Oh Lord, Heal This Ineffable Plan

by Slow_Burn_Sally

Summary

Just your usual slow burn through the ages with these idiots. I wanted to play around with the concept that I love, of God setting these two up and using their love as a way to avert the Apocalypse.

Notes

Kudos and comments always make my day so much brighter. I hope you enjoy!
Chapter 1

Heaven

It was Sunday, the 21st of October, at around 9:16am. God sat upon her throne and surveyed the last planet that She had wrought. Well, in fact she sat in a rather comfy armchair, but one could call it a throne if one wanted to. Her last creation was lovely. A blue ball, spotted with green and brown land masses. Swirled about with white clouds, topped off with a charming little ice cap at either end. A job well done if She did say so herself. And, well, she was the authority on these types of things. The top of the line as it were.

The humans had been an afterthought. Originally, She’d only wished to see this delicate marble spin in space on its own. Making the other stars and planets, (all barren of sentient life as well at this point) had also been something of a lark. She’d been around for the creation and the destruction of many such universes, countless planets. Her form was not a corporeal one. She was also not female. Or male. But She’d spent the last few universes as a male appearing entity, and decided it would be an interesting change to see what a female entity felt like. It was different. Not better or worse really. Just different.

Every species of creature She’d created up until now had had a male and a female version. It made procreation more interesting. Creating blobs that simply split in half to reproduce could hardly be seen as entertaining or exciting. God liked to be entertained. Not that She hung around and watched Her creatures procreate. She wasn’t a pervert. But She was amused, warmed really, by the idea of them enjoying it. And if they decided to engage in the act without having any intention of creating young… or if they decided to get a bit frisky with a member of the same sex…(a thing they did in all the iterations of the universes she’d created, without fail) well she wasn’t about to stop them. The more ways to spread love and sex around the merrier. She noticed the creatures she bestowed with sexual organs and genders often seemed to swap roles and mix and match a bit with their identities and their desires, and this was all well and good. Sex was meant to be fun. That’s why she’d invented it. And love? Well love had no boundaries, no borders and Herself forbid, no rules.

The angels had been rather excited when she’d told them the earth was to be unveiled on Sunday. They’d been loafing about after doing the hard work of hanging the nebulas and putting a spin on Saturn’s rings.. Hadn’t had enough to keep them entertained. She loved them so dearly, but they did tend towards stuffiness and infighting if she didn’t keep them busy. They also attributed far too much importance and weight to the small words She spoke to them. Eventually, as She’d grown weary of having those tedious meetings, She’d invented the Metatron to speak for her. To act as Her Voice. That had allowed Her to spend more time off among the stars, stopping in here and there to visit the creatures she’d created and gently nudge them towards this or that type of positive action. Much the way someone would carefully water and tend to a plant in a pot. Muttering some kind words. A splash of water. Place it on the windowsill where it had plenty of light and leave it alone for a couple of days. Except, “a couple of days” by God’s calendar was often a few thousand years.
She’d returned from one such trip, a few thousand years later, and shortly after creating the earth, to find that one of her favorite angels, Raphael had been banished. *For What?* She’d asked The Metatron.

*For asking the wrong kinds of questions.* The Metatron had replied. God had rolled her eyes in minor exasperation, but hadn’t challenged the decision. She really had liked Raphael. He was handsome and kind and they’d spent a few evenings chatting when She’d visited the office as it were.

*Where Has He Gone To?* She’d asked.

*Down below,* had come the reply.

Well, that had been a disappointment. And it was becoming a bit of a routine in this universe. Fallen angels, setting up shop in a lower level of the astral plane, creating an opposing faction that worked to cause negativity in the world. How very literal of them. God had usually allowed things to fall where they lay as it were when it came to morality and destiny and all that. Good things happened. Bad things happened. Neutral things happened, and She watched them all unfold with somewhat detached interest. Only dipping in here and there when something really interesting happened. You might think that “something interesting” would equate to a major war, or a natural disaster or the birth of a genius thinker or painter or artist of some kind. But instead, it was often smaller, more mundane things that fascinated God.

But Her celestial creations were taking things relatively literally this time around. They’d started to draw up factions. And that was fine. Everything was always fine. The dice would fall where they may. She wasn’t a meddler, and really, she preferred to let everyone sort things out on their own. If they wanted to draw up sides and act out some sort of grand conflict, then that was what would happen this time around.

There was only one problem. Anytime Her creations drew up sides, any time they decided one group was “right” and the other group was “wrong”, things often fell apart in the most violent way possible. She’d seen it happen millions of times. All one had to do was see a group as The Other, and it eventually became perfectly fine to try and murder as many of them as possible. She saw the seeds of this inevitable destruction in the ways the angels spoke of Lucifer and these new demons “down below” with resentment and disgust. And furthermore, they had the gall to suggest that this separation of sides was what She wanted. She hadn’t even been here at the time!

Hmmm. This just wouldn’t do.
It wasn’t Her style to simply command that they stop fighting and behave, as if they were small children and She, their disapproving nanny. She disliked direct confrontation, preferring to gently nudge people in one direction or another. It was like a game of dice. Only not really. More an Ineffable Game Of Her Own Devising.

She looked down at her angels thoughtfully until she noticed one that was different than the rest. Aziraphale wasn’t it? He was a bit rumpled and worried looking. A bit plump where most of the other angels had chosen lithe forms with perfect musculature. The other angels had all manifested with long, flowing locks (especially fetching on Raphael who, rather than choose golden hair or soft, sparrow brown hair like the others, had chosen flaming red). By comparison, Aziraphale had short, spastic curls of bright white-blond, sticking out all over his head. God was a sucker for oddballs. They made eternity interesting.

Aziraphale had abandoned his flaming sword (again.. He was notoriously bad at keeping the thing on him) and was absently pulling at bits of cloud, making little shapes with this plump, well formed hands, humming distractedly to himself. He was extremely likable.

She decided to speak to him Herself, rather than going through the fuss of going to fetch The Metatron. Cut out the middle man as it were.

Hello There Aziraphale. She intoned magnanimously.

“OH! Hello Lord!” Aziraphale was clearly startled. He covered for this by quickly and nervously smoothing down his robes and glancing about guiltily for his sword.

Aziraphale, I Have A Job For You.

“Well Lord, that sounds wonderful!” the fussy little angel tried to put a positive tone to his voice, but God could tell he was less than thrilled. He had a penchant for slothfulness and introversion that She frankly found charming and relatable, being that sitting in a comfy armchair and avoiding people were high up on Her list of favorite things to do.

I Need You To Guard The Eastern Gate Of Eden Aziraphale. She said. I Am About To Create My First Two Humans And I Would Like You To Guard Them And Their Garden And Keep Them Safe From SIN.
“Oh lord thank you!” Poor creature. He really was trying his best to sound grateful.


She saw Aziraphale visibly relax. “Alright Lord. I shall do my best!” He squinted up at her through the haze of sparkling clouds like a small child being told to do his homework if he wanted to watch television.

God had seen the way Raphael looked at Aziraphale before The Fall. She was uncertain if Aziraphale had noticed, and She knew Raphael was unlikely to remember Aziraphale now, post fall, but it gave her a highly entertaining idea. A way that the impending conflict, still millennia down the road, that would likely result in the destruction of her creation might be averted. It was a long game. But She was extremely good at long games.

She’d seen Raphael, poor, dear Raphael, who by now no longer knew his own name and was going by a different one, slithering about in Her new garden. If anyone deserved some love and attention, it was he. And Aziraphale was quite affectionate she’d noticed. Quite ready to always lend a hand, make a new friend. This might just work!

_There Might Be A Demon Involved_ She remarked, her tone casual. Offhand.

“A demon lord?” Aziraphale asked worriedly. “Shall I smite him?”

_No Aziraphale. That Won’t Be Necessary. Keep An Eye On Him Though. He Is A Wily Old Serpent._

And then, because no great romance ever blossomed without a bit of strife and pining, She added _Don’t Get Too Close Though Aziraphale. He Isn’t To Be Trusted. He’s Extremely Handsome, And Devastatingly Alluring, But You Musn’t Get Too Close_

“I shan’t Lord” Aziraphale looked a bit confused by this last command, but he didn’t question. He simply went to retrieve his flaming sword from where he’d stuck it in a puff of cloud and had gone off to The Garden, a worried frown on his soft face.
God smiled a secret smile. If Her Ineffable Plan worked, then the Great War would never come about. Humankind would be saved and two very dear and very unusual creatures would get quite a satisfying reward. It was a win, win, win. Plus, it was bound to be entertaining. She drifted away from earth, back up to her comfy armchair. Perhaps she’d give Alpha Centauri a visit next…
Crowley was standing, back propped against one of the walls of the main orgy room in the senator’s palace, surrounded by naked bodies, of all shapes, sizes and ages. Men and women writhed languidly on the nearby beds, divans and down among the piles of silk pillows strewn across the floor. Moans and gasps of pleasure filled the air, along with the salty smells of human sexuality. Crowley didn’t often attend orgies, but they were popular at the time, in Rome, and he did rather enjoy sex now and again. Humans had developed so many interesting and pleasing ways of engaging in it, using their mouths, their hands, their genitalia, their tight nether passages in ways that Crowley found demonically validating. And sex with humans was sort of par for the course where tempting was concerned.

He’d strolled into the party while out on an evening walk, looking for trouble, and this was how he’d (eventually) ended up, standing against the wall, his hard cock buried pleasurably in the soft, hot mouth of a young man with blond curly hair and a sweet face who was kneeling before him. The man’s eyes were closed, long lashes brushing the tops of pink cheeks that were hollowed around Crowley’s member, his knees cushioned with a silken pillow, his face suffused with enjoyment at the task he was committing himself to. Crowley had chosen him specifically for his corn yellow hair and bright hazel eyes, which were exceedingly rare in this day and age. He’d reminded Crowley of someone he tried not to think about too often. The choice in partner had been almost subconscious… almost. He’d singled the young man out, given him a few smoldering glances and some soft, lingering touches to his arms and back… had even tasted his lips before he’d realized what the aesthetic characteristics of the man’s hair and eye color had actually meant. And whom they’d reminded him of.

He felt a twinge of shame at the realization. Ashamed that he was weak and helpless enough to allow his feelings to leak into his preferences for bed mates. Ashamed at how another set of eyes, often twinkling worriedly beneath a crinkled brow, or swiftly moving across words on a scroll or a stone tablet had affected him this much. How another face, sweet like this one, surrounded with wild, light hair, had had the power to make his heart gallup in his chest with just a glance. He let his eyes drift closed, let his head gently fall back to rest against the wall behind him, and dared to think of the one he wished would take this young man’s place.
Aziraphale… the angel’s lovely face blossomed in his mind’s eye. Aziraphale. Principality. Guardian of the Eastern Gate of Eden. Aziraphale, with large hazel eyes and soft lips. Aziraphale who always looked at Crowley as if the demon would burn him if he got too close. Who’s eyes held an intoxicating mix of nervous disapproval and warm companionship whenever they flitted in Crowley’s direction. *Oh dear Satan Aziraphale*. He felt his pleasure increase as the skilled tongue of the young man before him slipped liquidly over his hard cock and his mind’s eye brought up more images of the angel. Sweet and ruffled. Confused and worried. Aziraphale, so kind. So gentle. So lovely. Crowley heard a moan escape his slightly open mouth.

The man with his lips wrapped about Crowley’s cock heard the moan and didn’t know that it was only in small part due to his skills at felatio. He groaned back and increased his speed, which made Crowley gasp and open his eyes. And what did his gaze land upon first, but the face of the angel from his heated imaginings.

Aziraphale!? At first Crowley thought he might be mistaken, that the soft bodied man in the impossibly white robes, standing uncertainly across the room couldn’t possibly be the angel, but upon a quick and very fierce examination, it proved to be none other. The angel stood awkwardly, probably 10 paces from where Crowley leaned against the wall. He was clearly waiting for someone.

For a brief, thrilling moment, Crowley thought it might be for a lover. Intense jealousy and insane arousal warred for dominance inside him, causing him to thrust a bit harder into the young man’s mouth, eliciting another happy groan from his conquest. The thought of watching Aziraphale have sex with someone made Crowley feel several different things in rapid succession. None of them decent… which was all well and good, as he was a demon, and decency, especially sexual decency was not on his roster of required behaviors.

But no, it didn’t appear as if the angel was waiting for a lover. He stood, a few feet from the chamber door, visibly uncomfortable with the sexual congress happening all around him, apparently trying to look anywhere but at the writing bodies strewn about the orgy room. Why on earth was he here? Crowley wondered to himself, the oral attention he was receiving momentarily almost forgotten.

And then the angel spotted him. Crowley only had the briefest of moments to consider looking away..of closing his eyes. Of maintaining plausible deniability by pretending he hadn’t seen the angel, but now, it was too late. Aziraphale had locked eyes with him. Crowley could see the angel’s eyes light up and grow wider recognition at the sudden connection, then saw him blush a deep pink color that he could see even from this distance.. Even in the rather dim light from the torches set about the room.
Aziraphale had gone to the palace’s orgy room for a very express purpose that had very little to do with thoughts about sex. He’d heard from several townspeople that there were some young, impressionable men and women who, poor and starving enough to compromise their morals, had been sustaining some abuse from some of the wealthy lords and ladies who’d been frequenting the palace’s legendary sex parties. These poor creatures had caught on that certain among the nobles had tastes for more violent fare and that they were willing to pay to indulge in it, and going where the gold went as it were, had offered themselves up for abuse. One of them had died of it. Another had been seen, limping in the shadows with a deep knife wound.

Aziraphale had braved the incredible social awkwardness of waiting in a room full of fornicating humans in order to shepherd the poor children away from this life, to offer them a place to stay in his spacious estate just north of the city, until they could find safer work and move on. He’d been doing this and other small kindnesses for the people of Rome for a hundred years or so. Just an hour or so prior in fact, he’d found the two he’d heard rumored about, a young man and young woman, the man with a knife wound in his side from a sadistic lady who enjoyed the sight of blood. The woman with visible marks around her neck from a lord that enjoyed forcibly trying to choke the air out of young women and men like her… not overly caring if they passed out or even expired because of it, as long as it helped him to get off. He’d given the two refugees instructions to head to his home, with warm assurances that he meant them no harm, along with food and gold he’d summoned up with a snap of his fingers.

They believed him when he told them he wouldn’t harm them, that they could stay, unmolested and safe at his home until they found other employment. Of course they did. Not just because he was an angel who could instill loving, trusting tranquility in any human he touched, but because above and beyond that, he was just an incredibly likable person. His bright smile, cheery manner and handsome face would have made anyone love him even were he not a celestial being with otherworldly powers.

Now, having sent the two on their way, he resolved to wait a bit longer, just in case another poor, abused wretch were to stumble out of one of the back corridors that led to the lords and senator’s private chambers, at the back of the large play room. So he braved the orgy for a few more awkward minutes, alternating between keeping his eyes to the interesting stone work at the top of the Corinthian columns that held up the massive ceiling and in actually casting a few furtive, sideways glances at some of the more acrobatic revelers who were paired, tripled or even quadrupled up about the room, naked, slick and moving in ways that he frankly found technically quite impressive. It was often fascinating, all the ways humans had invented to rub themselves together.

Sex wasn’t unknown to Aziraphale. How could it be? Humans delighted in engaging in it any time they got the chance, and he’d been among humans for many centuries at this point. He’d seen all manner of sexual relations happening in front of him, beside him, and on one memorable occasion, almost on top of him, if he hadn’t been quick enough to roll out of that hay loft where he’d settled down to weather out a storm before the pair of young lovers had tumbled into it.
Sex didn’t embarrass him necessarily. Nor did it entice him. It was more that it was so all consuming to those who were engaged in it that he felt awkwardly left out, standing fully clothed and alone, next to one of the large, marble columns that graced the front entrance to the orgy room. He had no thought of joining in. He’d never had sex and was not about to start now. He much preferred a skewer of roast lamb, or a spiced, roasted potato to what he saw happening around him.

To say he didn’t think about sex at all would have been inaccurate, he just only thought about it (rather guiltily) in relation to one person. A tall, lanky person with dark copper hair and yellow-black eyes and a cruel, soft mouth. Aziraphale was an angel. A being of light and love and divinity. But he did know what lust was. The Almighty had been sure to test his heavenly will to the breaking point by providing him with his very own apple of Eden, a delicious looking fruit that hung, tauntingly, just out of his reach.

Crowley… The wiley demon that had flitted in and out of his orbit these past many centuries. The clever, tricksy, funny, blasphemous demon God had seen fit to warn him about so long ago, that seemed to be always right around the corner when he needed him, or when he felt lonely, or when he wanted to share a drink with him. Hell’s field agent. His adversary. His friend. Yes, at this point, he dared to call Crowley friend more than fiend. They had history now… they’d literally witnessed the making of the world together in fact.

It didn’t take Aziraphale long, from when he’d first glanced at the demon, long haired and languorous, sensuous and cynical on top of the wall in the Garden of Eden to realize that the Almighty had unwittingly paid him back in full for allowing the serpent to offer the Fruit of Knowledge to the two helpless humans on that fateful day. Oh She’d have her revenge on him. And She’d let the punishment fit the crime.

Temptation.

Crowley tempted Aziraphale. With his bright and unusual eyes, eyes that slid lazily over Aziraphale’s face as they spoke. Crowley with his flame bright hair and long, slim waist, and oh that mouth, that soft, wicked mouth. It made Aziraphale uncomfortable to look at the demon for too long, and so he only ever cast brief and companionable glances in Crowley’s direction. Clapped him on the back after he’d had too many pints of mead, or masked his desire with sharp disapproval. Better to snap at Crowley for being mischievous than to indulge in other sorts of thoughts. Thoughts that would have him ousted from heaven and disgraced among his fellow angels.

He knew the word “friend” was just a pretty lie. Something he could hold between them so that he didn’t fold under the weight of what he truly felt.
And what was that exactly? He honestly wasn’t sure. It manifested as a burning in his limbs. A pounding in his heart. A pull in his groin that mortified his angel sensibilities. He knew it was all due to the demon’s nature. Crowley was virtually designed by Hell to tempt, through wiles, and whispers, promises and flirtations. His body and face were tools he used to ply his trade, and Aziraphale, despite being an angel, one of God’s beloved principalities, was not immune to these wiles. More accurately, he was enthralled by them. He covered up these urges he felt for Crowley by keeping them locked securely away behind a mask of nervous politeness when the demon came around. He kept quiet about his feelings. He kept his glances furtive and his touches light. He didn’t seek Crowley out, preferring to let the demon find him.

So it was a sudden shock, after not seeing Crowley for probably a decade, when he looked over to the side of the orgy room to see that the demon was in fact one of the revelers that played there. He immediately looked away, embarrassed and alarmed, but not before a very memorable image had burned itself into his brain. Crowley, naked, long and lanky and gleaming faintly in the torchlight, leaning up against a wall, head thrown back and eyes closed, soft mouth gaping open in pleasure while what looked like a young man (Aziraphale could only see the back of the youth’s head at this angle) knelt before him, fellating him.

Aziraphale felt his face grow burning hot, and he became intensely interested in studying his own sandaled feet. He should leave. He wasn’t meant to see this. Irrationally, he felt jealousy rise up like a grumbling beast inside of him, but also, underneath the jealousy there was a shock of sexual arousal. He felt a tingling heat clench in his lower belly, felt his body reacting to the memory of the sight he’d just taken in. Don’t look again he told himself desperately. Don’t look. Just turn and walk away.

But he had to look again.

He steeled his courage and dared to raise his eyes, to where he’d seen Crowley, lost in pleasure, with a young man’s mouth on his cock. This time though, the demon was looking back. Their eyes locked. Aziraphale felt all the air gust of him in a rush at the sight of the beautiful demon pale skin gleaming in the torchlight, lost in pleasure, staring straight at him, as if into his very soul.

The angel was watching him. He’d raised his gaze to Crowley’s and their eyes had met. Crowley felt heat surge through him at the sight of Aziraphale, staring at him, eyes wide, mouth slightly agape. Clearly he was shocked to see Crowley here, in this … rather delicate position, but he didn’t look away.

He wasn’t looking away.
Instead, he saw the angel’s eyes dart swiftly down to the young man kneeling before him, still working away diligently with both hand and mouth at Crowley’s hard cock, then slowly pan back up the length of Crowley’s flat stomach and his gently heaving chest, up his neck to return to Crowley’s face. The angel had started to breathe more heavily, Crowley could see the rise and fall of his broad chest under his white toga, and his face was flushed. He seemed to have fallen into a shocked trance, with his eyes locked onto Crowley’s eyes. Crowley imagined he saw heat there. Heat and longing...

The angel’s eyes on him, the skilled ministrations of the young man’s mouth, It was suddenly too much. He brought his hands from where they gripped the youth’s shoulders, up to twine them into the his pale hair and keeping Aziraphale’s eyes locked with his own, he felt himself explode into the hot wet mouth that was wrapped around him. His eyes tightened, his lashes fluttered with the pleasure, which was incredibly intense, the most intense, wrenching, knee buckling orgasm he’d ever had in fact, but he didn’t close his eyes. He kept them trained on Aziraphale, as the waves of release washed through him, as he heard soft, helpless gasps of pleasure escape his mouth. In his mind, a string of words ran like a mantra, like an incantation, over and over again as he came, with a pair of shining hazel eyes trained on his. I want you, I want you, I want this to be you. I want you. I want this to be you. I want you.

As his orgasm faded, he saw Aziraphale, looking extremely flustered and confused, break their gaze and stumble for the door. Their whole encounter had taken less than a minute.

Crowley immediately pulled his still half hard cock from the young man’s mouth, giving his hair an affectionate tossle, he swiftly stepped away from him and hastened after Aziraphale without a word. Not caring what the man did or how he felt, all of his attention focused on getting to the doorway through which a white robed angel had recently fled the room.

Aziraphale ran blindly from the palace, down a long flight of stone steps, not particularly caring where he went, as long as it was away from Crowley. Crowley who had just come beautifully, completely undone in front of him, while he’d watched. He’d seen the unmistakable look of ecstasy sweep its way across the demon’s fine boned features, had thrilled to the direct eye contact between them as the demon had gasped out his pleasure. Aziraphale’s body had reacted immediately, temperature spiking, breath coming quickly, and he was suddenly extremely grateful that voluminous robes were the style in this part of Rome, because he needed them now to hide his raging erection.
This is not the sort of thing angels were supposed to enjoy, his fevered brain chided him pointlessly as he stumbled down the steps.

Thankfully, it was dark. He needed anonymity, a way to hide his flushed face and trembling hands. He had just reached the bottom of the steps before he heard the swift pat pat of bare feet on the stairs behind him, and Crowley caught up with him. “Angel”, the demon’s voice was soft but insistent. “Angel. Wait”

Aziraphale turned to address Crowley and stopped short, realizing that the demon was still completely naked. He quickly averted his eyes in a panic. “Crowley! Oh hello! My it was surprising to see you in there.” he knew he sounded like a fool, but he wasn’t prepared for this experience. Not in the slightest. “I must be getting home now dear boy.” Keeping his eyes carefully averted, he tried to pull away, but Crowley stepped closer, crowding him against the base of a stone statue at the bottom of the stairs. He felt his back come into contact with the hard stone. He was trapped.

Mercifully, the demon seemed to pick up on the fact that his nakedness was making Aziraphale incredibly uncomfortable and he snapped a loose black robe into being about his shoulders. It tied itself at the waist, thankfully hiding Crowley’s lower body, but not doing much to cover up his smooth chest or his long, slender neck. Aziraphale gulped audibly and tried to rally his thoughts.

“Angel. It’s alright. It’s alright” Crowley’s voice was strangely soft and placating, without a trace of his usual sarcasm. “Are you… doing OK?” he asked, his tone unusually kind.

“I’m fine Crowley. I’m just fine” Aziraphale looked everywhere but at Crowley. He settled on gazing up into the night sky, just starting to deepen from dark blue to black, stars winking into existence by the handful. “I must be going though”

Crowley let out what sounded like a frustrated sigh, but then he stepped closer, bringing their bodies within inches of each other. Aziraphale could smell Crowley’s skin now, tinged with sweat and sex hormones, could smell the wine damp breath from his open mouth. He could smell the fragrant oils the demon had used to anoint his body and tame his short, copper curls. He’d cut his hair sometime a few decades ago, and though he was still breathtakingly handsome, Aziraphale missed the long, curling ripples of red that used to frame the demon’s face.

“Must you though?” Asked Crowley, his voice a low, velvet rumble. “Must you really go angel?” Aziraphale was aware that his face must be dimly illuminated by the light from the palace torches, but Crowley’s face was wreathed in darkness. It made him feel impossibly more vulnerable than he did already. He was in over his head.
The demon placed a gentle hand on Aziraphale’s soft, warm shoulder “Let’s go get a drink. It’s early. You can return to your scrolls later” his voice was warm and carried only a slight touch of the teasing sarcasm he often employed around Aziraphale.

Aziraphale was still looking up at the sky. Crowley’s nearness, his hand on the angel’s shoulder, the memory of the demon’s face, painted with sharp bliss… He was having trouble focusing. “I’d love to Crowley, really I would, but I have things to attend to”

“Oh come on” pressed Crowley, daring to lean in just a little closer, like a lover. Like he might kiss Aziraphale if only Aziraphale would stop gazing up at the sky and tilt his face just right and offer Crowley his lips. “Whatever it is can wait. I haven’t seen you in years.”

Aziraphale could only be so strong. “Oh alright Crowley. Just one drink. But then I need to get back home”. He felt, rather than saw the demon’s smile in the darkness and kicked himself for falling for Crowley’s wiles yet again. When would he learn? Did he even want to learn?

Crowley, goal achieved, stepped away from Aziraphale, allowing the angel to finally regain control of his thoughts. “Let’s go to that inn near the eastern marketplace, I hear their wine is bearable.” And with that, the demon sauntered off, narrow hips swinging in his black robe, and Aziraphale hurried to follow.
Chapter 3

The tavern was crowded. It was a warm summer night and the city was out in all the debauched finery that only Rome at its height could accomplish. Crowley found them a small table in a relatively quiet and private corner and brought over two large, clay mugs of wine that miraculously ceased to be watered down when he’d grabbed them, plunking one down companionably in front of Aziraphale, before perching on a stool opposite the angel.

He knew he was treading on thin ice as it were. Aziraphale was not to be trifled with, not to be tempted. They’d just shared something exhilarating and intimate, something Crowley would probably play out in his mind’s eye another five thousand times on lonely nights, but something that wasn’t to be spoken of. To bring it up would be unfair. He knew Aziraphale was uptight, innocent, nervous. All the things that made him unapproachable and untouchable made Crowley want to approach, to touch. To unwrap Aziraphale’s layers and lay him bare. But he didn’t attempt it… tried even not to think of it too often, for a deep part of him that he didn’t enjoy admitting to, even to himself felt wrong because of his desire for the angel. As if Crowley’s fingers would leave sooty prints on Aziraphale’s soft, pale skin. So he contented himself with chatting amiably with the angel.

Still though, he couldn’t stop himself from teasing at the edges of their shared moment… just as he’d been unable to stop himself from stepping so close to the angel at the foot of the staircase. Aziraphale’s large uncertain eyes often made him forget his limits.

“So angel, was that your first orgy?” he asked, leering gently while taking a sip of the wine. “See anything you liked?”

“Crowley please” Aziraphale tutted, smoothing down the front of his robes and clasping his mug with sweet, plump fingers. “I’m an angel, but I’m not a bumpkin. I’ve seen orgies before. Just because I don’t... “ he paused here uncertainly “participate, doesn’t mean I’m a stranger to human sexuality.”

He’d pointedly ignored the ‘see anything you like’ portion of Crowley’s question, and Crowley let that go. Mustn’t push too hard. Instead, he changed subjects.

“You seem to be finding quite a bit to keep you busy around here lately. Why were you at this thing in the first place huh? Did Gabriel want some etchings to keep himself entertained?”

Aziraphale ignored the jibe “If you must know, there were a few young people who’d been sustaining abuse from some of the rather more… exuberant revelers at the orgies. I intervened and told the poor things they could stay at my place until they found the means to move on to a better life”.

Crowley was intrigued…”what kind of abuse?” he took another gulp of ale and regarded Aziraphale steadily.

“Well, some of the higher ranking generals, senators, lords and ladies have a taste for… shall we say sexual violence. The kind that sometimes leaves their partners wounded, or even dead”.

Crowley’s eyes grew intent. “Which lords and ladies? Which senators?” Aziraphale told him the few names he’d been able to gather from rumor, and from the brief conversations he’d had with the victims before setting them on their way. Crowley filed this away in a special part of his brain, determined to do some investigating, and maybe some well placed intimidation at a later date. He
abhorred bullies.

“There are so many people to help here” said Aziraphale wistfully, and a little sadly, looking off into the middle distance while his soft fingers traced the rim of his wine mug. Crowley felt his heart lurch uncomfortably in his chest.

“Yes! And so many to tempt!” he rallied. Couldn’t let the angel get maudlin. “I’ve never seen so many humans just ripe for the picking. They all seem to want to have sex with someone they shouldn’t, or to screw over someone they dislike. It’s a veritable playground for sin. Which I suppose…” he paused, seeing the disapproving look in Aziraphale’s eyes “would give you quite a lot to do wouldn’t it? Seems we both have our work cut out for us”

Aziraphale frowned into his ale. “If only we weren’t always cancelling each other out” he pouted.

“Yes.. there’s that” Crowley admitted. “Nothing for it though. What with us being on opposite sides. I’m surprised you even put up with me when I come around angel. Shouldn’t you be brandishing a sword at me… smiting me and all that?” he cast flirty, bright yellow eyes at Crowley over the rim of his cup as he took another drink.

Aziraphale shot him a wry glance. “Come now Crowley, you’re the only person I have to really talk to down here. What would that accomplish? If I smite you, I’d have no one to share wine and stories with”, Crowley saw a brief smile, no less beautiful for its short life span, grace the angel’s face.

“Fair point” Crowley conceded. They drank their wine and chatted, and drank more and chatted more. Several hours had gone by before Aziraphale finally got unsteadily to his feet and insisted that he had to head home. Crowley, being a bit better at holding his vino, relented and walked out to the street with the (now wobbling) angel. To Crowley’s utter surprise, it was Aziraphale who broached the subject of what had transpired in the orgy room.

“So.. “ he began unsteadily, weaving slightly from the several mugs he’d consumed, lovely, glassy eyes trained on Crowley’s face in a way that made the demon want to lunge at him. “So… did you.. Um.. enjoy yourself tonight? With that young man?” even through the haze of alcohol, Aziraphale had the wherewithal to blush. “Is that the sort of thing you… tend to… like is it?” he slurred gently.

“Yes. Yes it is” Crowley admitted simply. He somehow sensed that teasing Aziraphale, or mocking him for such a ridiculously obvious question wouldn’t go over well.. Might ruin the mood of intimate drunken comradery they’d developed. “I enjoyed it quite a bit”. He leaned back languidly against the wall of the tavern and regarded the angel placidly. Waiting to see what he’d do next.

“I could see that” Aziraphale remarked, voice thick with drink, trying to sound disapproving, but ending with a giggle. He suddenly lost his footing and stumbled against Crowley. Crowley’s arms came up reflexively to catch the angel and to his delight, Aziraphale let himself be caught. Allowed Crowley’s arms to encircle his waist and shoulders in an awkward embrace. His arms were suddenly full of soft, drunken angel. Aziraphale’s face was now very close to Crowley’s and the angel’s eyes, dilated and glowing in the torchlight, flickered down to Crowley’s mouth in a way that made the demon’s heart leap and begin pounding in his ears. The moment stretched out achingly long, with Aziraphale collapsed against Crowley, his heat soaking into the thin material of Crowley’s dark robes.

Crowley cautiously brought the hand that was splayed across Aziraphale’s soft shoulders up to gently brush a bright blond curl away from Aziraphale’s forehead, his eyes searching the angel’s
Satan help me. He thought. I’m going to kiss him.

But Aziraphale must have sensed how close he’d wandered to the lion’s den. His eyes grew cautious, that look of wary vulnerability crept back over his face and he pushed away from Crowley, back into what approximated a standing position. Crowley saw a look of concentration cross his face and realized that the angel was sobering up. This was all well and good. Crowley didn’t necessarily enjoy the fact that Aziraphale was drunk… he’d have honestly preferred it if the angel had stumbled against him, had rested warmly in his arms, had leaned perilously close to his lips while sober. But he knew it meant that Aziraphale had also come to his senses, that the moment was over. And as if on cue, the angel straightened his robes, looking ruffled and a bit confused and backed away from Crowley. Crowley tried not to grieve just a little bit at the absence of his warm body. Tried not to see the discomforted look that made it’s way across the angel’s face.

“My, it has gotten late” Aziraphale mumbled. “I really should be going”

“Of course” remarked Crowley, struggling to keep his tone casual, still leaning languidly against the wall. Inside his chest, he felt a strange mix of disappointment and relief warring for supremacy. Kissing Aziraphale would have been a monumentally bad idea. He knew himself. He would never have been satisfied with one kiss. If the angel had let him, he’d have kept kissing him over and over. He’d have done his very best to get Aziraphale naked and gasping beneath him in the closest available bed. He wouldn’t have had a choice. He knew this as a fact. His desire for Aziraphale was only able to be kept under control if he didn’t get too close to Crowley. An intimate thing like a kiss would have broken the dam that held the demon’s longing and passion at bay for these many centuries. And that would have been the end of the Aziraphale he knew and cared for. It would have marked him as a fallen angel. A traitor. Heaven would have cast him out, and then where would they be? He couldn’t bear to think about Aziraphale fallen. His wings burnt black like Crowley’s. His eyes dark. His soul covered in ashes like the demon’s soul. Even the thought made him nauseous with dread.

He liked his angel just as he was. Pristine. Soft. Innocent. Uncorrupted by the demon’s dark lust. Keeping himself away from Aziraphale however had become a full time job when the angel was around, and one he didn’t relish. It was hard work to avoid the semi-constant urges he felt to reach out and embrace Aziraphale. To stroke his hair, to wind an arm around his thick waist and pull him closer. Not kissing Aziraphale was painful.

But Crowley was a demon, and constant pain was what he was expected to deal with. He could just throw it on the pile of other pains he felt and hope that it would end up mixing indistinguishably with the rest. The pain of losing God’s love. The pain of hell fire as it licked against his skin. The pain of the faint whisper of a memory of what it had been like to live among his fellow angels, before his fall. But to never truly remember any details of that time…. The pain of knowing that he was fallen and good for nothing but the cause of human temptation and woe.

He bid Aziraphale good night, never daring to move from his spot against the wall and watched him walk, steadily now, off into the darkness.

He turned to make his way back into the tavern and Hastur was suddenly there.

“Having some fun are we?” The Duke of Hell smirked

“Hastur! Satan preserve us! You have to stop sneaking up on people like that.” Crowley felt adrenaline dump into his blood stream in a queasy rush. How much had the demon heard? How
much had he seen? He’d been completely unaware of Hastur’s presence before this second. Aziraphale must have been extra distracting this evening. Usually, he could feel Hastur coming from a mile off.

“Let’s take a walk Crowley” Hastur said, an unreadable look in his unsettling black eyes. Crowley complied, leading them off in the opposite direction that Aziraphale had gone off in.

Neither of them heard or saw that Aziraphale had crept back towards the tavern and was silently following them.

Aziraphale had very keen hearing. All angels did. They all operated at roughly a 15 to 20% advantage over human senses and could hear, smell, see, taste and touch things that humans couldn’t quite sense. So could demons for that matter. But demons were more highly attuned to dark things. Sinful things. Feelings of greed and lust and fear. They didn’t pick up on the soft whoosh of a butterfly’s wings as it wobbled its way through a springtime meadow. Could not smell the heavenly scent of a baby’s hair. Nor did they want to. It was how Aziraphale knew that Crowley could not sense the feelings he had for him that went above and beyond simple lust.

Aziraphale in turn wasn’t quite as sharp with picking up on nefarious intents. But he’d been down on earth for a long time, like no other angel had, and had developed something of a sixth sense for demons. Perhaps the same could have been said for Crowley and sometimes Aziraphale reminded himself of this when he caught himself gazing a bit too doe eyed at the demon.

As he walked, still a bit unsteadily despite his sobriety, away from Crowley, mind full of conflicting thoughts and stomach churning with a mix of unspent passion and mild unease, he heard the distinct sound of Crowley’s voice saying Hastur’s name. He immediately snapped his fingers to gather an obscuring miracle about himself, cloaking his divinity from anyone within a mile radius and ducked down a side alley. He slowly peeked his head around the corner to look back at the tavern and saw Crowley standing there with that loathsome demon Hastur, 30 or so yards from where he hid. The demons turned away to walk together off into the dim torchlight of the city street that stretched away from where Aziraphale was hiding. Aziraphale was gripped with the urge to find out what they were talking about. It probably wasn’t good, and afterall, he was an agent of heaven. He supposed he should do his job.

On top of that, it involved Crowley, and anything that involved Crowley was of course titillating and intriguing.

He snapped his fingers again and brought himself closer to them, behind a copse of shady trees by the side of the street, being careful to be extra quiet. Even with the dampening miracle, it would not do for him to be discovered. He didn’t think he could smite Hastur all by himself, and was dismayed to realize that he wasn’t sure if Crowley would help him if he were discovered. They were after all, on opposite sides.

Hastur was speaking and so Aziraphale shook himself from his worried musings and paid attention.

“Really Crowley” Hastur remarked with false concern, cloaked in a thick layer of condescension. “The angel? Even you should know better than to try and get under that one’s robes. Honestly, I thought you had better taste”

Aziraphale suppressed his decidedly unangelic urges to throttle Hastur. But then Crowley’s next words made him forget Hastur completely.
“Come on Hastur” Crowley drawled casually. “I was only playing with him. He’s an addle brained idiot and its fun to mess with his head from time to time. You and Ligur should be pleased. I’ve got the silly creature so turned around, he’s a feather’s width away from falling for me, and he’s utterly distracted from his work.”

Aziraphale felt the air rush from his lungs for the second time that night. He felt a cold splash of shame spilling its way from his scalp, down the back of his neck as if someone had dumped a bucket of cold river water over his head.

“You know Crowley” remarked Hastur thoughtfully. “Getting an angel to fuck you would get you quite a commendation downstairs. Especially if it made him fall.”

“Perhaps I shall do that” mused Crowley with a strange tone to his voice. Aziraphale felt his heart clench painfully, as if the traitorous human organ was about to shrivel up and fall out of his chest. How could he? How could he entertain such an idea? Aren’t we friends? Doesn’t he… care for me? Aziraphale’s thoughts were spinning around in his head against a backdrop of shocked sadness. He really thought Crowley was his companion. Sure, they had their squabbles, and they were clearly at odds, based solely on their opposing job descriptions, but what about all the drinks and laughs and the jokes they’d shared on all those nights that made the loneliness of eternity so easy to bear? What about the tender way Crowley had reached up to touch his hair, not ten minutes ago back at the tavern? He supposed that all meant nothing.

“Shouldn’t be that difficult” Crowley continued, and his voice sounded utterly heartless and uncaring in Aziraphale’s burning ears. “He’s always been extremely gullible. One more little cuddle like the one we just shared and he’ll be done for”.

Aziraphale couldn’t bear to listen any longer. He crept quietly away from the loathsome pair, hot tears spilling down his cheeks and a sob caught in his throat. He’d never speak to that horrible demon ever again! Crowley, with his tricky eyes and velvet voice and soft mouth. He should have known. He was such a fool. Aziraphale stumbled back to the road and made his way quickly to his residence.

Once there, he locked himself in his bedroom all night, pretending to read and suppressing his angry tears. By the time the morning sun crept across his stone window ledge, he’d fully resolved to avoid Crowley for the rest of eternity. He’d show that demon who was gullible. And besides, he had wayward souls to look after and good works that needed doing. Crowley had been right. He had wasted far too much time drinking and laughing with a heartless, ruthless demon. He resolved himself to complete and utter devotion to his work from now on. He’d make Crowley regret his casual, devastating, hurtful words if it was the last thing he did. The demon would have to work double time to compensate for all the loving kindness Aziraphale would encourage to bloom among humanity.

But he didn’t feel any loving kindness. Only sadness and shame. He felt utterly betrayed, and simultaneously like a complete fool for believing that the demon could ever care for him.

No matter. He had plenty of work ahead of him to keep his mind occupied and away from the sly smile of a certain traitorous charlatan. For starters, there were three shy, abused young prostitutes who’d slept in his main room last night and who would need breakfast and care for their wounds. He sighed deeply, ran his hands through his short, white blond curls and stepped from his bedroom to greet them.

Hastur had finished his check up call with Crowley and had sunk back down into the earth of the street, leaving an unpleasant stench and an unsettled demon behind. Crowley had reassured him
that he was sewing seeds of discord and discontent among the denizens of Rome, had soothed Hastur’s concerns that Crowley was actually interested in spending time with Aziraphale and had reassured him that he was just as Hell bent on temptation and mischief as ever. He hated these little meetings with Hell’s minions. He knew they were par for the course, and that Aziraphale likely had to suffer through his own audits, but that didn’t mean he had to enjoy it.

He’d purposefully laid it on a bit thick regarding Aziraphale. If Hastur knew Crowley’s true feelings, it could go very badly for Crowley. Hell was fine with demons tempting angels to sin, and causing an angel to fall, well that was the jackpot pay off for them. But if they knew how Crowley truly felt about Aziraphale, they’d probably snuff him out before he knew what hit him. Hell, just like heaven did not tolerate traitors. Lusting after an angel of his own accord? Meeting with an angel on a regular basis to spend evenings chatting and laughing together like old friends? That would never ever do.

And so he’d infused his tone with as much disgust and cold derision as he could when speaking of his connection with Aziraphale. To his relief, Hastur seemed to buy his story. The slimy, puss encrusted demon had smiled slyly at Crowley upon hearing about his plan to debauch the angel. His black eyes had glinted with glee at the prospect of Aziraphale falling. Aziraphale’s wings blackening. The sight of Hastur’s sneering face had made Crowley feel sick to his stomach, but he’d covered for it with a volley of wicked smiles and reassurances.

When he was certain Hastur was gone, Crowley slunk off into the night, back towards the palace. There were a few misbehaving nobles he needed to see to. A lifetime of sporadic, explosive diarrhea would make them think twice before laying their greedy, violent hands on any more innocent prostitutes. He grinned, thinking of how happy Aziraphale would be when he found out the abusers had met their comeuppance. He was looking forward to possibly seeing the angel again tomorrow. He’d keep his distance, no more flirting, no more leering. Maybe suggest that they take a walk down by the banks of the Tiber river. Or perhaps he’d treat Aziraphale to some roast lamb from that butcher’s tent in the marketplace near the tavern. He whistled contentedly to himself at the prospect of more time in the angel’s company. Thoughts Aziraphale always seemed to lighten his mood.

He was disappointed when he was unable to find the angel the next day. He’d gone to what he assumed would be Aziraphale’s favorite haunts. The amphitheater, the tavern, the restaurants and food tents in the marketplace that sold things he knew the angel liked to eat. But Aziraphale was nowhere to be found. Changing tactics, he searched with his demon’s awareness. Closing his eyes and opening his occult perception to scan for the angel’s signature. It was something he’d always been able to do, since he’d first met Aziraphale up on that wall above the Garden of Eden. He wasn’t sure why, but he could always sense where Aziraphale was, if he wanted to look badly enough. He tended to use it as a last resort because he assumed the angel could feel him searching and he didn’t want to appear too eager. But this time, he couldn’t sense the angel anywhere. This didn’t mean that Aziraphale was gone. Only that he may have shielded himself from prying Hellish eyes. He had that power. All angels did.

A couple of weeks went by, and Crowley still hadn’t run across him. It was simple enough to procure his address from people who knew the angel, and so Crowley hiked his way up, north of the city to the spacious stone house where the angel lived these days. But the house was dark and the shutters locked up. It was confounding. Just the other week he’d had Aziraphale in his arms, smiling at him charmingly, eyes all aflutter, and now, nothing. He had disappeared.
Or perhaps he was hiding from Crowley?

Then, one day, a year or so later, he finally spotted a flash of white in the marketplace too pristine to be a local merchant or a city dweller in a time of ochre colored robes and home spun slips. He followed the whiteness until it resolved itself into the angel, sitting at an outdoor cafe, sipping mulled wine by himself. What luck! Crowley dropped into the chair opposite him, pulling out his most charming smile. “Well hello there angel” he grinned. “Haven’t seen you in a dog’s age. How’ve you been?”

He was not prepared for the icy stare that met his warm smile. Aziraphale didn’t speak. Only looked pointedly at Crowley with eyes that could frost over a volcano, then turned his head away to look out over the marketplace.

“Angel?” Crowley asked, confused and more than a little concerned. “What’s wrong? You look like you wish I’d disorporate in the most painful way possible. What’s gotten into you?”

“Please go away” Aziraphale was now staring resolutely into his wine cup, refusing to meet Crowley’s eyes. His voice was flat and cold.

“Angel… come on” Crowley felt his mood abruptly sour at Aziraphale’s chilly manner. “What’s gotten into you? Last I saw you we had a nice time didn’t we? What’s got you so twisted up?” He almost reached out a hand to lay on Aziraphale’s arm, but thought better of it and stayed still.

“Nothing’s gotten into me Crowley. Nothing’s wrong. I would just prefer not to see you anymore.”

“What??!” Crowley felt actual cold dread pool in the center of his chest upon hearing Aziraphale’s words. “Whatever do you mean not see me anymore? We’re friends!”

“We’re NOT friends!” Aziraphale cried, eyes suddenly full of anguished pain. He simultaneously slammed his wine cup down so hard that the wine sloshed over the brim and splashed onto the table. “I am an ANGEL, you are a DEMON. We have nothing whatsoever in common!” and with that, he snapped his fingers and was gone.

Crowley sat there, staring dumbly at the space the angel used to inhabit, feeling as if he’d been slapped in the face. What could possibly be wrong with Aziraphale? What could he have done? His mind raced back to the night at the tavern, a little over a year ago when they’d gotten drunk together after the orgy at the palace. How could he forget that night? His eyes locked with Aziraphale’s as he convulsed in pleasure. The warm chat they’d shared over several cups of ale. Aziraphale falling against him, feeling so good and so right in his arms. The angel had sobered up and walked home before anything untoward could happen. He’d been polite upon leaving Crowley. Crowley had been a perfect gentleman. Well… to be completely honest, he’d only been as gentlemanly as Aziraphale had let him be. If the angel hadn’t pushed himself away from Crowley on that night, things might have gone quite differently. He was surprised to realize that he was glad they hadn’t taken it further. That the angel was still here, unfallen. Even if he was angry.

He couldn’t imagine what could have gotten Aziraphale this incensed. Perhaps it was the drunken embrace. The almost-kiss between them that made Aziraphale so mad? Could it be? Perhaps the angel was actually repulsed by him, or he was angry that Crowley had allowed him to get that close? Being drunk was often a way to suppress guilt over one’s bad decisions, and often led people into the arms of those they weren’t exactly happy to have ended up in bed with. Maybe upon sobering up, Aziraphale had felt disgust or dismay or both over being so close to Crowley. This made the demon’s stomach clench with shame. Maybe the heat and need Crowley had read
when their eyes met at the orgy hadn’t been there at all. Maybe it had always been horror and repugnance? And maybe his demon senses had wanted to perceive lust when none was there?

All of these thoughts made Crowley want to crawl into a hole and get blackout drunk. And after he got up from the spilled wine at the empty table, he did just exactly that, several times over. He spent the next three hundred years or so causing as much mayhem and mischief as he could. He seduced virgins, stole cattle, corrupted politicians and spread dissent everywhere he went. And everywhere he went, he heard stories of a saintly man in white robes who sheltered the sick and fed the hungry. It seemed Aziraphale had been putting extra energy into his job performance as well.
Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

This one is a little grim. Mentions of death in the plague. But it's a short one, and things look up in the next chapter!

They met again briefly a few times, once in 527AD, when Aziraphale had flat out refused Crowley’s offer to work together and they spent only a few moments in each other’s company before Aziraphale stormed off after an outburst of “How dare you suggest such a thing!”

The next time they met, in 1201AD. Aziraphale was polite but Crowley could tell he wanted to leave, shortly after they crossed paths in a market near Madrid. The two parted ways again, Crowley feeling even more lonely and lost than he had before the angel had appeared.

It was 1349 in a small, decimated village about 50 miles outside of London. Crowley had been suffering from some depression during these terrifying, hopeless years where the Black Death spread its sickly fingers out to pluck the lives of countless numbers of humans. His small stirrings of mischief had been completely swallowed up and eclipsed by the abject horror of the blossoming of black buboes and fever and the coughing up of blood. The humans became completely desensitized by the grief and fear, until he felt like Hell had graduated from below and had set up shop on earth instead.

Yes, he was a demon, but he wasn’t a very good one. He’d always been soft. Had never killed anyone and wasn’t fond of torture. Especially the torture of innocents and children. He still remembered the shock and grief he’d felt (and had tried to hide from Aziraphale) when hearing that the Almighty planned to drown all those humans, back in the day of Noah and his ark. He was now no longer surprised by the depths to which humans would sink. They would make God and all the demons of Hell pale in comparison with the tortures they’d cooked up to inflict on one another.

And this horrible plague. The worst of its time in recorded history. This was of neither God, nor of Lucifer. It was a thing born of microbes and viruses, spread through minute insects and the scrabbling claws of rats, hiding in ship holds. The humans of course thought it was a torment from God, and had clung to their crosses and prayers. As if that would help stop the dying. But the dying didn’t stop.

Crowley didn’t think he could get drunk enough to erase the horrors of the plague from his mind. He didn’t sleep through almost the entirety of the 14th century, because he feared he’d have such terrible nightmares.

So it was a great relief to see a glimmer of white in among the wasted huts and piles of bodies in this small town he was skulking through, on this cold evening in late October. He needed to see something good, and Aziraphale was the best thing he’d ever seen. So pure and sweet and kind, yet so practical, so almost.. matronly. He didn’t even care if the angel hated him. He’d take the angel’s cold attitude over all the endless death and misery he was surrounded by these days.

He rounded a corner and saw Aziraphale, kneeling by the embers of an almost extinguished fire in
the town square. He approached from behind the angel, only seeing his slumped shoulders and his tousled, white blond head bowed, but as he came around to catch sight of the Aziraphale’s face, he could see a small bundle cradled in the angel’s arms. Aziraphale’s face was cast in shadow, looking down at the bundle, which revealed itself to be the cold body of a tiny baby.

Ah. I see thought Crowley. Though he wished he hadn’t seen.

It was then that Aziraphale looked up at him. His eyes were so achingly sad that Crowley felt the glance like a literal push in the center of his chest and took a step back. “Angel?” he asked softly, unsure of what to say.

“Oh hello Crowley” Aziraphale’s voice wasn’t angry, or cold, but gentle and distant. Crowley imagined he could even hear a faint note of relief. “How have you been?”

“I’ve been… well to be honest angel.. I’ve been pretty bloody miserable” Crowley admitted.

“I as well” replied the angel, casting his eyes back down to the small bundle in his arms. “This is the last human in this village. He died only a few moments ago. I think his mother thought I could save him” He indicated with a nod of his head, the body of a woman Crowley hadn’t seen until now. She lay nearby, arm outstretched towards them, as if reaching for her infant son. Her face was thankfully covered by a swath of her dark hair. Crowley thought he’d rather spend a hundred years in Hell before he saw another black blister or another gray, dead face of a deceased human.

“But I couldn’t save him Crowley.” Aziraphale continued, voice full of distant pain. “I couldn’t do it. I don’t have that power. It was too late” He looked back up at Crowley’s face with his storm cloud eyes and Crowley felt his heart twist in his chest. He looked so sad. Cautiously, Crowley stepped closer and placed a hand on Aziraphale’s shoulder. He was endlessly grateful when Aziraphale didn’t pull away.

“Come on now” he said gently. “Leave the child here and come find something to drink with me. I feel like getting extremely drunk. Someone here must have a wine cellar.” He tensed suddenly, remembering the last time he’d invited the angel for a drink, but Aziraphale seemed compliant. He gently laid the tiny baby down next to the body of his mother and waited patiently for Crowley to find a couple of bottles of peasant wine among the abandoned houses of the village. He then let Crowley lead him away from the village with a reassuring hand on his shoulder. Once they had walked far enough into the forested countryside for the stench of death to recede, blown away by the chill October wind, Crowley bit the cork out of one of the bottles, took a long drink and handed the bottle to Aziraphale. The angel drank deeply as well.

They found a sheltered place under a weeping willow tree by the side of the road to sit and drink for a while. Crowley snapped his fingers and cheery campfire appeared. Another snap and a roasted rabbit turned on a spit over the fire, fat sizzling as it dripped into the flames. Aziraphale sat with his back against the trunk of the tree, staring blankly into the fire while he drank his wine. Crowley hunched closer to the flames, shooting sidelong glances at the angel to assess how he was doing. Pretty soon they finished the bottles and refilled them. Then finished them again. They shared the rabbit, though Crowley only took a few small bites and left the rest for the angel.

“I never thought…” Aziraphale’s soft voice made Crowley jump slightly as it broke into the lengthy silence that had descended on their little camp after dinner was done. “I never thought that something this vile and horrible could ever happen to them. I thought the horrors they summoned up to enact against each other were the worst things I’d be likely to see down here, but this… this Black Death as they call it. This is by far the worst thing I’ve ever seen.”

“Yes angel. It is quite bad. Its made my job utterly obsolete” Crowley took another deep swill of
wine and stared into the flames.

“Do you think it will ever end?” Aziraphale asked, and the grief in his voice made Crowley flinch in sympathy. “Will the death ever stop?”

“It has to angel” Crowley replied with a forced optimism he didn’t really feel. “It has to”.

“You’re shivering” Aziraphale remarked and Crowley realized that he was in fact quite cold. The wine and the fire were helping, but he was always cold, especially in the blasted 14th century, in late October, surrounded by death and ashes. “Come here” Aziraphale beckoned from his place by the tree trunk. He was wearing a soft white tunic and hose, unmarred and pristine, despite him having been just kneeling in the dirt of the village square, and a heavy pale cloak. He opened the cloak and beckoned again for the demon to come to him. Crowley cautiously sat himself next to Aziraphale and Aziraphale threw a warm arm around his shoulder and wrapped them both up in his cloak. Crowley settled happily against his side, cautiously leaning his head on the angel’s soft shoulder, feeling truly warm for perhaps the first time in 60 years.

Aziraphale seemed to either not remember his anger at Crowley, or to not care to bring it up. The two of them continued to sit together, staring at the flames for a while, until Crowley, lulled by the extreme pleasure of being warm and cozy and wrapped up next to Aziraphale, drifted off to sleep.

He awoke alone, some indeterminate time later, still wrapped in Aziraphale’s cloak. Empty wine bottles and the cold ashes of their campfire the only other indicator that Aziraphale had been there at all.
Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

Things look up in this chapter. More ineffable idiots being idiots

It was 1601 and Aziraphale had just returned from his trip to Edinburgh Scotland, doing double duty as a blesser and a tempter as part of he and Crowley’s “Arrangement”. It had been a long trip, and a rough one. But despite the sore buttocks from jostling about on a horse for two weeks, despite the cold and the damp, Aziraphale got to reward himself with a nice dinner with Crowley at the end of it all.

He’d been angry at Crowley for a good long time after overhearing his harsh, cruel words to Hastur back in Rome, but centuries had gone by. Centuries filled with startling innovation and horrible tragedy. And boredom. He had no one else to talk to, and so when the demon had found him, among the ruined wasteland of that village in mid 14th century, Aziraphale had been too sad and beaten down and far too lonely to waste time on anger. And Crowley had been so kind.. So gentle. Not lascivious at all. He’d managed to pull Aziraphale away from the sad scene in the town square and procure them wine and make them a fire. Aziraphale felt himself instantly forgive the demon. How could he harbor a grudge against him for doing what came naturally to him? And after all this time, and all the grief and the nightmare that the plague had visited upon Europe, Crowley’s words had seemed insignificant. Aziraphale had felt his heart leap hopefully upon looking up to see the demon’s face in that desolate village square.

It had felt good to wrap his arms around the demon and keep him warm. It had felt so very good to have a warm body next to his among all that cold death.

From that point on, they started meeting again more often. Just like before, the angel would usually wait for Crowley to seek him out, rather than go in search of the demon. Old habits died hard. He still had his reputation to protect. The Arrangement came into being slowly, first brought up by Cowley in the sixth century, over the course of a few decades in which Aziraphale realized that it really was exhausting and pointless for all their hard work to be cancelled out by the other. It was a delicate agreement at first, both of them hesitantly trying out their opposing roles tentatively.

He knew that God would disapprove. But he hadn’t heard from Her since the early days back in the Garden, and so She was easy to forget. Yes, She was omnipotent and omnipresent, but She didn’t know Crowley personally. She didn’t know how he threw his head back when he laughed. How his scarlet hair fell into his eyes when he didn’t bother to wear his glasses. She hadn’t seen
the depths of sadness in his eyes during the plague, or after Pompei or back during the flood. She didn’t know that he was actually quite a bad demon and quite a nice person.

Now the angel was heading to meet Crowley at an inn near the Globe Theater. Crowley had promised to get people to come see Hamlet. Aziraphale had no idea how, but he’d leave that up to the demon. Crowley had pooh-pooh’d the play and made faces and complained about how hard horses were on the buttocks, and generally made an annoyance of himself, and Aziraphale had agreed to go to Scotland for him if he upped attendance for “Shakespeare’s gloomy play”.

It had been a long, rough couple of weeks, and yes, horses were hard on the buttocks, and his tent had been drafty and the locals had been suspicious. And he wasn’t nearly as good at tempting as Crowley. He always ended up being too nice to people, so that they did his “bidding” as it were because of how much they liked him, not because he was technically tempting them.

But it was all a little more worth it if he got to spend an evening drinking and chatting with Crowley. He hated to admit it, but even though he’d been mad, he’d missed the demon terribly on their long break. He’d needed some time though, to rearrange the way he thought about Crowley. To place him firmly in the category of Platonic Friend. With a subheader of Untrustworthy Demon. For he liked Crowley immensely, and he missed him when he wasn’t around, but he also didn’t trust him. How could he? Crowley was an agent of Hell, one that had threatened to try and make him fall from grace, even if that had been a few centuries ago, and even if the demon had behaved like a perfect gentleman ever since. Still, he’d have to hold Crowley at arms length from now on.

Despite this, they’d warily built up a new friendship from the ashes of the old one. And so what of it if Aziraphale still had to remind himself not to look at Crowley’s mouth too often when he’d had a few drinks. So what of it if he was a little too glad that Crowley had grown his dark copper hair out long again. He might even have had some strong urges to run his fingers through that hair. But he kept all of those feelings tightly hidden away. After all, it would lead to nowhere but ruin for the both of them.

He sat himself down heavily on the wooden bench across from the demon and gratefully accepted the mug of ale Crowley handed to him, taking a long swallow. “Dear Lord in Heaven!” he swore, ignoring Crowley’s answering flinch at his invocation of the Almighty “That was quite the journey! Next time there’ll be no tossing of coins. I refuse to get on another horse until something better can be invented to convey people around.” He took another long swallow and hit Crowley with his best and brightest smile. “Still though, I rather enjoyed the blessing part of it. Those children were ever so glad to be able to walk again. Sweet little dears. I gave them all new frocks for good measure.”

Crowley leaned forward conspiratorially. “And the tempting? Did you accomplish that as well?”
“Yes yes of course Crowley. I made sure the clan leader acquired plenty of his neighboring kingdom’s cattle. I just did it in rather a more diplomatic way than you might have done”

Crowley groaned and covered his face with his hand. “Don’t tell me angel. I’m sure it involves contracts and payments and handshakes no actual stealing of any livestock.”

Aziraphale shot him a sharp look and took another long swallow of ale. “It got done didn’t it? You can report back to your side that cattle have been…. Moved to the right. Place as it were can’t you? Regardless. I’m very glad to be back.”

“I’m glad you’re back too” Crowley replied. Aziraphale shot him a surprised glance over the lip of his ale mug. It was uncharacteristically sentimental for the demon, who’d grown a bit more cynical since the Black Plague. But Crowley swiftly amended his statement. “They always charge me less for ale when I drink with you”

“Do they now?” Aziraphale smirked inwardly at Crowley’s attempt to withdraw his compliment, but let it lie. “So my dear, what have you been up to while I’ve been in Scotland?”

“Oh, a little bit of this. A little bit of that. Mostly just trying to spread the word about silly, boring, gloomy Hamlet. I think I did an alright job.”

He’d actually done a fantastic job, but he wanted that to be a surprise. He’d in fact convinced the local womanizing playboy to seduce the daughter of a wealthy theater patron. The girl had been set up to marry one of the other wealthiest lords in London at that time. A lord who’d insisted on her virginity to seal the match, and so Crowley had blackmailed the patron into giving Hamlet his gold stamp of approval (whether he’d seen the play or not). If he didn’t gush about the play, Crowley would tell the wealthy bridegroom to be that his future wife had been deflowered by the town skirt chaser, and the marriage would certainly be off.

In addition to all this, he’d spent almost the entire time Aziraphale had been gone, drinking in taverns while telling anyone who’d listen, especially those who found him attractive, who eyed him up and down with hungry appreciation while he languidly draped himself about in countless bars around the city, that he just couldn’t wait to see Shakespeare’s new play, and how everyone was saying it was a masterpiece. Crowley didn’t technically need to eat or sleep, and he could drink a fish under the table, so word spread fast.

Aziraphale knew none of this however, and so on the next showing of the play, which the angel attended (he planned on attending all of them), he was overjoyed to find the theater packed to the brim with expectant humans. People were lining up outside to get a chance to purchase seats at the
very back. He turned to look at Crowely, who’d grudgingly agreed to attend this one show with 
him, and saw the demon, grinning at him from behind the smoked glass of his shades.

A whisper started then in Aziraphale’s heart. A small whisper that told him that the demon wasn’t 
the evil trickster he’s assumed before now. That he was in fact quite kind and considerate in his 
own way. He wasn’t ready to listen to that whisper, that small voice and so he snuffed it out, 
preferring to turn his attention back to the stage, smiling broadly, heart full of glee at how large the 
turnout had been.

Little did he know at the time that it would become one of the most well known and celebrated 
pieces of dramatic theater to ever grace humanity’s stage. There really are no limits to what a 
dedicated demon can do when he sets his mind to winning an angel’s heart.
It was 1862 and Crowley was in love. It was pointless to ignore it any longer. He was certain he’d never been in love before, but he’d heard about the subject quite a bit throughout the millennia and the description fit. The memories of the sweet angelic love he may have felt before he fell were forever inaccessible to him, and besides, he was certain that the sort of love he felt now wasn’t at all the same. This love was intense and focused, not diffuse and brotherly in nature like he assumed the love of Heaven to be. This love was passionate, consuming, tender…

Luckily, he was also fairly certain he was adequately able to hide it from Aziraphale. He made an extra effort to keep their interactions casual, friendly, humorous. He teased the angel. He pretended at being grumpier than he was, and he never said anything to betray his secret heart. How could he? It would never work out. As Aziraphale had so coldly told him on that day back in Rome, Aziraphale was an angel, Crowley was a demon. Their opposing sides would never allow it. And if Aziraphale’s abrupt about face in Rome was any indication, the angel was unlikely to allow it either.

Yes, Aziraphale had warmed back up to him considerably since that dark day, but there were no more drunken embraces, no more lingering glances or ribald teasing. The angel had doubled down on his prim, proper angelic nature. They were friends now. Quite good friends, but that’s where the line was drawn, and Crowley respected that line. If crossing it meant Aziraphale would leave him again? Maybe for good this time? Well he just wouldn’t be able to bear it, so he kept a polite distance.

Crowley was almost certain demons were not supposed to know love of any kind, but that didn’t seem to stop him from picturing the angel’s sweet eyes every time he let his mind wander. It didn’t stop him from imagining over and over again what it might be like to kiss Aziraphale. To pull his warm body close and to press his lips the angel’s.

Aziraphale may have been right about their opposing allegiances, but the angel had been mistaken about one thing on that fateful day in Rome when he’d rejected Crowley. They did in fact have things in common. Quite a lot actually. They both loved humanity and all the crazy, lovely, tragic, beautiful things the humans wrought in the world. They were unofficial earthlings at this point, having by far spent the most time topside (or down below to hear Aziraphale talk about it) of any angel or any demon since the creation. Hastur and Ligur, Michael and Sandalphon and Uriel only made brief visits to the earthly plane. They had their check in calls with their field agents, turned their noses up at the wild profusion of humanity and its foibles and fucked back off to the office, leaving Crowley and Aziraphale to muck it out on their own.
Luckily, Hastur had quickly forgotten Crowley’s plan to seduce Aziraphale. A few well placed comments about how Crowley barely saw the angel anymore and how he was working hard to reverse all of Aziraphale’s good deeds had led Hastur away from the notion that Crowley and Aziraphale shared anything more than adversarial animosity.

He didn’t know the specifics of what the angel was telling his compatriots during their meetings, but he knew the meetings were brief and Aziraphale reassured him regularly that the angels were none the wiser. Still, he worried. And the feelings that he finally recognized as deep and abiding romantic love for the angel worried him too.

He’d needed a back up plan. A weapon strong enough to kill Hastur or Ligur or any other demon who might come for him if their Arrangement came out. And not just any weapon. One that would kill a demon permanently. He knew of only one such weapon, perhaps outside of Aziraphale’s flaming sword (that he’d given away almost 6000 years ago now).

Holy water.

Holy water would turn Hastur’s leering face into a puddle of goo quicker than he could say Satan. But where to procure some? He had only one connection that he knew could provide honest to goodness, trustworthy holy water. And that was Aziraphale.

The meeting by the lake in Saint. James park had not gone well. Crowley supposed he hadn’t really expected it to, but he’d thought Aziraphale would at least partially entertain the idea. Instead, Aziraphale had flat out refused. He’d given Crowley such a look of tender concern as he’d said no, ‘It would destroy you’, which took some of the sting out of it, and made Crowley want to grab him and kiss him for the 5 millionth time. But then he’d delivered the proverbial slap in the face.

Fraternizing. He’d spat the word out as if it were dirty. As if his association with the demon were something he were deeply ashamed of, glancing guiltily upwards as he’d said it. How can you be so dismissive? Crowley had wanted to yell. Can’t you see that I love you desperately?

But he’d said nothing of the sort. Instead he’d responded with the most hurtful thing he could think of to say. “I have plenty of other people to fraternize with angel. I don’t need you.”

I don’t need you. What a monumental lie. He needed Aziraphale more than he could express in words. More than he could even consciously understand.
As for other people he said he could fraternize with, when he’d first realized that the ache in his chest every time he looked at the angel went farther than simple lust, some four hundred years or so ago, he’d set about having as much raunchy sex with as many humans as possible, hoping to fuck the strange feelings out of his system. It hadn’t worked. Each time he’d orgasm, he saw Aziraphale’s face before his closed eyes, or superimposed on the face of the human beneath him, or above him or beside him. It was maddening, and it did nothing to ease his feelings.

The worst part wasn’t the heated images of the angel during the sex he had with humans. That was pure lust, and he was familiar with that, and so it wasn’t what convinced him that he was love struck. No, what was far more damning was the fact that afterwards, after the pleasure of his climax faded, he’d wished that Aziraphale was there with him then, to hold in his arms. He found himself longing to wrap himself around the angel’s soft, warm body and breath in his scent, run fingers through his soft white blond hair, gaze into his eyes and kiss his lips after the sex was over.

As a result, he often got up and left quite quickly once the act was done. He wasn’t a selfish lover. Quite the opposite. In fact, the humans he chose to consort with were often so deliriously happy and spent that they barely noticed him slipping away. After a few decades of complete debauchery, during which he spawned quite a few racy legends and cautionary old wive’s tales to scare virginal women away from unaccompanied walks in the woods, he stopped having sex with humans all together. It just wasn’t worth it. It only made him feel emptier and more lonely. Only made his pining worse.

And now Aziraphale had refused him the one protection he’d need if his side found out about their association. Their fraternizing as he put it. When hearing Crowley’s response, that he didn’t need Aziraphale, the angel had seemed only too eager to spit those words back at Crowley.

And the feeling is mutual. Obviously!

Of course. Obviously the angel didn’t need him. He was a being of purity and light and Crowley was just the charlatan who’d tempted him into tarnishing that purity with evenings of strong drink and laughter, with the sharing of demon’s work. Crowley watched Aziraphale striding determinately away from him as he stood, angry, hurt, confused by the side of the Saint James’ Park lake. He cast his eyes out over the water, to the oblivious swans that were lazily circling across its rippling surface. The note he’d written, because he’d been too afraid to say the words to Aziraphale lest anyone be listening, had burst into flames the second it hit the water after Aziraphale had flung it over the gate and into the lake a moment ago. The paper had curled in orange flame briefly before turning to wet ash and dispersing against the ripples of the lake.

Crowley was tired. Bone tired. Of being a creature of darkness and temptation and sin. Of always being on the side of evil. He supposed, just as the minor temptations Aziraphale committed on his
behalf had served to change the angel’s disposition somewhat, had made the angel shrewder and a bit more sarcastic, the blessings he’d enacted to help the angel had given him small indication of what being an angel himself once had been like. He enjoyed doing the small blessings now and then. It made him feel good in a secret part of his blackened soul. Watching mortal’s faces light up when he solved a problem for them, or healed an illness or returned a lost child to its parents. Truth be told, he sort of looked forward to doing these small acts of kindness.

If he was really being truthful, most of that good feeling came from the brilliant smile Aziraphale shone in his direction whenever he reported back that the blessing he’d been tasked with had gone off well. The angel’s smile was a thing of incandescent beauty. It lit up a room like an errant ray of golden sunlight. Crowley was certain that it was Aziraphale who taught humankind to smile. The children of Adam and Eve had seen that beautiful face light up with pure love and happiness and had mirrored Aziraphale, and so had all of their descendents. Anyone who saw it was hopelessly in love with him, and Crowley was no different. With a stab of deep regret, tinged with fear, Crowley realized that he would do anything to make the angel happy. To keep seeing that smile again and again. The realization made him feel achingly vulnerable. What could Hell devise to do to him if they knew of this weakness?

And, instead of making the angel happy, he’d made Aziraphale frown. Had made his eyes cloud with worry and anxiety when he’d asked for the holy water. Now the angel was mad at him again.

Crowley didn’t know what to do, so he stalked home, making sure to break a few axles on a few carriages and to cause a few parcels tumble from the arms of several ladies heading home from the dress shoppes along the way. He went straight to bed, pulled the covers over his head and went to sleep. He slept until 1938.
Chapter 7

Aziraphale was a very important member of a sting operation to lure a pair of high ranking Nazis into a church with the promise of delivering them several rare prophecy books.

He’d been excited to be a part of something so daring and full of subterfuge. Like one of the trashy detective novels he’d had a penchant for lately. He’d believed Rose Montgomery when she’d explained the particulars of how they’d lure the repugnant men into the church, only to have them arrested and interrogated by British military intelligence when their guard was down.

It hadn’t turned out that way unfortunately.

Aziraphale was genuinely shocked when Rose had turned the gun on him, instead of keeping it trained on the two Nazis in front of the church alter. Oh my. He was rather gullible it seemed. His mind was racing with how best to deal with this situation when he heard the door of the church slam and looked up to see Crowley, dressed dashingly in a dark suit and hat, and of course sunglasses, hopping and dancing his way down the aisle towards them.

`Crowley!` He barely suppressed the hope and joy in his face upon seeing his dear friend. He hadn’t heard hide nor hair from Crowley in almost a century. Ever since their unpleasant meeting by the lake. Since that day, as the weeks and months, and then years had stretched out without a word from the demon, Aziraphale had feared the worst. That Crowley had taken matters into his own hands and had procured holy water on his own. That there had been a stumble, or a spill, that the demon would have ended his life with a foolish mistake, leaving Aziraphale alone and lonely without him. He felt an enormous flood of relief wash over him at the sight of the demon, followed by a flush of warm affection that blossomed inside his chest as he watched the ridiculous creature, prancing and hopping his way down the aisle. Whatever had gotten into him?

“Sorry, consecrated ground” Crowley explained, in a voice made tight with pain. “It’s like being in a beach in bare feet!”

Aziraphale masked his concern for Crowley with a show of offended anger. “What are YOU doing here?”

“Stopping YOU getting into trouble” the demon replied. My but that fedora made him look quite rakish. And the dark, sharp lines of his well tailored suit made his shoulders look broader and his
waist look more narrow. Aziraphale reminded himself that he was supposed to be angry. About the holy water incident. About Crowley sticking his nose in where he wasn’t supposed to.

“I should have known. Of course! These people are working for you!”

Crowley adamantly refuted any association with the “half witted Nazi spies” and then “I just didn’t want to see you embarrassed.”

Aziraphale was irritated. But he was also deeply relieved to see Crowley. Anthony J Crowley now apparently. More than relieved though. He was overjoyed, but he kept his glee carefully hidden behind a mask of irritability. Both of them were ignoring the dumbfounded Nazis for the moment, totally absorbed in this awkward and long awaited (by Aziraphale anyway) reunion. But then Crowley turned and told the three humans that a bomb was about to drop on the church and that they’d better make a run for it. “It would take a real miracle for my friend and I to survive it” he remarked pointedly to Aziraphale with a significant glance through his dark shades, eyebrows raised knowingly. Ah.. right... a real miracle.

And then they heard the deadly whistle of the bomb as it descended from hundreds of feet above the church. Aziraphale barely had the time to wrap the demon and himself in a shimmering bubble of angelic protection before they were engulfed in flames. He worried briefly about the font of holy water behind the alter, but it appeared to have evaporated immediately in the fiery heat from the bomb.

A few disorienting moments later and he and Crowley stood alone in the burning rubble of what had recently been a church. Screams and air raid sirens echoed faintly in the distance. Flames licked against crumbled stone. Crowley stood, casually, cleaning off the lenses of his dark glasses with a soft cloth, as if nothing particularly dramatic had happened.

Aziraphale removed his hat. Suddenly humbled by the demon coming to his aid yet again. “That was very kind of you” he said shyly.

“Shut up” the demon grumbled, putting his glasses back on, but Aziraphale saw a barely suppressed smile on his handsome face, ironically made even more handsome by the flickering yellow-orange light of burning destruction that surrounded them.

“Well, it was” Aziraphale remarked insistently. “No paperwork for a start” Yes.. lets just keep this about business shall we? No mention of how incandescently happy he was to have Crowley standing near him again. The cold look in Crowley’s eyes when he’d said “I don’t need you” had haunted him for decades after their argument by the lake.
Then suddenly he remembered the books of prophecy. Books he’d spent centuries gathering and protecting and keeping in careful, chronological order in the zealously dusted and organized prophecy section of his bookshop. “Oh the books!!” he exclaimed with dismay “I forgot all the books! Oh! They’ll all be blown to - “

He didn’t get a chance to finish his sentence because then Crowley was there, with a leather case full of his precious books, handing them to Aziraphale with a small, wry smile on his face. “Little demonic miracle of my own” he remarked casually.

For a brief, split second, their hands touched, as Aziraphale, gazing blankly into Crowley’s bespeckled face reached out, dumbly to clasp the handle and take the bag from Crowley, his eyes full of wonder.

“Lift home?” the demon asked, as if he hadn’t just saved Aziraphale’s most prized possessions from utter destruction, and sauntered past Aziraphale and out of the wreckage of the church towards where his Bentley was parked, a safe distance across the street.

Aziraphale barely heard him through the blood that was suddenly rushing in his ears. He glanced briefly, unbelievingly down at the bag of books in his hand, and then up again at Crowley’s receding back. Crowley had done it again. He’d come to him in his time of need and had made it all better. His mind slipped back to that terrible day during the plague, when the demon had been there, warm and caring when Aziraphale had felt so cold and alone. He thought of the massive crowds of people, swamping the Globe Theater to see a play that Aziraphale had wistfully hoped would be a success.

Inside his chest, his heart swelled painfully. His head was spinning. His reality, which before the bombing of the church, before he’d seen Crowley prancing ridiculously down the aisle, had been somewhat simple and well ordered was turning upside down and fraying at the seams.

I love him. He thought through a haze of wonder. Dear god in heaven, I love him.

How had he not seen it before now? Yes, he knew that he desired Crowley. That wasn’t difficult to parse out. His body told him as much every time the demon was near. And yes, he knew that he cared for Crowley. The demon was very likable in his prickly, infuriating way. He knew that life on earth was more entertaining, less lonely.. just all around better when Crowley was around. But suddenly, standing in the ruins of a church, in the middle of yet another horrid war, with a bag of rescued books clutched in his trembling hands, Aziraphale knew that what he felt went far beyond simple lust or mere affection.
He was profoundly, deeply in love with Crowley. Probably had been for centuries, if not longer. The knowledge made his brain cease to function and he simply stood there, clutching his bag of books and staring after the black clad demon, who had made it to the car, and who was now turning back to see if Aziraphale had followed him.

Pull yourself together you besotted fool

He wiped the dumbstruck look off his face as Crowley called out to him

_____________________________________

“Are you coming or not angel?”

Crowley was rather pleased with himself. In the last few seconds before the bomb had hit, he sensed that Aziraphale would be too distracted with the saving of them both to give a thought to the books. He’d reached out with his mind and tweaked something in the fabric of the universe so that the books were brought through the explosion unharmed. It was the least he could do, while Aziraphale was accomplishing the heavy lifting of miracaling them both to safety. And oh how the angel loved his books. Loved them more than anything on this earth. How happy he’d be to know that Crowley had saved them all. Maybe he’d reward Crowley with one of his stellar smiles. That would go a long way to healing the lingering hurt the demon still kept in his heart over their spat of almost a century ago.

But Aziraphale strangely had not smiled. Instead, he’d stared at Crowley with a look of dumbfounded awe. Had taken the bag from Crowley silently, with wide eyes and mouth parted. *How little he must think of me if he’s this surprised when I go out of my way to help him,* Crowley thought with a small pang of sadness. But at least the books were saved, and he and Aziraphale were unharmed. “Lift home?” he asked, and brushed past Aziraphale to walk towards the car. He didn’t need to betray himself by standing there, staring at the angel any longer than was completely necessary. It felt so very good to be in Aziraphale’s company again. He needed to move quickly, keep his eyes covered.. Keep the evening moving along so that he didn’t show his hand.

He looked back at where Aziraphale stood, in the burning wreckage of the church, handle of the bag of books clasped tightly in both hands. He looked a bit like a lost child. Suddenly, he seemed to shake himself awake and came stumbling over to the Bentley, picking his way delicately past burning chunks of concrete and stone. “Yes. Yes my dear, that would be nice. Thank you”.
Crowley climbed into the driver’s seat and waited until Aziraphale had settled himself before he took off, tires squealing towards Aziraphale’s bookshop on the other side of town. He knew it would still be standing, despite the constant bombing of the past few weeks. No blitz bomb, no fire, no bulldozer would ever touch Aziraphale’s beloved shop.

The ride was a quiet one. Crowley sat in silence, warmed with a feeling of satisfaction as they sped through the streets. He had the angel again by his side. He’d wormed his way back into the angel’s good graces, and that was all that mattered right now. He remembered the days when he’d been consumed by urges to kiss Aziraphale, to hold him in his arms. Those feelings would always be there, just beneath the surface of the carefree, casual facade he affected around the angel, but he’d become a veritable master at controlling and concealing them. And now? well now he only wanted to be near Aziraphale. A shared drink or two, a dinner out on the town, or a simple conversation was more than enough for him. And if that was all he ever had of the angel? Well that was what he’d be happy with. When had he become so easily satisfied by simple things? When had he been so ready to lay down his safety and well being just to make Aziraphale happy? He wasn’t sure, and didn’t want to think about it too deeply.

Aziraphale too was uncharacteristically quiet as they drove through the empty, dark, bombed out streets of London. The angel normally loved to talk, but tonight he only sat silently, the bag of books in his lap, arms wrapped protectively around them as if someone would snatch them away from him. He kept his face mostly turned away from Crowley to look at the dark cityscape that swept by outside the window.

They pulled up in front of the bookshop and sat in the car for a moment. The silence inside the Bentley took on a decidedly awkward note as it stretched out unabated. Why wasn’t the angel speaking? Not much on heaven or earth could get Aziraphale to shut up for more than five minutes at a stretch (He even spoke while eating, and remarked repeatedly on the interesting things he saw in the pages of his book, out loud when Crowley was over). Crowley loved this about him. He had a weakness for chatterboxes. Especially sweet, soft, handsome chatterboxes with bright hazel eyes framed by dark lashes.

“Welp. Here we are!” Crowley remarked brightly, hoping to get Aziraphale to open up a little.

“Yes... yes... I suppose we are.” Aziraphale shook himself slightly as if coming to consciousness after a nap, although he hadn’t slept and never did. They exited the car, and Crowley sauntered around the rear of the Bentley to stand in front of Aziraphale, hoping for an invite in for a drink. But no invite came. Instead, Aziraphale stepped a bit closer to Crowley, a strange nervous energy radiating off of him. “I have to thank you again Crowley, for everything.” He began.

Crowley tried to stifle the angel’s gratitude with a self conscious wave of his hand. But Aziraphale was undeterred. “No. No. I really mean it Crowley. That was no small thing you did tonight, saving me from those awful Nazi goons. And saving my dear, dear books. You know how much
they mean to me. I shan’t forget that any time soon.”

“Stop it angel, or you’ll make a demon blush” Crowley grumbled amiably. He was half embarrassed by the angel’s profuse thanks, but also, a rather large part of him was really enjoying the positive attention. He couldn’t help it. He craved approval from Aziraphale in a way that made him hate himself just a little bit.

Aziraphale did stop. He fell silent and then they were simply standing, a few feet apart, Crowley looking at Aziraphale from behind his shades, Aziraphale looking down again at the bag in his hands. Crowley wondered if he should say something to break the silence. Then he wondered exactly how long this would go on if he didn’t break the silence. He was just about to open his mouth and make some dull comment about the night air, or maybe which stars they could see from their vantage point on the street, when Aziraphale stepped closer.

He stepped right up to Crowley in fact. So close that Crowley fought the urge to step back... fought an irrational urge to put his hands up to protect himself from the angel’s nearness. Aziraphale looked up at him, eyes soft and yielding and shining in the combined dim light from the almost full moon and the yellow light of the streetlamp at the end of the block. Crowley felt himself inhale sharply. “Angel?” he queried in a careful voice, unsure what Aziraphale was up to.

“Crowley… I” Aziraphale started, but then stopped. He looked for a moment as if he had more to say, but then he raised himself on his toes just a bit (Crowley stood a couple of inches taller than the angel), leaned forward, and carefully, slowly and extremely gently placed his lips against Crowley’s. He kept the bag of books clutched in front of him, as if it were a shield between them.

Crowley froze. The kiss lasted only the briefest of seconds, far too quick for Crowley to really start enjoying it, before Aziraphale pulled away again, eyes downcast, suddenly shy. It had been the most innocent and chaste of kisses. A kiss of warmth and gratitude and affection. Crowley was afraid to breath. His heart was galloping inside his chest like he’d just run a marathon. His mouth was suddenly as dry as the desert east of Eden. “Angel” he said again, his voice soft and reverent. He didn’t have anything else to follow that up with though, which was fine, because Aziraphale was speaking.

“Thank you…. again , dear Crowley. You are ever so good to me” He said in the softest, smallest voice. And then without another word, he walked up to his bookshop, unlocked the door, stepped inside and shut the door behind him. Crowley watched him go with his mouth agape, his heart still hammering.

Well.. that had been something. He turned back to the Bentley and walked unsteadily to the driver’s side door and got in. He felt a broad, gleeful smile spread across his face as he started up the car and drove away, slower than usual. Aziraphale had forgiven him.. Again . He’d forgiven
him and he cared. Maybe just as a dear friend, but he *definitely* cared for him. Crowley had a sudden mad urge to abandon the Bentley by the side of the road, unfurl his wings and fly home instead.
Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

I have a theory, that Aziraphale has rampant service and gift languages and that Crowley is all about touch and affirmations. They share a quality time language. If you've never read about The Five Love Languages by Gary Chapman, please look it up! Take the quiz through this link

https://www.5lovelanguages.com/profile/

Tadfield 2019

The demon and the angel pulled up in front of what had been a convent attached to a birthing hospital when the antichrist had been delivered to the American diplomat, 11 years ago. Currently, Tadfield Manor really didn’t look like a convent anymore. Lots of glossy dark SUVs and other cars that people with Real Jobs drove were parked on the gravel roundabout in the front courtyard of the building.

Upon stepping through the stone arch that served as an entryway to the grounds, Aziraphale reached out and grabbed Crowley’s arm to stop him from walking forward. The angel took a deep, shuddering breath and paused, as if he couldn’t take a step further.

“It feels loved!” he exclaimed, face suffused with wonder.

“What you mean ‘loved’?” asked Crowley suspiciously. He swiftly checked himself to make sure he wasn’t radiating any subtle loving vibes or lustful imaginings. It could be rough being around Aziraphale sometimes without veritably humming with longing. But no, he had a good handle on it today. At least he thought he did.

Aziraphale hadn’t really elaborated much further. They continued walking towards the entrance, only to be brought up short as they were both struck by stinging projectiles. Crowley panicked slightly, flailing backwards at the impact. Had his people done too much checking up on him and come to finish him off? He swiftly reached a hand to his chest to where he now felt a cold wetness. His fingers came away stained red. What the?
He glanced over at Aziraphale and saw the angel, staring at his own hand in confusion, with a blue stain spread across his fingers.

“Its paint” Crowley remarked dumbly. Paint? Surely Hell wouldn’t stoop to such child’s play.

Before they could truly figure out what was going on, an irate man in camouflage strode up to them. “Hey! You’ve both been hit!” he yelled, in the tone of someone talking to a pair of children who’d ceased to follow the rules of a board game. “I don’t know what you think you’re playing at..”

He didn’t get to finish his sentence because Crowley had lost patience with this whole irritating situation. He swiftly transformed his face into a monstrous visage, part dog, part bat, part wolf, all teeth, and let out a high pitched, extremely unnerving screech, before returning his face back to normal. The whole thing took a split second, and the man satisfyingly went blank and fell to the ground in a faint.

“Well, that was fun” he remarked with a smirk.

“Yes.. fun for you” said Aziraphale, hands reaching ineffectually for the back of his jacket where a large blue paint stain had formed. “Look at the state of this coat!” he exclaimed. “I’ve kept this in tip top condition for over one hundred and eighty years!” Crowley circled around behind Aziraphale to assess the damage. “Now I’ll never get this stain out” Aziraphale continued, pouting.

Crowley, already knowing he was going to remove the stain for Aziraphale, because Satan be damned, he was helpless against those eyes and that pouty mouth, pretended that he wasn’t in fact helpless and offered a solution “Well, you could miracle it away couldn’t you?”

“Yes, well, but I would always know the stain was there… underneath”. The pouting increased. The angels eyes seemed to grow even larger and shinier as he gazed over at Crowley.

_Damn him_ Crowley thought. Over the decades since the bombing of the church, he noticed Aziraphale had developed a habit for asking Crowley’s help with little things. And then, when Crowley inevitably helped him, by say procuring him his favorite tea, or miracling him a safety belt for his seat in the Bentley on particularly wild trips through the countryside, or by chasing off especially stubborn customers from the shop, Aziraphale always seemed to glow and blush and smile in just the right way to make Crowley’s heart melt into a small, warm puddle inside his
The angel must know that Crowley lived to see him smile. He just had to know that rewarding Crowley with those blushes, those soft glances. Those brilliant smiles was making it increasingly difficult for Crowley to restrain himself. Why had the angel kept his distance for so many centuries, only to start this delicate flirtatious dance in the past 80 years? Crowley was convinced that Aziraphale had worked out how besotted Crowley was over him and was using this power to get Crowley to bend over backwards. It never went farther than simple flirtation. Aziraphale had never again kissed Crowley. Had never done more than to lay a companionable hand on his shoulder, or playfully punch his arm when they joked together. It was maddening, but Crowley had no choice but to play along.

And this situation was no exception. Unable to stand Aziraphale’s soft eyes for another second, Crowley indulgently leaned in close and blew a demonic miracle at the paint stains, dissolving them instantly. He was rewarded by a whiff of the angel’s delicious scent of vanilla and old paper and something sweeter underneath.

He was also rewarded with a soft, luminous smile and a sweet, shy “thank you” that made him want to grab the angel and kiss him. Kiss him until they were both breathless. But he exerted his iron will, a will he’d honed over hundreds of years of nearly endless pining for the maddeningly attractive angel.

Aziraphale shot yet another small, flirty glance at Crowley before he continued moving towards the main building of the convent and Crowley followed like a lovesick puppy, being careful as usual to mask his feelings behind a casual, cool demeanor.

“I’ve looked at this gun” the angel remarked, picking up one of the devices where the fainted man had dropped it. “It isn’t a real one at all. It shoots paint”.

“I thought your lot disapproved of guns”

Crowley laughed through his broad, cynical smile when the angel had replied that guns sometimes “give weight to a moral argument”. A devious plan was already hatching inside his demon’s mind.

Eventually, as they walked through the halls, looking at the adverts and pamphlets, they’d figured out that this was meant to be a “team building exercise” for corporate office workers. They’d been outfitted with paintball guns and camouflage outfits so that they could play at being soldiers. Crowley, who’d seen countless real soldiers die in horrible ways for more centuries than he could count, found the idea ludicrous and irritating.
A young woman, also decked out in camo had come running towards them in the virtually empty halls of the convent “Millie from Accounts caught me in the elbow!” She complained “Who’s winning?” she asked Crowley

“You’re all going to lose” Crowley grinned and snapped the fingers of both hands simultaneously. Suddenly, the faint pop-pop of paintballs being shot outside turned to the steely rattatatat of what sounded like honest to goodness multi-round rifle shots. M16 rounds to be perfectly accurate. Crowley had a weakness for the M16.

“What? What did you just do ??” Aziraphale asked, shocked and confused, with worry in his eyes.

Crowley made a cheerful little noise and cocked his head to the side, “They wanted real guns, so I gave them what they wanted” This was going to be loads of fun. He’d pay Aziraphale back for turning him into a pile of goo with his looks and his sighs. He was a demon damn it! And he should start acting like one more often!

It worked like a charm. Aziraphale, clearly scandalized asked in a voice full of concern “there are people out there… shooting at each other?”

“Wheh… it lends weight to their moral argument ” Crowley drawled, kicking open a door in the hallway to see if anything interesting was behind it. He heard a satisfying sound of things falling and breaking and turned back to the angel. “Everyone has free will. Including the right to murder. Just think of it as a microcosm of the universe” He was prancing now, really getting into the cockiness and the swing of his hips as he sauntered down the hallway, leaving a very concerned and flustered angel in his wake. Serves him right for making me feel like a lost puppy all the time he thought gleefully.

Aziraphale had stopped in his tracks, “They’re murdering each other?” his voice had gone up a few octaves and his brows were knit tightly over worried hazel eyes. Crowley suddenly decided it was time to put him out of his misery. The angel looked seriously worried at this point, and Crowley would have fun with him, but his fun always had a limit.

“No they aren’t” he spat out with a gruff sigh. “No one’s killing anyone. They’re all having miraculous escapes. Wouldn’t be any fun otherwise.”

He was a bit let down at how quickly Aziraphale relaxed. The angel shot Crowley another beaming smile and walked over to him with the sweetest, most indulgent, most trusting look on his
handsome face. His eyes went all soft and warm and Crowley thought he’d discorporate on the spot with the lust and love he felt swell up inside him at the sight of it. He gritted his teeth with the effort to keep it all hidden.

“You know Crowley..” Aziraphale began, voice like warm honey, eyes ever so flirtly

No thought Crowley desperately. No. Don’t say it. Don’t push me right now.

“I’ve always said...” the angel continued, with a deep, indulgent tone to his voice, and Crowley struggled to remain composed, struggled to control his breathing. He felt a thin sheen of sweat break out at his hairline.

“That deep down...” Oh dear Satan, the angel was going to compliment him… his heart started pounding, his hands twitched. His eyes drifted down to Aziraphale’s smiling lips, watching them start to form the next words.

“You really are quite a nice…”

That was it. Crowley’s mind went blank and his hands moved of their own accord, wrapping themselves tightly in Aziraphale’s lapels, he pushed Aziraphale with a few, halting steps, accompanied by the squeak of the angle’s shoes on the linoleum flooring as he was half dragged across it, and shoved him forcefully against the wall of the convent, across from where they had been standing. Slamming his body against Aziraphale’s in a way that felt so extremely good that he thought he might black out, he pushed all of his frustration and desire and thwarted passionate pining into short, clipped words.

“SHUT IT!” he grated out in a strained whisper. “I’m a demon. I’m not nice! ’ How dare Aziraphale pull at him as if he were a puppet, dangling at the end of a series of strings? How dare he be so infuriatingly desirable all the time and yet so completely unaware of how much it tortured Crowley.

He continued speaking, through gritted teeth, his mouth bare inches from the angel’s soft, surprised lips, staring intently into Aziraphale’s wide open eyes. “I’m never nice . Nice is a four letter word!” He could feel Aziraphale’s body go limp against his own. He wasn’t fighting this at all. And that made it that much harder not to close the infinitesimal gap between their mouths to kiss him.

Luckily, fate intervened. “Excuse me gentleman. Sorry to break up an intimate moment. Can I help
It was one of the nuns from the convent. Grateful for the excuse to extricate himself from where he was pressing Aziraphale up against the wall, Crowley stepped away and snapped his fingers, capturing her in place. He was in no mood to be soft and sweet right now.

Aziraphale had pushed himself indignantly away from the wall, appearing relatively unflustered, which made Crowley even grumpier. They’d spoken briefly with the ex nun, the very same one who’d taken the antichrist child from Crowley on that fateful night 11 years ago, and she’d told them virtually nothing about the boy, and then it was off again to the Bentley.

Crowley was relatively certain he needed a stiff drink and a long nap after today. They climbed into the car and sped off, back towards London. On the way, they’d hit a girl on a bicycle. Not knowing at the time the role she’d play in the apocalypse that loomed just a day away.
Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

Final chapter is due to drop 8/9. Thanks so much guys for all the supportive comments and kudos! <3

Heaven

God returned from Her recent trip to the Milky Way galaxy. There had been some things She’d needed to reorganize regarding a burgeoning new life form developing on one of its planetary systems. After She’d nudged a few protons into line and had sparked a few electrons into action, twisting her fingers into the sulfuric clouds and nudging the star stuff about here and there, She’d returned to her beloved earth. Only about 6000 years had transpired, and the Apocalypse that She’d seen coming when She’d commanded Aziraphale to guard the Eastern Gate of Eden had clearly been averted.

She was generally not a micromanager, preferring to set things in motion and see what transpired, rather than take a hand in every little tiny thing that happened on the planets and out among the stars. She tended to paint with broad strokes. Very broad strokes. So broad indeed that she wasn’t usually anywhere near the canvas.

Upon returning, she first checked in on the angels. Gabriel, Sandalphon, Uriel, Michael. They were their usual stuffy, officious selves. They’d been doing a relatively good job of keeping an eye on things while she’d been gone. She wasn’t stuffy herself, quite the opposite, but she preferred to leave the organizational work and clerical duties to the stuffy types. Gabriel and the rest were perfect for this type of work. And they were all rather charming in their own ways. A bit unnerving in their devotion to some random things she’d said a few thousand years ago, but they were steadfast and dedicated.

She called Gabriel into her office, not bothering to involve The Metatron at this point. It was just an informal meeting. She knew that things had gone a bit sideways in her absence. She was fairly certain that The Metatron and the rest of the angels had chosen to interpret Her words, about Armageddon, about humans, about Heaven and Hell in their own ways, and that they’d maybe even made some things up on top of that. Gotten a bit carried away as it were in their haste to make a Right and a Wrong side. That was fine. Everything was always fine. People liked to make Her out to be an angry, vengeful God, but She wasn’t. She was actually quite Zen.

Hello Gabriel. She intoned as the tall, broad shouldered angel sat down across from her where she
presided at her desk. How Have Things Been?

“Everything’s been fine Lord” Gabriel’s words were reassuring but his tone was a bit flustered.

*What Is The Matter Gabriel?* She asked with genuine curiosity. *You Look Nervous. Did the Apocalypse Not Go As You’d Planned?*

“Well, yes… I mean no.” stumbled Gabriel uncertainly. “I mean, it didn’t actually happen *at all,* so if by *not go as I planned*, you meant ‘was completely averted’ then you are correct. It not happening at all wasn’t what I was expecting. I was expecting it to…well... happen.” Gabriel was babbling at this point, nervously smoothing his hands down the front of his very well tailored jacket. Oh poor, stuffy Gabriel. He tried so very hard.

God hoped her face wasn’t betraying too much childlike glee at hearing that her best laid plans had come to fruition. She knew sending the angel out to meet the demon in the garden had been a good move. There was something disobedient and a touch devious about Aziraphale’s goodness and something caring and kind about Crowley’s badness that she’d had a feeling would act as a yin yang of sorts. A blending of heavenly and hellish energies, light and dark, up and down, that would help to balance it all out *somehow.* A reminder that the world was shades of gray. That it was more than just opposing sides of binary forces. That their connection would be the irritant that caused a pearlescent new world to bloom, rather than a pointless, bloody war. And She’d been right! How delightful.

*And What Of Aziraphale And Crowley?* She asked hopefully. *What Happened With Them.*

Apparently, this hadn’t been a good question to ask. Gabriel was in full on glower mode now. Brows knitted, eyes baleful.

“And those *traitors,* they went *native.* Went *feral.* They aren’t an angel and a demon any longer. You should have seen it Lord. The angel stepped right into a big pile of Hellfire and just sat there, laughing at us. And I hear the demon was splashing around in a bathtub of holy water. Apparently, he asked for a rubber duck!”

Gabriel saw the look on God’s face and wisely stopped speaking.

*Decided To Punish Them Did We?* She asked calmly, (in very much the same way that a disconcertingly calm father would talk to his teenager, who’d just come home drunk at 3am,
saying ‘decided to take the car out for a spin did you?’

Gabriel gulped. “Well yes Lord. It was what you would have wanted.” he looked suddenly very chagrined.

*Interesting* She mused.

“What should we do about them now Lord?” Gabriel sounded hopeful. Probably expecting God to lay down the law now that She was back from her most recent business trip.

*Nothing* She replied simply

Gabriel was clearly confused. “Nothing Lord? I’m sorry, I don’t follow”

*We Will Do Nothing About Them. There Isn’t Anything To Be Done. Let Them Be* She elaborated patiently.

Gabriel still looked confused. “But Lord… they betrayed their head offices. They conspired together. They helped avert Armageddon! What’s worse, I’m pretty sure they’ve been….” He screwed his face up in disgust “*Fraternizing*”.

*Yes, I Rather Hoped They Might* replied God with a broad smile on her lovely face.

Gabriel’s mouth hung open. “You… you hoped they might?” he repeated dumbly.

God decided that their meeting had accomplished as much as it was going to. She politely ushered Gabriel out of her office with a terse reminder to leave the angel and the demon alone. He went obediently, still looking for all the world as if he were a five year old child and someone had told him Santa Claus didn’t exist. He’d get over it she thought indulgently. Angels were resilient.

Then she sat at her desk and reached out a tendril of her endless awareness towards the controversial pair. She found them in the angel’s bookshop, drinking and talking. She probed a bit deeper, taking a look at the contents of their hearts and smiled with deep satisfaction. Yes, her plan had worked quite well indeed.
But had it come to fruition? Underneath the deep and abiding love and burning passion she felt within their hearts, there was also fear. Fear and worry and longing. Oh No. Perhaps things hadn’t worked out quite as well as she’d hoped. She felt a tiny jab of irritation. Six thousand years had transpired and they hadn’t managed to express their feelings or tumble into bed yet? Not once? She knew she’d told Aziraphale to be careful of the wily demon in the garden, but this was frankly ridiculous. She’d have to do something about this. She reached out and gave the tiniest of nudges to the molecules in Crowley’s wine glass. There. Just a little bit of a push. It would have to be Crowley after all. The demon was the lynch pin in this situation. Then She left them alone. She was quite good at leaving things alone….
Crowley and Aziraphale were drinking in the angel’s very assuredly closed bookshop. They’d done this many many times before, only tonight was different. Tonight, they didn’t have the Apocalypse hanging over their heads, and they had a temporary reprieve from the fear of Heaven and Hell breathing down the backs of their necks.

It was freeing. It was lovely. Crowley had draped himself bonelessly at one end of Aziraphale’s sofa, and Aziraphale was perched primly at the other end. Both holding glasses of what remained of the Chataneauf Du Pape and verbally regaling each other with tales of what it had been like to swap bodies.

“Crowley dear, I really wish you could have seen the look on Hastur’s face! He was absolutely, positively terrified! And Dagon? She must have swallowed her tongue. I did that little cocky thing you do with your mouth when you’re really trying get someone’s goat, and it worked like a charm!”

Crowley smiled broadly at the angel’s description. “That was probably nothing compared to Gabriel when I spat Hell Fire into his stupid, mean face” He still had a warm, fuzzy feeling in his chest at seeing that smug bastard’s abject terror at watching what he thought was Aziraphale, Crowley’s dear, sweet Aziraphale, go from doomed prisoner to fire breathing monster. He was certain it would keep him in a good mood for the next several centuries.

“We did well my dear” said Aziraphale warmly. He stopped for a moment to take another gulp of wine. Crowley did the same. Only he noticed that his wine tasted a bit funny.

“Angel, has this wine gone off?” he asked quizzically. “It doesn’t taste right.
“No my dear. It tastes perfectly fine to me.”

Crowley shrugged. He tried another sip. The wine did still taste a little bit off, but it was making his head feel warm and fuzzy like it should, and he could feel it working its heated way down his throat and into his stomach, so who was he to complain? Demons couldn’t be poisoned by ordinary food spoilage, so a bit of an off taste was fine.

“Maybe I should switch to whiskey. Do you have any in the back my love?” he asked.

It wasn’t until he saw the strange look creep over Aziraphale’s face that he realized what he’d said.

He froze.

Aziraphale, Satan bless him, didn’t react. “Yes my dear” he said, tone a touch stiff. “I’ll just go and see… shall I?”

“Don’t be gone long darling” Crowley heard the words leave his mouth with a start. He’d wanted to say them, but he hadn’t intended to actually speak them out loud. That was the problem. He thought things like this all the time, and never, ever ever said them to the angel. He carefully put down his wine glass and slowly, fearfully raised his eyes to look at Aziraphale, who’d stopped mid-step on the way to the kitchen to fetch the whiskey.

“Crowley dear, are you feeling alright?” Aziraphale asked. Crowley, for his part was in full on panic mode. His pulse had started to pound and his breath was coming short.

“Someone’s drugged my wine!” he yelled in a very uncool, very not composed way. “I knew it was off!”

Aziraphale was frowning now. He picked up his own wine glass and sniffed at it, then took a tiny sip. “Mine tastes fine.” he replied. “Why? How do you feel?”

Crowley was afraid to speak. “I feel… “ he began cautiously “scared?” he finished. Best not to say too much for fear of what he might spit out next.
“Oh dear me” Tutted Aziraphale, putting his wine glass down and coming to sit closer to Crowley on the sofa.

Crowley reeled back away from him suddenly, pushing himself against the armrest and putting his hands up. “Don’t!” he yelled, making Aziraphale lean back in surprise. “Don’t come any closer!”

Aziraphale looked hurt now. “Why ever not Crowley?” he asked in a slightly offended voice. “I won’t bite you.”

“That’s too bad because I really wish you would” Oh no, oh no OH NO. Had he just said that out loud? Crowley slapped both hands over his mouth as if he’d just let loose with a string of blistering blasphemy. Aziraphale was looking at him with shocked surprise painted on his sweet features.

“Crowley, I’m sorry, I must not have heard you correctly. Did you just say you wished that I’d … Bite you?”

“I wish you’d do a lot more than that” is what Crowley said next, but since his hands were plastered over his mouth, it came out as “ah wush yud duh ah loh moh thah thah”

“Crowley! Stop it now! You’re being very strange.” Aziraphale was starting to look offended, his perfect brows, knitted over worried eyes.

Crowley refused to comply. He kept his hands firmly clamped over his mouth. His eyes (he’d abandoned his shades hours ago) were wide and he felt his heart beating a mile a minute. He fervently wished Aziraphale had not decided to come closer.

His wine had been drugged! Goddamn Hastur! He’d decided to get revenge after all! A small part of his brain suggested that maybe putting a truth serum in his wine so that he’d say embarrassingly sentimental things to the love of his life didn’t quite fit with your average demonic curse. But it didn’t fit with anything Gabriel or Sandalphon would do either, so there was that.

To his utter horror, he saw Aziraphale reach up and gently start to pry his hands back, away from his mouth. He fought the angel, clutching tighter to keep his traitorous words contained, but Aziraphale was nothing if not persistent. He’d spent decades hunting down rare editions of books and could spend 15 minutes at a stretch painstakingly turning an ancient, yellowed page to prevent it from tearing or crumbling. This was an entity with determination. He eventually managed to slowly pry Crowley’s hands away and hold them in his own.
“Your hands are so soft” was the first thing out of Crowley’s mouth. Of course, he thought. Of course, feeling as if he’d discorporate from embarrassment at any moment.

“So are yours” Aziraphale replied with a lovely smile.

“Oh dear Satan, your smile is the most beautiful thing I’ve ever seen”

Crowley felt the words, the traitorous words, trip from his mouth and fall into the air, almost as if they were puffs of smoke. He wished he could wave his hands in front of his mouth and dispel them as easily as if they were. He wasn’t ready for this right now. He felt his temperature, usually quite low, spike suddenly until he felt like he was burning up, and he gave a strangled little shriek and twisted away from Aziraphale, pulling his hands out of the angel’s hands and simultaneously burying his face in the arm of the couch, wrapping both arms around his head. He curled in on himself, away from the angel. Away from the face that was making him bare his secret heart. He knew he was behaving like a child, but didn’t care. He silently and fervently swore he’d never even look at a glass of Chataneauf Du Pape ever again.

“Crowley dearest” he could feel the angel’s heat as he leaned closer to Crowley. Could hear the soft, caring tone in the angel’s voice. The drugged wine was working it’s way through his corporeal blood stream, and up into his demon’s brain, knocking down walls and unlocking doors as it went. He felt scared and vulnerable, but worst of all, he felt the deep tides of love and passion and affection for the angel that he’d pushed down for millenia, rising up within him, like a great flood, and he was helpless to prevent it. He had no idea what would happen if that wave broke and swept him under. He curled even tighter in on himself, pulling his knees up so that he was now in a fetal position against the arm of the couch.

“Crowley, you’re being ridiculous. You can’t hide from me forever”

“I beg to differ” Crowley mumbled into the soft, 110 year old fabric of the couch’s upholstery.

“Come now Crowley, unfold yourself and talk to me. You’re acting very childish.” Aziraphale’s tone had become chiding, and there was just a slight undercurrent of hurt there. It made Crowley’s heart clench painfully.

To his horror, he felt Aziraphale’s warm hands on his shoulders, pulling him away from where he’d balled himself up against the couch. He regretfully let himself be pulled into a seated position, but leaned as far away from the angel as he could. This wasn’t far as Aziraphale was sitting quite
near to him. His leg, when he straightened up was flush against Aziraphale’s legs on the couch. He kept his face turned away from the angel nonetheless, biting his lip to keep from commenting on how very good that felt. He may be under the influence of some occult truth wine, but that didn’t mean he wouldn’t fight it every step of the way. The alternative, of being forced to profess undying love to Aziraphale, in the face of the angel’s probable indifference was unbearable.

“Crowley, why are you so upset? Why are you hiding from me. It’s OK to show me affection.” The angel paused for a moment “In fact, it’s quite nice” he finished.

“Nice… yes” Crowley spat out. Unable to trust himself to say more. Of course Aziraphale thought his endless love and affection was ‘nice’. He was rather ‘nice’ for a demon wasn’t he? At least that’s what the angel had meant to say back in the convent.

“You’re hiding from me” Aziraphale’s voice was sad now. “Is it that you’re ashamed that you … like me? We’ve been friends for a long time now Crowley. And in all that time you’ve been so kind, so caring. Why is it that you feel ashamed to be kind now? Don’t you…Don’t you… like me anymore?”

Crowley bolted. He got up abruptly from the couch, ignoring the little surprised chirp that came out of Aziraphale at his departure, and headed for the door of the bookshop. If he couldn’t control his mouth, he could take it out of the shop and go home.

Aziraphale was plump and soft, but he wasn’t weak and he could be surprisingly quick when he wanted to. He was off the couch like a shot and rushed after Crowley, grabbing his wrist before the demon could get the door open and twisting him around to face him. Crowley was ashamed to feel tears fill up his eyes and he refused to look at Aziraphale, glancing up at the ceiling, down at the floor. He had an unbidden memory come to him of Rome, of their roles being reversed as he’d backed a nervous angel up against the stone wall of a stairwell.

He could tell the angel was worried. Why wouldn’t he be? Crowley was acting deranged.

“Crowley!” Aziraphale cried helplessly. “Crowley dearest, please tell me what’s happening. Please don’t hide from me. It really is OK to show me that you care. You don’t have to be the big tough demon anymore. They aren’t coming after us. We can truly be friends now.”

Friends
The word echoed hollowly in Crowley’s ears. He knew he was done for. He couldn’t do the old hands-over-the-mouth trick again, and he couldn’t very well flee from the shop now that Aziraphale had a hold of his arm, not without being incredibly unfeeling. He dared to look up into Aziraphale’s face and saw genuine hurt there. That’s what finally made him break. He could never stand to see his angel hurting.

“You were right, back in Rome angel.” he said somberly, eyes remaining bravely locked with Aziraphale’s “we’re not friends. Not even remotely.” He saw Aziraphale’s look of hurt deepen immeasurably and felt his heart break a tiny bit from the sight. So he forged onwards. “I don’t see you as a friend. Friendship is a tiny, infinitesimal speck, lost in a sea of something far deeper that I feel for you.”

He felt the tears in his eyes reach maximum capacity and make a run for it down his cheeks as he saw Aziraphale’s face transform, from one of hurt and worry to something approximating fierce joy. It was that look that finally undid him completely.

“Angel” he said softly, reverently as he stepped away from the shop door where he’d been leaning, stepped in close to Aziraphale and took the angel’s face gently in his trembling hands. “If I could just… Just once…” the angel didn’t back away and his eyes held no trace of fear, and so he closed the distance between them and kissed Aziraphale.

He heard and felt a soft sigh escape the angel as their lips met. He kept the kiss sweet. Respectful. Careful. He didn’t know what would happen next. But he knew what was happening now. He was finally kissing his dearest love. It felt indescribably good and utterly terrifying at the same time. Still, the wine was coursing through his veins, making him brave, and he wrapped his arms around Aziraphale’s waist and pulled them closer together. To his relief and pleasure, the angel melted against him and kissed him back, yielding softly to his lips and bringing warm hands up to pull gently at his shoulders.

He wanted the kiss to go on forever. Aziraphale’s soft lips were so delicious, so sweet, and he smelled so very good, but a disturbing thought occurred to him, and he broke the kiss and pulled back.

Aziraphale looked like he also had something to say, and awkwardly, they both spoke at the same time.

“No, angel, you’ll fall”

“Wait… you’ve been drugged?”
They looked at each other in temporary confusion.

“I won’t fall” Aziraphale said, deciding to answer Crowley first. His voice soft and quiet as he looked up into Crowley’s eyes somberly. “I haven’t done anything wrong. And think about it, wouldn’t helping to avert Armageddon, betraying my home office and, well… keeping rather close company with a demon for six thousand years have made that happen by now?”

Crowley was glad one of them was thinking logically, because his head was spinning from having the angel wrapped up in his arms, smelling amazing and looking ridiculously beautiful. He found himself staring rather pointedly at Aziraphale’s mouth, hoping they could get back to kissing again soon.

“In answer to your question angel” he said huskily, still staring at the angel’s beautiful lips and leaning in a little further towards the kiss event horizon, hoping to be sucked in… “I do believe I’ve been drugged. I never would have said any of that otherwise”

He was only momentarily surprised when Aziraphale gasped and twisted himself out of Crowley’s arms. Oh shit. That hadn’t come out right had it?

The angel was slowly backing away from him, hands clutch at his chest, eyes full of pain. OH SHIT. He’d done it now

“No… no Aziraphale, please. Don’t misunderstand me!”

“Its fine Crowley. I understand. You were under the influence. I’m sorry that I pushed you…” The angel’s eyes were resolutely trained on the shop floor between them, his face was closing in on itself.

“Angel!” Crowley quickly closed the distance between them and grasped Aziraphale by the soft shoulders. “What I meant was that I wouldn’t have been brave enough.” He punctuated the words by giving Aziraphale a little shake. “I would have kept that stuff from you. Like, well, like I always do. Like I’ve been doing for a really long time.”

“You.. you have?” Aziraphale asked, cautious hope pooling inside his lovely hazel eyes. “You’ve been keeping it from me?”

“Yes angel. Yes! I… well… I’m rather deeply in love with you. I’m just not very good at saying it.”
“In love with me?” Aziraphale sounded confused. “Really?”

“Yes you idiot.” Crowley couldn’t help but feel a touch frustrated. This was painful enough without him having to convince the angel of the veracity of his feelings. “Have been pretty much forever. It’s gotten so that I can’t properly function around you, so I suppose I’m rather glad I drank drugged wine and spilled my guts out, because frankly, this was becoming painful and tedious. Hiding it all the time.”

“But…” Aziraphale still looked frustratingly clueless, and Crowley reminded himself to be patient. It had been 6,000 years after all. He could wait a few more minutes for the news that he was in love with the angel to sink in. “But… why? Why would you hide your feelings all this time? And… how long have you felt this way exactly?”

“Six thousand years?” Crowley hazarded. He was in it now wasn’t he? Might as well put the final nail in the proverbial coffin. No point lying anyway. “Ever since I saw you standing up there on the wall in the Garden, all confused and worried. I’ve been something of a mess over you” Aziraphale looked like he was about to speak again, but Crowley remembered something.

“No, I’m not being accurate. At first I thought it was just desire. I really really wanted to, well… you know. Take your clothes off and touch you all over.” He was distantly satisfied to see Aziraphale blush a deep pink color upon hearing that and immediately started a small catalogue in the back of his mind of what to do to make him blush again. “Back in Rome, when you stumbled into my arms and you smelled so good and you felt even better” what had been in his wine?? “I came so close to kissing you. And doing a lot more than that, but I thought it would make you fall, I thought it would make heaven cast you out. That it would… make you dirty, touching you like that, and so I didn’t do it. And then you sobered up and left anyway.”

Aziraphale did speak up at this point. He looked pleasingly flustered and unsettled. Crowley was struggling against an unrelenting urge to kiss him again, but he held back and let him speak.

“I followed you” The angel said.. A guilty tone, tinged with hurt creeping into his voice. “I followed you and I heard what you said to Hastur”

Crowley cast his memory back to that far off conversation and then winced with recognition. “Oh no angel… I didn’t mean it. I was trying to convince Hastur that I didn’t care about you like I did”

“It’s OK Crowley. I forgave you.”
“No!” Crowley was surprised to be yelling. “It’s not OK angel. I said some very mean things about you. But that’s not how I felt. All I wanted to do was kiss you and hold you and maybe run my fingers through that ridiculous hair of yours, and tell you how crazy you made me” It was surprising really what a truth serum would make you comfortable saying all of a sudden like this. “I had to cover for being seen with you. I didn’t want Hastur to know we were connected, otherwise he might have pulled me back to Hell, or tried to hurt you. Or. Well. I just had to think quickly, and it kills me a little to think you heard me say those things. Please know that I feel quite the opposite of what I said. I was and still am utterly besotted with you”

He saw a sly grin creep over Aziraphale’s face and felt himself relax a bit. The angel didn’t seem angry at the subject matter. That at least was a good thing.

“Alright Crowley. Really. Its literally ancient history. But why didn’t you tell me how you felt sooner?” Now his eyes were anxious again, eyebrows crinkling, hands clutched again at his chest. Crowley hated the sight of it.

“Well…” Crowley was suddenly shy. “There was that whole, ‘opposite sides’ thing to consider. That, and, well… you didn’t feel the same way” He felt his tears threaten to return, felt his body tense in preparation for a rejection he knew must be coming “I was… I am a demon, and you were so angry at me for so long. And how could you possibly feel the same way. You..” but he didn’t get the chance to finish his sentence.

This time it was Aziraphale who kissed Crowley. They were still standing, awkwardly by the front door of the bookshop and Aziraphale stepped forward in a rush, pushing Crowley up against the door, the demon’s back making the window shade cant sideways at a crazy angle as Aziraphale slammed their mouths and bodies together, quite forcefully.

Crowley was so surprised he almost forgot to be aroused.

Almost.

Aziraphale’s mouth on his had started out very rough and insistent… as if he were very ardently trying to make a point. But soon, his lips softened and Crowley felt his own mouth mould to them in the most delicious way. He wrapped his arms around Aziraphale’s neck and let his fingers finally, finally bury themselves in that bright, wild hair he’d been itching to touch for way way too long. Aziraphale wrapped tight, possessive arms around Crowley’s waist and opened his mouth a bit, his tongue making flirty little movements against Crowley’s closed lips until he parted them, and then… Oh then they were kissing in a way that made Crowley’s insides turn to liquid fire.
His arms felt so full of Aziraphale’s warm, soft body. His nose was filled with the angel’s sweet scent. His tongue danced slickly and hotly against the angel’s tongue. Aziraphale was an inexperienced kisser, but what he lacked in skill, he made up for in pure enthusiasm. And he was a quick learner. Already turning his head just so., Opening and closing his mouth with soft urgency against Crowley’s. Crowley groaned at how good it felt and heard an answering groan from Aziraphale that made his temperature rise even higher.

Some minutes later, it was hard to tell how much time had passed while they were twined together, blissfully snogging in the doorway, Aziraphale broke the kiss, pulling away just far enough to look up into Crowley’s eyes.

“Crowley, I hope you understand that I am trying very hard to convince you of the strength of my affection for you. I love you desperately, and have for millennia, but if you need more evidence of my sincerity, I’ll be quite happy to oblige.” He turned a bit shy then, glancing down at the floor, and then back up at Crowley through thick, dark blond lashes in a way that put Crowley in mind instantly of multiple, extremely intimate things he was aching to do to the angel.

“Maybe…” Aziraphale continued in a tone of voice Crowley had never heard before, soft and husky, “we could take this, upstairs….to my bedroom?” His eyes sparking with a look of such unbridled need and longing. Crowley felt his knees threaten to buckle.

“Yes… um, yes angel. That would be a wonderful idea.” he stammered

Aziraphale snapped his fingers and they were suddenly standing together in his bedroom. Angelic powers had so many interesting uses.

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Aziraphale was suddenly shy. It was silly he knew. He’d waited to get Crowley alone and willing and planting hot, passionate kisses, one by one down the side of the angel’s neck like this for endless lonely nights. And yet, now, when the time had finally come, he felt unusually nervous.

“How did he do that?
“Mmm?” Crowley murmured happily against the angel’s neck. The vibrations of his deep voice against Aziraphale’s skin made the angel moan softly.

“I… um… oh my… that feels rather good Crowley… um… I”

“Spit it out angel” Crowley growled. And then, as if directly contradicting himself, he stopped Aziraphale from speaking entirely by capturing his mouth in another mind bending kiss. “I’m sorry”, Crowley breathed when they broke apart a minute later. “I know you can’t talk to me when I’m kissing you, but… I need to kiss you... a lot”

“I rather like that idea dearest” Aziraphale couldn’t help but smile at Crowley’s words. “But, um… I think there’s something you should know.”

Crowley pulled back and looked down at Aziraphale from where they were laying together on Aziraphale’s bed, surprisingly still fully clothed. He was clearly waiting patiently for Aziraphale to speak.

“I’ve… well… I’ve never done this before.” Aziraphale said

“Not surprised” was Crowley’s response. “You never struck me as the type to give it up very easily”.

“Really?” Aziraphale was both relieved and a tiny bit insulted. “Do I really come across as that innocent?”

“Of course not angel” Crowley replied, running a slow, very talented hand up Aziraphale’s thigh, to his hip and down again absently while he spoke, which made it a bit hard to pay attention. “No, you have a worldly, Don Juan type of vibe that veritably oozes off you while you drink tea in your bow tie and alphabetize your books”

“Crowley please!” Aziraphale suppressed a grin at Crowley’s apt characterization of him. No, he was not a Lothario, or a Don Juan. He was a nervous, virginal angel, in bed with the only person he’d ever lusted after. He was incredibly turned on, but ever so afraid of letting Crowley down.

“I’m sorry for teasing you angel. Its just that sometimes you’re too much.” Crowley snuggled down next to Aziraphale, plastering himself against the angel’s right side and nuzzling in against
his neck, he spoke softly into Aziraphale’s ear in a way that sent shivers down Aziraphale’s spine and did nothing to calm the angel’s now raging erection. “We can go slow” he whispered, wrapping an arm around the angel and pulling him closer. “You tell me what you want and we’ll do that. *Just that*. I’ve controlled myself for a long time angel. I can wait until you’re comfortable”

Aziraphale swallowed hard. “The thing is Crowley… “ Dear Lord, the demon being this close, his smell, the feel of his lithe body pressed up against his side was making speech increasingly difficult. “I don’t want you to control yourself at all. I’m not afraid of anything you would… could… do to me.” He heard the demon’s sharp intake of breath and felt him start to roll his narrow hips against Aziraphale’s side, which made his eyes halfway roll into the back of his head at the feel of the demon’s hard cock against his hip. “It’s rather that I’m not sure that anything I would do to you would be um… satisfactory for you”

There, he’d said it. Let the chips fall where they may as it were.

Crowley surprised him climbing on top of him, straddling him with slender legs, leaning down over him and grasping Aziraphale’s face with both of his hands. His lovely yellow eyes were intent, the black slits wider than usual. “Angel.” he said in a voice full of emotion, one that Aziraphale wasn’t used to hearing based on all the centuries of their prior acquaintance. “Your body, your face, your voice, your hands… Satan help me Aziraphale, I have dreamed of touching you, of making you come apart with pleasure for six thousand bloody years. You are the temple I pray before. You are the vision who has haunted my dreams and my masturbatory fantasies for more centuries than I care to count. I knew who you were when I fell in love with you. You’re a bloody angel. Not typically known for being sexually experienced, angels. Satan knows, the ones upstairs don’t even have the equipment for it. Just you telling me that I don’t have to control myself is making it exceedingly difficult not to rip your clothes off and ravish you right now. You have *nothing* to fear where my sexual satisfaction with you is concerned.”

Aziraphale gulped again, his pulse had started to race as he gazed up into Crowley’s intent stare. The feel of the demon sitting atop him, their hard cocks pressed together while he confessed undying passion for him. It was… well… it was deeply affecting to say the least. “Oh Crowley” he breathed, feeling a slow smile creep across his face. “You really are quite sweet, you know that?”

He saw Crowley take a deep breath and close his eyes for a second. He looked like he was struggling to remain in control of himself, and Aziraphale felt a thrill of excitement at the thought that he caused this surge of passion to happen, and also at what might happen when his control slipped. “Oh angel” Crowley leaned down a bit closer and spoke against Aziraphale’s slightly parted mouth “Tell me what I can do for you, and I’ll show you how very sweet I can be”.

Aziraphale’s breath hitched as he looked up into fierce yellow eyes, dilated with lust. “I… Crowley
I… well… do you remember back in Rome… at that um.. Orgy where we met by accident that time?”

He was surprised when Crowley burst out laughing, quickly turning his head to the side so as not to throw his laughter directly into the angel’s face. “Remember it? I’ve only wanked off to if four hundred and seventy two times! But really angel, who’s counting?”

“Oh my” Aziraphale had also replayed that moment, watching Crowley explode in pleasure into that young man’s mouth with his eyes locked onto Aziraphale’s eyes. Had also touched himself to the memories more than a few times. He was glad Crowley obviously felt the same way about their shared moment. “Well… I think… if what you say is true, about it.. Not mattering if I’m inexperienced.. Well, I’d rather enjoy doing that to you. With my mouth I mean”.

Crowley went from crouching on top of him to lying flat against him in a fluid motion that reminded Aziraphale again strongly that he’d once been a large serpent. The demon let out a low groan and buried his face in Aziraphale’s neck breathing in deeply. His hips had started moving again, in little desperate thrusts against Aziraphale in a way that made the angel think he might lose his mind at how good it felt. Crowley let his breath out as he spoke again directly into the angel’s ear. “Angel, you’re going to discorporate me with the way you talk.”

“So that’s a yes then?” Aziraphale asked hesitantly

“I’m not sure I’ve ever wanted something that badly before in my entire earthly existence. Of course it’s a yes. But only if you really want to angel. The last thing I want is to push you into something, just because I want it”

“I definitely want to” Aziraphale replied, marveling at how small and inadequate those four words were to express something so very important and exciting to him. “Very badly” he added for good measure.

“Where do you want me?” Crowley looked like he was trying valiantly to stop rhythmically pressing his hips against Aziraphale’s, but was failing miserably.

“Everywhere” replied Aziraphale with a grin. But I think I’d like to do it standing up, with you leaning against the wall… just like from that night in Rome.”

“Oh dear Satan angel. I hope you’re not expecting me to last very long. I could probably come now if you give me just about 30 more seconds of being close to you”. But he got up off of Aziraphale and went to stand against one of the many bookshelves that adorned the angel’s relatively unused
bedroom. “Grab a pillow from the bed angel” he said in a voice gone rough with anticipation “for your sweet little knees”

“You know”, Aziraphale mused, as he fetched the pillow and clambered off the bed over to where Crowley was leaning, “It occurs to me that you may be a bit like me, in that you don’t have to um… rest all that much .. in between…” He saw Crowley’s nod of recognition that yes, this was the case for him as well, and continued.

“Even if this is over quickly, I could just do it to you again right after.”

He was pleased to see Crowley’s knees buckle, to see him reached out to support himself against the bookshelf with a trembling hand. “Yuh..yes angel… that’s true.” he gasped. “Fair point”.

Aziraphale dutifully placed the pillow on the floor in front of the demon, who’d somewhat regained his composure. “Shall I… disrobe?” he asked uncertainly. With a snap of Crowley’s fingers they were both entirely nude. Aziraphale looked up and gasped involuntarily at the sight of Crowley’s long, lean, naked body. The demon’s heavy cock, rock hard and bobbing gently in time with his heartbeat, was suddenly jutting up between them. “Oh my” he breathed, his eyes traveling slowly up to Crowley’s face, to eyes that were hungrily sweeping over Aziraphale’s own nudity. “You’re so beautiful” He said reverently kneeling before the demon and reaching up to place his hands on Crowley’s slender thighs.

Crowley threw his head back and groaned “Angel please touch me. I don’t care how. Just touch me please”

Aziraphale did as he was told and wrapped a soft, hesitant hand around the base of Crowley’s hot member and gave it a small tug. He was rewarded with a gasp and a thrust of Crowley’s hips, so he did it again, a bit more insistently this time. More groans issued from above. “Should I … put my mouth on it now?” he asked

“You should have put your mouth on it roughly 600 decades ago angel” Crowley spoke with some difficulty. He was thrusting his hips gently, his breath was coming in ragged gaps.

Aziraphale did as he was asked and carefully placed the head of Crowley’s cock in his mouth.

“OH fuck angel.. Oh fuck . I’m sssorry” Crowley hissed out between clenched teeth as he started to convulse. Aziraphale startled a bit in surprise when he felt Crowley’s hot semen gushing h into his mouth, but he didn’t pull back. Instead he pushed the demon’s hard member further back into his throat, as far back as it would go, delighting at the novelty of feeling it pulse against his tongue,
and at the taste of Crowley’s hot essence as it spilled down his throat. He heard the demon cry out sharply in pleasure above him.

Eventually, Crowley’s thrusting into his mouth slowed and the gasps and exclamations of “Oh fuck!, Angel, oh fuck ” ceased falling from the demon’s lips. Aziraphale pulled back and looked up at him with a happy smile. His eyes met Crowley’s as they gazed back down at him, glazed and unfocused.

Aziraphale was relatively certain he’d found a new favorite pastime. “Oh my” he remarked reverently and a little breathlessly “That was very enjoyable. You taste amazing darling. Are we ready for round two?”

Crowley could only nod, the hardness of his cock hadn’t flagged in the slightest. Aziraphale bent and took it immediately into his mouth, sinking down on it until he felt the head of Crowley’s cock slide against the back of his throat. He groaned with pleasure at how good it felt to finally have the demon’s full length inside his mouth. Crowley gasped anew and gripped Aziraphale’s shoulders with hot, desperate hands. “Fuck angel. OH fuck. Oh fuck. You’re so good. You feel so incredibly good. Your mouth. Your mouth is so.. so... Oh fuck ” he was babbling and Aziraphale loved the sound of it. He pulled back slowly, letting his lips drag along the hot, thick length of Crowley’s once again rock hard dick and then plunged back down again.

The second time didn’t last all that long either. Crowley made it about three minutes before he gripped his hands in Aziraphale’s hair and came again, gasping out the angel’s name over and over in a voice full of heated wonder.

Afterwards, he pulled Aziraphale up and kissed him deeply, his tongue seeking out the taste of himself inside the angels sweet mouth. He broke the kiss and whispered into Aziraphale’s lips “Your turn” he breathed. “I’ve been selfish and I need to repay you”

“Oh my dearest” Aziraphale breathed, gazing lovingly into Crowley’s bright eyes, running reverent hands down his heaving sides. “I feel like I’ve already been rewarded quite a bit by putting my mouth on you.”

“Yeah angel, but, if you’ve never had it done to you… wait… you never have had it done to you have you?” he asked, suddenly grinning wickedly. “Oh my oh my this is going to be fun ”.

Aziraphale had only ever heard that tone from Crowley before the demon did something devilish or sinful. He thrilled to the thought of how that would translate sexually.
“Lie back on the bed” Crowley commanded and Aziraphale clambered to do so. Soon he was on his back, propped up on his elbows so he could keep an eye on Crowley. His erection a pale, throbbing pillar between them. He had a sudden memory then of a time long long ago, God saying *Keep An Eye On Him. He’s A Wily Old Serpent*, and he smirked inwardly. He’d done his job rather well hadn’t he?

Crowley was climbing onto the bed and up Aziraphale’s body like an unbearably sexy jungle cat. Like something that lived deep in a dark forest with glowing yellow eyes. Like the long sleek snake he had once been back in the Garden of Eden. His brilliant eyes were locked onto Aziraphale’s and they held the promise of pleasures yet unknown to the angel. He was suddenly overcome with lust and affection for his beautiful demon. “I love you Crowley” he breathed and saw Crowley’s smile widen. “I love you too angel, and I’m very much looking forward to showing you how much”.

With that, Crowley bent and placed a lingering kiss on the inside of Aziraphale’s thigh. Aziraphale’s breath caught in his throat.

“Angel” Crowley purred, lifting his head from the searing hot kiss. “Why don’t you tell me how it feels. Tell me.. How I’m doing”.

“You mean, describe how I feel?” asked the angel uncertainly. “Out loud?” My, this was new.

“Yessss” hissed Crowley. Eyes glimmering with mischief. “I’d really enjoy that. I love the sound of your voice”

“Well um… Certainly Crowley. Anything to make you happy” Aziraphale was unsure how he felt about this. He did love to talk… there were always so many ideas battling for supremacy in his brain, and they just seemed to fall effortlessly from his mouth. Crowley had teased him for being a chatterbox, but had also sat and listened to him with rapt attention on many an occasion, so perhaps he enjoyed listening. “I’ll give it a try”

“Good angel. That would make me very happy indeed”.

With that, he crawled up further… slithered really, up to Aziraphale’s face, dragging his sleek body along Aziraphale’s as he went. The angel cried out softly when his cock was subjected to the velvety friction of Crowley’s cock, hard again now against his own as the demon moved up to look Aziraphale in the eyes. “How does this feel?” he asked, then quickly bent and placed a kiss, soft and hot against Aziraphale’s collarbone. The angel felt tingles radiate out from the demon’s soft
lips and gasped.

“That… feels… amazing Crowley. So good. I can feel tingles inside when you do that”

Crowley hummed happily into the kiss and then broke it to look up again at Aziraphale briefly “how about this?” he mumbled softly and moved his kiss down over Aziraphale’s sternum.

“Very good Crowley dearest. Very good!” Aziraphale had started involuntarily thrusting his hips up against Crowley’s, “Oh dear God, I love how your body feels against mine. It’s so soft, and so hard at the same time. It’s everything I’ve ever wanted”

“Just you wait angel. There’s much more to come” This time he kissed the spot on Aziraphale’s soft stomach, just above his belly button, letting the hot air of his exhaled breath brush against the angel’s skin as he did so. He simultaneously reached long, skilled fingers up to play gently with Aziraphale’s right nipple.

Aziraphale cried out again. Louder this time and reached down to grab Crowley’s shoulders with shaking hands.

“Use your words angel” Crowley reminded him, causing hot little puffs of air to break against Aziraphale’s sensitive stomach as he spoke.

“Crowley. You’re driving me mad.” Aziraphale panted out, looking down with fully dilated eyes at the demon, where he’d slithered a bit lower, out of Aziraphale’s grasp, so Aziraphale buried his hands in the demon’s soft hair instead. “Your lips, your fingers. I didn’t know it could feel like this.” He gasped anew as Crowley kissed the soft, slightly damp flesh directly next to his aching cock, right where the joint of his hip met his crotch. “OH God! Oh Crowley. I don’t know if I can take much more of this. Your mouth, it feels like fire. It’s burning me up inside!”

Crowley’s soft hands were on Aziraphale’s hips, fingers stroking gently up his sides, and down his thighs and back, his face was centimeters away from Aziraphale’s thick throbbing cock. “It’s OK angel” he said in a voice thick with passion, and a note of reverent solemnity “I’m here and I’m not going anywhere. You can let go whenever you want to. Remember,” he added with a wicked, lopsided grin “we can always start right over again.”

“OK Crowley. I just don’t want to disappoint you.”
Crowley’s grin deepened, “the only way you could possibly disappoint me now angel is by getting up and getting dressed. Which, if you wanted to do so would be fine, but I won’t lie and say it wouldn’t be deeply disappointing.”

“Well “ panted Aziraphale, eyes still locked with Crowley’s “There’s precious little chance of that happening my dear.”

“Good” replied Crowley and then he opened his clever serpent’s mouth and swallowed Aziraphale down in one swift sweep of hot lips.

Aziraphale threw his head back and clenched his fingers more tightly in Crowley’s hair as he let out a deep moan. “Oh Crowley.. Oh darling, oh my dearest” he felt the words spill from his lips like a prayer, in a heated, gasping mantra as Crowley slowly lifted his mouth and let it fall back down on Aziraphale’s cock in one wet, fluid motion. “Oh my love. My heart. My dearest, dearest Crowley. You feel so so good I You feel so good, so good, so good” Aziraphale was vaguely aware that he was ranting a bit and didn’t care. His body was suffused with intense pleasure, all of it radiating out from the skillful, slow, maddening movement of Crowley’s hot mouth on his aching cock.

“Oh dearest. Oh my God. Oh Crowley, I’m so close. I’m so very close ” he gasped out in warning, his hands clenching even tighter in Crowley’s soft, flame colored hair. This elicited a happy groan from Crowley who obediently quickened his pace, his hands gripping tightly at Aziraphale’s rolling hips. Aziraphale felt his world narrow down to the tingling, building pleasure at the base of his spine, inside his pelvis as he felt his orgasm begin. Spasms of intense pleasure clenched from deep inside him, making his thighs tense and his stomach muscles rock gently in and out. He felt his hips thrust sharply, pushing his now spasming cock deep into Crowley’s mouth as he came. Crowley hung on expertly, never ceasing the swift, devastating motions of his lips against Aziraphale as the angel came completely undone, crying the demon’s name over and over.

Aziraphale felt something change deep inside him as his orgasm swept through him and as the spasms peaked in agonizing pleasure. He was free now. Free to call out his lover’s name at the top of his lungs, to hear it echo in the soft, dusty room where he never slept, but where he’d spent quite a bit of time imagining this very thing happening as he touched himself in the secret darkness of the night. He’d been hiding this passion for so long that the release of it, the pure honesty and freedom of it as it came exploding from him when he released into Crowley’s hot mouth was transcendent. He heard his voice hitch with the emotion of it, with the next cry of Crowley’s name. Suddenly, he was sobbing. He was sobbing and Crowley was immediately crawling up to wrap him in fierce arms, kissing his face and coiling himself around Aziraphale protectively.

“Angel. Angel.. What’s wrong?” his eyes were fierce and worried as they peered into Aziraphale’s in between soft kisses to the angel’s flushed face. Aziraphale felt tears fill his eyes and leak down the sides of his face into the sweat damp sheets beneath them. He hugged Crowley back just as tightly and tried his best to return the multitude of soft little kisses Crowley was bestowing on him.
“I’m fine dearest” he said through a fresh spate of sobbing “I’m perfectly fine. In fact, I’ve never been better”

“Then why?...” Crowley let the question hang in the air, his face solemn.

“It’s just… it’s just…” Aziraphale was strangely at a loss for words, as if the demon’s mind bending oral attention had pulled all of his words out of him. He had precious little verbal resources left. “It’s been so very long my love. It’s been too long”. He wrapped his arms tightly around Crowley and rolled the two of them onto their sides, marveling briefly at how slender and light Crowley’s body was, wrapped in his arms. Crowley made soft little soothing noises and stroked Aziraphale’s hair and let the angel sob into his chest.

“I know angel. I know. It’s all a bit too much isn’t it?”

“Yes.” Aziraphale’s reply was muffled, and so he pulled back to gaze at Crowley as he continued. “Yes my love. I can’t help but think of all the thousands of years we weren’t in each other’s arms like this. How long we spent hiding, from all of them… and from each other. I could have done this with you so so long ago.”

“It’s alright angel. We probably couldn’t have actually. There were some pretty compelling reasons why we didn’t.” He continued stroking Aziraphale’s hair and his cheeks and his neck in a way that felt so indulgent, so incredibly affectionate and caring that Aziraphale almost started in on a fresh round of sobbing. “But think of all that we did have my love. We had a lot of laughs and a lot of adventures. We shared many many things other than our bodies. All of that was worth it wasn’t it?”

“Of course it was darling” Aziraphale smiled a sad smile tinged with fresh hope and grasped Crowley’s face in his hands, kissing the demon’s lips softly, possessively for a moment before pulling back again. “Of course. It was wonderful. You were… are the best friend I’ve ever had in all my life. That hasn’t changed just because I’m madly in love with you and want you to rub your naked body against me all day, every day for the next six thousand years. We can still talk and go to dinner from time to time.”

Crowley chuckled warmly and pulled the angel in close to him so that their foreheads touched and their breath mingled. “Maybe angel. Yeah.. maybe we could stop to have a conversation or two every once in a while”.

Eventually, as they lay wrapped in each other’s arms the demon’s soft, affectionate touches to
Aziraphale’s hair and face and neck took on a more intent, lingering quality and Aziraphale felt his breath quicken as he reached out to grasp Crowley’s narrow hips with his hot hands, pulling the demon against him. They began kissing again, softly at first and then with increasing fervor and urgency. Aziraphale broke away breathlessly to stare into Crowley’s eyes. “Darling?” he asked

“Yes angel?” Crowley looked disheveled and glowing and delirious with passion. Aziraphale didn’t think he’d ever seen anything this beautiful before. His demon, face suffused with longing, wrapped in his arms, gazing at him with such an open and naked look of love in his burnished golden eyes.

“You asked me if there was anything I saw that I liked that one night back in Rome?”

Crowley simply nodded looking expectantly at Aziraphale, but Aziraphale could swear he felt the demon’s heartbeat quicken where their chests pressed together.

“Well… I did happen to see one thing in particular that two of the men were doing together that looked quite… Nice”

“Nice angel? Really?” Crowley employed his usual teasing tone, and it got the expected, satisfying result. Aziraphale felt his face flush a little and he frowned at Crowley before continuing. “Well, you know what I mean. It looked very… er.. Intriguing.”

“And what pray tell were they doing together?” Asked Crowley with a silky drawl to his voice as he made lazy circles with his fingertips against the small of Aziraphale’s back. Aziraphale felt the skin beneath Crowley’s fingers tingle distractingly. He gulped and continued in a somewhat unsteady voice.

“Well, the one was… um… he was … inside the other. With his…well, with his… cock” He felt his face grow impossibly warmer and he looked and up and away from Crowley’s eyes in sudden bashfulness. When had he started using such words? Crowley’s influence on him was getting more and more obvious.

Crowley groaned deep in his throat and began slowly thrusting his very stiff erection against Aziraphale’s belly. “Oh angel.” He growled in a deep voice, his face very close to Aziraphale’s flushed face “I know exactly what you’re talking about. And yes, it is quite… nice.” The hand at the small of Aziraphale’s back slid down to grip his full buttock and give it a tight squeeze, which made Aziraphale gasp in shocked pleasure and press more tightly against the demon’s lithe body.
“Would you be able to… show me.. How?” Aziraphale felt very nervous suddenly. Vulnerable and uncertain. He knew he wanted this in some capacity, but had no experience with it, outside of some rather racy books in his collection that he’d taken a peek at after a few too many glasses of wine.

He only knew he’d been entertaining the idea ever since Rome, 51AD.

Crowley kissed him, gently and pulled back to look him lovingly in the eyes. “I’ll do whatever you need angel. How do you want me? What will make you the happiest?” Aziraphale felt his heart swell hearing those words. He felt cared for and sheltered by Crowley.

“I think I’d want to do whatever made you feel the best Crowley darling. Like I said before, I am yours to do with as you please. I may not be experienced with sex, but I know that I love it with you. Nothing you could do would ever feel anything but wonderful.”

Crowley’s eyes lit up then with a devilish glint that made Aziraphale’s stomach flutter with anticipation. The demon’s sexy smile spread slowly across his face as he spoke “Well then angel, I’d like to be the one to do the honors as it were. I’d like to take you … that way. Would that be alright?”

“Oh Crowley. That would be more than alright. Please show me”

Without another word, Crowley kissed Aziraphale with an intensity and a wet passion that left Aziraphale panting and rock hard, then he pulled back and gently rolled Aziraphale onto his back in the bed. Reaching down with his hand, he gently, lovingly stroked the underside of Aziraphale’s right thigh, pulling his knee up slightly in a way that made Aziraphale groan. Then he bent and slid himself half under Aziraphale’s knee, hoisting the angel’s leg up and onto the demon’s narrow shoulder, with the angel’s thick calf and foot dangling down the demon’s soft, lithe back. Aziraphale gave a little yelp of surprise, to be handled so swiftly and easily, like a helpless bale of hay and then a small moan escaped his lips as he felt Crowley lean forward and felt his hands come to rest possessively on Aziraphale’s hips.

“It’s important that you relax angel” Crowley whispered, his eyes glowing a dark yellow in the dim lamplight of Aziraphale’s bedroom. “Tell me if you’re ever uncomfortable, or if you want me to go slower, or stop. This is just as much about your pleasure as it is mine” Aziraphale, breathing faster with anticipation could only nod mutely, gazing up at Crowley with shining eyes.

Crowley, still with the angel’s leg slung over his shoulder, bent down and kissed Aziraphale again, his questing tongue seeking out Aziraphale’s, their lips sliding deliciously together. He reached a hand down simultaneously to Aziraphale’s rock hard cock and gave it a gentle tug, causing the
angel to gasp in pleasure and cant his hips upwards. Crowley broke the kiss and grinned happily. Then he leaned back and slid his long, fingers across his tongue in a sensuous sweep, wetting his hand with saliva. He used it to slick his own cock, using his spit and the copious amounts of precum that were slowly leaking from the head of his cock to lubricate himself with a few slow strokes.

Aziraphale was again struck by his beauty. His narrow chest, sloping down to a slender waist and lanky legs and his beautiful cock, long and slender where Aziraphale’s was shorter and thicker. He looked like a lascivious god of fertility, with his flaming red hair, rising in wild peaks above his sunflower yellow eyes. A god that Aziraphale was more than ready to sacrifice himself to.

“I’m going to start now” Crowley warned in a voice thick with wonder. He placed his slick cock at Aziraphale’s entrance and pushed slowly, his eyes locked on Aziraphale’s. Aziraphale groaned at the delicious pressure in this tender part of himself, marveling at the tingling ache as Crowley pressed himself a little deeper inside. “Are you alright? Crowley asked softly, concern for Aziraphale’s comfort mixing with his own barely controlled lust. He was panting with the effort of controlling his penetration, mouth softly open and eyes dilated as he looked down at the flushed and gasping angel.

“I’m more than alright. This.. this feels good” Aziraphale tried to give Crowley a reassuring smile, but instead gasped as Crowley dared to press another inch of his hard cock inside Aziraphale’s tight opening. “Oh!” he cried out. “Yes. Yes. That’s rather good darling. Please keep going” he reached up desperate hands to grip tightly at Crowley’s forearms, keeping his eyes trained on Crowley’s.

“Yes my love” Crowley groaned out through gritted teeth, and he bared down even further, sinking inside Aziraphale another inch. The angel felt like he were being split in two. But not in a painful or violent way. Like Crowley’s cock was slowly and deliciously pulling him apart. And he wanted to be pulled apart.. Completely. He wanted to be filled with Crowley’s beautiful cock.

He stretched a hand out and pulled gently at Crowley’s hip. “Please darling..” He panted breathlessly. “Please, give me more”. With a deep groan, Crowley slowly sunk himself in to the hilt. They both stopped then, gasping, eyes locked.

“Dearest” Crowley breathed, his voice reverent and a little bit broken “You feel so extremely good. So tight. So hot.”

“Oh god Crowley” Aziraphale whispered back, “It feels so good to have you inside me. Please. Please move. I need to feel you move” He was immediately rewarded by Crowley pulling out an inch or two and then bottoming back out inside Aziraphale. The angel cried out at the feel of it, the intense, painful pleasure of the demon’s cock sinking deep inside of him. Crowley pulled back and thrust in again, this time with just a bit more force and Aziraphale’s mouth fell open and his eyes
fluttered closed with the pleasure of it. “Oh my dearest. Oh you’re fucking me so good. You feel so good deep inside me.” His words made Crowley moan deep in his throat.

“Can you take more angel? Can you take it harder?”

“Yes! Yes Crowley. I want everything you can give. You won’t hurt me. Please don’t hold back. Please give me more”

Crowley complied and began to thrust harder, each impact of his cock sinking back inside Aziraphale sent sparks of pleasure radiating through the angel’s pelvis and up his cock. Crowley, paused momentarily in his thrusts, readjusted himself subtly and lifted the hand he’d been supporting himself with to wrap his fingers around the base of Aziraphale’s aching cock. He began to stroke Aziraphale tightly, in the same rhythm that he slammed his hips against Aziraphale, his mouth open and gasping.

“Angel, you’re amazing. You’re so beautiful.” His words fell from his mouth like a prayer. “You give me so much angel, and you can take so much. I love you. I love you. Oh fuck. You feel so good. I love you so much. So much”

Aziraphale lay beneath him, trying to raise his hips up to meet each one of Crowley’s deep, devastating thrusts. He could feel another orgasm building swiftly from deep inside him, spurred on by the maddening pulls of Crowley’s hot hand on his cock and the aching pleasure of Crowley’s long cock, deep inside him, hitting places that made Aziraphale cry out in pleasure. “Crowley, I’m going to come soon. I can’t hold out much longer” he gasped. Reaching up to wrap a hand in Crowley’s fiery hair and pull him down for a fierce kiss. He heard and felt Crowley groan into his mouth, felt the demon’s thrusts quicken. “Yes angel.” The demon whispered against his open lips. “Yes. Come for me. Oh fuck, I’m close too”

A few short moments later, Aziraphale convulsed around Crowley and painted the demon’s chest and his own stomach with hot spurts of semen as he grunted out his climax. Crowley followed soon after, hips stuttering, pace slowing as he clenched and emptied deep inside Aziraphale with a series of sharp cries, his hands clutching tightly at Aziraphale’s hips, pulling him sharply against the demon’s spasming cock. After a few more soft thrusts, he collapsed on top of Aziraphale, completely unhindered by the sticky mess between them and wrapped the angel in his arms.

They lay together, slowly letting their breath slow and their heartbeats return to normal. Aziraphale luxuriated in the feel of Crowley’s body on top of his, the demon’s smell filling his nostrils. He placed sweet slow kisses against the side of Crowley’s face and breathed him in.
He never knew that he could feel this much joy. He hoped this was only the beginning of a great many centuries of companionship and love making and shared experiences. He didn’t care if the angels came for him, or if all the hoards of Hell came for Crowley. They’d fight them together, tooth and nail. Together, as they’d always been. As they always would be from now on.

He wrapped his arms around his beautiful, flame haired demon, and for the first time in thousands of years, he let himself fall down into a deep, dreamless sleep, soothed into unconsciousness by the sound of Crowley’s heartbeat and the demon’s warmth and reassuring weight on top of him.

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God, who by this time could tell that her plan had finally worked itself out as it were, smiled a soft and indulgent smile as she felt the two frayed ends of her nare-do-well angel and her considerate demon finally knit together.

She hadn’t stuck around to watch the fireworks. As previously stated, She wasn’t into voyeurism. But she was happy that these two had finally made the leap as it were. And really, even though She wasn’t a nosey voyeur, she did kind of wish she could be a fly on the wall the next time Aziraphale or Crowley unfurled their wings and discovered that the feathers of both sets were no longer black or white, but had turned a lovely silver gray. She picked up her cup of tea and settle back into her armchair, warmed by the heat from her celestial hearth, and by the knowledge that two beings of whom she’d grown quite fond had found joy and solace in each other’s arms. Above and around her, the constellations galaxies spun and swirled their way through the velvety black night of space. Yes, she thought. Things had worked out rather well for all involved…..

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