Cries and Whispers

by Vulgarweed

Summary

What is the appeal of talking dirty in bed? Is it at least partly the charge that comes from speaking the forbidden? If that's the case, then an angel and a demon might have rather different needs.

Notes

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Prompt:
A/C, talking kink. With a twist. For angels, dirty talk consists of raunchy come-ons, references to anatomy, etc.; what humans often consider dirty talk. ("I just love fucking your tight little ass") For demons, dirty talk consists of compliments, cheesy sweetness (dare I say purple prose?) ("My darling dear I love you and I love doing this as a physical manifestation of our love")

Doesn't even need descriptions. Just... go with this and their lusty conversations while having sex. I can only imagine what they'd come up with for each other. Kind of sexy, and yet adorable, like them.
It isn't the arms sliding around him from behind that have Crowley completely weak-kneed in an instant.

It's the pleasant, conversational voice in his ear saying, "I will arise and go about the city. I will seek him whom my soul loves." Aziraphale gives the last two words a hint of sibilance, the only hint in his tone that he's not reading from a takeout menu. "Oh look, it seems I've found him." The breath on Crowley's neck is just millimeters away from being a kiss.

"That was easy," Crowley gasps.

"I follow my heart, my darling," says Aziraphale, consummating that kiss just below Crowley's ear. Crowley makes a happy growl at the perfect setup line, "You follow your prick, you mean. Getting nice and hard for me, isn't it?"

"My body can't help but show love for you, Crowley. I want to join my soul with yours."

Crowley hisses and turns his neck, breathing almost into Aziraphale's mouth, "You mean you want to fuck, don't you? Is it good enough for me to get on my knees and take your cock in my mouth and sssuck you dry, or does the sssoul only get involved when someone's cock is pounding someone's arsehole?"

Aziraphale's moan isn't a yes or no answer to the question, it's just a thorough yes.

They'd discovered this particular alchemy by accident.

The first time Aziraphale had let it slip that his feelings for Crowley went far beyond mere battlefield camaraderie, the demon had whimpered embarrassingly at the sharp, helpless arousal that nearly ruined his trousers on the spot.

The first time Crowley had described a sexual act in rather blunt and vulgar terms, the angel had frozen in place, unable to chastise as his body demanded in no uncertain terms that it get a chance to enact that description now now now.

The best they could figure, it worked like this: cut off from Heaven, demons don't have much in the way of forbidden fruit--except love. Giving and taking, boundaries between individual spirits disappearing: That is the grail, the line not crossed, the taboo - and as Aziraphale unbuttons Crowley's shirt, he's using his words to caress that forbidden, never-used pleasure center that still resides somewhere deep in even a demon's essence, "Oh my love, I am completely yours. I just want to touch you, like this, all day, all night. It's not just your body. I can use your body to get to your heart. I can feel your soul under your skin."

Beings of spirit and light that they are, angels can do almost anything easily - except wallow around in the sweat and come and spit of human physicality, the thrill of anonymous shags in filthy alleys and pubic hairs stuck in the back of the throat; of strip shows and fetishes and furtive jackoffs; the sheer abjection of lust and the way it turns all the higher functions of the psyche into meaningless blather undone by a single whiff of pheromone. So as Crowley shoves Aziraphale's hand down his undone trousers, to feel his cock hard and his balls tight, and whispers, "Feel that? What do you want to do to that cock? Do you want to suck it? Do you want to feel it balls-deep inside you?" he's taking
Aziraphale's consciousness to a whole other level, one both high and deep, a need that shouldn't exist and is all the more raw for that.

As they sink to the floor, Crowley thinks but will not say, "Love me."

Aziraphale thinks, but will not say, "Fuck me."

To learn one's lover's pleasure so thoroughly, to play those sensations with such concentration like a master musician, is to know they're really speaking the exact same language. But in the heat of the moment, it wouldn't do to point that out.

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