Soft

by soongtypeprincess

Summary

Aziraphale remembers something that Gabriel once told him, and Crowley really isn't having it.

Notes

Writing this was good for me because last week I was feeling like crap with my own weight issues. I think Aziraphale is starting to make me feel better about all that (and a little bit of Michael Sheen, tbh <3).

I don't own these characters.

Crowley knew there was something wrong.

He noticed it that morning when he awoke and came into the kitchen to find Aziraphale pouring coffee from the old percolator.

Crowley greeted his husband like he normally did, approaching him and wrapping his arms around his torso. He squeezed him as he kissed the nape of his neck.
“Morning, my angel,” he mumbled against his skin.

Aziraphale took one of his arms and moved it away as he turned to him.

“Good morning, dear,” he muttered as he handed Crowley his coffee.

He gave him a half-hearted peck on the cheek and stepped away to the breakfast table.

Crowley noticed that the ranges on the cooker were empty. No saucepans for gravy or beans, no pans for scones, nor one for the eggs and sausage.

“You didn’t just get up, did you?” he asked him.

“No, dear,” he replied, “I’ve been up for quite a while.”

Aziraphale had always been an early riser and it was because of this that he had become accustomed to cooking breakfast in the morning. Crowley had gotten used to it, as well, and he was confused as to why there was a bowl of shredded wheat in front of his husband.

“That your breakfast, then?” he asked him as he sat across from him.

Aziraphale nodded as he munched a spoonful of dry wheat. He grimaced as he swallowed it.

“Cereals are customary breakfast foods, love.”

“So are eggs and bacon.”

“If you would like those things, then by all means. But...I would like to eat cereal this morning.”

“But do you really?”

Aziraphale looked at him before taking another bite. “What’s that supposed to mean?”

“You don’t normally eat cereal,” Crowley pointed out. “The only reason we have it in the house is to feed the ducks in the park.”

“Call me a duck, then,” Aziraphale grumbled, poking more at his giant wheat biscuit with his spoon.

“Angel, are you okay?”

He watched his husband pause in his poking. Aziraphale sipped his coffee and resumed turning his wheat into mush.

“Can’t I have cereal for breakfast every now and then?” he asked, his voice becoming terse.

“No one’s stopping you,” Crowley said. “It’s just odd. I normally wake up to the smell of bacon but instead I wake up to a cup of coffee and a half-arsed kiss.”

Aziraphale put down his spoon and frowned at him. “If you would like for me to cook breakfast for you, then the least you could do is ask nicely. I do not have to answer for how I’m eating!”

Crowley set down his mug and sighed. “What’s wrong, love?”

“Nothing!”

But there was something. Crowley noticed the sudden strain in his voice and how quick he was to clear his throat.
Aziraphale sniffed and took a big bite of wheat before standing from the table, taking the bowl and setting it in the sink.

Crowley remained seated and listened as Aziraphale stood behind him.

Another sniff and his husband turned to the cooker. “I’ll fry up a couple of eggs for you.”

“Forget it, angel,” he said.

“No, no. I get up early enough; I should have breakfast ready.”

“That’s wasn’t in our vows, you know,” Crowley said, smiling and looking up at him to see if his quip had the same effect.

It didn’t. In fact, Aziraphale looked to be holding back tears.

Crowley stood and approached him. “Angel, what’s the matter?”

His angel didn’t look at him, however. Instead, his chin quivered and he took a deep breath.

“I’m...I’m fine,” he said, his voice taut.

“Look at me, please.”

“No.”

Crowley cupped Aziraphale’s face and felt a tear run down his cheek and onto his thumb.

“Darling, talk to me.”

Aziraphale’s breath hitched and he put his arms around him as he leaned into him.

He rested his head on Crowley’s shoulder and wept.

“Angel, what is this? Why are you crying?”

“I don’t know!”

He rubbed Aziraphale’s back and kissed his cheek. “Look, I didn’t mean to start a row. I was only wondering—”

“It’s not that, dear. I’m just…"

“Come on, angel. You can tell me anything.”

Aziraphale sighed again and rested his hands on Crowley’s hips.

“I’m soft…” he whispered into his neck.

Crowley stroked his hair. “What?”

“I said I’m soft.”

“Well...yeah, I guess.” He squeezed him tighter. “You’re an angel, my love.”

“No, I’m soft!”
“Angel, what are---?”

“I’m round!” he whined against him. “Portly, husky, plump, chubby!”

Crowley’s eyes widened. “Angel, what in the heavens are you---”

“I’m fat!”

“Um…”

“Look at me!” He stepped back and held out his arms. “I’ve had this body for 6000 years and look what I’ve done to it!”

Crowley lowered his eyes and did indeed look.

He shrugged. “Okay. What have you done to it?”

“I just told you!”

“You look the same as ever, darling.”

“You mean… I’ve always looked like this?”

Crowley gave him a curious look. “How else are you supposed to look?”

“You’re not helping!”

“I can’t help if I don’t know what’s wrong!”

“I just told you!”

Crowley took a deep breath and rubbed Aziraphale’s arms. “Okay… okay, calm down.”

Aziraphale leaned against the counter and crossed his arms. “I’m sorry.”

“What’s going on, angel? What’s got you so upset?”

He shook his head. “You’ll think I’m being ridiculous.”

“Try me.”

He licked his lips and cleared his throat. Well… before Armageddon—well, almost-Armaggedon—”

“Armagge didn’t?”

Aziraphale rolled his eyes and smirked. “If you must, dear. Anyway, I saw Gabriel in the park and he told me to prepare to fight and that I needed to… ‘lose the gut.’”

Crowley frowned. “He said that to you?”

“Yes, he did.”

“Lose the gut? Well, that can’t be right.”

Aziraphale looked up at him. “What do you mean?”

“I mean, he’s talking as if he’s got the body of Atlas and he tells you to lose the gut?”
This made Aziraphale giggle and he wiped his eyes. “I told you it was ridiculous.”

“Damn right, it was. And rude.”

“I saw myself in the full length mirror last night, after you fell asleep, and his words popped into my head.”

“What ever for?”

“I don’t know, they just did. I’ve been thinking about it since.”

“That was what kept you awake? Angel, that was so long ago. And anyway, forget him. You never have to see that bastard ever again.”

“So, you...you don’t think I’m...soft?”

“Yes, I do.”

“Oh, Crowley!” he whined and covered his eyes.

Crowley couldn’t help but laugh. “Darling, why are you in such a state? You’ve never given this much of a shit about the way you look. Well, I mean, when it comes to your shape. You always fuss over your clothes. And mine.”

Aziraphale gave him a small smile.

“So what if you have a little extra around the middle?” he continued. “That doesn’t change who you are.”

“Sometimes I wish I hadn’t picked up the habit of eating.”

“Oh, well now that is also ridiculous. You know what that would mean, eh? No more deviled eggs. No scones, trifles, custards. No full Englishes, no angel cake, and definitely no sushi.”

Aziraphale sighed. “I suppose.”

“Only bowls of questionable cereal that looks like wet carpet fiber.”

This made him laugh, and Crowley smiled.

“Angel, you’ve been on this earth for 6000 years. You’ve experienced foods cooked by long-dead world class chefs, vintage wines, exotic fruits. You almost got your head cut off because you preferred real Parisian crepes!”

“You’ll never let me hear the end of that, will you?”

“And you got drunk with Julia Child whilst eating her famous roast chicken! Who else can say that?”

“Still jealous, I see?” Aziraphale said, with a smug grin.

“Till the earth stops spinning, yes I am! And I know you two were talking about me.”

“The entire night, my dear.”

Aziraphale wiped his cheeks with the sleeve of his dressing gown and sighed.

“I’m sorry,” he said again.
“Stop it. Don’t be sorry,” Crowley told him. “What did you say to me just five minutes ago? You do not have to answer for how you eat. Least of all, to someone like me.”

Aziraphale lips parted as his eyes burned with new tears.

“And look,” Crowley added, caressing his chin. “If you really want to lose weight, then do it because you want to. Not just because you don’t fit someone else’s standards.”

“Oh, my darling,” Aziraphale pulled him closer and gave him a deep, loving kiss as another tear rolled down his cheek.

When he pulled away, Crowley smiled again. “Now, that’s the kiss that gets me out of bed. And sometimes back into it.”

Aziraphale giggled. “You old charmer.”

Crowley wiped away his tears.

“You know what would make you feel better?” he asked.

“Hm?”

“A real breakfast. Would you like that?”

“Oh, goodness, yes! I’m bloody starving.”

“A full fucking English, then! Eggs, bacon, beans on toast, mushrooms, kippers. I’ll even make crepes.”

“Crepes with a full English?”

“Why not? We can have some with chocolate syrup, powdered sugar, strawberries, and extra whipped cream. You know what that crepe’s called?”

Aziraphale raised an amused eyebrow. “No, dear, what is that particular crepe called?”

“It’s called a ‘Mind Your Own Fucking Business Gabriel crepe!’”

“Crowley!” Aziraphale tried to resist but soon his cheeks were red from smiling. “You’re horrible.”

“And you’re beautiful.”

“Oh, please.” His face grew redder.

“I can’t believe I married the most gorgeous angel in all of Heaven.”

“And don’t you dare forget it,” Aziraphale retorted.

Crowley pressed his lips hard against his cheek as he squeezed him in his arms. “I fucking love you, you know?” he whispered.

“I know, my darling.” He gave him another kiss. “By the way, do we have any black pudding?”

Crowley snapped his fingers. “We do now.”
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