Two to Tango

by mirawonderfulstar

Summary

“You think this is my fault?” Aziraphale huffed. The blush rising up his neck betrayed his scandalized tone.

Crowley grinned over at his counterpart. “I don’t know, Crowley, do you think this is Aziraphale’s fault?”

“Almost certainly.” The other replied cheerily.

Notes

Shoutout to socks for running the "iwouldfuckaziraphale" and "iwouldfuckajcrowley" blogs, an endless source of joy and amusement in my life.

See the end of the work for more notes.

Listen to this.
Crowley entered the bookshop whistling to himself. He had gotten tickets to a show Aziraphale had been talking about, and was more than confident that his plans for the rest of the evening would involve sitting with the angel in a darkened theater, then drinks, and then, hopefully, something more than drinks. Something much more than drinks.

Or at least, he was confident until he heard the low mutter of Aziraphale’s voice coming from the back room, a sharp instruction to stay put and not make a sound. Crowley found himself reeling as though he’d been slapped. The angel’s anxious appearance as he strode across the main room and pressed a kiss to Crowley’s cheek did nothing to ameliorate the feeling.

“Care to tell me who you’ve got back there?” Crowley said before Aziraphale could speak, and Aziraphale looked mortified.

“It’s… it’s complicated, my dear, I don’t know how to—”

“Never thought, after everything we’ve been through together, that you’d go behind my back like this. If there’s somebody else, you can just tell me.” Crowley said, trying to keep his tone light. He was a demon, after all. It was in his nature to be possessive, yes, but it was also in his nature to understand the nuances of sexuality and romance, and he rather prided himself on his very long and all-encompassing knowledge on the subject. Monogamy wasn’t for everyone, and just because he’d always sort of assumed it was for Aziraphale didn’t mean he couldn’t adjust his expectations now. He just wished he’d had a heads-up. He thought they trusted each other more than this, that was all.

“It’s not like that.” Aziraphale said hastily, moving to block Crowley’s view as he craned his neck to try and look into the back room.

This struck a nerve. “Oh, it isn’t?” Crowley gave him a sharp look, and, before Aziraphale could stop him, he’d darted across the room and stuck his head round the doorframe.

And blinked in shock.

There was somebody in the back room, alright, sitting at the threadbare sofa in the corner, nursing a mug of tea and looking uneasy. It was him. Wearing very different clothes and a bad dye job and, oddly, slightly shorter, but definitely, definitely him.

Aziraphale joined him in the doorway and Crowley turned to him with an incredulous expression.

“Did you wish on a falling star, or something?”

The angel just stared at him. Crowley’s grin widened.

“Oh, come on, Aziraphale. What, one of me doesn’t cause you enough trouble? You wanted two?”

“Stop lurking in the doorway like that, I can hear you.” The other Crowley snapped, and Crowley’s gaze darted back to him for a moment. Aziraphale shrugged helplessly, and Crowley burst out laughing. He strode over to the sofa and sat down beside his counterpart, who gave him what was the least subtle once-over Crowley had ever seen. But then, he knew what he looked like when he did that. Of course it wouldn’t have been subtle to him.

“So.” Said his counterpart, glancing up at Aziraphale. He was still hovering by the doorframe, irritation and embarrassment battling it out on his face. Right now embarrassment seemed to be winning.

“So.” Crowley echoed, also looking at Aziraphale.
“You think this is my fault?” Aziraphale huffed. The blush rising up his neck betrayed his scandalized tone.

Crowley grinned over his counterpart. “I don’t know, Crowley, do you think this is Aziraphale’s fault?”

“Almost certainly.” The other replied cheerily. “I don’t know how I wound up here with the two of you instead of with my Aziraphale, but I know you, angel. This is something out of one of those old genre books you’re so secretly fond of.”

“Science fiction.” Crowley agreed. Aziraphale huffed again.

“I assure you, I have no idea how this happened.”

Crowley shrugged and glanced sideways at the other Crowley, who was watching Aziraphale with an oddly predatory smirk. Gosh, was that how he looked at Aziraphale? It suited his face, actually. “It hardly matters now though, does it? I mean, here I am.” The other Crowley spread his arms wide, and Crowley’s eyes were drawn inexplicably downwards to the tight jeans he was wearing.

Okay, this was weird.

Aziraphale made a little noise in his throat, and Crowley made up his mind about something. He shifted on the couch, closer to his counterpart, who raised his eyebrows.

“Glad to see we’ve reached the same conclusion.” He murmured, eyes roving over Crowley’s face. He plucked Crowley’s sunglasses from where Crowley had pushed them up his forehead and dropped them on the table before running a hand through his hair. Crowley heard Aziraphale draw in a breath. “This isn’t something I’d have ever considered, but now we’re here…” His voice was a little bit hoarse.

“Might as well.” Crowley responded, swallowing heavily as the other Crowley’s hand landed on the back of his neck. He felt goosebumps shoot up his arm and his pulse spike. Part of him felt he ought to be a little ashamed, reacting to his own body like this, but it was drowned out by the part of him that was totally, completely conscious of the angel hovering closer to them with each passing second.

When Crowley leaned forward and kissed his counterpart he tightened his grip on the back of his neck, pulling him closer, and Crowley felt him shiver. He shifted his hips, all but climbing on top of the other, sliding into his lap, and his counterpart moaned into his mouth.

Crowley knew what he liked. He knew what Aziraphale liked. He knew what Aziraphale liked to do to him, and what he liked Aziraphale to do to him. He did not know what another version of himself would want, if it was just the two of them, but he felt reasonably sure that if it was just the two of them this wouldn’t be happening at all. Because other Crowley was right, this was something Aziraphale would have thought up, not him. So why not put on a bit of a show?

Crowley’s hands slid down over his counterpart’s hips, under the edge of that terrible v-neck, stroking his sides in just the way he knew would make him squirm. He leaned down and pressed an open-mouthed kiss to his collarbone, up his neck, his jaw, felt his hand fist in hair and a slight whimper in his ear. He also heard Aziraphale’s let out a little moan behind him.

“Come sit down, angel.” The other Crowley panted as Crowley rolled his hips, and he felt the sofa cushions shift as Aziraphale complied.

“My dear boy…” Aziraphale whispered, and the other Crowley let out a breathless laugh. He moved beneath Crowley, and for a moment he thought he was being pushed off, but he landed in
“Hello, angel.” Crowley said with a grin, and Aziraphale smiled back, hesitant, before Crowley kissed him.

“How do you want to do this?” The other Crowley asked a moment later, and Crowley looked at him to find he’d slid up against Aziraphale as well, mouth still puffy and red from Crowley’s kiss, eyeing both him and Aziraphale with evident lust.

“I think that’s up to Aziraphale, don’t you?” Crowley said, smirking at the angel, who flushed again. Crowley could feel his cock pressed against his leg, and he shifted just enough to nudge at it. “Tell me, angel. What have you imagined when you’ve thought about this?”

“I haven’t—”

“Oh, drop it.” The other Crowley said, low in his throat. He slid his hand up Aziraphale’s thigh, teasing at the band of his pants. “We know you better than anyone, you really expect to get away with lying?” His hand dipped down below the waistband and Crowley shifted over in Aziraphale’s lap to give the other Crowley better access. “Sssssss. When you fantasize about thisssssss…”

Aziraphale gasped and Crowley took the opportunity to begin unbuttoning the top of his shirt. “Do you imagine us fucking you? You, on your hands and knees, being filled from both ends? Do you want us to usssssssse you, angel?”

“Oh, drop it.” The other Crowley said, low in his throat. He slid his hand up Aziraphale’s thigh, teasing at the band of his pants. “We know you better than anyone, you really expect to get away with lying?” His hand dipped down below the waistband and Crowley shifted over in Aziraphale’s lap to give the other Crowley better access. “Sssssssso. When you fantasize about thisssssss…”

“Or do you want us both at your mercy?” His counterpart said as he shifted closer again, enough so that he could work Crowley’s tie loose. “Tied up, aching for you?” His tongue flicked out and brushed along Crowley’s pulse, making him gasp.

“I want—” Aziraphale started, and Crowley cut him off with another kiss. Overstimulation. If Crowley knew Aziraphale, what he wanted from this fantasy, this other version of him he’d somehow willed into their reality, was to be lavished with attention.

Crowley vanished Aziraphale’s pants and his with a thought, and glanced over in time to see his counterpart’s hand on the angel’s cock, maneuvering him into place. Crowley sank onto him and Aziraphale gasped. The sound turned into a moan as the other Crowley slid them around and thrust up into him, his cock in Aziraphale’s ass making Aziraphale’s cock twitch inside Crowley deliciously.

“Yes.” Crowley asked, locking eyes with his counterpart over Aziraphale’s shoulder as he rode him.

Aziraphale clutched at Crowley, pulling him close, his nails digging perfect little crescent moons into Crowley’s back. “Oh, Crowley, oh, oh, oh…” he was saying, his eyes squeezed shut. “Yes.”

The other Crowley kissed up along his shoulder, his neck, fucking up into him with slow, easy strokes so as not to dislodge Crowley from his perch atop the angel.

“Oh, don’t stop.” Aziraphale all but sobbed, and Crowley leaned to kiss him, to whisper against his lips.

“Never.”

It was an incredible thing, to watch Aziraphale fall nearly to pieces, from having the other Crowley’s cock up his ass and Crowley in his lap at the same time. Never in a million years would Crowley have thought of something like this, but he was delighted it was happening now, and the feeling,
going off his counterpart’s grin, his shaky breaths, the occasional small sigh he let out, was shared by everyone present.

“Aziraphale,” the other Crowley moaned against the shell of the angel’s ear, “I’m going to come.”

Crowley was very close himself, Aziraphale’s cock dragging inside him, and he slammed himself down with more force now, taking him deeper, feeling Aziraphale shudder, so close, so close…

“Crowley, oh, dear Crowley.” Aziraphale sighed, and Crowley felt him spill inside him as he came himself, and a moment later his counterpart had let out a little cry and buried his face in Aziraphale’s shoulder.

They stayed there together, breathing, Crowley’s hand reaching out to brush the other Crowley’s hair out of his eyes as he pressed a kiss to Aziraphale’s jaw.

“That was… that was weird.” Crowley said, and his counterpart laughed.

“You liked it.”

“Yeah.” Crowley grinned. He leaned back enough to get a good look at Aziraphale. “You, angel?”

“You’ll be the death of me, you dear thing.” He said, tone very fond.

“Suppose we ought to shower or at the very least get dressed. I forgot to mention, I have box seats for the opera.” Crowley murmured. Aziraphale nodded. Crowley extricated himself from Aziraphale and watched his counterpart do the same, looking very pleased with himself. Almost smug. Crowley wondered if he always looked like that after a good fuck.

“I should get going, I suppose. Try to figure out how to get back to…” The other Crowley waved his hand as he scooted down the sofa and started pulling his clothes back on.

“Do you have any idea how?” Aziraphale said sympathetically.

“Nope. I’m sort of hoping I’ll walk out of the shop, turn around, and walk back into the correct one, with the correct version of Aziraphale.” He frowned. “Not that there’s anything wrong with this one.” He patted Aziraphale’s hip appreciatively.

“Thank you.” Aziraphale said, very drily.

“My pleasure.”

“If it turns out you can’t get back, I’m sure you’re welcome to stay with us.” Crowley said, raising his eyebrows as his counterpart rose from the sofa.

“Thanks.” He said, just as drily as Aziraphale had done. “Somehow I don’t think it would really work out long-term.”

Crowley nodded. He watched him walk out of the back room, listened for the bell tinkling above the door. He turned back to Aziraphale.

“Now. Angel.” He started, pressing a short kiss to Aziraphale’s lips. “Shower?”
I did not edit this because it's like 5am. I am A Fool for staying up this late. Was it worth it? Yes. Will I ever learn? Unlikely.

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