The Marriage of Heaven and Hell

by turquoise_ghost

Summary

“Angel, I agreed to marry you, not to have daily arguments over what flowers we are going to display at the ceremony.”

Notes

A random one shot I wrote after my friend Millie and I studied William Blake in English, and decided that there should be a Good Omens wedding!fic by this name.

“We could have Agapanthus? Ooh, or Lily of the Valley?” Aziraphale was getting overexcited again.

Crowley rolled his eyes behind his newspaper. These days, Aziraphale frequently reminded him of a six year old planning a birthday party. Aziraphale knew Crowley was rolling his eyes at him, even if he couldn’t see it, and smacked him round the leg with the magazine he’d been browsing.

Crowley sighed deeply and lowered the newspaper.

“What?” he asked, his voice heavy with weary annoyance. “You could try and be interested!” Aziraphale chided him, “or at the very least pretend for my sake.”

“You’d know if I was pretending”

“That is entirely not the point.”
Crowley swivelled his yellow eyes once more in a very pointed manner. “Angel, I agreed to marry you, not to have daily arguments over what flowers we are going to display at the ceremony.”

Aziraphale opened his mouth to protest, but Crowley had already lost interest in the argument and was raising his newspaper back to eye level.

“What about... apple blossoms?” Aziraphale said mischievously, only just managing to keep a giggle out of his voice.

This time, it was Crowley who slapped Aziraphale, around the head with a rolled up newspaper.

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