

Honey From A Thorn

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/31324742) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/31324742>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Good Omens - Neil Gaiman & Terry Pratchett , Good Omens (TV)
Relationship:	Aziraphale/Crowley (Good Omens)
Characters:	Aziraphale (Good Omens) , Crowley (Good Omens)
Additional Tags:	Pre-Armageddon , The Arrangement (Good Omens) , Mutual Pining , Friends With Benefits , Dom Aziraphale (Good Omens) , Sub Crowley (Good Omens) , Crowley Has Self-Esteem Issues (Good Omens) , Crowley Cries During Sex (Good Omens) , Humiliation , Consensual Verbal Abuse , Paddling , Anal Fingering , Ginger Oil , Forced Orgasm , Blow Jobs , Anal Sex , Cock Rings , Topping from the Bottom , Now that I'm looking at these tags I'm legit impressed they managed to do all this in 5k words or so , Safe? Check , Consensual? Check , Jury is still out on Sane though , Light Angst , Post-Coital Cuddling , Secret Relationship , BDSM as a way to avoid talking about one's feelings , Don't Try This At Home , Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2021-05-16 Words: 5,510 Chapters: 1/1

Honey From A Thorn

by [rowenablade](#)

Summary

“I think you’re going to punish me,” Crowley repeated, fingers digging into his knees so hard Aziraphale heard the knuckles crack. He looked like he might bolt if Aziraphale made a sudden move, so the angel withdrew a bit and spread his arms along the back of the couch to appear less threatening. There was no need to physically intimidate Crowley. That was not what Aziraphale offered him. It wasn’t what Crowley needed.

“I am going to punish you,” Aziraphale replied, carefully watching Crowley’s face for signs of increasing distress. “I explicitly told you that if you arrived even a minute past midnight, you would be punished. It is now-“ he glanced at his watch- “twelve-fifteen, and I know that basic maths are hardly a challenge for a brilliant schemer like yourself. So you know you’re going to be punished. That is an absolute certainty. And if there is no uncertainty, there is no need to be nervous.”

Crowley has certain needs, and Aziraphale is happy to meet them. That's really all there is to it. Right?

Notes

I'm not even sure if this makes sense, but it's an idea I couldn't get out of my head. Apparently writing GO smut is a necessary part of my diet now, like Vitamin C.

As soon as the minute hand on Aziraphale's watch ticked over from midnight to 12:01, he sighed, removed it from his wrist and laid it down on the coffee table. It no longer mattered what time it was. Crowley was officially late, and the consequences would be the same no matter what.

Marking his place in his book and setting it down next to the watch, he got up to gather the items he would need. He hadn't told Crowley exactly what to expect should he keep Aziraphale waiting, only that there would be repercussions. Aziraphale was an angel of his word. Unlike certain cocky demons who were constantly seeing what rules they could get away with breaking, Aziraphale did not make a promise unless he was certain of his ability to keep it. Crowley knew this, but apparently he was in need of another reminder.

He really had no idea how lucky he was, to have Aziraphale around to keep him from going too far astray.

It was 12:05 when Aziraphale had gathered what he needed and reclaimed his spot on the couch, one eye on his book and the other on the door. There was a faint prickle at the back of his neck, and he told himself it was the cool air of the flat and not his anticipation. When Crowley was here alone he kept the heat at unreasonable levels, but he never complained when Aziraphale made adjustments for his own comfort. It was the same reason the couch was just a bit wider and plusher than it normally would have been. It never occurred to Aziraphale's body to get a crick in its spine, but even so he had his notions of what a proper couch should be, and it had very little to do with the fashionably dark slabs with which Crowley chose to decorate.

At the sound of Crowley's keys in the door, he put his book back down and folded his hands in his lap. He had no doubt that the demon would come in bearing excuses, and sure enough, as soon as the door opened a chorus of agitated stammers flooded in.

"Sorry! I'm really sorry, angel, I know you said not to be late, but there was a, er, an opportunity too good to pass up, y'see, some banker who just had a terrible row with his boss, and I *knew* that I could get him to blow his entire month's takings betting on the football match if I just..."

He trailed off as he entered the living room and saw Aziraphale and, more pertinently, the objects he'd assembled. He stopped, swallowing his remaining excuses with a dry click.

"C'mon," he said instead. "Angel. It was five minutes. There's no need to be angry."

Aziraphale was silent as he looked the squirming demon over. In his artfully-clinging black clothes Crowley looked as fetching as he always did. It was a constant challenge for Aziraphale not to kiss him immediately upon seeing him, even more so when it would be so easy to wrap that ridiculous chain necklace in his fist and drag him down to claim his lips. Crowley was well aware of this weakness, and there was always a chance if he got very nervous that he might try to exploit it. Then Aziraphale might relent, embrace Crowley with open arms and retire to bed with him as if no transgression had been made. It would be sweet, and simple, and for a while they would both be very happy.

But Aziraphale knew what would follow, if he began to indulge Crowley that way. The increasingly late nights. The return of Crowley's sunglasses when he was indoors, his eyes hidden away so Aziraphale wouldn't know when they were hooded with shame. The bruises glimpsed beneath a gaping shirt collar, or scratches trailing from the cuff of a sleeve.

And then, the withdrawal. The self-isolation, the picking of fights, the drunken late-night phone calls begging Aziraphale for forgiveness. Begging...and then throwing it back in Aziraphale's face when it was offered, as it always was.

You know what I am, angel. Unforgivable.

No. Crowley needed the rules. Even if it meant Aziraphale had to delay his gratification occasionally.

Still, it wouldn't do for Crowley to panic. Aziraphale smiled warmly and patted the cushion next to him.

"I'm not angry, my dear," he promised. "Please, sit down."

Warily, Crowley crossed the room and sat down on the couch next to Aziraphale. His bony knees clattered together, and when he gripped them with his hands Aziraphale saw the knuckles begin to whiten immediately.

"Here now," he said gently, taking one of Crowley's hands in his own. With the other he reached up and removed the demon's sunglasses, folding them delicately and setting them aside. Crowley's eyes were bright gold, the pupils slitted to nearly perfectly vertical lines. "What's all this? Are you nervous?"

Eyes darting from Aziraphale's face to his hands, Crowley nodded.

"And why is that?"

Bereft of his glasses, Crowley bowed his head to try to gain some cover behind his hair. The red locks he'd left free from their loose horsetail fell in front of his eyes, a play of color and shadow so beguiling that Aziraphale got distracted and didn't hear his muttered response.

"Speak up, darling," he said, hoping Crowley hadn't noticed.

"I think you're going to punish me," Crowley repeated, fingers digging into his knees so hard Aziraphale heard the knuckles crack. He looked like he might bolt if Aziraphale made a sudden move, so the angel withdrew a bit and spread his arms along the back of the couch to appear less threatening. There was no need to physically intimidate Crowley. That was not what Aziraphale offered him. It wasn't what Crowley needed.

"I am going to punish you," Aziraphale replied, carefully watching Crowley's face for signs of increasing distress. "I explicitly told you that if you arrived even a minute past midnight, you would be punished. It is now-" he glanced at his watch- "twelve-fifteen, and I know that basic maths are hardly a challenge for a brilliant schemer like yourself. So you know you're

going to be punished. That is an absolute certainty. And if there is no uncertainty, there is no need to be nervous.”

“It’s really not a big deal,” Crowley said, coming dangerously close to sulking. “I was only a few minutes late, ’s’not like you caught me shagging a waiter in the coatroom at the Ritz. Can’t you just-“

“That’s quite enough,” Aziraphale snapped. Crowley’s eyes widened at the sudden change in tone. “I can see that the longer we delay this, the worse it’s going to be for you. Now come here this instant.”

Instead of obeying, Crowley’s eyes flicked to the paddle on the table. He shifted away, another protest clearly forming on his lips. Out of patience, Aziraphale reached out and seized Crowley by the scruff of his neck, dragging the demon forward and throwing him facedown across his lap.

Ignoring Crowley’s muffled yelps of surprise, Aziraphale kept his left hand firmly on the back of his neck while the other reached under him to undo his snake-head belt buckle and unzip his flies. As he worked the tight denim off of Crowley’s hips, the protests started again. This time Aziraphale cut them off by gripping the chain around his neck just the way he’d imagined doing and giving it a sharp yank. Crowley gasped and lifted his head to try and ease the pressure on his throat, all the better for Aziraphale to whisper coolly into his ear.

“You’ll be getting twenty strokes with the paddle, my darling, and how the rest of the night goes for you will depend very heavily on the grace with which you accept them. Do try to keep that in mind.”

“Aziraphale,” Crowley said, squirming as the angel ran a hand over the exposed curve of his rear. “Come on. This is pointless.”

“There is nothing pointless about seeing to your wellbeing, Crowley,” Aziraphale reassured him. “And your wellbeing is why I’m here. You know that, even if you forget sometimes.”

With that, he picked up the paddle. It was a heavy, wooden thing, lacquered to a mirror finish. Aziraphale tested it by smacking it against his open palm, finding the heft of it quite satisfying. Below him, Crowley whimpered at the sound.

“Your safeword, love?” he asked, turning the paddle over in his hands.

“*Orchid*,” Crowley replied through gritted teeth. The timbre of his voice had already changed, the petulance giving way to something more savage.

“Very good.” Aziraphale beamed, then brought the paddle down hard across Crowley’s right cheek.

The dull *smack* of wood hitting flesh was immediately followed by a hissing intake of breath. Crowley’s hips rocked in Aziraphale’s lap, then snapped forward when the second blow came down.

“Oh, fff- for Heaven’s sake, angel, that *hurts*,” Crowley panted. Aziraphale could already feel the demon’s cock begin to twitch against his thigh.

He brought the paddle down again, lower this time, right at the curve where cheek met upper thigh. Crowley growled and writhed, nearly falling off Aziraphale’s lap, forcing the angel to grab a handful of his shirt to steady him.

“Still,” he ordered.

Crowley tried his best to obey for the next three blows, but at the seventh his control broke and he tried to get his knees under him, as if he meant to crawl away.

Aziraphale responded to this by dealing a pair of vicious strikes to the backs of his thighs. Crowley howled and collapsed across his lap once more.

At the tenth blow, Aziraphale heard sniffing. Crowley had his head pillowed on his arms now, face hidden, but he could still see the way the demon’s shoulders shook. Setting the paddle down a moment, he ran his hand over Crowley’s arse again. The skin was hot and cherry-red, darker welts forming in a few places. There would be bruising later, but tonight Crowley would sleep peacefully, and he wouldn’t be ashamed to look Aziraphale in the eye in the morning.

“There, there, love,” he cooed. “We’re halfway done. Just relax.”

Trembling, Crowley twisted to look up at him. His eyes were red-rimmed with unshed tears, and Aziraphale knew they came from the humiliation of being taken over Aziraphale’s knee like this, not from the pain. Crowley had endured far worse pain in his life than Aziraphale could ever dole out.

Which wasn’t to say he considered that an excuse not to try his best. Raising the paddle a little higher, Aziraphale locked eyes with Crowley and brought it down on the most welted spot he could find.

Crowley buried his face against the couch and screamed, full of helpless anger. Instead of letting him breathe through the pain, Aziraphale brought the paddle down three more times in quick succession, all on the same spot.

“Fffucking bassstard,” Crowley hissed, nails digging furrows into the cushions.

“Language!” Aziraphale scolded. “You’ll take two extra strokes for that, and if I hear another syllable of profanity out of you I’ll make it another ten.”

Crowley sobbed but did not say another word. The remaining strokes, including the extra two, fell in a slow, steady rhythm that soon had Crowley rutting himself against Aziraphale’s leg, cock leaking through the fabric of Aziraphale’s trousers. This the angel ignored; there would be time for such things later. Instead he set the paddle down on the table where Crowley could see it. He was pleased to see that the demon didn’t speak or make any attempt to get up, just laid waiting in Aziraphale’s lap until he was informed the punishment was over.

“Now, was that so bad?” Aziraphale chided gently. He ruffled Crowley’s hair with his fingers, gratified at the way he arched up into the touch. “Was it really worth getting yourself so worked up?”

Crowley waited a moment in petulant silence, then shook his head. On another night Aziraphale might have needled him about this further, but he could still sense the tension in Crowley’s body and decided to move on. Punishment had been promised, and delivered. Now it was time for Aziraphale to indulge.

He picked up the second item he had set aside, a stoppered bottle full of clear liquid. Crowley drew in a soft breath.

“No,” he said. “You said you were done punishing me, you *said*-”

Despite the distress in his voice, his arousal was undiminished. Aziraphale could feel his heartbeat pulsing through his erection.

“This isn’t part of your punishment, dear,” Aziraphale explained. “Just a few drops of holy water, to make sure you’re pure for me. You don’t want me to risk corrupting my vessel, do you?”

In truth, the liquid was nothing more than ordinary lubricant spiked with ginger oil, a fact made obvious by the aroma that arose when Aziraphale poured some into his hand. Aziraphale had flatly refused to bring anything lethal into this game, no matter how carefully controlled the circumstances. Nor would it actually have any effect on their lovemaking; however diametrically opposed their essences might be, their earthly corporations could mingle at will. But the idea of purification, of being found unsuitable and being altered to fit his lover’s tastes, was an essential part of the game for Crowley. It was a need he had put himself in serious danger to fulfill, before their current arrangement, and so Aziraphale was more than willing to extend himself into a little playacting.

The oil faintly burned his fingertips as he rubbed a small bit of it into the tender skin of Crowley’s perineum. The demon keened wordlessly, and Aziraphale stroked his hair with his free hand.

“Be still, my love,” he sighed. “I know it’s uncomfortable, but soon your body will be clean and perfect. Isn’t that what you want?”

“Mmph,” Crowley agreed.

Aziraphale laughed softly. “Good boy.” He let a bit more of the oil coat his fingers, then drifted his index up to circle the tight whorl of Crowley’s hole. Crowley shuddered, the burning no doubt beginning to intensify, but Aziraphale could feel that he was trying to relax.

“That’s it, darling, let me in,” he crooned encouragingly. His fingertip breached Crowley’s entrance and began to move in even tinier circles, coaxing him open. “Does that hurt?”

“A little,” Crowley whimpered.

Aziraphale nodded. "I know it does," he said. "And you know why it hurts, don't you?"

Tears glittering at the corners of his eyes, Crowley nodded.

"Why does it hurt you?"

"Because I'm a filthy demon," Crowley said harshly. "Because I'm not worthy."

"You aren't," Aziraphale agreed. "Not yet. But you will be."

When he'd opened Crowley enough that his finger slid easily in and out, Aziraphale applied a bit more oil, coating him on the inside. He noted the way Crowley's breath quickened and added a second finger, stretching him open a little roughly to heighten the sensation. Crowley groaned, low in his throat, and his cock jumped against Aziraphale's thigh.

"You're a wicked thing," Aziraphale told him. "You're lucky I'm willing to even touch you, let alone see to you so thoroughly."

"I know," Crowley said. He was gasping between words now, grinding his hips down into the warm press of Aziraphale's lap. "I don't- ah! - don't deserve you, all I do is f- screw things up--"

"I give you Heavenly patience, and you can't even do me the courtesy of arriving on time," Aziraphale continued. He delved deeper with his fingers, nudging against the cluster of nerves that would make Crowley see stars. Crowley yelped and then arched his back to give Aziraphale easier access.

"I know. I'm sorry, I'm so sorry, angel, I'm so bad."

"You are. You don't deserve any pleasure at all, and yet here you are, impaling yourself on my fingers. You filthy little tart, you're going to come, aren't you?"

"No," Crowley pleaded. "I won't, I promise."

"Promises from a demon," Aziraphale sniffed. "Hardly of use to me. No, I can tell just by the sound of your voice that you're close. Not even enough self-control to get through me preparing you. Shameful."

"Yes," Crowley moaned. "Yes, I am, tell me--"

"Look at you. Just the utter picture of debauchery."

Hips bucking, Crowley pressed his face against the cushion again. Aziraphale could still hear muffled pleadings and gasps with each thrust of his fingers.

"Really, it's no wonder you were cast out," he hissed. "You- *absolute- disgrace.*"

Crowley's orgasm was announced with a guttural scream and a sudden wet heat against Aziraphale's trouser leg. He bore down with his fingers, milking as much out of Crowley as he could, then withdrew them with a disappointed click of his tongue.

“As I suspected,” he said. “Thoroughly disappointing. You’re going to need to work rather hard to convince me to stay any longer, dearest.”

Crowley immediately pushed himself up and scrambled to kneel on the floor, unmindful of his trousers still around his knees, his rumpled hair or tear-stained face. He gazed up at Aziraphale with eyes that were no longer feral slits but deep, golden pools of longing. Aziraphale sighed and ran his fingers through the demon’s hair.

“Of course you’re eager to please *now*,” he said pointedly. “Now that you’ve had your fun. You truly are without shame.”

It wasn’t a question, so Crowley didn’t respond, just stared up at him and waited for instructions. Now that he had come once, Aziraphale could see how the demon’s tension had eased, replaced with that heavy, almost trancelike state he found under Aziraphale’s command. He looked utterly lovely like this, with his moist lips slightly parted and his hair tumbling around his face in sweat-curved ringlets. Aziraphale felt his member stir at the sight of him.

“Well?” he asked. “Do you want me to leave?”

“No,” Crowley whispered. “Please don’t. Let me...let me please you, angel.”

“How?”

“My mouth,” Crowley said immediately. “Let me suck you off, please, I want-“

Aziraphale quieted him with a finger to his lips. “Go on, then.”

Crowley reached up, and right away the angel *tsked* and caught his wrist.

“I gave you permission to use your mouth, not your hands,” he said.

Brows knitting together in confusion, Crowley settled back on his heels. When Aziraphale offered no further instruction, he set his hands upon his own knees and inched closer between Aziraphale’s legs, then questioningly looked up.

Aziraphale only nodded for him to keep going.

Cheeks turning crimson, Crowley leaned forward and tried to undo the topmost button of Aziraphale’s trousers with his teeth. Like all of Aziraphale’s clothes, the buttonholes were sturdy and built to last, and he watched Crowley’s failed attempt with a certain wistful admiration for the centuries-dead tailor who had made them. Crowley huffed a short breath of frustration and tried again. Aziraphale made no move to help save to spread his legs a little wider, and that was more so that Crowley could better see the outline of his cock, fully-hard and waiting to be attended to. Crowley whined, nuzzled his cheek against it and then pressed a soft kiss to the head through the unyielding fabric.

Even that slight pressure left Aziraphale’s extremities tingling with pleasure, but it wouldn’t do to show that yet. He concentrated on looking stern and vaguely disappointed, watching Crowley grow more and more flustered.

On Crowley's next attempt he grew impatient and yanked a bit too hard, causing a thread to pop. Crowley looked up, eyes wide and wary. Aziraphale raised a warning eyebrow but made no move to reproach him. He wanted to see what Crowley would do, when left to make his own choices. So much of this game, after all, was about Crowley learning how to make choices better.

Crowley pressed his lips back to Aziraphale's cock, kissing it desperately through the fabric. Aziraphale saw the demon's hands flexing on his knees, trying so hard to obey. And the *noises* he was making; soft, needy little sounds that sent shivers up Aziraphale's spine. He reached down to caress Crowley's jaw. His thumb brushed Crowley's lips and they immediately parted to suck on it, Crowley moaning with relief at finally being able to put his mouth to some more use.

"Angel," he whispered when Aziraphale pulled his hand away. "Help me. Please."

Aziraphale's heart twisted. He could deny Crowley pleasure until he was weeping with frustration, he could hurt him until he begged for mercy, he could even harden his heart against Crowley's declarations of love when the demon was being impossible. But he could never refuse when Crowley looked into his eyes and asked for help so plainly.

Sighing, Aziraphale undid the buttons of his trousers and pulled his cock free. Crowley fell on it like a starved thing, wrapping his devilish tongue around it and pulling it down his throat. When his eyes rolled up to meet Aziraphale's they were so full of love and gratitude that it took the angel's breath away. For a moment he considered abandoning the role and speaking what was truly on his mind; telling Crowley how lovely he was, how loved, how precious to him. Before he could gather the words Crowley swallowed him even deeper, leaving him able to do nothing but gasp and curl his toes inside his shoes.

The next time Crowley pulled back, there were fresh tears streaking his cheeks. Aziraphale caught one on the knuckle of his index finger and brought it to his lips, savoring the tiny bloom of salt. Crowley shivered.

Once, during a particularly challenging session, Aziraphale had remarked that it would be only too appropriate if the tears of demons had aphrodisiac qualities for angels. He didn't actually believe it to be so, not literally at least, but it was hard to argue that he hadn't developed his own conditioned response to this particular taste.

Cupping the back of Crowley's head, he gently gripped his hair and held him still. Crowley let out another frustrated whine, which Aziraphale ignored. Keeping the head of his cock in Crowley's mouth, he used his free hand to stroke himself to climax, moaning unashamedly as he came over the demon's tongue. Just an added touch of humiliation, not allowing Crowley to finish him off on his own but instead using him to pleasure himself.

Once he'd dutifully swallowed, Crowley rested his forehead against Aziraphale's thigh. Aziraphale could hear his soft, hitching breaths, and gave him a moment to collect himself.

It was hard, so hard, to be the type of cruel that Crowley needed. Later on in bed there would be softness and sweet words, and in the morning there would be laughter over breakfast, the easy companionship they'd both come to love so well. Aziraphale was looking forward to

that part, but some transition was necessary. Switch affects right away, and they both would be left feeling disoriented and awkward. And Crowley needed to drift in the haze that submission brought him for a while, to feel truly fulfilled.

“Pull your trousers up,” he ordered Crowley gently. As the demon obeyed Aziraphale snapped his fingers and summoned a glass of cold water. When Crowley had finished setting his disheveled clothes to rights, Aziraphale passed the glass to him.

Crowley drained it without a word, still kneeling on the floor. When he set the glass down he heaved a deep sigh, the set of his shoulders loosening. He looked up at Aziraphale with a softness in his eyes that had not been there before.

“I’ll stay,” Aziraphale told him, and immediately Crowley’s posture relaxed even more. “You may sleep in bed with me, if you are able to remain still and quiet while I finish up my reading. Is that understood?”

Crowley nodded, clearly relieved. Aziraphale did his own trousers back up, settled back down on the couch and picked up his book. After waiting a moment to be sure Aziraphale was comfortable, Crowley laid his head against the angel’s knee and closed his eyes.

The hour drifted past, during which Crowley did not make a single noise save for a few deep sighs, which Aziraphale permitted without comment. He idly stroked the demon’s hair as he read, looking over the top of the book occasionally to check in on him. A few fresh tear tracks appeared and dried again at one point, but the tension in Crowley’s body did not return.

When the hour was up, Aziraphale closed the book and lightly tapped Crowley on the temple. Crowley straightened up, still on his knees. Aziraphale held up the last item he had prepared, watching Crowley’s tongue dart out to moisten his lips as he held it up.

It was a stainless steel ring, a few sizes too small to be a bracelet even around one of Crowley’s skinny wrists.

“Go into the bedroom, strip naked, and put this on,” Aziraphale instructed him. “Do not touch yourself otherwise. I’ll be with you in a few moments.”

Shivering, Crowley took the ring from him, climbed shakily to his feet and hurried to the bedroom. Aziraphale watched him go, glad to finally be able to allow himself to smile. His face was beginning to ache from trying to look stern this whole time.

First he tidied up the living room, as well as the mess that had been made of his own clothes. He usually frowned on using miracles to remove stains, but there were some things he’d just as soon keep his dry cleaners out of. Then he went into the bathroom and stripped as well, taking a few minutes to splash some cold water on his face and through his hair and apply some lotion to his hands.

That done, he retrieved another bottle of lubricant, un-altered this time, and took his time getting himself ready. As he stretched himself out he thought of Crowley, doubtless naked and waiting for him, sprawled on the bed erect and flushed with anticipation. It was a highly

compelling image to focus on, so much so that by the time he was finished he was rock-hard again and just a little breathless. Arousal buzzing like electricity in his veins, he padded down the hallway to the bedroom and found Crowley just as he'd imagined him. The demon was lying on his back, naked except for the silver ring cinched around the base of his cock, which lay dark red and visibly twitching against his stomach. He was clearly finding it difficult to obey Aziraphale's instructions not to touch himself; his hands were balled into tight fists at his side, and as soon as he caught sight of Aziraphale he moaned weakly and bucked his hips.

"Angel," he said, before Aziraphale shushed him and joined him on the bed.

"No need to beg, darling," he whispered, straddling Crowley's waist. True to his word, right away he slowly rocked back, easing the head of Crowley's cock into his prepped hole. Crowley's jaw dropped and his eyelids fluttered. Aziraphale watched his hands scrabble weakly at the sheets as he slowly eased himself up and down, taking Crowley a little deeper each time. The stretch still burned a little, so Aziraphale took his time, satisfied that even if Crowley wasn't able to delay his climax the ring would keep him hard and ready for the angel's use. There was no obligation outside of savoring the sensations, the delicious feeling of fullness, the desperate sounds Crowley was making, the silken glide of his own erection in his hand. It was perfect.

Time slipped away as Aziraphale lost himself in the giddy rush of it all. He used his own hand to bring himself close to the edge several times. Crowley watched with naked desire, keeping his hands obediently at his sides.

"Please," he moaned. "Please, angel, let me touch you."

Aziraphale ignored him in favor of grinding more forcefully down onto his cock, driving the ability to speak out of both of them. Crowley's back arched off the bed, tearing at the sheets in his struggle to hold on.

"I can't," he gasped. "Oh fuck, Aziraphale, you're gonna make me come--"

There was no mercy from the angel as it took him. Aziraphale watched Crowley shudder violently beneath him and then collapse, twitching, overstimulated and still so eager to please. He was close himself, his control threatening to slip every time Crowley nudged against that sweet spot inside him. The demon was crying again, softly, begging Aziraphale to let him touch. To bring the angel pleasure, to be allowed to feel that he'd been good. Wanting so badly to be worthy. To be forgiven.

"Let me," he whispered. "I need to, I need to show you...angel, I love you, *please* let me--"

Love. That word between them that could not be spoken, except in these darkest of private places. That thing they both craved and had been cursed to only truly find with each other.

Aziraphale would never be able to deny Crowley anything, if they could bring that love out into the light. As it was, it threatened to tear him from his purpose entirely.

"Yes," he sobbed, "yes, Crowley, touch me."

As soon as the words left his lips Crowley sprang to electrified movement, craning up to wrap his arms around Aziraphale's back. They kissed frantically, both of them gasping as their lips and tongues were finally allowed to touch. Crowley kissed like he was drowning, fingers tangling in Aziraphale's hair.

"Love you," he gasped into the angel's mouth. "Love you, love you."

Aziraphale's heart swooped at the words. Would it be so wrong, for him to say it back? It was true, they both knew it.

He loved Crowley. He loved a demon and didn't care who knew it, didn't care if that made him a bad angel, didn't care if God Himself wouldn't approve. He could say it, he *would* say it, Crowley deserved to hear it-

Crowley's hand wrapped around his cock, and Aziraphale's voice deserted him entirely.

All it took was a few deft strokes to have him spilling over Crowley's hand and chest and stomach, making a mess of the both of them. He buried his face against Crowley's neck and rode it out, Crowley still fucking into him in a lazy rhythm now, intent on drawing out the angel's climax for as long as he could. When at last Aziraphale could take no more, he raised his hips and let Crowley slip out of him before collapsing on his side. They huddled together, foreheads touching, the both of them shivering with blissful aftershocks. Aziraphale snapped his fingers and vanished the ring before he could sink too deeply into that pleasurable haze, and Crowley mumbled some garbled thanks and drew in closer.

They drifted for an indeterminable amount of time, the stretches of heavy, sex-drunk silence only interrupted by the occasional tender kiss or stroking of sweat-damp hair. Crowley was boneless in Aziraphale's arms, all the tension and nerves and feelings of unworthiness drained out of him. They both knew it wouldn't last forever, but Aziraphale was just grateful that they had found a way to bring each other to this place of peace from time to time.

They would sleep now, wrapped up in each other, and then in the morning they would go back to being hereditary enemies and clandestine friends. Aziraphale would keep his key to Crowley's flat, but he would not use it until Crowley asked him to. They might not see each other again for a while, weeks or even years, but Aziraphale would be able to go about his business and not worry about Crowley, at least not any more than he usually did. Crowley would continue to do his infernal deeds, but he would not take people to bed who meant him serious harm, and that would have to be enough.

It was the best they could ever hope for. They were on opposite sides of a coming war, and all too soon the reckoning would be upon them and all that had existed between them would be relegated to history with the rest of Earth.

Even though he knew he would regret it, Aziraphale allowed himself to fantasize. To dream of a world where he and Crowley could love each other freely, a world that would not be tested to destruction. He dreamed of being able to lavish affection on Crowley that would not turn to poison in the demon's veins; dreamed of being able to accept Crowley's love without worrying he was being tempted, corrupted, lured into the dark. Dreamed of a future where they were both better, and kinder, and less afraid.

It was as lovely as it was impossible.

He lay there, luxuriating in the heart-aching sting of it, and then, before he could think better of it, he whispered “I love you,” into the shell of Crowley’s ear.

But Crowley had fallen into deep, satisfied sleep, and didn’t hear him.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!