the sound of Felicity crying out, of the slap of his skin on hers with each thrust. He looks up and catches Tommy's eyes. He's leaning back in the chair, gripping the base of his cock and rubbing the thumb of his other hand over the tip. Oliver sees him swallow, can see the lust in his eyes.

Oliver circles his hips a little on the next thrust, never looking away from Tommy, and Felicity lets out her first scream.

~*~

It's too much, Felicity thinks. She's not going to be able to handle it.

Oliver's pistoning himself inside of her, and Felicity's barely managing to hold on—to the bedspread, to her surroundings—to her sanity.

If someone had told her yesterday that angels were capable of fucking like original sin, she would have laughed at them.

She's not laughing now.

Oliver does that thing with his hips again, and her vision whites out around the edges. God, he's hitting her g-spot with every thrust and it's all she can do to keep from crying with arousal.

She's never been fucked like this, and she can recognize it for what it is, hate sex on a cosmic scale—but it's more than that.

It's the dark edge Oliver has to him that's making her vibrate, making her quiver and tighten around him.

Tommy's watching them, she knows, but she can't even spare him a glance. Oliver pushes down on her upper back, and then she's face-down on the bed, and the new angle has her gasping with each thrust, breasts bouncing, and she's not even touching herself, but Oliver's cock is pounding into her, spreading her, stretching her, ruining her.

It's too much.

"Ah, ah, Oli- Oliver," she pants, amidst mewls. She doesn't mewl, not for angels—she's Felicity Smoak for fuck's sake, she's, she's—
"Coming! I'm coming, fuuuck! Oliver!" She cries, thrashing as he continues to thrust into her, and she needs him to stop, she can't take anymore, fuck, fuuck...

And then, amazingly, she's cresting her first orgasm straight into another one that has a scream ripping out of her throat, and there's nothing left to her except raw, painful pleasure and Oliver Queen.

~*~

It's like there's something breaking in him, some slow-moving crack spreading across him, threatening shattering.

Oliver doesn't fucking know himself right now.

He's always been a bit of a harsh bastard (has often been a selfish man), but there's a desperation in the way he's pushing Felicity—and himself—that isn't about lust. Her cheek is mashed into the bedspread, eyes screwed shut like agony, mouth open in that aftermath of that scream, but god, if he's shattering, it's because she's taking him down with her, pulsing around him.

He doesn't stop—can't stop, can't even let up—as she comes, her scream tapering to a long, low moan that fades to little whimpers pushed out of her with every brutal thrust of his hips. She's coming around him hard again, before she's even finished the first, and he's punishing her like this, punishing her with his pace and relentlessness. Refusing to be gentle.

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He's punishing himself.

He can't look at her face, it's why he's behind her. But aside from the occasional glance up at Tommy, he can't stop looking at Felicity's face, almost lost in her hair over her shoulder.

He shouldn't be fucking her. He shouldn't be loving this.

He shouldn't be wanting it soft and sweet and cradled in her body. She's a goddamn demon, and he's an angel, and Oliver doesn't know if it's Felicity or Tommy that's caught him more unawares, got him more undone tonight.

Because Tommy's as unexpected as anything, but he's not—he isn't—the antithesis of everything Oliver is supposed to be.

(And Felicity's not the antithesis of everything Oliver is and stands for, and it's fucking him up.)

He's got his mouth open, breath panting between his lips, eyes glued to her profile in a daze as heat and pressure gathers at the base of his spine.

He knows he's lost when she slits her eyes open, blue crystallized by the tears beaded on her lashes, and her gaze finds his like a laser.

He groans, "Shit," and bows over her back, eyes rolling closed as his mouth presses open against her shoulder, the back of her neck. He fucks her ragged and shallow now, and there's a hitch in his breathing that's almost little cries of surrender. She comes one last weak time when he shoves his hand under her stomach, between her legs, and rubs her clit, and he's gone, gone, gone, burying deep in her as he can get, coming like it's something she tricked him into; hard and white-hot and somehow unexpected.

~*~
Tommy actually stops fucking his own hand halfway through Felicity's second orgasm, he's so goddamn transfixed by the sight of Oliver and Felicity, the sound of them.

It's not just how hot they are—separately, together—it's how... intense they are. When they're focusing on him he feels like the center of the goddamn universe, but he doesn't even realize how they've avoided focusing on each other until Oliver's too literally deep in her to stay out of that trouble. They swear they don't really know each other, haven't actually met before tonight, but Jesus.

Their chemistry's goddamn explosive.

What's happening on that bed seems like hate sex, but it's not just hate sex. Tommy doesn't know where the weird, competitive animosity between them stems from—or honestly, why they're both so damned set on him like they know anything about him to really want him—but it's starting to feel a lot like Oliver and Felicity are burning bright on that hostility for fear of standing still long enough to catch fire looking at each other.

And maybe their intensity should make Tommy feel left out, feel like a third wheel or extra piece in the puzzle. But it feels like he's part of this. Part of their incendiary connection, tied up in it and threaded through with the blind-sided vitality of what's happening here.

This is the most amazing, most intense, most filthy sex Tommy's had in his creeping-on 30 years, and ironically, he feels even more like he's teetering on the precipice of the most real thing that's ever happened to him.

It's a dawning and mildly terrifying revelation, but for as much as it's scaring the hell out of him, he watches Oliver come like it's a goddamn breakdown and Tommy's chest floods slow with a strange determination to hold on to this for everything he's worth.

Silence falls in the room like a thick blanket, punctuated only by Oliver's ragged breathing and Felicity's little gasps.

Oliver, somehow, astonishingly, is still up on his knees, but he's bent over Felicity like he needs her propping him up or he'll fall. His arms are wrapped around her waist, and Felicity's are draped in front of her, hanging off the edge of the bed.

Whatever just happened here, whatever just occurred in this room, it's left the two of them completely raw.

Tommy makes a snap decision, and stands up, padding quietly to the bathroom. He doubts either of them are aware that he's moved at all.

He turns the faucet to warm, taking a hand towel and running it beneath the water and then squeezing it lightly. Then he returns to the bed, and gently rubs the cloth down Oliver's back.

Oliver shivers and then groans, lifting his head up slightly and Tommy watches him swallow, his eyes cloudy.

"Hey," he says softly, "Hey. Come on, lay back." He guides Oliver's hips, pulling him away, out of Felicity, and she whimpers helplessly, finally letting her body settle down on the bed. Tommy can see distinct bruises forming on her skin from Oliver's fingers and he bites his lip.

Oliver lays down on his side and rolls onto his back, hand spread on his chest, and Tommy twists the end of the condom closed, rolling it off slowly to a sharp intake of breath from the man on the bed. He then carefully cleans Oliver off with the towel. Oliver's eyes are closed and his breathing is slowing, and the tension just under the surface, the hum Tommy could feel coming off of him all
evening, has finally abated.

He turns to Felicity. Slowly, and with several groans from her, he manages to turn her over, straighten out her limbs, massage some feeling back into them, before rubbing the cloth lightly down her stomach and gently over her inner thighs and sex.

Somehow, this is the most intimate thing they've done all evening, and Tommy is unbearably hard once again, but he can wait.

He tosses the cloth into the corner and climbs up onto the bed. He leans over Felicity, brushing her hair gently away from her face, before leaning down to kiss her softly, slowly. She responds, breath hitching when he sucks her lower lip lightly into his mouth, not pushing, just savoring her.

He feels the bed shift next to him and opens his eyes to see Oliver has rolled onto his side and is watching them. He raises a hand up, hesitating for a second, before running it down Tommy's back, trailing his fingers over his ass and back up his sides. Tommy hums appreciatively, eyes falling shut again as he continues to focus on Felicity and just making her feel good.

He pulls away after a moment, and takes Oliver's hand in his, threading their fingers together. He shifts Oliver back again, leaning down to give him the same treatment, thrilling in the feel of Oliver's stubble when he licks across his lips.

Tommy could spend the rest of the night just alternating between kissing the two of them.

The thought terrifies him, but it exhilarates him even more.

What has he gotten himself into?

Tommy kneels beside Oliver and scrubs his fingers lightly over the other man's short hair as they exchange soft kisses, the boundaries of each press of mouths blurred to make it hard to say what's one kiss or how many or if they're just trying to live connected at the lips. Oliver's hands keep sliding idly up and down Tommy's sides, his back, never venturing lower than his hips. It's just touch, gentle and affirmative.

Tommy feels the mattress shift while he and Oliver get lost on each other's tongues, and he finally lifts his head at the quiet, almost sighing groan Felicity exhales. She's shifted up the bed to the pillows, half crawling and half dragging her hollowed bones, still thrumming like a tuning fork. It's a vibe she gives off.

Felicity settles on her side against the pillows—miraculously undisturbed in their plush mound at the head of the bed—calves crossed over each other and knees pulled loosely in towards her stomach. Her arms curl up against her chest, pressing her breasts flat, hands stroking over her collarbones, up the column of her throat. Her fingertips settle against her lips and she glances up to catch Tommy looking.

His hands have stilled on Oliver's scalp and shoulder, and he drinks Felicity in. She looks so small and vulnerable like this, like whatever light and animation that's been driving her all night has spooked and gone quiet. There's a good two feet of bedspread between her and between them. The space separating them, and that guarded, almost retreating look in Felicity's eyes—Tommy can't stand it.

"Hey," he breathes, and with a quick press of his lips to Oliver's forehead—which he feels wrinkle in surprise under his mouth—Tommy crawls into the space Felicity made between them. He settles onto his side—can still feel the heat of Oliver's shoulder an inch away from his back—and spreads
his palm flat against the covers. He looks down at his hand, scooting it just a little closer to Felicity, not quite touching her knees. His brows come together in question, concern, hope as he lifts his eyes to hers again, curling his knees and spine towards her like a mirror.

~*~

Felicity feels blasted. Rubbed raw and scraped empty, leaving hollow spaces for confusion and doubt and the quiet touch of maybe.

Tommy's care is so gentle and sweet and thoughtful she has to blink away the prickle of tears—possibly the worst thing this body's done to her yet.

She's never been cared for this way in her whole existence, not so tenderly and unreservedly. It's so quick on the heels of Oliver's unexpectedly relentless roughness she's spun. Tommy kisses her so soft and lingering, just to kiss her, just to reassure her tactiley of—she's not sure, his presence? attention? his... she hasn't got a single word for this, not a hundred.

But he turns away to give Oliver the same treatment, and he takes that warmth she's coming to crave, to lean into like he's sunlight, with him.

It leaves her colder and strangely alone.

Felicity's seeing now that she's way, way in over her head. In this mission, in this bizarre game of chicken Oliver's lowered himself to—in thinking she could treat Tommy like any other soul to collect.

He isn't, and she's not built for this, never was, and there are bruises on her hips that feel like brands for all their inevitable impermanence, and Felicity is for the first time since this started actually really a little bit scared.

It's not Oliver's wrath, or the prospect of failure that shakes her, rattles her bones. It's the way his ferocity as he fucked her gave way to something that felt like admitting, like freefall; the way he'd covered her in his weight and she hadn't felt smothered, but guarded. Taken and kept like a promise exchanged. They'd collapsed like they'd broken something together and instead of panicking, she'd wanted to stay like this, wanted to keep his body inside of hers. His arms had circled her waist and Jesus Christ if it hadn't felt like—like being held.

So when Tommy gets lost in Oliver's mouth, Felicity packs everything dangerously unspooling in her chest behind a little flimsy-latch door and coolly tells herself this is it, get out now while there's still anything intact.

She almost laughs when the attempt to raise her own weight reveals how thoroughly she's used her body, how thoroughly Tommy and especially Oliver have used her body; she's been fucked so well every limb feels like uncooperative jelly. She drags herself as far as the pillows, with enough distance between her and the boys that she can pretend—can remind herself—she isn't part of something, isn't part of this, of them.

She watches them touch and kiss—watches Tommy's soul burn like something fresh has been lit in him; watches Oliver inhale that light and sip it straight from Tommy's lips—and tells herself she's lost, cut her losses, before she loses something bigger and more vital than her claim on Tommy Merlyn forever. She just needs... needs a second, to pull her body together—curled in protectively like she stands a chance at salvaging anything here—and then she'll slip quietly off the bed and back into her dress. The panties are a lost cause, but it's a short trip to Hell when you belong there.
She tells herself Tommy and Oliver won't even notice ‘til after she's gone.

It's actually funny how fast on the heels of that thought Tommy's eyes are on her, a little line forming between his eyebrows like something's wrong. She fights the urge to reach out to smooth it away, to fall in deeper to whatever trap's being sprung around her. Tommy stares at her like he's figuring her out—like he could figure her out if he just looked long enough—and Oliver's chin is tilting back to study her with that inscrutable regard.

The angel's a lot more chill now, and Felicity's not sure if it's preemptive victory with Tommy practically leaking his soul all over the winged bastard, or how hard Oliver came with his lips on the back of her neck.

But that victory suddenly vanishes out of the balance as Tommy kisses Oliver's forehead—and god, if the angel could see the dumbstruck look on his own face just there—and he moves into the hollow between Oliver and Felicity, like some metaphor of how he hangs in the balance between Heaven and Hell.

"Hey," he breathes to her, and it makes her breath catch. His fingertips brush her knee and that look he's giving her, it's—he's—

He's asking something. Are you okay? and Are you with me? and Can I touch you?

And something more.

But Felicity can only answer the first three.

She pulls her fingers away from her mouth and watches as they lower hesitantly to his. He turns his palm over and instead of taking her hand, slides that breathtakingly reverent touch up the inside of her forearm, running the pads of his fingers up from her elbow to her shoulder.

Felicity's eyes fall shut when his hand moves into her hair, smoothing it back from her face, combing through the tangles. She feels him draw closer, his fingertips tracing her jaw, her cheek, and his breath hot on her lips seconds before his mouth seals sweetly over hers. She opens to him so easily and thinks bitterly about metaphors again as his tongue strokes over her own.

Her legs slowly uncurl until her toes are skimming down his shins, ankles tangling between his calves. He settles a hand in the dip of her waist and pulls her closer, the pressure bearing down on Oliver's bruises and making her hiss around his tongue.

He chuckles ruefully and soothes that hand over her hip, up and down her back. "Sorry."

He twists at the waist and Felicity opens her eyes to see Oliver on his side, an arm folded under his head as he watches them. She's fascinated when he swallows hard, belying that damn blank look on his face.

Tommy's voice is a soft command, full of affection as he crooks two fingers at Oliver, Felicity still pulled in against Tommy's front. "Oliver. Come on, get over here."

~*~

Oliver... hesitates.

Tommy is lavishing comfort and attention on Felicity and Oliver wants—he's not really sure what he wants, except that he wants to stretch each fingertip to cover those bruise marks on Felicity's hips and watch how they line up perfectly. Wants to kiss each one, see if her skin tastes any different there
now that he's left some sort of mark on her...

That's pretty much all he needs to tell him that that's exactly what he shouldn't do. Instead, he stretches himself out next to Tommy and runs his hand up the other man's side, and back down again to rest on the slope of his hip. Tommy is kissing Felicity with all of the care and gentleness he wants directed at himself, but something tells him the competition is over, at least for tonight. He's not sure who won. He thinks it might be Tommy.

Closing his eyes, he begins to trail kisses down the back of Tommy's neck and down between his shoulder blades. But he doesn't stop. Shifting slightly, he continues his exploratory path down Tommy's back. He focuses on every freckle, every mole. He has a small skin tag halfway down to the left. He can tell the moment Tommy breathing changes—hitches. It's right when Oliver reaches the curve of his ass, still kissing gently, tongue coming out to tease. He presses the flat of his tongue to the top of the round muscle, and then caresses it with the tip of his nose.

He can hear the wet slide of Felicity and Tommy's tongues, the soft exhales into each other's mouths. Oliver keeps moving, kneading the flesh of Tommy's ass. He bites down lightly on one of Tommy's cheeks, and Oliver smirks when he hears his exclamation of surprise, accompanied by a full-body twitch.

"Hey!" Tommy says, looking over his shoulder down at Oliver. He's trying to look annoyed, but he's grinning, and Oliver can't help but grin in response. He feels light in a way he hasn't in decades, and he wants to feel more.

He palms one of Tommy's cheeks in each of his hands and digs his fingers in, leaning down to bite at first one and then the other. Tommy drops his forehead to Felicity's, breathing heavily, and takes up kissing her again.

Oliver sucks two of his fingers into his mouth, getting them good and wet, before spreading Tommy's ass, and running his fingers up the crease, fingering gently at his opening.

"Hnh!" is apparently the only sound Tommy is capable of making in response to that. He bucks his hips back into Oliver's hand, and Oliver can actually feel the rim of muscles tighten under his fingers.

Oliver bites down hard on his lip. He's grown hard again, his body demanding every bit of pleasure that he knows Tommy can give him.

"Tommy," he says, resting his forehead on Tommy's lower back. "Tommy," he practically moans, brushing against him again. "Can I please fuck you?"

Fingernails scratch at his scalp; Felicity has reached her arms around Tommy's torso to run her fingers through his hair. Oliver shivers and places an open mouthed kiss to Tommy's back.

The muscles of his back are contracting, and Oliver looks up to see Tommy nodding emphatically.

"Yeah," he says, and his voice sounds wrecked. He clears it. "Yes, that would be—yeah okay."

It's all Oliver needs to hear to pull away from the mesmerizing feeling of Felicity's hands and the soft comfort of Tommy's body, so he can reach for the bedside table and grab another two condoms and a bottle of lube.

He tosses one condom down on the bed next to Tommy and Felicity, and his eyes meet hers over Tommy's shoulder. Oliver swallows, taken aback by the sudden sense of connection he's feeling for the demon, knowing they're about to completely blow Tommy's mind together.
He scoots back, coating his fingers liberally with the slick lube. Tommy has his face buried in Felicity's neck, holding on to her for everything he's worth, and she's gentling his shoulders, trailing fingers down his back, whispering quiet words to him.

Oliver steadies one hand on Tommy's lower back, and slides the fingers of his other hand up through the crease of Tommy's ass once more, and this time, he pushes one digit into him slowly.

Tommy groans at the initial intrusion, and his muscles contract again, but then Oliver's passed the ring of muscle and he slides the rest of the way in.

Tommy's done this before, knows how to force his body to relax, to take what Oliver is giving him, and Oliver sets up a slow rhythm, keeping it simple, just one finger for now. Tommy may be experienced, but he's tight, and Oliver can tell it's been a while.

Tommy's panting, jerking his hips in little circles, rubbing up against Felicity, and she's still soothing her hands across his skin. She places small kisses across Tommy's forehead while he breathes heavily into her neck. Oliver swallows down the lump in his throat at the completely unexpected sincerity of her actions. Felicity Smoak is a demon, but she's like none he's ever met before.

He watches her kiss his nose, his cheeks, and then his lips again, keeping the kiss chaste, an odd counterbalance to Oliver's actions.

When he thinks Tommy's ready, he adds another finger, scissoring slightly to stretch him more. Tommy's gripping Felicity's hips like she's his anchor, and Oliver feels a rush of possessiveness when he sees Tommy's fingers brush over his own marks. Possessiveness for Tommy or for Felicity, he couldn't possibly say, not knuckle deep in Tommy, not when Tommy's making those keening noises, bucking into Felicity's thigh.

Oliver twists his fingers and brushes against Tommy's prostate, and it's like he's been jolted with electricity.

"Holy fuck! Oliver!" he cries out, letting go of Felicity and scrabbling at the bedspread instead.

Now that Oliver's found it, he's relentless, making sure to brush up against that spot inside of Tommy on every other thrust of his fingers.

Tommy's temples are beading with sweat and he's making helpless little noises that fill Oliver with pride.

He presses down harder on Tommy's lower back with his left hand, spreading his fingers out, and finally adds a third finger. Tommy takes the addition easily, he's so worked up at this point. He reaches around Tommy's waist to feel his cock. He's rock hard, pre-come dampening Felicity's thigh.

"Felicity," he says, voice low, and she nods, reaching for the condom.

All at once, Oliver pulls his fingers out, and Tommy gasps in a deep breath

"Fuck, fuck," he mutters, and he's shaking. Oliver wipes his hand on the cover and rips open his condom, rolling it on and adding even more lube.

Reaching around Tommy's middle, he pulls, helping him to sit up and back. He's loose and heavy in Oliver's arms, chest expanding with each pant. Felicity sits up after him.

"Shhhh," she murmurs to him, gently rolling the condom on, gripping him tightly at the base. She
kisses him lightly on the lips again before lying back down.

A fresh wave of arousal crashes over Oliver as he takes in her hooded eyes, the inviting purse of her lips. She lets her legs fall open and she’s glistening wet.

“Come fuck me, Tommy. Let us take care of you.”

Tommy can’t do much more than nod, and Oliver helps move him back down, gripping Tommy’s cock and guiding him into Felicity’s wet heat.

Tommy sinks into her with a groan, Felicity’s knees gripping him on either side of his torso, holding him, tethering him to reality.

Oliver exchanges one last glance with the demon before lining himself up behind Tommy, pushing between his cheeks and rubbing against Tommy’s entrance, once, twice, sliding up and down the cleft easily.

Felicity nods at him, and Oliver finally pushes in.

~*~

Tommy’s crossed every line into complete and total delirium.

He’s buried to the hilt in Felicity’s tight heat, and Oliver is filling him so completely—he’s not sure where he ends and they begin. To be honest, it’s almost like all that’s left is Felicity and Oliver—he’s lost any semblance of self, lost in their bodies.

He hears Oliver grunt. It’s distant, muffled, like he’s listening through earmuffs. The feeling of him pulling out slowly though, is like a clear scream of pleasure across every nerve ending he has.

He’s set up a litany of Oliver Oliver Oliver Oliver Oliver, and sometimes the name is a prayer and sometimes it’s a curse, but it’s the only thing Tommy has left in him right now.

Oliver pushes back in slowly, and it shifts Tommy, pushing him deeper into Felicity.

Fuck. *Fuck.*

He can’t handle this. He can’t handle it.

Oliver pulls out again, dragging Tommy slightly back, and everything inside of him is clenching with pleasure. Tommy grips the pillow behind Felicity’s head, flexing his fingers, and then lets go to drag through her hair, down her shoulders. He reaches up and fists the pillow again. He doesn’t know what to do with his hands, can’t figure out what to hold on to to keep himself from flying completely apart.

Felicity, somehow constantly aware of exactly what he needs, runs her hands up his forearms from his elbows, fingers slipping under his palms to lace between his. Her thighs smooth up and down his hips, calves and feet sliding past, reaching for Oliver, binding Tommy more impossibly tightly between them. He tightens his grip on her hands like a lifeline, an anchor, even as he sinks into her, even as he feels himself dissolving at the edges.

And fuck, fuck, *fuck*, Oliver speeds up. Each time Oliver pulls out, it’s like he drags Tommy’s soul with him, only to slam back in, sending him careening once more into Felicity. Again and again, tugging him in-between the two of them—Oliver, Felicity. Oliver, Felicity.
He’s too full, surrounded. They’re inside him, around him, everywhere. There’s nothing left of Tommy Merlyn except the pieces that they’ve taken for themselves.

Then Oliver shifts the angle and on the next thrust hits that spot that makes his vision go white. Only it doesn’t stop—Oliver keeps hitting it over and over, and Tommy doesn’t recognize the sound vibrating through him until, in a moment of clarity between thrusts, he realizes it’s coming from him.

Felicity flutters around his cock and her legs tighten on his hips, pulling Oliver even more tightly into him, and Oliver’s pistoning himself inside of Tommy, and Felicity’s coming around him and he has her hands in a grip like a vise, trying to ground himself, but he can’t—he can’t-

He comes with a scream that he muffles into Felicity’s neck, every nerve ending on fire.

~*~

Felicity heaves long, shallow breaths—the combined weight of Tommy and Oliver doing more than a little to, well, crush her and prevent deep breathing—her grip in Tommy’s hands easing, the fine bones aching as he loosens his hold, thumbs idly brushing up and down over her own.

Her toes, curled against the backs of Oliver’s thighs, slowly relax and she groans as her shaking legs fall open, knees going to jelly as her feet hit the mattress and slide. She opens her eyes, unexpected moisture gathered in the corners and slipping down towards the hair at her temples as her gaze finds Oliver’s.

His eyes are heavy-lidded and a little hazy, and she knows he came at about the same time as Tommy did. There’s something—something odd and—and significant, the way they reached their climaxes so close together, a chain reaction, a ripple of pleasure and connection and—

Felicity can’t chase the thought any further, her mind too frayed from aftershocks and exertion. She thinks it’s probably best she doesn’t follow that thread home. It feels… dangerous.

Tommy’s face is still buried in the crook of her neck, his breath harsh and warm against her skin. His lips press to her throat as if they can’t not, and it makes a little smile flicker at the corners of Felicity’s mouth.

Oliver is watching her, his focus slowly sharpening. It makes her want to squirm under the scrutiny. She’s not sure what he’s looking for, or what he’s reading in what he sees.

Inside of her, Tommy is growing soft, and Felicity lets her eyes fall shut with a whining hum. “Not that this whole thing wasn’t really, really, uh, nice, but you guys’re really heavy.”

Tommy puffs a bark of laughter into her neck, his fingers slipping free from between her own and his palms rubbing across hers and down her wrists. His voice is hoarse, raspy as he says, “Yeah, well. As the filling of this particular sandwich, not much I can do.”

Oliver makes a grumpy, growling noise in the back of his throat. “Are you guys asking me to get off or what?”

That strikes Felicity as unbearably funny. “Were you somewhere else just now? Because I’m pretty sure we all just got off.”

Tommy bursts into loud laughter, Felicity following with breathless giggles that make her ribs ache, her hands coming to cling to the back of Tommy’s neck as her head tips back, more tears leaking from the corners of her eyes at the absurd hilarity of her terrible pun.
She opens her eyes to find Oliver rolling his own heavenward, trying to swallow a smile and being really, really unsuccessful. “Oh, come on, angel, you know that was funny.”

He rises onto his knees, pulling out of Tommy as he wobbles upright, making Tommy stop laughing with a hissing inhale. “Fine, it was funny.” He’s smirking, but it’s soft, almost… friendly. He brushes his hand down Tommy’s spine, gentle, caressing. “Come on, up.”

Tommy groans like a lazy lump. “Pretty sure my bones dissolved.”

Felicity wrinkles her nose and Oliver snorts.

“No, man, you just came, that’s all.”

Tommy snickers, but gets his arms underneath him and leverages up, and both he and Felicity sigh when he rises unsteadily onto his knees, slipping free of her. He pathetically falls over, crashing to Felicity’s left and onto his side, lolling his head to raise an eyebrow at Oliver. “I definitely didn’t just come, Oliver, that was—that was not just an orgasm.” He scoffs. “Pardon my hyperbole, but I’m fairly sure you two just textbook fucked my brains out.”

Felicity’s grin is wolfish, eyes on Oliver’s. “Oh good. Mission accomplished.”

He narrows his eyes at her, but shakes his head and shuffles backwards to stand at the foot of the bed. “I’ll be right back.”

“’Kay,” Felicity calls, punching a loose-elbowed arm into the air. “Not going anywhere.”

He waves a hand dismissively over his shoulder as he turns and heads for the bathroom.

Felicity turns her head to find Tommy smiling at her, fuzzy around the edges and sleepy. She smiles back, rolling onto her side to face him. “To be honest, couldn’t go anywhere right now if my life depended on it.” Her eyebrows raise to communicate her seriousness. “Pretty sure my legs aren’t actually working.”

Tommy chuckles. “I don’t think I’ve ever had sex like this in my entire life. Hell,” she snickers, but he doesn’t notice, “I’m pretty sure if you combined all of the sex I’ve had in my life before tonight it would still measure up as less intense than the last couple of hours.”

Felicity licks her lips and reaches out to run her fingertips up and down over the little hairs on his forearm. “I think I can honestly say that this night has not been anything like I might have expected.” She lifts her eyes from her fingers to his face, wanting to memorize the way he looks right now. “And I’m actually… really glad about it.”

“Heard you,” Oliver chimes in, startling them both; neither had noticed him returning until he was standing at the foot of the bed again, condom disposed of and a couple of wet washcloths in his hand.

He gestures to the condom Tommy is still wearing and, grimacing, Tommy removes it, tying it off, eyebrows rising in surprise when Oliver takes it from him and hands off one of the cloths instead. Rudely, Oliver just tosses the other cloth onto Felicity’s hip and then heads for the trashcan.

Tommy and Felicity clean the worst of the mess from their bodies, and then Oliver is back again, taking the washcloths from them. He heads back to the bathroom, and Felicity groans at the soreness in and between her legs as she scoots up the bed to the pillows. She’s pushing the sheet down when
Tommy joins her.

“I don’t know how the hell he’s even standing right now,” Felicity gripes.

The room goes dark and Oliver is back again, dimly lit by the lights of the city through the windows, and scoffs, “I’m not for much longer. Make room.”

Felicity narrows her eyes and scoots to the side closest to him, just to be an ass. Oliver narrows his eyes back and circles around to the far side of the bed, while Tommy lays on his back and laughs at them. Felicity snuggles down into the sheets as Oliver climbs in, and Tommy rolls towards him, kissing his shoulder and rubbing a hand up and down his arm.

Not wanting to be left out, and honestly hoping to steal a little body heat, Felicity scoots in behind Tommy, spooning into his back and hugging an arm around his waist. “I don’t know about you guys, but I think I need to be unconscious for a little while.”

Tommy sighs. “I don’t know what you’re talking about. I’m pretty sure I’m not even actually conscious right now.”

“Mm,” Oliver hums, dragging the sheets and thin blanket up over the three of them. “Your eyes are closed.”

Felicity hums her own agreement, nose nuzzling into Tommy’s shoulder. “Just for a little while.”

There’s no answer, and when she slits her eyes open, she has to bite back a grin to see both Oliver and Tommy have already slipped into sleep. Smile softening, she snuggles into the pillows, breathing in the mingled scent of the three of them, and drifts away—just for a little while.

—

Tommy wakes slow, in pieces, first feeling the shifting weight at his back as Oliver rolls onto his stomach, snuffling sleepily into his pillow. Tommy then becomes aware of the distant hush of running water, and as he slits his eyes open—with some reluctance—he realizes that, though it’s still the small hours of the morning, there’s a little light in the room.

The bathroom door is open just a crack, the light on and—Tommy squints, blinks to confirm—a little steamy inside. Tommy’s hand sweeps the mattress in front of him, and then he cranes his neck to glance over his shoulder and across Oliver’s back. Felicity is indeed not in the bed.

Tommy decides to not to look too close at the relief he feels that this means she’s in the shower. Not gone.

He takes a moment to run his palm across the back of Oliver’s shoulders, but the other man just exhales deeply, snoring a little on the inhale. Tommy grins crooked, pleased that Oliver’s been so thoroughly exhausted (and that he’s so contently asleep beside him.)

The pipes squeak quietly and the water shuts off, and Tommy turns back to the weak glow emanating from the bathroom, settling more comfortably into the mattress, tugging the sheet up a little more for warmth. Oliver’s practically a space heater behind him, but they’re both still naked and the air in the room is a bit too cool on his skin.

Tommy almost drifts back to sleep to the muffled sounds of Felicity moving around in the bathroom—no hair dryer; she must be trying to be quiet so as not to wake him or Oliver—humming an almost inaudible tune; it’s familiar.
Finally the door swings wider, letting in more light. For just a moment, she’s silhouetted in the doorway, wrapped in a thick cotton bath towel, hair wet and—surprisingly, delightfully—curly. She shuts off the light, and Tommy blinks in the sudden dark, eyes adjusting to the thin city light filtering through the large windows.

Felicity moves a few feet back into the bedroom, and he knows the moment she realizes he’s awake. She stills, hands frozen where they’re drawing her hair over one shoulder.

“Hey,” he breathes quietly, licking his lips.

“Hi,” she whispers back, head moving like she’s glancing over him at the back of Oliver’s head.

Tommy follows her gaze and snorts softly, keeping his voice low, exhaling his words. “He’s TKO’d.” He returns his attention to Felicity as she pads across the carpet towards him. “Were you leaving?”

She’s less than a foot away now; he could reach out, touch her. Tug her towel off, draw her down to him.

Felicity stares down at him with a look on her face he can’t read through the shadows, biting her lip. She shakes her head, and he grins happily.

“Good.” He does what he wants to, lifting an arm and reaching out to pinch the bottom of her towel, tugging on it gently, not enough to pull it free. “Then come back to bed.”

She smiles, bright and soft and dawning, and hesitates before undoing the tuck of the towel at her breasts. He watches appreciatively as it drops to the floor.

Tommy lifts the sheet invitingly and she climbs in, humming low in her throat again. He pulls her against him, her skin clean and damp from her shower, and settles the sheet just below her shoulders.

“I know that song.”

Her grin is infectious. “I’ve had it stuck in my head since the elevator.” He chuckles and, very quietly, she sings, “Whatever Lola wants…”

He joins in just as quietly, singing with her, “Lola gets.”

She pushes at his shoulder to get him on his back, throwing a leg across his hips and settling herself atop him. “And little man, little Lola wants you.”

They kiss, soft and sweet, lips pressing and sliding and just kissing like they have all the time in the world to do this, just this, nothing else for the rest of their lives. Tommy’s hands run down her back beneath the sheet, fingertips pressing into the little dimples above her ass, then smoothing down to cup the rounded flesh.

She hums against his lips as he squeezes, her knees spreading wider to either side of his hips. He’s half hard now, the damp, warm friction of her sparkling little fires throughout his body, making him groan into her mouth as she smiles, smug and mischievous. He hitches his hips beneath hers, rubbing at her to make her moan in answer. Tommy snickers.

“Well, Lola,” he murmurs, tilting his head to place a row of soft, open-mouthed kisses down the column of her throat. “You can have me. As much,” he nips her skin, making her hum, “and as many times,” licks the spot to soothe, “as often and for as long,” she sighs happily as his hands skate up her ribs, his nose tracing her jaw, “as you want.”
A giggle pulls him from his sleep.

Oliver so rarely sleeps, it takes something truly extraordinary to tire him out enough that he needs to recharge.

He manages to crack one eye open to find Felicity straddling Tommy and leaning over him. Tommy has one of her nipples in his mouth and is humming some sort of ridiculous song.

Felicity moans.

He breathes in deeply and closes his eye again, settling back into the blankets on the exhale, completely relaxed.

And then he realizes.

He doesn’t feel the threat of Hell.

There’s no urgency in him to jump up and get between Felicity and Tommy. He’s not concerned that Felicity is going to manage to undermine his right as Tommy’s Guardian. He doesn’t look at Felicity and see an enemy.

Oliver blinks both eyes open this time, watching Tommy’s fingers trail down Felicity’s sides, listening to her little gasps, soaking in Tommy’s grin. He feels his cock stir slightly, but he’s too tired to do anything about it. But if he wasn’t—if he didn’t just want to go back to sleep so badly, Oliver realizes he would want to, well, fuck both of them.

Felicity Smoak was nothing like what he envisioned. And now that he’s recognized that he was wrong about her, now that he’s witnessed her odd quirky near-innocence, and tasted every part of her, he finds he doesn’t want to fight her over Tommy. He just wants to fuck her over him.

He should probably be concerned. This could be some sort of trick. But honestly, right now his body is too loose and well spent to think about it. Honestly, he’s not even sure how either one of his bedmates is currently awake.

So instead he huffs disapprovingly to get their attention and frowns at them when they turn towards him in surprise.

“If the two of you are going to fuck again, just—just do it quietly. I’m tired.”

Tommy snorts in surprise and Felicity drops down onto his chest, laughing.

“Honestly, I don’t think I have it in me,” Tommy says, and his grin pulls at something in Oliver’s chest. “It was just a little hanky-panky.”

Felicity pushes herself up and looks down at Tommy, eyes wide in complete disbelief.

“Did you just actually use the phrase hanky-panky?”

Tommy raises his eyebrows and smirks, challenging her. Oliver watches the exchange with mild interest, but he’s already falling back asleep. If there’s not going to be any fucking, he should be able to manage to get some more rest.

“Hanky-panky, I can’t believe those words just actually came out of your mouth, that is just the dumbest thing I’ve ever...” she shakes her head, laughing. “Oh my gOD!” The end of the sentence
turns into a shriek as Tommy lifts her off of him, twists, and dumps her unceremoniously between him and Oliver, catching Oliver completely off guard and waking him up fully.

He lifts his head from the pillow and glares at both of them.

“Really?”

Tommy at least has the good grace to look contrite, but Felicity just rolls her eyes.

“Scootch over a little bit,” she tells him, pushing at his bare chest. He continues to glare, and in response, she raises her eyebrows, making her eyes go big and wide, and presses her lips into a little pout.

He’s surprised by how adorable she looks, but he’s just—this is—there’s got to be something wrong that he’s even considering cuddling with a— with a demon.

She must see the stony reluctance on his face, because she bites her lip, her expression becoming a little rueful, acknowledging. “It’s just for one night, angel. Just… one night, we had a little fun, or… a lot. It’s just sleep. Tomorrow we go back to being… who we are.”

Oliver considers, glancing quickly over her to see Tommy settling down, Felicity’s words too soft for him to have heard. It’s just one night. He can… He can do this, let himself do this, for just one night. Oliver nods once, before shifting back.

Felicity immediately smiles and shimmies into his vacated space, sighing deeply.

Tommy’s voice comes muffled from his pillow. “Sleep,” he says, and drapes an arm over Felicity’s waist.

Oliver looks down at the two of them, soft and naked, and swallows before lowering himself down carefully.

Tonight was—unexpected. Oliver has no idea what the morning will bring. But Felicity is warm, and Tommy already seems to be drifting off, and he is completely exhausted, and even angels only have so much restraint.

“Sleep,” Felicity says into his chest when he’s finally stretched out next to her. He takes a deep breath, smelling the shampoo in her damp hair—when had she showered?—and slowly stretches his own arm across her body, fingers dragging slowly down the skin of her back to rest on her ass.

As if they’d planned it, Tommy and Oliver both tighten their grip on her at the same time, bringing them closer to her, and Felicity sighs in approval, sandwiched between them.

She hums a few more notes of the song he’d caught her humming earlier. All of their legs are tangled together, and the room sinks into that sort of muffled, deep silence that you only ever get in hotel rooms.

There’ll be plenty of time to consider what to do tomorrow.

Oliver closes his eyes and falls into sleep.
End Notes

This was a monster to write, and we thank everyone for their patience and understanding. A special thank you goes out to fe-li-ci-ty on tumblr for making that absolutely STUNNING graphic, and to ash818 and effie214 for being the most exuberant and understanding beta-readers on the planet.

As for the story...

To be continued. :-)

Works inspired by this one:

Prow the Mighty Fall (in Love) Cover by speakfree

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