Appetite

by spunknbite

Summary

Aziraphale glances down at the macaron in Crowley’s hand - two blush pink biscuits sandwich a layer of swirled white buttercream containing red-pink specks that Aziraphale takes to be pomegranate arils. Crowley places the macaron against Aziraphale’s lips with more reverence than the angel had thought him capable. “It’s alright, angel. Just take a bite.”

“Is that what you told Eve?”

“Something like it. It worked, didn’t it?”

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Angels are sexless, naturally. Their wants and needs are divinely prescribed, sanctioned by the highest authority; they require little more than God’s grace, the all-encompassing warmth and light of Paradise, the symphony of the blessed chorus, and, on occasion, the ethereal show tunes of Rodgers and Hammerstein. The debased, earthly trifles that so enrapture the humans are counterfeit to the very nature and purpose of celestial beings. Without the desire for sex, there is no lust, just as without the desire for food, there is no gluttony.

Aziraphale knows this, has always known this, but he still dips his nigiri into the wasabi-soy sauce mixture next to his plate, all the while contemplating whether he should miracle his way into a reservation at the new Blumenthal restaurant the following evening.
Earthly delights are very, well, *delightful*, and there’s no harm in partaking in the savoury and the sweet, he reasons. Aziraphale glances at the itamae behind the sushi bar, carefully slicing hamachi with the practiced hand of a seasoned chef. The man has a wife, Aziraphale can divinely see, and a daughter about to start school, not to mention the mortgage to worry about, and an ailing father overseas. Aziraphale’s patronage is an act of kindness, he decides, a blessing to this man and his family, to all those who rely on this establishment for their livelihoods, for that matter. It’s suitably angelic that he supports local businesses, and he wonders whether he should suggest to Gabriel that the next quarterly meeting be moved to such an eatery to help promote the culinary accomplishments of humanity. It certainly would improve the tediousness of the quarterly reports at any rate.

Indeed, Aziraphale surmises with satisfaction, his philanthropic efforts in the London food scene are very much akin to the artistic patronages of centuries prior, and those resulted in the beatific works of the Renaissance masters; such gifts enjoyed by all of humanity came from generous, pious donors, and perhaps this is what he is helping inspire - a modern culinary Renaissance in the heart of London. Yes, it is all above board, no trace of gluttony or human failing here; he serves his divine purpose by generously bestowing his heavenly presence and wallet on the restaurants of the city, and that is starkly different than the inherent selfishness of lesser human indulgences. He finishes his nigiri and considers his other dishes.

He’ll try the Blumenthal place tomorrow, Aziraphale decides.

“You have sake, yeah? Not that cheap Kurosawa swill. Something drinkable.” Crowley’s voice cuts the relative quiet of the dining room. He swaggers in as if from nowhere, and collapses lopsidedly into the seat beside Aziraphale.

“I didn’t think you enjoyed Japanese. Unagi?” Aziraphale offers his nearest plate, smiling.

“I don’t know what that is.”

“It’s freshwater eel. They serve it with cucumbers and - ”

“Hard pass.”

“Too similar to snake, my dear?”

Crowley’s voice raises an octave, and he tilts his head foppishly. “Too similar to snake, my dear?” He waves down a member of the wait staff, voice returning to normal again, “Sake, yeah? Before the rice decides to sprout would be appreciated.”

“Any particular reason for your mood this evening?” Aziraphale slides a half-eaten dish of salmon sashimi in Crowley’s direction.

“Hellish work presentation. Well, more hellish than usual. Explaining why Article 13 serves the Satanic cause to a room full of demons who still don’t grasp what the internet is, let alone its copyright laws - it was exhausting, really.”

“You’re responsible for that nonsense?”

“Oh please, angel, when was the last time you so much as googled something? Is this salmon?”

“Yes, it’s very fresh. And I’ll have you know I read the occasional restaurant review; not all the papers publish them in the print editions now. And I enjoy a cooking tutorial every now and - ”

“So you won’t be affected then,” Crowley says, smelling the salmon suspiciously. “Too fishy.”
“Well, it is fish. I’d be concerned if it didn’t seem a little fishy. The Sunday Times had a very thorough review of the whole Article 13 situation a few weekends ago, and I for one - ”

“What circle of hell is this that there’s still no sake?” A passing member of the wait staff jumps at Crowley’s outburst and rushes away, and not towards the bar, Crowley observes with a frown. “Have I been discorporated? Am I invisible? Did you purposefully pick the most unfriendly sushi joint in all London?”

“I have a bottle of Niizawa Zankyo at the bookshop.” Aziraphale pops the last spicy tuna roll into his mouth, and mourns that he didn’t get a chance to sample the mochi. Next time.

“No, if we’re leaving I need something stronger - something to get the taste of brimstone out of my throat. It’s like the air down there is getting worse somehow. Do you think they’d notice if I had a HEPA filter installed?”

“Scotch then? I have a 1926 Macallan.”

“Yes, that will do nicely.”

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“What I don’t understand is how you can eat like you do, but you’ve still never fucked anyone?”

Aziraphale splutters, spilling his sixth glass of scotch “I fail to see how those are remotely related.”

At the back of the dim bookshop, Crowley is draped across an antique Victorian settee, legs crossed over the armrest, feet tapping in time to the Schubert playing on the nearby gramophone. Aziraphale sits at his desk chair, back even straighter than usual after Crowley’s comment.

Crowley clumsily snaps at the puddle of scotch, Summoning it off the carpet and back into Aziraphale’s glass. “It’s like this,” he slurs a little, “You don’t need to eat. You don’t need to drink, either;” he waves his own nearly empty glass in the air, “But here you are, drunk, and full of the smelly fish you like so much. And you’re angling with your head office for a trip to perform some miracle in Chicago - ”

“Philadelphia.”

“ - so you can try some new frou-frou restaurant there.” Crowley downs the last of his scotch and motions to Aziraphale to pass him the bottle sitting on his desk. “Sex is the same. You might not need it, angel, but it’s fucking fantastic.”

“And you’re speaking from great experience, I imagine.” Aziraphale sips his scotch. “This tastes of carpet.”

Crowley cocks an eyebrow and smirks. “I’m just saying, it’s a bit of a double standard. Don’t you think?”

“This is a wholly,” Aziraphale hiccups, “inappropriate conversation. Angels are above such human indulgences.”

“You sure indulged at that Italian place we went to last summer - ”
“It’s important to keep abreast of human culture - ”

“ - and you practically bought out all the baklava in that sweet shop we stopped into in Leeds a while back.”

“ - and keep up appearances.”

“Is that a box of macarons on your desk?”

“Supporting a local patisserie is hardly a sin; they’re getting put out of business by the Aldi that went in last year. I blessed the shop assistant.” A violent hiccup, “She was so friendly.”

“I’m not saying it’s a sin. That’s my point, you dolt; you’re an angel, not a human. Sins don’t apply to you like they do humans.”

“Quips the fallen angel,” Aziraphale observes, and Crowley barks out a laugh. “My superiors would likely disagree with your theological musings. Remember, I’m here in part to set an example.” Aziraphale eyes the last of the bottle of scotch in Crowley’s hand, and then passes him his glass for a top up. “This line of conversation is beneath me, Crowley. It may not be beneath a demon, but remember the company you keep. They’ll be no more talk of - ” Aziraphale pauses and then lowers his voice conspiratorially as he takes his now full glass from Crowley, “fornication.”

“Form-fucking-cation!” Crowley yells, arms up, and he nearly falls from the sofa.

“Shhhh, there’s no need for that.” Aziraphale takes a deep drink, and Crowley wonders whether the flush on Aziraphale’s porcelain skin is due to the alcohol or the conversation. Likely both.

“All right, alright,” Crowley settles back in his settee and puts his feet up on Aziraphale’s desk, stretching languidly out. “So you think you can be cast down for lust, but you’re not worried about gluttony?”

“I’ve told you, it’s not gluttonous. I’m patronizing many establishments; it’s holy work.”

“Angel, you’re third circle material if I’ve ever seen it.”

Crowley regrets his words immediately. Aziraphale’s expressive eyes shift downward, thick eyelashes touch his cheeks as his face falls, and he slouches down on his chair. “That was cruel,” he whispers, placing his drink back on the desk.

“I’m sorry. I’m drunk. That’s not an excuse. I shouldn’t have said that, drunk or not. But if it counts, I’m really, really drunk.” Crowley sits up, swaying a touch, and leans closer to Aziraphale. “It’s not true in any regard. You’re as annoyingly righteous an angel as any you-know-who ever created. More so actually; your coworkers don’t seem to give much of a shit about the people down here unless they’re actively involved in The Great Plan. You’re kind to everyone.” Crowley’s voice softens, and he discards his drink. “Definitely not hell material, in any circle.” Aziraphale still won’t look at him. “Oh, come on, angel. Don’t be like that.”

“I’m doing my best to live up to Her standards.” His voice is quiet, somber in a way Crowley doesn’t often hear it.

“It’s enough.” Crowley removes his glasses and finally catches Aziraphale’s eyes. “You’re enough.”

“Good food makes me happy.”

“Then you should have as much as you want. You’re not a sinner for taking pleasure in something.
That was all I was trying to get at before. If you were going to be cast down, you would have been the second you gave away that flaming sword.” Crowley reaches across Aziraphale and grabs the small white box of macarons. An untied blue ribbon is draped neatly across the top, which Crowley fumbles with before removing the lid and sliding out the inner container. Only two biscuits are missing, leaving several brightly coloured, circular sweets sitting pristinely in parallel tubes. He plucks a pink one from the box and offers it to Aziraphale. “Dessert? We never had any at the restaurant. I shouldn’t have rushed you out. Make up for it now?”

Aziraphale glances down at the macaron in Crowley’s hand - two blush pink biscuits sandwich a layer of swirled white buttercream containing red-pink specks that Aziraphale takes to be pomegranate arils. Crowley places the macaron against Aziraphale’s lips with more reverence than the angel had thought him capable. “It’s alright, angel. Just take a bite.”

“Is that what you told Eve?”

“Something like it. It worked, didn’t it?”

“Yes, and look where that’s gotten the world.”

“You’re a little morose when you drink, you know that?” Crowley’s thumb slips from its grip on the macaron, and he brushes Aziraphale’s lower lip before steadying his hand. “I doubt there’d be macarons in Eden if it still existed.” No answer.

Aziraphale feels tingling up and down his body in a way that he can’t quite pinpoint. It’s something akin to the sensation of cracking the thin sugar shell of a creme brûlée and dipping a delicate spoon past the fine shards into the creamy custard beneath. His heart beats at a tempo he’s unaccustomed to. He can feel Crowley’s thumb on his lip, the macaron resting enticingly close. It smells tart-sweet; the mildly citrus-like scent of pomegranate mixing with the rich sweetness of the vanilla buttercream. And he can smell Crowley too, not the brimstone and sulphur scents the demon complains of when he visits hell, but something else altogether, distinctive to this demon alone - like a campfire on a damp day - ashes, wood, and smoke.

“I just want to make you happy.” Crowley’s voice is uncharacteristically sincere.

“You really are drunk.”

“Yeah. Still true, though.”

And dear God, is Aziraphale drunk too. He’s vaguely aware of how close him and Crowley are; Crowley’s leaned progressively more into him, half off the settee, one hand to his lips, the other gripping the armrest of Aziraphale’s desk chair, almost pinning the angel to his spot. The rest of the bookshop, the rest of the outside world, swims around him in an unfocused blur. It’s only him and Crowley.

“Doing your best to tempt me, demon?” He intends it to be a joke, but his voice chokes part way through.

“Is it working?”

Silence.

Crowley thinks Aziraphale might be praying. His eyes are closed again, head bent slightly, brows furrowed in concentration just so.

More silence.
Then “Yes.”

Crowley presses the macaron to Aziraphale’s parted lips, and the angel bites gingerly down on the biscuit. He sighs contentedly as the crisp shell of the biscuit crumbles on his lips. The soft, almost chewy inner centre of the cookies breaks apart and practically melts on his tongue along with the sating buttercream, its richness punctuated only by tart bursts of pomegranate juice. Aziraphale moans softly, and Crowley leans in ever closer.

A small morsel of smeared buttercream remains on Aziraphale’s lower lip, and Crowley watches as Aziraphale licks it away, a crimson flush blossoming across his fair skin.

“It’s very good; you should t-t-try one.” Aziraphale is stammering a bit, the flush spreading further.

“Sweets have never been my - ” He stops himself from saying vice, “preference.”

They sit quietly together, awkwardly, unmoving aside from the palpable beats of two hearts, both aware that some intractable, unspoken line has been crossed just now. Something fundamental has shifted in their centuries-long relationship. There have been moments before that had approached intimacy of this kind - a sunset along a Venetian canal in the mid-sixteenth century, a sunrise on a low-rolling Dutch hill a few hundred years after, an opera in Vienna in the early 1800s - but Aziraphale had always pulled away before anything truly untoward happened; he always maintained some deniability upon withdrawing, leaving Crowley frustrated for several decades after each encounter.

They’ve come this far. “Have the rest?”

Aziraphale leans in and accepts the rest of the macaron from Crowley’s hand, demonic fingers grazing angelic lips for only a moment. Crowley’s unsure whether it’s the macaron or the brief contact that causes Aziraphale to mewl. He savours the treat and swallows, eyes looking nervously to Crowley, as if searching for absolution from a demon.

Crowley reaches for another macaron, and finds instead a stray dollop of buttercream on the inside of the biscuit box. Picturing how Aziraphale had licked the smeared buttercream from his lips, his pink tongue darting out in a display quite unfit for heaven, Crowley impulsively brushes it off the box with his pointer finger. Aziraphale’s eyes snap to Crowley’s yellow, dilated ones, and a flash of almost-panic crosses the angel’s face.

“Crowley? ”

He’s quieted by Crowley tenderly placing the dollop of buttercream against his parted lips. “It’s alright.”

With those simple words of empty absolution, Aziraphale’s lips part, permitting the intrusion. Crowley’s slender finger is sucked in gently to the first knuckle with a pop that Crowley could only describe as obscene. Aziraphale whimpers around the digit, and shifts tellingly in his chair as he swirls his tongue around the tip, teasing off the remaining buttercream. It’s smooth and thick, and lingers on his tongue, and Aziraphale traces Crowley’s finger for the last taste of it, sucking lightly until Crowley groans and withdraws his finger.

The demon tries to even out his breathing, calm his pulse, settle these human mechanisms that he usually has a cool hold over, but Aziraphale is flushed scarlet and openly panting, and a small speck of saliva dribbles down his lip; he looks positively debauched, and Crowley can’t calm himself with this beautiful, wanton angel so close.
Aziraphale feels scattered. It’s the alcohol and sugar, but mostly it’s Crowley. His presence is always overwhelming, always demanding Aziraphale’s attention, but now he’s absolutely consumed by him. He’s spent millennia justifying the pleasure of food and yet scorning what he’s always craved in Crowley. He’s *hungry* in an insatiable, reckless way, and his whole body aches of it. “Let me taste you.” Aziraphale’s voice is exposed, begging.

Crowley leans off the settee and closes what little distance remains. Stroking Aziraphale’s crimson cheek with his thumb, he presses their lips together. Aziraphale’s lips yield immediately, allowing Crowley’s forked tongue entry. He tastes of rich scotch, but also bitter coffee and perhaps cigarettes, and something that is decidedly otherworldly - an unnatural fire and heat. Aziraphale tentatively swipes his tongue against Crowley’s and the sensation is engulfing; he feels aflame, and he moans desperately, breaking off the kiss as he catches his breath.

“You’re quite the sight, angel,” Crowley hisses, and Aziraphale laughs nervously because he can’t find any words.

Aziraphale is pliant in his hands, overwhelmed, as Crowley sits back on the settee and pulls him forward off his desk chair and clumsily onto his lap, so that he’s straddling the demon, backside flat against Crowley’s thighs, stomachs touching. Aziraphale tries to protest when he realizes Crowley must feel *everything*, and that the heavy ache between his legs, which had blossomed first when Crowley fed him the macaron, now presses firmly against Crowley’s lower abdomen. He shifts awkwardly, trying to get just a little space between them, but Crowley pulls him closer and captures his lips again. The full contact is almost unbearable, all-consuming, and the grind of Crowley’s own arousal against Aziraphale’s nearly undoes the angel altogether.

It’s a longer kiss this time. Crowley deepens it, his forked tongue tracing the inside of Aziraphale’s mouth, flicking gently against the angel’s tongue. It’s wet and hot, and Aziraphale can only thread his fingers through Crowley’s soft auburn hair, trying to anchor himself as pleasure ripples through him. Crowley grasps Aziraphale’s backside and rolls his hips up, and Aziraphale cries out at the friction.

“I’ve never - I’ve never - never - ”

“Not even by yourself?”

He’s so very embarrassed that he isn’t even sure what’s causing the most embarrassment at this point - the foreign, almost painful throb between his legs, how Crowley must feel every shameful twinge of his body, how ridiculous he must look in this position straddling him (stomach protruding, thighs too thick to be spread wantonly like this), his utter lack of experience, or perhaps worst, the understanding that if Crowley were to end this now, he would never recover from the rejection. “I never needed to.”

“Angel,” Crowley’s voice is soft and low. *Angel* almost sounds like a pet name when he speaks like this. “It’s alright, I’ve got you. Here - ” Crowley stretches across to the desk and produces the box of macarons, “have one.” Another macaron touches Aziraphale’s lips, this one light brown in colour and topped with flecks of sea salt; a syrupy caramel sauce holds the biscuits together.

He opens his lips to Crowley’s touch and accepts the decadent treat. It’s rich yet delicate, and cut with salt that only heightens the overwhelmingly sweet caramel. It’s a sticky caramel too, one which clings to his palate after he’s swallowed, and even after Crowley has kissed him again, tongue searching his mouth for the remaining flavour.

“I’m not a fan of caramel, but it tastes good on you,” Crowley murmurs, rolling his hips up again. Aziraphale gasps, but this time he meets Crowley’s upward thrust with a downward one. “That’s it,”
Crowley breathes, “Just relax.”

They set a languid rhythm, rocking against one another as Aziraphale clutches Crowley’s shoulders and neck, face buried in his red hair. Crowley holds him close, protectively, and silently offers the rest of the caramel macaron by slipping it against his open lips, parted in a quiet refrain of sighs and sobs. Aziraphale moans, grinding down against Crowley as he enjoys the sweet and salty flavours of the macaron.

The macarons are excellent, and Crowley feeding him the macarons is sublime, but he needs more; he wants to taste all of Crowley. Millennia of repressed hunger has led to this, and he is starving. The caramel is still warm in his mouth when he leans down and catches Crowley’s neck with his tongue, sucking on an oh-so-soft spot of skin under his jaw. The demon’s reaction is a visceral, guttural groan, and he holds Aziraphale’s backside firmly in place as he thrusts hard against him. Aziraphale grazes his teeth against the tender flesh of Crowley’s neck, moving slowly downward to find a hard collar bone protruding at the collar of his v-neck. He licks the length of it, then sucks the sharp hollow underneath, kissing further down until he’s met with shirt and jacket.

Aziraphale’s hands are clumsy as he struggles with the little black buttons on Crowley’s jacket. He thinks perhaps this would be far easier if he sobered up, but he’s terrified he’ll back out if he’s thinking clearly; a sober moral compass be damned. Crowley fiddles with buttons for a second before saying, “Fuck it,” and miracling his jacket away with a snap of his fingers. Then he tosses his v-neck off and over the settee. Aziraphale returns to his collar bone, tracing and retracing the hard curve with his tongue, while his fingers shyly feel Crowley’s lean torso, so different from his own.

“You’re overdressed.” Crowley’s voice is hoarse. “And you’re wearing too many layers. It’s bloody May.” Aziraphale’s jacket is shrugged off and somehow, by either a heavenly or demonic miracle, his waistcoat joins the pile of discarded clothes without losing a single century-old button. Crowley practically rips off the bow tie. “No wonder you’ve never been laid. Getting you undressed is an entire production itself.”

They kiss again while Crowley finally removes Aziraphale’s button-down, shedding it and immediately caressing the angel’s soft back and sides, rocking their hips together in need. The angel cries out as Crowley skims his fingers over a nipple, barely squeezing. “Fuck, you’re perfect,” he murmurs in Aziraphale’s ear, kissing the lobe.

“No,” Aziraphale swallows nervously, “I’m not done with you yet. I want more of you.”
Crowley swears under his breath in a language Aziraphale doesn’t recognize and quite possibly no longer exists, and then kisses him again. Aziraphale sets the pace, exploring Crowley’s mouth, tasting the burn of both scotch and hell. With a shaky hand, Aziraphale pushes Crowley back down on the settee so he’s laid out along it like a heroine on the cover of one of those Harlequins Aziraphale’s seen in lesser bookshops. One of his knees is bent up so the angel can drape over him comfortably. The demon’s quite right, Aziraphale decides while he’s unzipping Crowley’s pants, this was much easier than buttons. The leather pants come off smoother than Aziraphale had expected, but perhaps that was a miracle of Crowley’s making.

Crowley’s vision of temptation laid out beneath him - long, lean limbs stretched out, slim torso taut with dark curls across his chest, sharp hip bones jutted provocatively just above the waistline of indecently tight black briefs, which did nothing to hide his arousal - and Aziraphale succumbs. “Going to ravish me, angel?” He’s smirking but his voice is gravel, his eyes blown completely yellow.

Aziraphale nestles himself between Crowley’s legs and kisses down his sternum, tasting. The demon seems to radiate an inner heat. Every spot of skin, every angled bone that Aziraphale mouths burns his lips just a little; not enough to cause any lasting hurt, but enough to imprint on the angel the recklessness of this act. He’s like Mexican hot chocolate - divinely sweet, but threaded with spicy bursts that leave Aziraphale’s tongue and lips burning and swollen, craving more.

Crowley’s nipples are dark and hard, and Aziraphale swipes his tongue tentatively across one, wishing to gauge his reaction. A tremor rolls over Crowley, and his fingers entwine in Aziraphale’s platinum hair, urging him onwards. Aziraphale teases the nub again, flicking the tip of his tongue back and forth across, and this time Crowley swears in English, “Fuck.” His breathing is ragged, and his hips thrust up into Aziraphale’s abdomen, searching for contact. Spurred on, Aziraphale sucks gently, twisting his tongue against the silken flesh. “Thought your lot didn’t lie,” Crowley growls. “This can’t be your first time.”

“Quick learner,” Aziraphale answers breathlessly, unable to form further coherent words for the thrumming of blood in his ears. His trousers are sorely tight, cock strained painfully against them. Every sound Crowley makes ricochets through Aziraphale’s whole body, and his pelvis spasms forward, grinding his cock into the settee.

He somehow manages to unbutton his trousers as he licks a path down Crowley’s rib cage, mouthing the slight hollows of every rib as he passes. Crowley sits and reaches down to help Aziraphale pull them off, and the angel sobs in relief as his thick cock is released from the confining Victorian trousers. His tweed boxers are quite a bit longer and looser than Crowley’s, and his cock tents them lewdly.

“Make you more comfortable.” Crowley’s fingers hook the waistband of Aziraphale’s underwear, and the angel is too overwrought to have any shame left as he’s stripped naked. Totally exposed and flushed crimson, Aziraphale clings to Crowley as the demon’s hands caress his inner thighs, edging closer to his erection. He’s dripping obscenely, the underside slick with precum.

“Now you’re overdressed,” Aziraphale manages between halting breaths, and Crowley nips his ear before making quick work of his own briefs. Crowley’s cock is long and lean like his body, coloured a deep purple, and Aziraphale cries out as Crowley takes hold of it and rubs its head against Aziraphale slick one.

It’s all too much - their nakedness, the heat of their touching skin, Crowley’s hand on the nape of his neck caressing circles into the muscles there as if he knows how much Aziraphale needs to be reassured right now, his lips breathing “Angel, angel, angel” into the shell of his ear, and the
overwhelming intimacy of Crowley’s cock brushing against his weeping slit - and Aziraphale forces himself off the settee and onto the floor between Crowley’s legs before he falls off the brink. He’s perilously close to an edge that scares him, and more than anything he wants to savour Crowley first.

“Angel, you don’t need to - ”

“I want to.”

Aziraphale presses a kiss to Crowley’s thigh as the demon reclines, his long fingers stroking the angel’s hair and continuing to rub the nape of his neck. Crowley’s scent is heady and intoxicating, a sooty, earthy musk, and when Aziraphale hesitantly sweeps his tongue across the underside of his cock, Crowley’s grip on his neck tightens. He licks up to the tip, pressing his tongue against the slit with a feather-light touch. Crowley tastes of salt, bitter and warm, and Aziraphale laps it again, seeking out the taste. He teases the flared head with his lips, feeling the uneven, so very human flesh against the softness of his mouth, before returning to the slit again, a small bead of precum forming like a dew droplet. Aziraphale kisses it away, briefly slipping the head into his mouth with a gentle suck.

Aziraphale glances up at Crowley, who’s remained quiet aside from his breathing; eyes closed, face somewhere between pain and rapture, fists locked in Aziraphale’s hair.

“Am I doing this all wrong?”

“Not possible,” Crowley hisses, head thrown back.

Crowley’s cock is pulsing as Aziraphale tentatively licks the underside of the shaft from root to tip. He mouths the head again, tonguing the ridge between the shaft and the flare, before licking back down to the root. The base of his cock is shaded by soft dark curls, and Aziraphale presses a few gentle kisses around it, and then licks back up to the head.

The weight of his cock under his tongue is ambrosial. Crowley’s so hard but still pliable, simultaneously stiff and giving in his mouth as he wetly kisses around the shaft, pausing to suck on the underside of the head again. It fits his mouth as if it were designed for it, large enough to be so satisfying in a way that Aziraphale has never experienced, but with just enough room to allow comfort. Crowley tastes briny and salty, and also somehow fiery; Aziraphale’s lips and tongue prickle as he licks the length down and experimentally flicks his tongue against a testicle, before sucking it into his mouth. Crowley moans, squeezing Aziraphale’s nape, and he growls, “Of course you’d be a tease.”

With every lick and every kiss, Aziraphale feels his own body shudder as if he’s the one being pleased. His cock, flushed a garish red, stands against his stomach, throbbing in need with every shift in weight. He’s slick with precum, and a small puddle of it is pooled on the floor between his legs, thick droplets falling with an inaudible, indecent splatter.

“Look at you,” Crowley growls, caressing the angel’s swollen bottom lip.

Aziraphale slips his tongue under the head and takes most of the length into his mouth, sliding his tongue down the shaft as he takes in increasingly more. Crowley moans, wild and wanting him, and Aziraphale bobs his head back and forth, taking more with each succession until he’s sure he can’t accommodate the last few inches. He clings to Crowley’s pointed hips, fingers digging into bony flesh as he takes as much as he can, savouring the intimacy of it.

Crowley’s hold on his hair has tightened to an almost painful grip; his other hand clutches the edge of the settee as he wills himself to hold still, to fight the urge to thrust forward and fuck Aziraphale’s
saintly mouth. He doesn’t want to hurt him, the beautiful angel between his legs blushing like the
virgin he is, so he holds still as Aziraphale sucks back and forth leisurely, the angel’s hands braced
on his hips with a bruising grip that betray how close he is. Aziraphale circles the head with his
tongue again, and the sight of that virtuous, heaven-sent tongue licking the head of his cock is too
much for Crowley; he thrusts forward involuntarily, hard, gagging the angel with the full length of
his arousal. Aziraphale chokes, his own hips thrusting forward in mirrored need.

“Sorry - sorry, angel.” Crowley begins to ease out, but Aziraphale pushes forward, keeping
Crowley’s cock fully sheathed in his velvety mouth. Their eyes meet and the angel nods.

Crowley groans as he pulls out then pushes back in, slowly at first, holding Aziraphale’s head in
place with a gentle but firm hand. The tight suction, his divinely soft tongue, and the way the angel
looks up at him - eyes lustful and a little watery - Crowley knows he won’t last long now.
Aziraphale’s muffled moans peak with every thrust, vibrating around Crowley’s cock; Crowley
plunges in harder, and Aziraphale is practically humming around him. “Let me know if it’s too
much, right?”

It is too much; it’s completely overwhelming. Aziraphale knows he should feel used, dirty, sinful, but
instead he’s so very satisfied devouring Crowley, being stuffed full of him, being fed his cock like
this.

Crowley’s thrusts are increasingly erratic. “Angel, angel, angel,” he hisses, hips driving hard into
him. “You want this, angel?” Crowley’s hand keeps Aziraphale’s head steady in place, but still the
angel manages to nod, bobbing anxiously while his own cock pulses in time with each of Crowley’s
movements. The lazy drip of Aziraphale’s precum is now a light stream, as viscous strands coat his
errection and the floor beneath it. Crowley pushes in one final, desperate time, gagging Aziraphale as
he climaxes with a low moan.

His cum hits Aziraphale’s mouth without warning. The angel splutters in surprise at the warm, thick
liquid shooting into his mouth. It’s salty and savoury and the sensation of being so powerlessly fed it
is both alarming and deeply arousing, and Aziraphale nuzzles closer to Crowley while he swallows,
bracing himself against his jutting hips. There’s a great deal more of it than Aziraphale had expected
with the little knowledge he had, and he drinks it down as best as he can manage, little beads of cum
trickling down his lips and chin. It coats his throat, gagging him, but he leans into Crowley further,
finally satiated. Gluttonous, he thinks.

His arousal peaks, untouched. He feels his body spasm, something that first seems like a violent
convulsion and then feels heavenly, so good and perfect that it can’t possibly be blasphemous, and all
he can do is cling to Crowley, still swallowing him, and ride out the pleasure as he shudders over and
over again.

It lasts only seconds, but Aziraphale could have mistaken it for hours - the intoxicating taste and
scent that blazes the back of his throat and nose, Crowley’s fingers clenching his hair, the broken
grunts of “that’s right, angel” and “so good, angel,” and wave after wave of cresting pleasure - and
then it’s over and Crowley must be pulling out because suddenly his mouth is empty and wanting.

Crowley is saying something, he thinks, but he can’t be sure; the world around him is hazy, reduced
to little aside from the overpowering taste of Crowley’s lust in his mouth, the pleasant numbness of
his lips and tongue, and the ache of his stiff jaw. He feels Crowley lift him up from his kneeling
position on the floor and fold him into the cushions of the settee. Arms wrap around him, and he’s
enveloped in fiery warmth, his rounded body shielded by Crowley’s concave one.

“ - wish I could have touched you - ” Crowley’s still speaking, but Aziraphale is only partially
aware, still coming down from his high. He vaguely feels wet stickiness across his stomach and
chest, and then Crowley’s cleaning him up with a washcloth he must have miracled over. “- wanted you for ages, you know that, right?” Aziraphale tucks his head under Crowley’s chin and nods, because of course he always knew, of course he always wanted Crowley back. Foolish, he thinks to himself, denying them both this for millennia because of misplaced fear.

“I’m sorry,” Aziraphale whispers, cutting off a still chattering Crowley, “this should have happened long ago.”

Crowley kisses him, sending shivers across Aziraphale’s body as he realizes that Crowley must taste himself on his lips. “Turns out all we needed were biscuits and a bottle of scotch. My fault really, should have figured that out centuries ago.”

“I’m serious, I’ve wasted so much - ”

“No, no time spent with you was ever wasted.”

Aziraphale closes his eyes; he doesn’t know how to possibly respond, so instead he curls further into Crowley’s body, their limbs entwining.

“Still drunk, so don’t expect any more declarations when I sober up. Better get them all out of me now.”

“You really have no doubts about all this? It seems so,” Aziraphale searches for the right word, spools through sinful, sacrilegious, wicked, and so many others that surely can’t apply to such a satisfying, satiated feeling. He settles for “tempting.”

“That’s the idea.” Crowley cards his fingers through Aziraphale’s hair. “But no, I have no reservations.”

“You’re sure?”

“Yes.” Crowley kisses him again then reaches under the settee, searching for something. “Take your mind off this, angel.” He produces the macaron box and offers “Biscuit?” with a smirk.

End Notes

Written for the Good Omens Kink Meme. Talk to me on Tumblr.

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