

Breaking and Entering

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/35511244) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/35511244>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Good Omens (TV)
Relationship:	Aziraphale/Crowley (Good Omens)
Character:	Aziraphale (Good Omens) , Crowley (Good Omens)
Additional Tags:	Crowley Has a Penis (Good Omens) , Aziraphale Has a Penis (Good Omens) , Top Aziraphale (Good Omens) , Bottom Crowley (Good Omens) , Cheesy Porn Tropes , Sexual Roleplay , Light BDSM , Dom Aziraphale (Good Omens) , Sub Crowley (Good Omens) , Aziraphale is Hung , Size Queen Crowley (Good Omens) , Safe Sane and Consensual , Consensual Non-Consent , Rape/Non-con Elements , Rough Sex , Banter , Bickering , Some groan-worthy bad puns , Dirty Talk , degradation kink , Slut Shaming , forced stripping , Clothed Sex , Naked/Clothed , Blow Jobs , Face-Fucking , Hair-pulling , Anal Fingering , Anal Sex , Begging , Orgasm Delay/Denial , Come Eating , Aftercare , Fluffy Ending , The One Where the Burglar Does Not Get Sent Home With Cake , Author is Open to Hearing about Dead Batteries , Creampie
Language:	English
Collections:	Ineffablexxx - Directors Cut , Top Aziraphale Recs , Good Omens (C)NC
Stats:	Published: 2021-12-04 Words: 4,055 Chapters: 1/1

Breaking and Entering

by [tikli](#)

Summary

Bendy Burglar Barebacked by Bossy Bibliophile

Notes

Please read the tags! If you need more details about the possibly triggering content, read the end notes.

This is the fic that was fuelled by several iced lattes and chocolate chip cookies. If you follow me on [Twitter](#), you know how long it's taken for me to write this.

Beta by [Epimeliad](#), thank you so much for putting up with me! Also, huge thanks to [Naro](#) for cheerleading, brainstorming and helping with the tags.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Mr A.Z. Fell was having a quiet night in. He had closed his bookshop hours ago and withdrawn to his flat upstairs, where he was now enjoying a good book with a steaming mug of hot cocoa. It was a well-deserved relaxation after a stressful day. He could already feel his mood improving and the tension leaving his body.

When the cocoa was gone, he contemplated opening a bottle of wine. He had just got up from his armchair when he heard a loud thump from downstairs. He stopped to listen, but heard nothing out of the ordinary. Maybe he had imagined it?

While he was trying to decide the best wine for the night, he heard a quiet bang, followed by a crash. That was definitely coming from the bookshop. He felt his pulse quicken. Was there someone inside the shop?

The hinges of the door between his flat and the bookshop were blessedly silent. He crossed the narrow aisle to lean on the railing and looked down, trying to see any movement inside the shop. It was dark, save for the illumination through the windows by the street lights. He didn't see anyone, but he knew he wasn't alone. There was a faint clinking sound coming from not too far away.

Holding his breath, he descended the spiral staircase, making sure to step softly and silently. He reached the bottom of the stairs and tiptoed towards the noise. After turning around a bookcase he had a clear view of the office nook of his shop. There, hunched over the cash register, was an intruder. A slender figure, dressed in black from head to toe. A ski mask was obscuring the facial features and covering the hair. The unwelcome visitor seemed to be completely focused on picking the lock of the cash register. *Oh no, that won't do at all*, Mr Fell thought.

"I'd appreciate it if you didn't break that," he chided, making the burglar yelp in surprise and stumble backwards, feet colliding with a bag on the floor and eventually collapsing against the sofa. Mr Fell walked towards him. "It's from 1868, the spare parts are hard to come by. You could just ask me to open it for you? Although, I don't know if that would do you any good, since the till is empty anyway." He stopped, towering over the burglar, who was looking up at him with frightened eyes.

"Oh, in that case, I'll be on my way," the burglar offered, like he had just been told that the shop didn't carry the book he was looking for. The tremble in his voice was so slight Mr Fell almost missed it.

"You think I should just let you go?"

"Why not? I'm not gonna take anything of yours, no harm done, eh?" the burglar suggested in a conversational, but strained tone.

"Hmm, maybe so," Mr Fell mused. He leaned in to turn on a nearby lamp and gave the burglar a scrutinising look. "You did break into my shop though. That's a felony. I should contact the police immediately."

"Please don't! I'm too pretty to go to jail!"

"Is that so?" Mr Fell asked, resisting the urge to smirk. He reached out, grabbed the ski mask and pulled it off, revealing a shock of ginger hair and sharp features. His gaze stopped at the pouty lower lip. "Yes, I can see why you'd be worried," he drawled.

"Great, yes, thank you for understanding! So let me just get out of your hair and—"

"What's in it for me?"

"Sorry?"

"Why should I be persuaded to let you go without any kind of compensation for ruining my perfectly nice evening?" Mr Fell asked with a stern look.

The burglar seemed to be at a loss of words for a moment. Then something shifted in his demeanour.

"I could make it worth your while," he purred, glancing at Mr Fell's groin and then resuming their eye contact. The tip of his tongue peeked between his lips and then vanished behind a sly smile.

Mr Fell couldn't deny that the proposition was intriguing. The burglar was indeed very pretty, kneeling at his feet like that. After all, why not? Why shouldn't he take advantage of the situation? His cock was definitely eager to do so.

"All right."

The burglar's hands were on the front of his trousers immediately.

"Oh, but I don't trust you," Mr Fell said, taking a step back. "You might be planning to deceive me. Take off your clothes," he ordered.

"Wot?"

"Strip. So that I can be sure you are unarmed."

The burglar pulled the henley over his head and looked at Mr Fell, raising a questioning eyebrow.

"Go on."

He removed his boots and socks. The trousers went next, but they seemed to be putting on a bit of a fight. Mr Fell was fairly sure they were too tight to conceal any sort of weapon, but he hadn't really been worried about that in the first place.

"Those too," he nodded at the boxer briefs.

The burglar finished undressing, then kneeled again with nonchalance, looking up at Mr Fell expectantly.

"Very good," Mr Fell nodded and stepped closer. "Now, let's see if I made the right decision." He reached for his trousers, swiftly opening them and pulling his half-hard cock out of the confines of his underwear. He didn't want to get any more undressed than was necessary.

The burglar didn't move. Instead, he stared at Mr Fell's cock, almost transfixed.

"Is there a problem?"

"Huh? Nope, not a problem. It's just that you're big, that's all."

"I suggest you get on with it, I don't have all night."

If there was any hesitation from the burglar, Mr Fell couldn't discern it. The head of his cock was engulfed by a warm mouth and a deft hand curled around his shaft, squeezing it gently. The burglar licked and sucked the glans, then moved his mouth down along the underside of the cock. He seemed determined to wet every inch of it with messy open-mouthed kisses. He switched tactics when he reached the base, climbing back up with broad strokes of his tongue. When he reached the tip, he took as much of the cock into his mouth as he could, rubbing the rest of it with his hand. His lips were stretched tight around the thick shaft and Mr Fell was very pleased with the view. Oh, he was going to have fun with this one.

"You're eager, aren't you? Very quick to suggest this, and taking it so well, too."

The burglar enthusiastically swallowed his cock deeper.

"Yes, you're hungry for it. Done this before, I bet. Maybe you should consider a change of career, since you display far more talent for this than for burglary." Mr Fell's voice grew more sinister while he entwined his fingers into the burglar's hair, before grabbing it properly. "You'd make a good whore, wouldn't you?"

A pitiful whine was the only answer he got. The burglar's cheeks were burning and there were tears welling up in his eyes, but he kept going on with the blowjob. Mr Fell put his other hand behind the burglar's head and slammed his cock deeper, making him gag.

"This mouth of yours, so pretty and pliant. Like it's made to be taken." He emphasised his words with a couple of deep thrusts. The tears were spilling out from the corner of the burglar's eyes now, and whatever struggle he was attempting to put up was so feeble that Mr Fell found himself a little disappointed. The mouth was growing slack and the hand had dropped away from his cock.

"Yes, you just kneel there and let me use you. Let me show you what you're good for."

He moved his hands to grab both sides of the burglar's head and proceeded to make good of his promise. His deep, relentless thrusts soon made tears stream down the burglar's cheeks, and every time he gagged around the intrusion Mr Fell groaned with satisfaction.

"Such a good little slut," he murmured, slowing his pace and making his thrusts more shallow. He slid his hand down to the burglar's jaw, brushing his thumb from the corner of his mouth to his upper lip. "As much as I enjoy seeing your mouth stretched around my cock, I'm sure you have more to offer."

The burglar's eyes widened when he looked up at Mr Fell. After a couple of more thrusts Mr Fell pulled out, letting the burglar wipe the drool off his chin and catch his breath.

"Get up and bend over the counter."

The burglar eyed him warily and cleared his throat. "Why?"

"Because I very much want to see you bent over that counter."

The burglar tensed and leaned slightly away from him, lifting his chin with defiance.

"That's not what we agreed on," he spat through his gritted teeth.

"Ah, I see," Mr Fell smiled. "You're under the impression that we had an agreement."

"We did! I offered you a quick suck to smooth your ruffled feathers and I'd be free to go," the burglar protested.

"Please allow me to clarify the situation so there's no confusion. You have a simple choice: either you do as I say or I'm alerting the police," Mr Fell stated calmly.

The burglar didn't even try to hide his disdain as he got to his feet. He glared at Mr Fell.

"No need for the melodramatics," Mr Fell reprimanded. "I'm sure this is not a novel experience for you."

"Fine," he snarled, bending at the waist and leaning his forearms against the slightly dusty surface with a sniff. "Do you ever clean up around here?"

Mr Fell ignored the question and let his eyes wander along the lean lines of the burglar's body, lingering at the pert arse. He moved to stand right behind him and nudged his shoe between the bare feet, forcing them apart. This compelled the burglar to arch his back, which in turn made him present his arse in an even more delectable angle.

"Aren't you a sight," Mr Fell chuckled. "But there's still some room for improvement."

He placed his hand between the burglar's shoulder blades and shoved him down. His arms yielded, making way for his chest to hit the counter. The motion was abrupt enough to knock the air out of his lungs, making him grunt. He turned his head to the side, resting his cheek against the counter and glared at Mr Fell.

"Rude," he scoffed.

"Not as rude as invading someone's premises and spoiling their evening."

He slid his hand down to the burglar's arse, grabbing one buttock and kneading it experimentally. He was immediately rewarded with a needy whine as the burglar pushed against his hand.

"You almost had me convinced you didn't want this," he teased, mirroring the action with his other hand on the other arse cheek.

"I don't," the burglar protested, but the moan that escaped his mouth immediately afterwards told another tale.

"Liar. A slut and a liar."

Mr Fell pulled open a drawer and grabbed a small bottle of lube. He smeared some on his fingers and spread the burglar's buttocks with his other hand. He pushed the tips of his index and middle finger against the hole, feeling out the resistance of the muscle. There wasn't too much of it, so he shoved both fingers in, up to the second knuckle.

"That was almost too easy," he remarked, working his fingers back and forth, adding more lube and pushing it inside. "I shouldn't be surprised, a depraved thing like you most certainly knows how to take it up the arse. Can't go on a single day without begging to get fucked, isn't that so?"

The burglar had squeezed his eyes shut and was now shaking his head.

"I don't—"

"What's that?" Mr Fell laughed. "Are you going to tell me more lies? Try to pretend you're all

respectable and virtuous and *nice*, when we both know the truth? It's clear that you are the worst kind of cockslut I've ever met."

He didn't get a coherent answer, because his probing fingers (three of them now) had reduced the burglar to a sobbing, whimpering mess. What a sight it was, the lithe body completely at his mercy, for him to do as he pleased. The thought made his cock ache and he quickly withdrew his fingers. The burglar let out a disgruntled sound.

"Such a greedy thing," Mr Fell tutted, shaking his head. He bit back a hiss when he lubed up his cock, giving it a couple of firm pulls and then pushed the tip against the slick hole.

"No, no, please don't, please, it's too big, it won't fit!" the burglar wailed, grinding against his cock.

"Maybe you should have thought twice before breaking and entering into my shop—it's only fair I get to do the same to this tight arse of yours," Mr Fell reprimanded.

The burglar replied with a muffled noise that could have been something between a groan and a snicker. Mr Fell gave him a swift slap on the arse for such insolence and the burglar yelped. Then he grabbed the base of his cock and nudged the arsehole with the tip, increasing pressure.

"Please stop, you can't—"

"Nonsense, I can and I will," Mr Fell huffed and forced the tip of his cock through the tight ring of muscle.

"Fuck," the burglar gasped. "It's too much, you can't be serious!"

"Hush now, you're just making it worse for yourself," Mr Fell disregarded the complaint, grabbed the burglar's narrow hips and slammed his cock all the way in. The burglar howled and clutched the edge of the counter. "There. Wasn't that hard, was it? Oh, pardon my choice of words, because *something* most definitely is hard," he chuckled.

"I hate you," the burglar grumbled.

"Oh, but I bet you don't hate *this*," said Mr Fell, pulling almost all the way out and then thrusting back in, drawing another howl from the burglar. "No, you don't hate this at all, seeing how well you take it."

"I don't... I mean, I do... Fuck, no, what I meaAAAAH!" Another deep thrust interrupted the burglar's babbling. "Bastard!"

"Wanton slut," Mr Fell countered. He picked up his pace, fucking the burglar's arse relentlessly, digging his fingers into his hips so hard there would be bruises later. "Too bad I can't make a better use of that filthy mouth of yours right now, that would shut you up."

As it turned out, so would a ruthless railing, too. From between all the panting and moaning Mr Fell could still pick up some faint words of begging and pleading, but he paid them no mind. He had full control, this body was his to use, his to claim. He admired the view in front of him, seeing the burglar's rim stretched so tight around his cock. Over and over again he plunged deep inside, revelling in the hot wet squeeze. He could get used to this.

He slowed his thrusts, reached one hand to grab the burglar's hair and pulled, forcing him to arch his back. He leaned closer and brought his mouth to the long sinewy neck. The burglar's squirming under the attack of licks, sucks and bites awakened something feral inside Mr Fell and spurred him

on.

"I could just keep you," he murmured, biting the earlobe. "We're having so much fun, it would be a shame to let you go after only a trial run."

"You promised," the burglar pleaded.

"Did I?" Mr Fell wondered absentmindedly. He released the burglar's hair, letting him slump against the counter. Resuming his previous position, he tilted the burglar's hips into a different angle and continued to pound his arse. "Even if I did, does it matter? You know you want it. You want to be used, need to spread your arse open for anyone who's willing to stick their cock inside. Isn't that right?"

"Please!"

"I asked you a question."

"Yes! I'm a needy slut," the burglar sobbed. "Please, I need you to touch me!"

Seeing the burglar slowly come apart under him made Mr Fell realise how close his own release was. He gritted his teeth, struggling to maintain his rhythm.

"This isn't about what you need. This is about what I want."

"I'm begging you!"

"And what I *want*"—he groaned, shoving his cock deep—"is to wreck this slutty hole of yours, fill it up, make a mess of you."

He sped up, drinking up the desperate noises the burglar was making, gripping his hips even tighter when his rhythm faltered. He had the overwhelming need to drive his cock impossibly deep into that slick heat, his world narrowing down to how inexplicably good it felt. A couple of frantic, strong shoves later he was coming, buried balls-deep and a silent shout on his lips.

The burglar whimpered when he pulled out. He took a step back and started to clean himself up with a handkerchief.

"You can leave now," he said as he straightened his clothes, looking all prim and proper again.

The burglar turned his head to look at Mr Fell so fast it was a miracle he didn't sprain his neck.

"Wot?!"

"You wanted to leave? At least that's the impression I got from—"

"For fucks sake!" the burglar seethed. He turned around fully, leaned against the counter and stared at Mr Fell. He had a hungry look in his eyes, pupils blown wide. His erect cock was pushing against his stomach, smearing it with precome. By the looks of it that had been going on for a while.

"So you *don't* want to leave then?" Mr Fell asked, his voice dripping faux sincerity.

"Oh, come on!"

"I thought I just did."

The burglar just glared at him, mumbling something inaudible. He was grabbing the edge of the counter with both hands, flexing his fingers, clearly frustrated. Mr Fell stepped closer and leaned forward, curling his own fingers around the burglar's wrists, and brought his mouth next to the burglar's ear. He was pleased to notice that this made the burglar shiver.

"You begged so prettily just a moment ago," he whispered, earning another shiver and a small moan from the burglar. "You poor little thing, getting yourself so worked up just from taking my cock."

"Please, need you—"

"There it is," Mr Fell purred. "If you ask nicely, I might let you come."

"Would kind sir please let me feel his hand around my cock, *please*," the burglar huffed. Mr Fell did not need to see his face to know the plea was seasoned with a vigorous eye roll.

"Oh, is that how you want this to play out, *brat*?" he asked, his voice low and steady, laced with a hint of threat.

"Nonono, 'm sorry, please, just let me come, I'll be good, I'll be *so* good," the burglar babbled with the familiar desperation Mr Fell had been waiting for.

He let go of the burglar's wrists and moved his hands to the narrow hips, fingers splayed to cover as much skin as possible. The burglar thrust his hips forward and whined when he was met with nothing but thin air.

"So impatient," Mr Fell muttered. He crouched down a bit, moved his hands to the back of the burglar's thighs and with one smooth motion flipped him on his back on top of the counter. "Now, keep your legs spread for me," he ordered.

The burglar obeyed keenly, grabbing his thighs and bending his knees. The counter was so narrow that his head was hanging upside-down over the edge, throat strained and exposed. He looked so vulnerable in that position that Mr Fell just had to stop for a moment to admire the view. He could see his own spend leaking out of the burglar's well-used hole. Some of it was already drying on his thighs.

"I've been doing so much for you already and here you are again, lazing around, letting me do all the work," Mr Fell sighed, shaking his head even though the burglar couldn't see it. He idly circled his finger around the burglar's arsehole, spreading the come on his skin. Then he pushed the finger in, just deep enough to graze the prostate. The burglar groaned. With his other hand Mr Fell grabbed the burglar's cock, making a loose fist around it.

"Fuck!" the burglar yelped. "Please!"

"This is all you're going to get. If you want to come, you have to put your back into it."

The burglar tilted his hips downwards, seeking for more pressure from Mr Fell's finger. The change of angle made his cockhead slide into Mr Fell's fist, precome slicking the fingers. He sobbed at the dual stimulation and started rocking to and fro, quickly gaining momentum.

Mr Fell couldn't take his eyes off the shameless spectacle unfolding in front of him. The burglar was fucking his fist with urgency and the sounds that poured out of his mouth were a fascinating mixture of agony and pleasure. The finger inside him was apparently positioned favourably, because every push against it was accompanied by a fervent mewl. The burglar was chasing his peak with growing anguish.

"Please, it's not enough, please," the burglar cried.

"But I've given you plenty."

The burglar was trembling now, losing his rhythm. The awkward position Mr Fell had put him in was taking its toll.

"Have *mercy*," the burglar sobbed.

Mr Fell tightened his fist around the burglar's weeping cock and gave it a couple of experienced tugs while rubbing his prostate with intention. That was all it took to make the burglar spend all over himself, streaks of come painting his stomach and chest. Some of it landed on his arched throat, and Mr Fell was tempted to lick it clean. Instead, he let go of the burglar's cock and brought his come-dripping fingers to his mouth to get a taste.

"Mmm, what a delicious tart you are," he hummed.

The only answer he got was a barely audible wheeze.

"Are you still with me, sweet thing?" he chuckled, then slid his finger free. The reaction to that was more vocal, but still incomprehensible. He smiled fondly at the state of his playmate. "Should we get more comfortable?"

"Nnnnyeeesssss..."

After a miracle-facilitated clean up, Aziraphale gathered The Pile Of Cooked Spaghetti Formerly Known As Crowley in his arms. He sat down on the sofa and positioned them optimally for easy cuddling.

"Do you need anything?"

"Sssssskin..."

Immediately after sending his clothing into the ether, Aziraphale found himself under a thoroughly demonic nuzzle attack. He answered by petting Crowley all over, letting him feel the soothing weight of his palms. His nose was burrowed in Crowley's hair and there was no other place in the whole wide universe where he'd rather be at that moment.

"Sssooo, I take it you enjoyed yourself," Crowley drawled after a while.

"Ah, your speech centre is operational again, splendid! And yes, I had a marvellous time," Aziraphale beamed. Then, with some nervousness in his voice, he added, "I just hope I didn't get too carried away."

"Pffft, like that ever happens," Crowley snorted, jabbing his nose into the soft spot behind Aziraphale's ear and inhaling deeply. "And even if it did, I know my way out of it," he mumbled.

"True," Aziraphale hummed, playing with Crowley's hair.

"Gotta hand it to you, though—well done with the effort!"

"Oh, you noticed?"

"Wasn't exactly that subtle," Crowley snickered.

"I just thought it would fit the occasion," Aziraphale shrugged.

"*Fit* being the operative word," Crowley guffawed.

Aziraphale failed to keep a straight face and burst out laughing.

They leaned on each other, giggling and chortling, until Aziraphale had to wipe tears from his eyes and Crowley grimaced because his abdominal muscles had started to ache. They calmed down a bit, snuggled around each other the best they could. Aziraphale reached for a blanket and draped it over Crowley's shoulders.

Crowley was already half asleep when he murmured, "Next time, it's your turn to be the burglar."

"I'd be happy to," Aziraphale whispered.

Crowley drifted into sleep with a satisfied smile on his lips.

End Notes

This is a pre-negotiated con non-con BDSM scene with roleplay, written from the Dominant POV. Everything is Safe, Sane and Consensual.

Due to the nature of the scene, this fic contains elements that can be triggering. There is absolutely no violence or threat of violence in it, but there is coercion/blackmail, the sex is rough, the language is crude and degrading—and Crowley loves every second of it, so don't worry for him. You get some fluffy aftercare in the end, I promise.

Please, let me know if I forgot to tag something.

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