Pleasures of the Flesh
by arcadian_asgardian

Summary

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Notes
See the end of the work for notes

“I’d like to try sex,” said Aziraphale suddenly during a quiet, golden afternoon in the flat above the bookshop, causing Crowley to immediately inhale a considerable amount of the wine he’d been drinking. Aziraphale perched on the back of the sofa and waited politely while he finished choking for a reply.

“Y—you, you want to have sex?” Crowley finally sputtered. His face contorted briefly as he attempted to get the taste of 1921 Châteauneuf-du-Pape out of the back of his nostrils.

“The humans seem to enjoy it,” Aziraphale replied casually, though he picked at the neat edges of his nails. Crowley stared at him. “It might be fun.”

Crowley supposed he couldn’t argue with that. He’d never given much thought to the pleasures of the flesh, but his understanding of the whole business was that the participants generally had a good time. Otherwise, why would people be so keen on it? And he had to admit, he had felt a flicker of curiosity, on occasion, in so many years living among the humans. But as he’d never been in a -well, a relationship, those idle thoughts had been quickly dismissed. One thing that demons and
angels shared in common was a general disinterest in that sort of thing, unless they really made an effort. And he’d never had anyone worth making an effort for.

“Um…yeah. Yeah, we - we could try.”

“You’re sure? I-I don’t want force you to-”

“No,” Crowley interrupted, and laughed. He straightened his tie and made a concerted effort to regain some composure. “Angel, it’s ok. I’m on board. Kind of the last thing I’d ever expected to hear you say, but there you go.”

Aziraphale looked put out. “Why so?”


“It’s a holy act!” Aziraphale scrunched his nose up in indignation.

“Not the way some of the humans do it.”

“Hmph.”

Crowley looked up at him. Underneath the faux-grumpy expression he could sense the angel’s nervousness. But also, there was a certain flash of eagerness in his eyes. He loved those eyes, loved making them twinkle with joy. He especially loved the way they twinkled when they looked back at him. Like stars. Blessed stars. He’d do anything to make them shine.

“So, how do you want to-” Aziraphale swallowed “-um, proceed?”

Crowley considered a moment. Then he held out his glass of wine.

“Ah, yes. Good idea.”

Some time and several generous glasses later, when they were both feeling a little less apprehensive and a little more drunk, they had managed to make it to the bed and undress. Aziraphale had begun to remove his clothes methodically and fold them on the dresser, and Crowley had shook his head fondly, drawn him close, replaced the fingers on the buttons with his own. Aziraphale followed his lead and soon they found themselves lying on top of the sheets, with Crowley stretched out between Aziraphale’s bare legs. His skin felt like it was burning all over, becoming almost unbearably hot where it brushed up against the angel’s.

Aziraphale blinked softly up at him. His mouth was parted and Crowley could feel him breathing quickly underneath him.

“Are you sure about this?”

Aziraphale nodded. “Yes,” he said breathlessly, and with an unfamiliar look of longing in his eyes that made Crowley’s heart flutter and his cock twitch. Aziraphale wrapped his arms tightly around his neck and pulled him close, until Crowley could feel the heat radiating between them. Here we go, he thought, hardly able to believe this was actually happening. He entered him slowly.

Aziraphale’s eyes widened immediately and he instinctively clung harder to Crowley’s neck as he pushed in all the way. Crowley couldn’t hold back a low groan. Fuck. This felt even better than he’d
thought. He sunk against Aziraphale’s chest, overwhelmed by the feeling. His heart was pounding and where their skin touched he could feel the angel’s doing likewise. They both paused a moment to adjust to the new sensation.

“…you good?” Crowley asked through ragged breaths. Aziraphale nodded again beneath him. His cheeks were flushed rose red but the corners of his mouth were twitching with excitement. As Aziraphale drew him into a deep kiss, Crowley made a first experimental thrust. Aziraphale’s body jerked in response and he bit down on Crowley’s lip. Crowley paused a moment, worried he’d pushed too far, but Aziraphale only responded by kissing him harder and pressing his hips closer to Crowley’s. Wow, he really did want this. Encouraged, Crowley began to set a slow but steady rhythm, rolling his body in undulating waves. He didn’t really know exactly what he should be doing, but it felt pretty damn good, and judging by Aziraphale’s rapt expression and the little noises he had started to make, it was working.

Their lips pulled apart and Crowley bent closer over Aziraphale, burrowing up against his neck as he rocked repeatedly against him. Aziraphale’s breath was hot and laboured at Crowley’s ear and hitched every time he thrust. His hands roamed needily over Crowley’s body, up and down his back, grasping his hips, and raking through his hair again and again. Oh God, Crowley loved it when he did that. He increased his pace, moaning hoarsely, his eyes screwed tight with pleasure. His hand slipped down to caress Aziraphale’s thigh and then gently lifted his leg and hooked it around his waist, the new angle letting him press himself deeper.

“Oh!” Aziraphale gasped aloud. His nails dug into Crowley’s skin. Crowley thought he was probably close. He surely couldn’t take much more himself. Pleasure like he’d never felt before was building between his legs and on instinct he moved faster, chasing the feeling. “Crowley—” Aziraphale moaned his name shakily. A jolt of pleasure raced down Crowley’s spine in response. “Oh, angel…” he whispered through gritted teeth. He braced a hand against the headboard and thrust harder, deeper, determined to drive his angel over the brink. Aziraphale threw his head back and clutched at him as he cried out in ecstasy and came, eyes wide. The feeling of Aziraphale clenching around him was too much for Crowley to handle, and with a few final snaps of his hips and some mumbled swearwords, he arched his back and finished inside him with a shuddering groan, gripping the sheets tightly in his fist and then collapsing against his chest.

They lay entwined together for several long moments, the sound of both of them panting filling the silent air. After a while, Crowley shakily pulled out and slid himself sideways to lie close against Aziraphale’s side, nestled in the crook of his arm and with one leg still hooked possessively over his.

“Well,” Aziraphale laughed breathlessly. “I can see why the humans enjoy that.”

“Mngh.” Crowley was too overcome to give a coherent reply. Aziraphale smiled brightly at him and planted a delicate kiss on his forehead.

“You were wonderful, dear.”

Crowley couldn’t help but smirk at that. “You weren’t so bad yourself.”

That sickeningly-adorable look of smugness flashed briefly across Aziraphale’s face. He wiggled back against the pillows and let out a satisfied sigh.

“Yes, I think…we could maybe do that again sometime.”

Crowley laughed and shuffled closer, squeezing him tightly. He was so warm between his arms. Soft and warm and his. His angel, completely.
They lay together in the bed until the sun had dipped to near the horizon, the sky turning gradually more violet with white flecks of the earliest stars. Outside the murmur of the city continued but around them the air was still and warm like a cocoon. Eventually, Crowley drifted off, cradled up against Aziraphale’s side and with a slight, peaceful smile on his face. Aziraphale watched him for a while, fiddling absently with his ginger hair, then sighed contentedly once more, and reached for a nearby book.

End Notes

This is my first romantic fic and first sex scene I've ever written, so please be kind :) Comments welcome!

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