

In Good Hands

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/30423966) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/30423966>.

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:	Alternate Universe - Human , Masseur Aziraphale , Crowley Has a Penis (Good Omens) , Aziraphale Has a Penis (Good Omens) , He/Him Pronouns For Crowley (Good Omens) , He/Him Pronouns For Aziraphale (Good Omens) , Top Aziraphale (Good Omens) , Bottom Crowley (Good Omens) , Aziraphale is Hung , Thirsty Crowley (Good Omens) , Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot , Smut , Cheesy Porn Tropes , Massage , Massage parlour , accidental arousal , Accidental Erection , Inappropriate Erections , Unprofessional behaviour , Anal Fingering , Anal Sex , Begging , Dirty Talk , Horny Meet-Cute , Author is Open to Hearing about Dead Batteries
Language:	English
Collections:	Ineffablexxx - Directors Cut , Top Aziraphale Recs , Good Omens Human AUs
Stats:	Published: 2021-04-02 Words: 2,553 Chapters: 1/1

In Good Hands

by [tikli](#)

Summary

Thirsty Redhead Gets Railed By Blond Masseur

Notes

My second smut ever! Still blaming [Ineffablexxx - Directors Cut](#)!

I don't know how actual back massages are done. I've received some (not like the one depicted here!), but couldn't for the life of me remember what is done and in what order. So, this is not a tutorial for back massages—unless you're looking for *this* sort of back massages. ;)

Beta by [potatowrites](#), thank you for taking the time (and enabling me)!

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

Crowley is lying down on a massage table, head resting against the face cushion. He's had a hell of a week at work, so his biweekly massage is more than due. Office work is murder on his back and he always accumulates some extra tension, thanks to his stupid boss. He can hardly wait to get rid of it all.

The door opens and his masseuse enters.

"Good afternoon, Mr Crowley!" says a cheery, definitely very male voice.

Well, that was unexpected. Not a masseuse then, but a masseur. He lifts his head a little to look at the man. "What happened to Marjorie?" he asks—and then his brain catches up with what he is seeing. The man is *gorgeous*. Blond curly hair, strikingly blue eyes. A light blue T-shirt is trying (and failing) to hide the wide shoulders and a bit of a dad bod. Nice, strong-looking arms that end with broad hands. Thick thighs under the beige sweat pants. Crowley's mouth has suddenly gone very dry. He is also acutely aware of the fact that he is lying under a towel, wearing only his boxer briefs. Boxer briefs that feel a bit tighter than they did a while ago.

"Miss Potts had some personal business today, so I'm substituting for her. I hope that's okay, Mr Crowley."

"Just Crowley. And yeah, that's... that's okay," he rasps.

"That's good to hear! Oh, and my name is Aziraphale. I have several years of experience, so I can assure you that you are in good hands," he smiles reassuringly.

"Good... hands..." Crowley mumbles while pushing his face back against the cushion.

"I'm sorry, what was that?"

"Nothing, just.. Nothing." He swallows. "Let's get on with it then."

The first touch of those broad hands on his skin almost made Crowley jump. He's biting the inside of his cheek and trying to banish all unseemly thoughts from his head. *This* is why he always chooses masseuses.

Aziraphale starts to gently warm up Crowley's back muscles, spreading massage oil from the small of his back up to his shoulders, feeling for kinks and knots.

"Crowley, I need you to take a couple of deep breaths," Aziraphale asks. He moves to stand in front of Crowley's head and lays his hands on his shoulders. "Let go of the tension."

Shit, he panics. *Of course he can feel it!* He takes a shaky breath, puffs it out and then repeats the motions twice. With each exhalation Aziraphale rolls his hands from his shoulders to his upper back, pushing down and popping some vertebrae in the process.

"There you go, much better," Aziraphale hums.

Crowley can't share the sentiment. Feeling the push of those hands just made it *worse*. And Aziraphale had been standing *so close* to him. If Crowley had raised his arm he could have touched those thighs... He can feel his cock hardening against the table. *Shitshitshit*. His fingers twitch against the armrests as he tries to concentrate on his breathing, tries to will his inconvenient erection away.

Aziraphale moves to the side of the table, facing Crowley's feet. His hands are on Crowley's lower back now, palms pushing from the centre towards his sides and then back to the centre, thumbs

sliding to the groove between his muscles. It feels too good and the pressure is too much. A muffled moan escapes from Crowley's lips and he curses himself silently.

"A lot of tension here, I see. Just tell me if I'm going to hard on you," Aziraphale says in a conversational tone.

Crowley wants to scream. This is torture, he's not going to survive this. He's aching hard now and all he wants to do is rut against the table, but he can't, of course he can't, that wouldn't be appropriate and he doesn't want to get thrown out and banned from the establishment.

"Nnnnh, it's fine," he manages.

Aziraphale continues his ministrations, his thumbs kneading circles lower and lower on Crowley's back, slipping an inch below the waist of his pants, brushing the topmost part of his buttocks. Crowley can hear his own breathing but can't do anything to slow it down. He isn't exactly panting, not yet. But he is breathing a lot heavier than he should, this he knows. He feels his cock leaking, he's sure his pants have a wet spot on them, and the paper sheet covering the table surely has a matching one. He's going to die of embarrassment before this is over.

Aziraphale's thumbs push into the top of his buttocks and Crowley whines out loud. It is a sharp, needy sound, and suddenly Aziraphale's hands are very still. Crowley is mortified. This is it. He's been caught. There's no way Aziraphale didn't realise what's going on. But no, the hands continue their movement, continue working on the muscles of his arse. If anything, they roam a bit lower still.

"It seems to me that you have some pent-up energy in your pelvic area, that's why it's so tense," Aziraphale notes, his hands still in motion.

"Ngk, yeah, I suppose..."

"I think my usual methods might not work. I do have something that's a bit more... unorthodox, if you will," Aziraphale suggests. His hands are now halfway down Crowley's arse, fingers pressing into the muscle, spreading his buttocks slightly apart.

Crowley's brain goes offline. He tries to parse the meaning of the sentence and fails. But he does understand the tone it was said. He understands the strong hands currently massaging his arse.

"It would be a shame if I couldn't help you relax," Aziraphale coaxes, faux innocence in his voice. "Just tell me you want it."

"D'you really mean what I think you mean," Crowley asks hoarsely, because he has to be sure. If he gives in and it turns out to be a misunderstanding, or worse yet, a ruse...

"Do you want me to apply some *deep massage*, Crowley?"

Well, there's no mistaking that for anything else than what it is. Crowley groans deeply and pushes his hips up, against Aziraphale's hands. "Yes, fuck, yes!"

"Ah, very good," Aziraphale coos and pulls the towel away. He then grips the waist of Crowley's pants and slides them down. Crowley inhales sharply when his cock springs free. He lowers his hips down at the table and hisses when his cock rubs against the paper sheet.

"Oh dear, that must feel a bit harsh," Aziraphale worries. "Just a moment."

Crowley hears Aziraphale walk away from the table, but not far. He rummages for something for a

bit, and then he's back, standing behind Crowley, laying one hand on his hip, nudging him up. He lifts his hips, and Aziraphale slips a pillow under him. Oh, it's so much better, and Crowley moans when he lowers himself back down.

"Now, let's get you *properly relaxed*," says Aziraphale, and if Crowley had any doubts, the lustful tinge of that voice has erased them all.

Those strong hands are back on his arse again, truly working it this time, pushing into his flesh, spreading him wide for Aziraphale to see. Crowley pushes against the pillow, panting. One of the hands disappears for a moment, then comes back, slick with lube. (*Where the hell did he get lube?* Crowley wonders.) He feels one blunt finger on his arsehole, circling around the rim, pushing tentatively, too lightly to breach him. Crowley whines and pushes back, chasing the finger, wanting more.

"Oh, you are a needy thing, aren't you," Aziraphale chuckles and pushes his finger in. Crowley groans and pushes back. Aziraphale slides his finger deeper, pulls it partly out and pushes back in. He starts to work up a rhythm, slowly fucking Crowley's arse, changing the angle, searching for his prostate. When he finds it, Crowley makes the most delicious sounds.

"Still so tense, maybe a bit more, hmm?"

Crowley nods vigorously. He can do little else, having momentarily forgotten all his words.

Aziraphale adds a second finger and the stretch feels so good Crowley's starting to doubt if this is actually happening. He's rutting against the pillow, pushing against the fingers, panting and moaning. He's a mess and it still isn't enough.

"Fuck, I need... I need more," he whimpers.

"Yes, I would think so too," Aziraphale answers and adds a third finger. Crowley wails, feeling his arse clench around the invasive digits, but the initial burn soon fades and the wave of pleasure makes his eyes roll back. He's sobbing now, all of this too much and not enough at the same time. Aziraphale continues to fuck him with his fingers, his other hand squeezing one of Crowley's buttocks.

"Hmm, maybe I need to bring out the big guns," Aziraphale muses after a while. "If you're amenable, that is."

"You referring to you cock?" Crowley gasps between the thrusts.

"I am, but only if you—"

"Fuck me, *please* fuck me!"

"I'll take that as a 'yes', then."

Aziraphale's fingers disappear and the empty feeling they leave behind makes Crowley whine. He can hear the massage table whirr when Aziraphale lowers it.

"Get on your hands and knees and scoot back a bit," Aziraphale instructs. Crowley complies without a second thought and moves until Aziraphale's hands grab his hips. The palms smooth over his arse, massaging it some more.

"Oh, you are quite a sight, dear," Aziraphale sighs. His hands disappear again and Crowley hears clothes rustling. He turns to look over his shoulder. Aziraphale has shed his sweat pants and

Crowley can see those thighs in all their glory, and between them, jutting proudly upwards, is the biggest cock he's seen in his entire life.

"You're one to talk," he chortles. "You sure that's gonna fit?"

"I'm sure you'll take it, you greedy little thing," he grins. "I wouldn't have suggested it otherwise."

"Umm, do you have..."

Aziraphale raises his hand and shows Crowley a foil package.

"What are you, an ex boy scout? 'Be prepared' and whatever?" Crowley laughs.

Aziraphale just shrugs and tears the foil open. He rolls the condom on his cock, slicks it with lube and Crowley shivers with anticipation.

"Now, where were we..." Aziraphale teases and grabs Crowley's hips again.

"You were about to fuck me silly."

"Oh yes, how could I forget, with this delicious arse right in front of me. Let's get a wiggle on then, shall we?"

"Let's get *ah!*—" Crowley scoffs but is cut short when he feels Aziraphale's cock nudging his arsehole. Aziraphale is spreading his buttocks and the push feels so intense, blunt pressure against the rim, and Aziraphale pushes more and then he's in, at least the tip of his cock is in, and the stretch is *almost* too much, pleasure and pain battling—and the pleasure is winning.

"You okay?" Aziraphale asks.

"Yeah, just gimme a second..."

Aziraphale strokes his back soothingly and slides his other hand around, giving Crowley's cock a couple of nice pulls. Crowley moans and pushes his arse back, sliding himself on Aziraphale's cock inch by inch. He hears Aziraphale's breath hitch and smirks to himself. *Not so maddeningly stoic anymore, are you?*

"Okay, you can move now," Crowley groans.

The hands are back on his hips, grabbing him tight. Aziraphale pushes deeper, still careful, still slow, but never yielding.

"Oh, you're doing so good, taking my thick cock in your tight little arse," he purrs. "Still a bit more, there's a good boy, you can take it all, can't you?"

"Ghaaah, yeah, fuck, gimme more," Crowley splutters. "Such a filthy mouth you have!"

"Is that a bad thing?"

"Nnno, 's good, keep talking!"

"You naughty little thing, you're full of surprises—and my cock. The sight of your hole stretched around me is so hot, you have no idea," Aziraphale marvels. He strokes the taut rim with one finger and then pulls back slowly. "Oh, the way you feel, how you rub on my cock, you're perfect, do you know that?" He pushes back in, faster than the first time. "Your arse was made to be pounded."

"Please! I need it!"

"Shhh, I'm going to give it to you," Aziraphale says as he pulls back. "You're just so tight and I don't want to hurt you."

"I can take it! *Please!*" Crowley sobs.

"You beg so prettily that I almost want to deny you a bit longer. Almost."

Finally Aziraphale slams his cock deep into Crowley's arse, earning a long guttural moan from him. He's finally stopped holding back and is fucking him with a quickening pace.

"Is this what you wanted, to get a good hard fucking? Coming here, flaunting this pert little arse in front of me? Wishing I'd take you any way I saw fit?"

"Yes yes yes, fuck, anything, take me, use me, let me be good for you..."

"Oh, you are so good for me, *so good*, perfect, taking it all," Aziraphale pants, his rhythm faltering somewhat. He reaches around again and grabs Crowley's cock, pumping it in tandem with his thrusts. "You lovely thing, let me see you come undone."

Crowley's been on edge for so long that it doesn't take much, and then he's coming in Aziraphale's fist, screaming and shuddering, spurting his cum on the massage table. Aziraphale fucks him through his orgasm, chasing his own release, finally reaching it, plunging deep for the last time and climaxing with a loud groan. Crowley almost collapses on the table under him, but Aziraphale supports him. He gently eases his cock out of Crowley, who winces slightly.

"Sorry," Aziraphale apologises.

"S nothing, just a bit over-sensitive," Crowley mumbles and sits on the table. He takes the towel Aziraphale is offering him and cleans himself up the best he can. Aziraphale is pulling his sweat pants back up. Crowley gets up from the table and wobbles behind the partition to get dressed.

"So... Feeling relaxed?" Aziraphale asks when they are both clothed.

Crowley just stares at him for a moment, then bursts out laughing. "Yeah, you could say that," he giggles.

Aziraphale beams at him first, but then his expression changes into something more serious.

"Listen, I don't want you to think that this is what I normally do..." he falters, fidgeting with the hem of his T-shirt. "It's just that... Well, I can't really explain it... But you... I..." he seems to be at a loss for words.

Crowley smiles at him softly. "Hey, I don't really do this kind of thing either. But when I first saw you... And then you touched me..." Crowley's not that good with words either, but he knows he can't let this be a one time thing. "How about I give you my number? No pressure, but I'd really like it if you'd get in touch. We could maybe go for a coffee, talk, something?" He flashes a nervous smile at Aziraphale.

"I'd like that", Aziraphale answers with a nervous smile of his own. He grabs pen and paper from the nearby desk and hands them to Crowley, who quickly jots his number down and hands them back.

"Yeah, so, I think my time's up, I'll better get going," Crowley says and heads to the door. "I hope I'll be seeing you, Aziraphale," he says with a warm smile.

"I'm sure you will, Crowley," says Aziraphale, returning the smile.

End Notes

If "let's get a wiggle one" felt jarring, you can thank your stars that I got Aziraphale under control before he pulled that condom from behind Crowley's ear. It was a close call.

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