Parsley, Thyme, Sage, Daffodils
by MostWeakHamlets

Summary

Aziraphale has a cooking show on the internet. It started out with three viewers, but now he's known as the happy grandfather that blew up overnight. Crowley occasionally makes cameos, has dedicated his garden to giving Aziraphale fresh herbs and vegetables, and struggles with living after the apocalypse.

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“Taste this, my dear,” Aziraphale said.

He held a spoonful of jam to Crowley’s lips with his free hand cautiously under it, ready to catch any dripping.

Crowley leaned forward to wrap his lips around the spoon.

Most likely his shyness came from the small tender moments Aziraphale was not afraid of showing the world. It had been the topic of many long conversations after Aziraphale took Crowley’s hand in St. James Park, causing Crowley to freeze and break out in a cold sweat. Being discreet had always been their top priority. For 6,000 years, someone would have surely seen them if they embraced in the middle of London. But now, Aziraphale had assured Crowley, things were different. They no longer needed to hide, but Aziraphale would go as slow as Crowley needed him to.

It was almost funny how their roles had switched after the apocalypse.

Notes

So I made this post on tumblr that kinda blew up and people wanted a full fic: https://mostweakhamlets.tumblr.com/post/187018352894/aziraphale-having-a-little-internet-cooking-show
By autumn, Crowley’s garden was beginning to die. He thought about yelling at them to keep growing past the season, but Aziraphale had gently reminded him that they had neighbors who most likely did not want to be disturbed any further by his plant discipline. Crowley didn’t necessarily care what the humans thought when he was in his garden, but he cared about Aziraphale’s desire to be good neighbors. So, he let his plants naturally wilt.

He had only a few handfuls of herbs that were salvageable. He was disappointed, but he wouldn’t let the plants know that right then. In a few weeks, he’d uproot them and let them think about their actions in the trash bin.

Crowley tucked the handle of his basket in the crook of his arm, holding his pruning shears and gloves in the opposite hand and pushing open the door of the cottage with his shoulder.

“And I’m very proud of all of you who are cooking for the first time,” Aziraphale said.

Crowley stepped into the kitchen. Aziraphale stood in front of their stove, his camera sitting just to the side. The aroma of fruit baking flooded the room and immediately Crowley felt indescribably warm. It wasn’t so much a physical warmth as much as it was emotional.

“I enjoy reading how you’re all doing with your first meals. You’re coming along wonderfully. I know that some of you feel as though you’re struggling, but if you keep at it, you’ll be able to look back and see how much you’ve improved.”

Crowley was about to pass behind Aziraphale, hoping he’d go unnoticed so that he could tend to his herb clippings in peace. But of course, Aziraphale turned to him as soon as he was close enough and pulled him in-frame.

Neither was sure why, but Crowley was painfully camera shy. Perhaps it was his fear that it was easy documentation for Above and Below in case they thought it was time to interfere again. It also could have been because whenever Crowley made a cameo in a video, viewers left a flood of adoring comments.

*His husband is so sweet for growing everything for him!!*

*I wish I had a husband that helped me with my hobbies like this.*

*Anthony should be in more videos! I love seeing them together. It’s like their soulmates.*

Since Aziraphale had introduced him to his audience as “Anthony,” they were just as interested in catching glimpses of him as they were watching Aziraphale’s newest recipes. Crowley had never been in such a position before. He was a demon. He was supposed to be hated by his peers and cause chaos for humans--and he had accomplished both with no problems. He wasn’t supposed to be liked.

He hadn’t been liked by so many others since he fell.

The only person who truly *liked* him was Aziraphale.

And if the humans watching those videos knew what Crowley really was, they wouldn’t be so eager to see him--to *like* him.
“Taste this, my dear,” Aziraphale said.

He held a spoonful of jam to Crowley’s lips with his free hand cautiously under it, ready to catch any dripping.

Crowley leaned forward to wrap his lips around the spoon.

“Do you like it?”

Crowley’s cheeks heated. He nodded.

Aziraphale rested his hand on Crowley’s waist.

“Thank you, my dear.”

Most likely his shyness came from the small tender moments Aziraphale was not afraid of showing the world. It had been the topic of many long conversations after Aziraphale took Crowley’s hand in St. James Park, causing Crowley to freeze and break out in a cold sweat. Being discreet had always been their top priority. For 6,000 years, someone would have surely seen them if they embraced in the middle of London. But now, Aziraphale had assured Crowley, things were different. They no longer needed to hide, but Aziraphale would go as slow as Crowley needed him to.

It was almost funny how their roles had switched after the apocalypse.

“You’re welcome, angel,” he mumbled.

Aziraphale smiled and let him go. There would be an offer later, like there always was, to delete whatever parts of the video Crowley was in.

Since the apocalypse and all the trouble that came with it, Crowley had been jumpy. He would wake in the middle of the night from nightmares. He would stop breathing if he saw a tall man with a square jaw in a gray suit (and though he didn’t need to breathe, it still felt wrong not being able to). But Aziraphale was always there to soothe him back to sleep or guide him away from the stranger that triggered such strong feelings. And every night he made a homemade meal, telling Crowley on bad days, “you’ll feel better if you eat.”

Crowley hated that he was always right.

Even if he picked at his dinner and had Aziraphale tut at him for only eating a few bites, Aziraphale was right.

“Now, if you don’t have a husband to give you feedback, you can be your own critic.”

Crowley shook his head as he laid his basket and tools on the countertop a safe ways away from the camera. He grabbed a handful of thyme, rinsing it and laying it on a clean towel. Aziraphale would decide what to do with it later.

“Remember that the food you make doesn’t need to be perfect. It just needs to be loved.”

Crowley rolled his eyes. He grabbed basil.

Aziraphale’s videos were always met with overwhelming positivity. The viewers, when not writing about Crowley, wrote about how Aziraphale taught them what their parents hadn’t, how they were living on their own for the first time and were slowly learning how to support themselves, how
they had had unhealthy relationships with food for years but Aziraphale was helping them change that. To any other demon, it would be sickening. But Crowley was proud of his angel.

Without Heaven, Aziraphale was still performing his good deeds with the freedom to add his own twist. Heaven would never approve of Aziraphale’s new hobby. They hated food. They hated Earthly pleasures. They wouldn’t be able to see that Aziraphale was a great angel when left to his own devices.

“My dear, are you ready for dinner?”

Aziraphale wrapped his arms around Crowley’s waist.

“Is the camera off?”

Crowley hated how his voice sounded. It was quiet. It was meek.

“Of course, my dear,” Aziraphale said. Crowley relaxed. “Dinner?”

“Let me finish this. I’ll only be a minute.”

Aziraphale hummed in agreement and waited exactly three seconds before kissing Crowley’s neck. It wasn’t a sweet peck. It wasn’t a kiss that said: “this is the only place I can kiss you at the moment, but I don’t care because I love every inch of you.”

It was a kiss that Aziraphale knew would make Crowley’s knees go weak. He dropped his basil.

Aziraphale was also just enough of a bad angel to keep things interesting.

It was the middle of December when the weather turned too cold for Crowley’s well-being.

Having been a snake, he still kept some of the traits. For starters, his yellow eyes were always going to be around. That he didn’t mind (Aziraphale told him multiple times he loved them). What he did mind was that when the cold crept through their cottage and assaulted him when he stepped outside, he grew sluggish and tired and found trouble eating. He really found trouble eating that winter.

Aziraphale fussed over his cheekbones as they became gaunter. He touched Crowley’s hip bones, which protruded more than they had, and sighed. He caught Crowley when he swayed during a too-long fast and begged him to have a bite of something--just a bite--while he helped him sit.

But they knew it wasn’t just the cold that had Crowley in such a state. He hadn’t been the sickly thin mess in winters previous.

It was the increasing panic attacks and restless nights and nightmares that angelic miracles couldn’t always stop. It was the awful anxiety that made Crowley’s hands shake and stomach cramp with nausea if he thought about holy water or Hellfire for too long. It was the absence of the relief they had expected South Downs to give them.

The cold just added more intensity to it. It was bad timing.

Aziraphale tucked a hot water bottle against Crowley before pulling the blankets close again. Crowley burrowed into his cocoon of quilts and Aziraphale’s sweater he had stolen weeks ago, curling around the new heat as it worked away aches. He was content where he was on the sofa,
pleasantly drowsy and warm for once. He hadn’t moved since early that morning when he declared
the spot as his when he stumbled down the stairs, exhausted after another sleepless night.

“Will I disturb you if I cook?” Aziraphale asked.

Crowley shook his head. “Go for it, angel.”

“I’ll make your favorite. Maybe you’ll manage to eat in a couple of hours.”

Crowley didn’t bother hiding his smile. Despite his growing anxiety in the past few months, he
found himself smiling more because with every bad moment there was Aziraphale being gentle and
doting.

Aziraphale kissed him on the forehead and brushed his temple. “Rest for now. Have sweet
dreams.”

And Aziraphale left with a little angelic magic beginning to settle over him.

Crowley closed his eyes, curling up as tight as he could. He could hear Aziraphale trying to be
quiet in the kitchen, gently setting pots and pans down and arranging whatever else he was
miracling into existence.

“This recipe is a little more challenging,” Crowley heard. “But I thought it would be perfect for the
season. My dear husband is under the weather, and I expect many of you are as well right now. Or
maybe you know someone who is, and you’d like to make them a meal.”

Crowley could imagine the comments pouring in the second Aziraphale would post the video.
Humans were so pitying and adoring of others when they were ill. They’d praise Aziraphale for
being so thoughtful. They’d hope for Crowley to recover. It would be, if Crowley were to be
honest, disgusting.

“It’s a light soup, so it’s wonderful for someone who has a touch of influenza.”

But Aziraphale deserved that praise. It was the praise Crowley felt too exhausted to give. If he
wasn’t sleeping (or laying in bed trying desperately to fall asleep) every second he could, he would
write an entire book to Aziraphale, telling him how wonderful he was and how little Crowley
deserved such a caring, attentive angel. Once spring came, he would start to rebuild his garden. He
would make it bigger than the year before--more room for berries and herbs. He’d let Aziraphale
have whatever he wanted. And maybe he’d yell at his plants less.

Or maybe not that last one.

They’d never grow without discipline.

“My dear Anthony loves this soup. He first tried it at the Ritz years ago. I remember the first time I
tried making it for him...”

And that was why everyone loved Aziraphale’s videos. 10 minutes were dedicated to telling a
story about when he ate the meal for the first time--usually with Crowley, usually not within the
last 100 years. He kept certain details out. They didn’t want his audience to know that they were
immortal beings.

Maybe Crowley would dig up the grass in the front of the cottage and put in flower beds. Flowers
weren’t necessarily his thing, but Aziraphale always admired them on walks. He’d oh so gently
touch the petals and lean in to smell them. He’d tell Crowley to do the same, and Crowley would
find himself doing it just to humor his angel.

Crowley fell asleep thinking of daffodils lining the front door, listening to Aziraphale list ingredients.

He dreamt of guiding Aziraphale’s hands through the dirt and helping him place bulbs in neat lines. The sun beat down on them, and though Crowley couldn’t feel it, he welcomed it. Aziraphale’s smile was bright, and he was proud of the little mounds in the soil.

There was no more shaking hands or uneven breathing. Crowley felt well again. Aziraphale openly touched him as people walked by, and Crowley laughed when they joked about the dirt and grass stains on Aziraphale’s pale suit that he still insisted on wearing.

They moved to the kitchen where fresh vegetables awaited them. Aziraphale took Crowley’s hands this time, helping him cut peppers and scrape out the seeds.

He woke up to Aziraphale leaning over him.

“I’m sorry, my dear, I lost track of time. This has gone cold.”

Aziraphale pulled the water bottle out of Crowley’s grip. It had turned cold, and Crowley could feel cramps returning.

“I didn’t mean to wake you.”

Aziraphale lifted the blankets again to slide the water bottle—now satisfyingly burning as Crowley liked it—into Crowley’s waiting arms.

“I made you tea,” he said. “We still had just enough leaves left from when I made them a month ago.”

Crowley remembered the tea video. Aziraphale had felt adventurous and set out to cut up the herbs Crowley had been growing in their window sill (the only thing he could manage to grow in cold). The leaves turned out fine without any miracle, though Crowley’s plants saw better days after being butchered.

But the tea Aziraphale made from it was ridiculously amazing. It was earthy and rich. Every cup was perfect.

The newest steaming mug was right by Crowley’s head.

“I thought you might like it before we try dinner.”

Crowley sat up. He kept the water bottle close.

“How was filming?”

Aziraphale sat next to him. Crowley took advantage and rested against him. Much better than the water bottle.

“It was splendid. I’m thinking that everyone might be ready to try more complicated dishes. I’ll have to see what they think of this one. I know they’ll do their best, but there is no need to stress them out.”

Crowley had tried his hardest to explain that many of his viewers didn’t attempt every dish Aziraphale made and they didn’t watch them in chronological order. They simply watched because
they were fond of him. But Aziraphale never seemed to understand, insisting that surely they must all be interested in cooking.

Crowley took a sip of his tea. The heat traveled down his throat to his stomach where it began easing knots.

“Remind me. Have you already made a video on crepes?”

Aziraphale huffed. “Of course, I have. It was one of the first. But they didn’t compare to what’s made in Paris. I gave a full disclaimer at the start of the video.”

“Oh, that’s right. I had to stop you from mentioning the Reign of Terror.” Crowley closed his eyes. “Mostly because humans frown upon people having happy memories of it.”

“It wasn’t as though I was talking about the revolution itself. Just the memories that coincidentally aligned with it. Dear, do try to stay awake long enough to eat. I’d love for you to have something tonight.”

Crowley hummed. “I’m not sleeping. Keep talking.”

Aziraphale was quiet, admitting his defeat to himself. Crowley would be asleep again within minutes.

“Anyways, I always tell them that the love surrounding the dishes is what makes it all the more special. That’s why it’s best to cook for someone you love…”

Crowley didn’t hear the rest of Aziraphale’s lecture. He returned to the summer garden.

Spring was much kinder.

Crowley started his garden again.

He whispered a threat to every seed, telling them that they were for Aziraphale and therefore if they were a disappointment, the consequences would be dire. He had promised to stop yelling at the plants while he was outside in plain sight of passing neighbors. While Aziraphale made a list of the crops he’d like that year, he also made a list of conditions. Inside the cottage was fair game for yelling. All “punishments” had to be done in the shed. Crowley negotiated to be allowed to make an example of bad plants in front of the others at the beginning of the season (and since Aziraphale had never actually witnessed the “punishments” and was beginning to severely doubt that any true punishments were taking place, he allowed it).

Kneeling in front of the garden, detailing the many ways he learned to torture in Hell (a blatant lie as any demon who knew how often Crowley avoided seeing souls being tortured would tell you), he felt at peace. He heard Aziraphale step out the back door and smiled. His stomach flipped, but in a good way. He was excited to show Aziraphale the progress he had made and tell him about all the new plants they would have soon. He was excited to see Aziraphale clap his hands together and tell him how proud he was.

“Dear?”

Crowley turned around.
Aziraphale held the camera out. He had never learned how to zoom in and out and manually held the camera closer or further away instead.

“Angel,” Crowley whined, cheeks turning red.

He tried hiding his face, looking back down at the garden.

“Tell us what you’re doing,” Aziraphale said, sitting down in the grass next to Crowley.

“I’m starting the garden,” Crowley mumbled, still not facing the camera but not exactly minding it as much as he had in the past. “This is your bed. For all of, uh, the crops you need.”

“It’s looking wonderful, my dear. Almost as wonderful as you.”

Crowley didn’t want to imagine the blush the camera was picking up.

“I’ll leave you to it,” Aziraphale said, perhaps beginning to doubt his choice of surprising Crowley.

He began to stand. Crowley finally faced him.

“You don’t have to.”

Aziraphale smiled. “Do you really not mind?”

Crowley shook his head. He held his hand out. Aziraphale took it and sat back down.

“What are we growing this year, my love?”

Crowley’s chest tightened--but again, in a good way.

Crowley had just woken up. His new favorite part of summer was waking up to a breeze coming through the open windows and Aziraphale in the kitchen.

June had been treating the couple nicely. They began to enjoy walks through the town on sunny days, fingers laced together and nodding at neighbors who smiled at the eccentric couple who were finally debuting themselves. After their first walk, which included a short, polite yet nervous exchange of small talk with a neighbor about the weather, Aziraphale had kissed Crowley’s face a dozen times as he told him how proud he was. He had come a long way, Aziraphale told him. Even the rainy days--and being in England, there were many--were beautiful for them. Crowley had grown to enjoy the sound of thunder, and Aziraphale was finding himself pleasantly pinned down by a sleeping Crowley on his lap more often.

Crowley made his way downstairs. He could smell whatever Aziraphale was baking, the sensation of warmth overcoming him as it always did.

“I understand it’s a special month for some of you, and I always see the comments thanking Anthony and me for being ourselves.”

Crowley stayed behind the wall of the hallway. He hadn’t realized Aziraphale was filming.

“I believe that we may have a little more history of rebelling than you’re all aware of. I’ve never
acknowledged it before because, well, it is a bit difficult to bring up, but we do understand what it’s like to have to walk away from those who are supposed to be accepting of you. We have plenty of experience going against what we’ve been told is God’s plan, but we found ourselves happier doing so. And believe me, She doesn’t mind what humans are together romantically. I really don’t know where that rumor started.”

Crowley shook his head. To humans, Aziraphale sounded like a pious man that was very certain of his beliefs (and maybe a little crazy when he didn’t bother censoring himself as much as he should have).

“Nevertheless, it is hard to give it all up. You do lose a part of your identity and you have to rebuild that. And maybe Anthony knows a bit more about being rejected and falling--falling out with those who are supposed to love you, I mean.”

Crowley rested his head against the wall. It took a special demon to be a fallen angel and be a traitor to Hell.

“He has had an awfully rough time with it all, but he’s overcoming it. I’m very proud of him. He’s found where he truly belongs, and we’re both much happier.”

There was a pause.

“And the joy I feel being with him finally--here, in this little home we’ve made for ourselves--is indescribable. I couldn’t imagine myself anywhere else. I do hope the rest of you are able to find similar happiness.”

Crowley changed his clothes and fixed his hair with a snap of his fingers.

“Anyways, that’s why I’ve decided that scones would be perfect this morning--”

Aziraphale was cut off by the weight of a demon crashing into him. Crowley spun him around and wrapped his arms around him, pressing their hips together.

“Good morning, angel.”

“Good morning, dear.” Aziraphale looked taken aback. “The camera is on--”

“Screw the camera.”

He pressed his lips to Aziraphale’s, taking a long moment to savor it. Every anxiety-inducing thought of the wrong person watching them was momentarily gone. He didn’t care about the people on the other side of the screen. He only thought about holding Aziraphale right there.

Aziraphale cupped Crowley’s face and pulled away.

“I love you very dearly,” he said.

“I think I love you even more.”

Crowley kissed him again.

Aziraphale’s hands moved to Crowley’s shoulders, then his waist, then lower.

“Alright, camera has to go,” Crowley said, breathless.

A wave of his hand and Aziraphale turned off the camera and the oven.
Truly an awful angel.

Works inspired by this one:
Crowley Invented Youtube Recommended (Parsley, Thyme, Sage, Daffodils remix) by flibbertygigget, L'Shanah Tovah by divisionten

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!