Reluctant Passenger

by Snowfilly1

Summary

Crowley has had a lot of regrets over the past 6,000 years. Given a moment or two where his imminent discorporation seemed less certain, he might be able to remember one or two others than the ones he's currently focused on. Which are, namely:

One: Having agreed to teach Aziraphale to drive in the first place.

Two: Having fallen asleep in snake form on the boot of Aziraphale's car.

He throws a loop of his body around, tries to find something to grip onto and fails miserably. Aziraphale has so far gotten into his car, driven down the lane to the road, pulled out and gone maybe half a mile without noticing an increasingly distressed snake writhing around on the boot.

For a couple of prompts and challenges over on the Ineffable Husbands FB group.

Notes

This is for a combination of two prompts on the Ineffable Husbands FB group - the weekly challenge prompt 'I just can't believe you got me to do this while 70% sober' and a video clip of a very unhappy looking snake on the boot of a car driving down a road. I was already working on Aziraphale learning to drive before I saw the video. A combination fic was inevitable.

There's some swearing, nothing major.
Crowley has had a lot of regrets over the past 6,000 years. Given a moment or two where his imminent discorporation seemed less certain, he might be able to remember one or two others than the ones he's currently focused on.

Which are, namely:

One. Having agreed to teach Aziraphale to drive in the first place.

Two. Having fallen asleep in snake form on the boot of Aziraphale's car.

And possibly, three. Not waking up, because there's surely a larger than zero chance that this is just a really weird and even more miserable than usual nightmare, and if he can just *wake up*...

He can't.

He throws a loop of his body around, tries to find something to grip onto and fails miserably. Aziraphale has so far gotten into his car, driven down the lane to the road, pulled out and gone maybe half a mile without noticing an increasingly distressed snake writhing around on the boot.

Which is particularly bad, because he's spent all last winter and most of the spring teaching Aziraphale to drive, and he knows one of the lessons had been 'check your bloody mirror, Aziraphale, would you?' They'd brought a new car for him to learn in, because the Bentley was too polite to do anything except what she was asked and had proven quite capable of pulling away in third gear if Aziraphale had wanted her to.

The same new car which is apparently going to kill Crowley in the next minute or two, if he can't make himself heard. Snake communication with Aziraphale normally depends on him concentrating, which probably won't happen because he'll already be thinking about the roundabout at the end of the road.

(I can't believe you're getting me to do this when I'm 70% sober' had been his first reaction, but he had to admit Aziraphale had learnt fairly well and fairly quickly. They'd only screamed at each other a few times.)

None of which is helping now, except that at least he isn't being scraped along the hedge as Aziraphale's driving carefully in the centre of the road.

*Aziraphale, stop the bloody car,* he hisses and thinks with as much force as he can. Useless.

He wonders briefly about sliding off and hitting the road. It'll hurt - he's hit tarmac in human form and he has a sudden, horrible, image of what it might do to his scales. Snakes aren't normally able to shudder, but he does, and pushes himself against the windscreen a little harder.

'Aziraphale! Angel! Stop the car!'

He's still debating the possibilities of switching forms and just leaping off, bugger the pain, he should be able to heal it if he's conscious enough for it to matter, when he sticks his head up again and he sees Aziraphale see him. Sees the horrified look on the angel's face.
Crowley braces himself as best as he can, against what he's sure is going to be an emergency stop that's probably going to throw him off, but Aziraphale pulls up and stops so gently he doesn't move. It's not until they're stationary that he explodes into action, leaping out the door, almost screaming Crowley's name.

'You...you need to check your fucking rear view mirror more often, angel,' he spits out with what he hopes is sufficient outrage to conceal the fact he's feeling distinctly shaky. 'I was there for ages.'

Aziraphale's face is a picture of misery and concern. He's reaching out with one hand, and Crowley works very hard at staying angry enough not to stretch towards it.

'Crowley, dearest, I'm so sorry. Are you ok?...Have I hurt you?'

As if the angel has ever, could ever hurt him; that breaks through the shock and anger just enough that he uncoils a loop and raises his head.

Aziraphale cradles it in his palm, one thumb sweeping across his skull. He can feel the echoes of his human form; it would be a hand easing through his hair, again and again, calming, grounding.

'Haven't hurt me,' he says softly. 'Course not.'

Aziraphale makes a shaky noise that's something between a laugh and a sob. 'I...I drove off with you on the boot of the car, Crowley. I'd say that was pretty bad.'

He uncoils another loop of himself, stretches and finds his muscles are trembling. 'It was an accident, angel. Please don't...'

'I could have killed you.'

'You don't drive fast enough for that,' and it works, because Aziraphale smiles at the jibe and breathes out. His hand softens on Crowley's head. 'Gimme a hand.'

He shifts back as he gets off the boot, human feet hitting the ground and human legs deciding they're not working at the moment. Aziraphale catches him. Of course he does. An arm around the waist, so much strength shared so willingly that Crowley knows he'll never fall again.

Aziraphale kisses him while they're pushed close together, something that's a jumbled mess of apology and love and amusement - his bastard angel can see the humour of this now - and it's enough to make Crowley laugh.

'Good job I love you.' His human voice sounds hoarse from yelling.

'Isn't it?'

He doesn't get carried around to the passenger seat - he's a demon, he's got some dignity. Aziraphale helps him, and opening the door for him is only a polite gesture. As is the way Aziraphale strokes his hair back from his face and asks softly 'Are you sure you're alright?'

'I've been woken up in nicer ways, angel. Millions of 'em.'

'Why were you asleep on my car anyway?'

Crowley shrugs, trying to recall the exact snaky impulse that had driven him up there. Probably a mixture of smooth / warm / smells of angel. 'Was comfy.'

'You could sleep on the Bentley if you must make a nest on a car, dear.'
Crowley flicks him a hand gesture that saves finding the words to show what he thinks of that, and then says 'I won't do it again, I'm sorry.'

'So am I. I didn't mean...I wouldn't have...'

'I know that.' It's very awkward to hug and be hugged across two front seats with a gear stick in the way, but they manage it, heads on each others' shoulders; apologies mingling with amusement, because Crowley's willing to admit now he must have looked pretty funny holding on to a windscreen wiper bracket for dear life.

'Where were you going, anyway?' Crowley asks eventually, sitting up.

Aziraphale looks at him. 'Change of plan, I think. Would you like to come for lunch? We can head down to the beach and there's that little cafe there that you like.'

He likes it because of the seagulls outside, and how easy it is to cause chaos with them, but Aziraphale doesn't need to know that. 'That would be...Yes.'

And if he's still feeling a bit shaken as they drive, if he has to lay a hand on Aziraphale's leg as reassurance, if his 'Aziraphale, it's a brake, not a comfort blanket, let go of the sodding thing!' comes out a bit harsher than he'd intended...well.

He thinks it might take him another few hours to properly get over it, but he also thinks, as Aziraphale takes his hand as they get out at the beach car park and the warmth of the sun hits him with a physical impact, that he hasn't really got any regrets at all.

End Notes

The line 'it's a brake, not a comfort blanket, let go of the sodding thing' is stolen directly from my driving instructor, stronger swearwords removed.

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