

It's for Research

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It's for Research

by [tikli](#)

Summary

Five Times Aziraphale and Crowley Had Sex but Not Really and One Time They Actually Did

During the Lockdown, Aziraphale picked up a new hobby: he started writing a book. Erotic literature, to be specific. Unfortunately, the sex scenes were giving him a bit of a trouble, because we all know how hard it is to figure out how human bodies actually work. So, when Crowley finally woke up, Aziraphale asked him to help him with some research.

"Nothing improper, I assure you, and only if you are amenable," Aziraphale hastily added. "It's just that there are some positions I can't fully describe in writing, because I'm not sure where all the limbs go and which body parts are touching and which aren't and..."

This story is finished and a new chapter will be posted twice a week.

Notes

This story is dedicated to all the long-suffering spouses/partners of smut writers around the world.

This started out as pure crack, when I was [spitballing with Epimeliad on Twitter](#). Then it turned into a proper story instead of a collection of snapshot-like snippets.

Yes, it took me 2 years to finish writing this. But **I did** finish it, and I even did it before Season 2 airs (and probably makes this non-compliant with canon.)

Early beta by [Epimeliad](#), who didn't let me wrap this up in chapter 6, so we ended up getting a lot more shenanigans than I originally planned for. Thank you for not letting me quit too easily ♥

Final beta by [Jillian](#), who I'm also thanking for pushing me to finish this story after I hadn't touched it in 14 months. Your services of cheerleading and yelling are much appreciated ♥

Honourable mention to [Naro](#), who kept telling me how much she wants to read this. Writing is much more motivating when you know that you have at least one reader 🍷

Update Schedule

Chapter 1: Sunday 23rd of April

Chapter 2: Wednesday 26th of April

Chapter 3: Saturday 29th of April

Chapter 4: Wednesday 3rd of May

Chapter 5: Saturday 6th of May

Chapter 6: Wednesday 10th of May

Chapter 7: Friday 12th of May (I'm not going to compete with Eurovision finale on Saturday)

My time zone is UTC +3h. On weekends I will try to post after I've woken up, so those of you who live in the past might still be living the previous day. Updates on Wednesday will happen after my workday, so those of you who live in the future might already be living the next day.

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

Just Some Poses for This One Scene

Crowley's alarm was set on June 1st, but he snoozed it for a couple of weeks.

It was almost August when he finally got up.

After checking on his plants (which hadn't dared to wither during his nap) he skimmed through some major news sites. The situation wasn't as bad as it had been, but it wasn't over yet.

Well, at least people were allowed to go outside again. That meant he wouldn't be setting a bad example if he were to leave his apartment.

Time to call Aziraphale.

"A.Z.Fell And—"

"Angel, it's me," Crowley interrupted.

"Crowley! You've woken up," Aziraphale chirped. "How was your nap?"

"Uneventful. How about you, still surrounded by baked goods?"

"Well, I had to give up baking, because I simply couldn't eat everything and I was running out of space..."

"No more burglars to relieve you of superfluous pastries?"

Aziraphale giggled and Crowley realised how much he had missed that sound.

"No, I'm afraid not. But I've come up with something else to pass the time."

"Oh? Do tell."

"I'm writing a book!" Aziraphale announced enthusiastically.

"A book? Don't you have enough of *those* lying around already?"

Crowley could practically hear Aziraphale rolling his eyes at his quip.

"I just realised it's funny that I've been reading and collecting books for all this time, but I've never even thought of writing one of my own. And as it happens, I do own a very nice typewriter, and I had time, so I thought I'd give it a go."

"Wot's it about?"

"Ah, it's a... it's a romance novel," Aziraphale hesitated.

"Romance?" Crowley echoed. "That wouldn't have been my first guess."

"Well, we angels are beings of love, so I thought it would be the easiest genre to tackle."

"And how's it going?"

"I have the plot outlined, and I've written several chapters already," Aziraphale stated proudly.

"All in all it's going very well."

"I assume you're quite busy then, with your writing and everything..." Crowley let the unasked question hang in the air.

"I could be tempted to take a break. After all, I've been writing for several weeks now."

"Really?" Crowley blurted, trying to hide his enthusiasm. "So, if I'd be stopping by with some take out and a few bottles of good red, you wouldn't turn me away from your door?"

"I would consider myself tempted," Aziraphale chuckled.

"I'll be there in thirty."

The curry had been delicious and they were on their second bottle of wine.

Crowley didn't have much news of his own to share, because the last few months had really been uneventful for him. Unless one counts dreams, and Crowley didn't feel like sharing *those* with Aziraphale.

He was sipping his wine, listening to Aziraphale, who had been going on and on about his book for the last hour.

"It sounds like you've come up with a good plot," he complimented. "And that's quite a respectable amount of pages you've got there," he added, nodding at the pile of paper on the desk next to the typewriter.

"Thank you, dear," Aziraphale beamed. "Although I must admit it hasn't been as easy as I thought it would be."

"You thought it would be *easy*?" Crowley scoffed. He had known some authors in his time and none of them would have described their job with that adjective.

"I thought that my vast knowledge of books and the centuries I've spent reading them would have been of some aid."

"Reading's not the same as writing, angel."

"Yes, I can see that now," Aziraphale grumbled.

"Writer's block, eh?"

"Not as such. I know what I want to write, but the details are giving me a headache."

"There's bound to be plenty of details in that pile," Crowley argued, gesturing towards the desk again.

"It's not *all* the details, just... some of them," Aziraphale dithered. "In certain scenes."

Crowley raised a questioning eyebrow, sipped his wine and waited for Aziraphale to go on.

"It's those scenes that are more carnal in their nature," he finally confessed.

"Wot?" Crowley barked, doing the translation to modern English quickly in his head. "You're writing *porn*?"

"Crowley! It's not pornography!" Aziraphale chided. "It's.. it's... *erotic literature*."

Crowley threw his head back and laughed at his visibly flustered friend.

"Erotic literature," he mimicked, wiping his eyes. "Sure. And what sort of details are you having a *hard time* with?"

"Well, as it happens, I don't recall any of the details that well because it's been such a long time since my previous dalliances and..."

Crowley's brain decided to direct all energy to processing this new and very interesting piece of information. Listening to what Aziraphale said next wasn't of importance at the moment. *Previous dalliances*. With whom? When? Why hadn't Crowley known about this? And was Aziraphale actually *interested in dallying*?

"...and then I'm just sitting in front of my typewriter and wondering how human bodies actually work," Aziraphale finished.

Crowley stared at him, not sure if he should ask for clarification or not. Aziraphale took his silence as an invitation to go on.

"I did try to do some research, but I'm afraid it's all very two-dimensional, and perhaps a tad outdated."

"Research," Crowley croaked. "What sort of research could you possibly mean?"

"It turns out I also have a whole section of erotic books in here," Aziraphale grinned. "I consulted some of them!"

"And those books would be..."

"Kama Sutra, Satyricon, Decameron..." Aziraphale started listing.

"Yeah, I think I see the problem."

He got up and opened the third bottle of wine, filling Aziraphale's glass and then his own.

When he slumped back on the sofa, he noticed that Aziraphale was looking at him intently, clearly thinking of something.

"Out with it, angel," he huffed.

"I was just wondering whether you might be willing to help me..."

Crowley was sure his eyes were suddenly bulging out of his head, because Aziraphale gave him a horrified look.

"Nothing improper, I assure you, and only if you are amenable," Aziraphale hastily added. "It's just that there are some positions I can't fully describe in writing, because I'm not sure where all the limbs go and which body parts are touching and which aren't and..."

Crowley's brain had short-circuited again. Aziraphale wanted him to do *what* now?

"If it's not too much trouble for you, I'd be very grateful," Aziraphale smiled at him.

He couldn't say no, could he? Not when faced with that angelic smile. He emptied his glass in one go.

"Okay."

"Okay?" Aziraphale looked at him like he hadn't expected Crowley to agree. Then he flashed that bright smile of his that made Crowley's knees go a bit weak. "Oh, Crowley, thank you!"

"Yeah yeah, no biggie." He waved his hand dismissively. "So, whaddya need me to do?"

"It's just some poses for this one scene that I've been trying to put into words for several days now. Just give me a moment."

Aziraphale went to his desk and started to search for something. Crowley poured himself another glass of wine and gulped it down immediately, not even tasting it.

"A-ha!" Aziraphale exclaimed victoriously. He was holding a notepad in one hand and a pen in another. He looked around the bookshop, pondering for a while, and then he ushered Crowley towards the round table next to the staircase.

"Could you lean on the edge of the table?"

"Like this?" Crowley stood next to the table and leaned sideways against it, not really getting what Aziraphale was after.

"No, like... Almost like you're sitting on the table, but not quite."

Crowley turned so that the table was behind him and sprawled against it.

"Spread your legs a bit," Aziraphale directed.

Crowley let his legs fall open, wondering what the Heaven Aziraphale had on his mind.

"Now, could you tilt your head to the right, arching your neck? Like someone was pulling your hair and you had no other option but to yield," he instructed.

Crowley swallowed thickly and did as Aziraphale asked. "Like this?"

"Perfect!" Aziraphale turned to his notepad and jotted something down.

"Next, could you lean back? Put your hands on the table so that you can put your weight on them. And maybe throw your head back?"

Crowley followed Aziraphale's request, leaning backwards on his arms, arching over the table, the length of his throat exposed. The edge of the table was pushing against the back of his thighs.

Aziraphale had been standing a couple of steps away from the table, but now he moved to stand right in front of Crowley, between the vee of his legs, towering over him.

Crowley started to feel like this was a bad idea. A very bad idea. His thoughts were racing, and going to all sorts of places where they definitely shouldn't when Aziraphale was present and *standing this close*.

"I'm just going to check a couple of things regarding the reach," Aziraphale explained while

placing the notepad and the pen on the table next to Crowley's hip.

He started to move his hands above Crowley, over his legs, his torso, his shoulders and arms. Just hovering, not touching. Over his hair, his face, his throat, almost like drawing Crowley's outlines in the thin air. Then he placed one hand next to Crowley's on the table and curled the other one around him—still not touching, hovering behind his back. Then he was apparently satisfied with his research and straightened up, grabbing the notepad and pen and started to scribble something.

When Aziraphale was concentrating on his notes, Crowley dared to glance at him. He hoped the angel was done, because otherwise there was a serious risk of things going wrong in the worst possible way.

"You can get back on your feet now, dear," Aziraphale said, making Crowley sigh in relief.

"Just one more position I need your help with, if that's not too much to ask."

"Nnh, no problem," Crowley managed. *One more, I can do one more .*

"Wonderful! Could you turn around and bend over the table, please."

The choice of words was unfortunate, filling Crowley's head with all sorts of indecent thoughts. He instantly swivelled to face the table, before Aziraphale could get a glimpse of the look on his face. He was squinting his eyes shut and biting his lip, trying to empty his mind. He started to lean on the table when Aziraphale interrupted him.

"Wait! I need you to do it slowly, so that I have time to observe how your body touches the tabletop," Aziraphale ordered, moving to the side so that he could see Crowley's profile.

Crowley began to bend himself over. Suddenly he realised that there was one extra body part that was very much touching the tabletop. *Shit, nope, not now, nonono, fuck* , he cursed silently, concentrating all his willpower to getting rid of the unwanted effort.

"You can go a bit faster, Crowley," Aziraphale commented, because Crowley had frozen.

Crowley almost let out a bitter laugh. *A bit faster, he says.* He continued to bend over the table, leaning on his elbows, arms on the table in front of him.

"Could you spread your legs a little again? And arch your back, lifting your head and shoulders?"

Crowley wasn't sure if he could. He felt like he couldn't do anything anymore without embarrassing himself severely.

"Crowley? Are you okay?"

No, I'm not okay, does it look like I'm okay, I'm getting incredibly turned on by this stupid research thingie of yours and maybe I should just let the ground swallow me right now and go back to Hell, because that wouldn't be as torturous as this!

"Yeah, 'm okay, angel," he mumbled instead and did as Aziraphale had asked.

Aziraphale moved away from his field of vision and then he was standing behind him.

"I'm going to do the same thing as I did before," he said calmly.

Crowley heard Aziraphale's clothes rustle as he moved his arms. He could feel the heat radiating from those broad palms when they almost touched his body. One hand reached in front of him, all

but pressing on his throat. Crowley realised that Aziraphale must be standing very close behind him to be able to reach that far. The realisation came with a vivid mental image of their position from an outsider's perspective.

Crowley groaned.

"Oh, I'm so sorry, dear, that pose can't be too comfortable," Aziraphale fussed. "Now, up you get!"

Aziraphale helped Crowley up and picked up his notepad again. Crowley straightened his clothes and wobbled back to the coffee table to grab the soon-to-be-empty wine bottle.

"You've been a wonderful help, Crowley!" Aziraphale praised when he was done with his notes. "I think that I've really cracked this scene now. Actually, I think I'm going to start writing it immediately, when it's still fresh in my mind. You're welcome to stay, of course."

"Nah, I'll head home, it's late," Crowley drawled. "See you around, angel!"

I'd Like to See This from Another Perspective

Chapter Summary

Crowley's been cooling off a bit, and now he's sure it's safe to return to the bookshop without embarrassing himself.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

It took Crowley two weeks before he felt like he could safely be in the same room with Aziraphale. He had to let his feelings (both physical and emotional) cool down first. When he was fairly certain that the facade of an aloof demon was back up, he dropped by the bookshop—unannounced as usual.

The bell above the door jingled when he entered. He waited for Aziraphale to react, but all he could hear was the clickety-clack of the typewriter. He walked to the register and saw the angel sitting at his desk, his back towards Crowley, typing enthusiastically.

"Still at it, I see," he noted.

Aziraphale whipped his head around and Crowley could see that his cheeks were slightly flushed.

"Crowley!" Aziraphale yelped. "You startled me, sneaking around like that."

"Hardly sneaking. There's a noisy bell over your door, maybe you've noticed it?"

Aziraphale looked at him sheepishly.

"I must admit my focus was solely on my writing." Then he took out his pocket watch and gasped. "Is that the time?"

"Depends on what that outdated piece of clockwork is saying. Mine says it's a bit past six." Crowley waved his wristwatch at Aziraphale.

"Oh dear, that explains why I feel so hungry. I skipped lunch, you see."

Crowley stared.

"You. Skipped lunch. You?" He shook his head. "The muses have you whipped, I see."

"The muses are not to be ignored," Aziraphale shrugged.

"Dinner then? I'll order something?" Crowley was already scrolling through options on his phone.

They settled for Mexican food, because it was quickly delivered and Aziraphale was actually famished.

Crowley had just stuffed one end of the burrito into his mouth and was about to bite into it when Aziraphale interrupted him.

"Halt! Don't move!"

Crowley froze and looked at him, trying to convey his puzzlement with his eyebrows, since he couldn't just ask what Aziraphale had in mind.

Aziraphale didn't answer Crowley's silent question. Instead he jumped up and went to fetch his notepad and pen from his desk.

Crowley was salivating around the burrito, his lips stretched taut around it. He immediately understood the implication of the notepad. He had walked right into it, hadn't he. Curse his snakey way of eating things.

Aziraphale wrote something down and then looked back at Crowley, clearly thinking about something.

"Could you smirk?" Aziraphale asked expectantly.

Crowley shot him a look.

"No, that's glaring."

Crowley didn't feel like smirking. He felt like biting—either the burrito or the stupid angel with his stupid research.

But Aziraphale was giving him that pleading look and Crowley couldn't deny him anything. So he curled his lips into a smirk. A trickle of drool escaped and ran down on his chin.

Aziraphale continued making his notes and Crowley decided enough was enough. He took that long-awaited bite of the burrito and started chewing. When his mouth was empty, he glowered at Aziraphale.

"Warn me next time, will you?"

"Oh, terribly sorry," Aziraphale apologised. "But when the inspiration strikes..."

"This is a bloody burrito, angel!" Crowley exasperated. "Freud would have had a field day with you!"

"Now, Sigmund did have some very peculiar theories..."

"Don't change the subject," Crowley hissed. "You want to do research, fine, I'll help you again. But can we at least eat first?"

"Oh, I did digress a bit, didn't I," Aziraphale mumbled.

They finished their dinner in silence that was only broken with a couple of moans from Aziraphale who just couldn't eat his food decently.

When they were done, Aziraphale dabbed his mouth with a napkin.

"Are you thirsty, my dear?" he asked.

Crowley gave him a blank stare. *Satan give me strength.*

"I mean, should I get us some wine? Or Scotch?"

”Ssscotch.”

Aziraphale smiled and got up to get the drinks while Crowley continued berating himself. *Get a grip, you’re embarrassing yourself!*

After Crowley had gotten some alcohol in his system, he started to relax a bit. *Maybe it’s not so bad this time around*, he tried to reason with himself.

”So, more research is needed?”

”Yes, you have already helped me tremendously, but I’m afraid I still have some scenes that I just can’t figure out alone.”

Crowley emptied his glass and immediately refilled it again.

”And how may I assist you this time, good sir?” he asked with mock politeness.

Either Aziraphale was completely oblivious to his tone or he just didn’t care because he was too thrilled with the idea that Crowley had agreed to help him again.

”This one scene I’m working on... It includes a bit of oral pleasuring.”

”Oral... pleasuring.” Crowley repeated, thinking he might have heard wrong.

”Oh, am I being too straightforward? Maybe I should have used the word *fellatio* instead,” Aziraphale fussed.

”Trust me, that was far from straightforward,” Crowley said, rolling his eyes. ”And the word you’re looking for is *blowjob*.”

”Yes, well, I didn’t want to sound crude,” Aziraphale huffed.

”Listen, angel, if you’re going to keep dancing around every dirty word, this is going to take ages. I’m not some blushing maiden whose virtue you have to worry about—I’m a demon and I’ve heard way worse things than what you can come up with. Can we please just get on with it, before I change my mind.”

Crowley finished his drink while Aziraphale was recovering from the earful he just got.

”Right, blowjob it is, then,” he finally perked up. ”I’ll be needing your help with the positions, just like before.”

Aziraphale rose from the table and beckoned Crowley to follow. They stopped next to Aziraphale’s desk.

”In the scene the person at the receiving end of the oral—”

Crowley shot a warning glare at Aziraphale.

”—the person getting the blowjob is sitting in the chair,” Aziraphale corrected his vocabulary.

”And the one giving it is kneeling on the floor in front of the chair, between their legs.”

”And you need me to do what exactly?”

”I think I need to see what it would look like, from different perspectives. So, if you could kneel in front of the chair first so that I can get the overview.”

Crowley knelt on the floor and looked up at Aziraphale, waiting for more instructions.

"Now, imagine the other person sitting on the chair, and you're bracing your hands on their thighs, and your mouth is—"

"Yeah, I think I get the gist, no need to spell it out," Crowley huffed. "Mind if I just improvise?"

"By all means," Aziraphale agreed and readied his pen.

Crowley had done many silly things in his life (although he'd deny it, because demons didn't do silly). Simulating a blowjob on a non-existent person wasn't even on his top-5 list of silly things. And hey, helping Aziraphale *wasn't* that bad this time around! He could handle this.

"Thank you, I think I've gotten the overall view now."

"Okay, then what?" Crowley asked and lifted his head away from the chair.

"Now I'd like to see this from another perspective. If it's alright with you, that is."

"Out with it, angel, don't wanna spend the whole evening on my knees here," Crowley growled.

"Oh, how rude of me!" Aziraphale exclaimed and snapped his fingers.

A sturdy pillow materialised under Crowley's knees. *Okay, so I'm gonna stay here for a while, then*, he realised.

"Another perspective, you said?"

"Yes. I'd be sitting on the chair and you'd be repeating what you just did."

Well, shit.

"Sure thing, no problem."

Crowley leaned a bit backwards so that Aziraphale could sit down on the chair. Then he straightened himself, kneeling between Aziraphale's spread legs, his upper arms almost brushing his knees.

"Umm, how do you want me... I mean... I think I have enough core strength to just hover above you... but the *perspective* might be closer to the real thing if I can just rest my hands on your thighs," Crowley suggested. For some reason his brain was assuring him that touching Aziraphale would make this whole thing less awkward.

"Of course," Aziraphale smiled. "Thank you, that was good thinking!"

"So I'll just..." Crowley gestured towards Aziraphale's lap.

"Yes, please, whenever you're ready."

Crowley had always been ready and at the same time he would never be ready. He tentatively laid his palms on top of Aziraphale's thighs, as lightly as he could, trying to avoid creasing the fabric of his trousers. He looked up at Aziraphale and received an approving nod. *To Heaven with it*, he thought, and started to replicate his previous performance, bobbing his head slowly up and down above Aziraphale's lap.

He made sure his hands were the only part of him that actually touched Aziraphale, but feeling

those thick thighs under his palms was starting to get too overwhelming. He was touching Aziraphale's *thighs*. While giving him a fake blowjob. His stupid body didn't really understand the difference between fake and real at this point. *Not again*, he groaned mentally. *It isn't real, no need to get all excited!*

"That's enough, dear."

Crowley detached himself from Aziraphale, who had already reached for his notepad and was writing his observations down.

"Can I get up now?"

"Yes, although I still need to see one more perspective. Just a moment while I finish my notes."

Crowley stood up and stretched his legs. He walked back to the table, filled their glasses and brought them back with him.

"Oh, thank you!" Aziraphale beamed and took the offered glass.

"What's next?" Crowley asked, sipping his Scotch.

"You sit down and I kneel."

"Sure, whatever," Crowley mumbled, feigning nonchalance. *Yep, I'll just sit there with my legs spread and let the angel kneel between them and put those pretty lips right above my cock—shitshitshit, fuck, bollocks, gotta get rid of it right this instant!*

With a remarkable bout of self-restraint Crowley reset his body to factory settings.

Aziraphale finished his notes and got up. He offered the chair to Crowley who slumped down to his customary sprawl.

"Is it okay if I touch your thighs, too?" Aziraphale asked while kneeling down on the pillow.

"Yeah yeah, perspective and whatnot, gotta get it right."

Crowley felt Aziraphale's broad palms land on his knees and quickly slide up to his thighs. He had to bite the inside of his cheek to keep himself still.

Aziraphale glanced at him almost coyly before starting to copy Crowley's earlier movements.

Crowley's gaze was transfixed by the platinum curls that were so tantalisingly close. If he'd just lift his hand...

Aziraphale moved his palms a bit higher on Crowley's thighs. Then his nose bumped into Crowley's crotch.

"Oh, I'm terribly sorry, I must have miscalculated the distance!" he immediately apologised and withdrew.

"Ssssokay."

"I'm sure that's enough research for tonight, anyway."

Aziraphale got up from the floor, brushing his trousers and straightening his waistcoat. Then he wrote down the most recent notions.

Crowley vacated the chair and offered it back to Aziraphale.

"You gonna write some more tonight?" he asked.

"Yes, I think I shall. You've assisted me so well, I can't thank you enough!"

"S nothing, don't even mention it," Crowley dismissed.

"Do you want to stay while I write? There's still more of that Scotch left..."

Crowley thought about it. It had started raining, it was late, the bookshop was warm and cozy, Scotch was delicious, Aziraphale was... here.

"Yeah, okay, I'll stay for a while," he shrugged and went to fetch the bottle.

Aziraphale turned to his typewriter, rolled in a fresh sheet of paper and started typing.

Crowley sprawled on the sofa, nursing his drink. He tried not to think of how Aziraphale had felt under his hands, or how Aziraphale's hands had felt on him. He was failing miserably.

Chapter End Notes

"They settled for Mexican food, because it was quickly delivered and Aziraphale was actually famished."

Actually it was because there was this great Mexican place in my city, and their burritos had a considerable girth. There is only one way to eat a burrito and I wanted Crowley to experience that.

I Need to Check How Eye Contact Works

Chapter Summary

Crowley's nap is briefly interrupted, because more research is needed.

But wait! Are they... communicating?!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"Crowley? Are you sleeping?"

Aziraphale's soft voice made Crowley stir from his slumber. He was disoriented, slowly realising where he was. He must have dozed off on the sofa.

"I'm not *anymore*," he grumbled sleepily.

"Good! I mean, I apologise if I woke you up, but I could really use your help again," Aziraphale pleaded.

Without even opening his eyes Crowley reached for his empty glass and held it out, shaking it demandingly.

Aziraphale chuckled.

"You fiend, do you even know what time it is?"

"Five o'clock. Somewhere."

He heard Aziraphale's chair creak when he got up and a moment later his glass was filled again.

Since drinking while lying down wasn't that easy, Crowley had to hoist himself at least partially up from his comfortable sprawl. He downed the Scotch and flopped back on his back.

"What do you need me to do this time?" Crowley tried to sound bored.

"You don't actually have to do much, you can just lie there."

"Could've just lemme sleep, then," he yawned.

"Well, I couldn't just pounce on you unannounced, that would be highly inappropriate!"

"So, this is you, announcing you're going to do what exactly?"

"I need to test if it's possible to make eye contact while in a certain position."

Crowley sighed and rolled his eyes. "You're doing it again."

"I'm sorry, I don't quite—"

"Beating around the bush. I swear you're the biggest prude I've ever met. Are you sure you should be writing porn?"

"It's *not* pornography!" Aziraphale insisted.

"There are blowjobs in it! Or at least so I've heard."

"But it's written very tastefully! It's *erotic*."

"Prove it! Lemme read some of it."

Aziraphale looked at Crowley with caution. "You want to read it?"

"Just to prove a point," Crowley smirked.

"Fine!"

Aziraphale turned to his desk, leafing through the pages he had written. He picked up a couple of sheets and handed them to Crowley.

"There. I don't know how much you'll get out of it since it's from the middle of the book and you don't know the characters or—"

"I'm sure it's enough for me to judge it," Crowley interrupted. "Why don't you go and find a bottle or five of some nice red while I'm at it."

Aziraphale glared at Crowley but went to get the wine anyway.

Crowley hadn't really thought that Aziraphale would let him read his work. He had just been pestering him and was surprised that it worked. That of course meant that now he had to actually read it.

There were only four pages, and he was halfway through when Aziraphale returned with the wine bottles. He didn't disturb Crowley, but instead focused on opening one of the bottles and filling their glasses.

Crowley finished reading and reached for his glass, taking a big gulp.

"You wrote this?" he asked.

"I did."

"All of this? On your own?"

"Well, yes, although you did help with the... positions."

Crowley stared at Aziraphale, his eyes wide.

"But... you... this..."

"So, what's the verdict?"

"Huh?"

"Is it *porn*, as you so elegantly put it?" Aziraphale gazed at him with a challenging glint in his eyes.

It was—and yet it wasn't. The scene Aziraphale had described was incredibly filthy and it pushed

many of Crowley's buttons. It was also imaginative enough to make Crowley wonder how on Earth had Aziraphale come up with all of that stuff. But the way it was written, the words Aziraphale had chosen... It was also undeniably *erotic*.

"I, uh, I'm not sure..." Crowley admitted. "But it's good!" he blurted before he could stop himself.

"Oh?" Aziraphale's eyes sparkled with delight. "You liked it?"

Liked was an understatement. If Crowley hadn't reigned his body in, his enjoyment would have been far too obvious.

"Yeah, I liked it."

They drank their wine in silence for a while.

"Was there anything specific you liked about it?" Aziraphale asked, keeping his eyes fixed on his glass.

"Dunno, just all of it, I guess," Crowley answered. He emptied his glass and reached for the bottle.

"You didn't think it was too... daring?"

Crowley let out a small strangled laugh.

"It depends on what your target audience is. Isn't *erotic literature* supposed to be daring?"

"Well, that's true," Aziraphale giggled. He downed the rest of his wine and held out his glass so that Crowley could refill it.

"And if you need to be a bit more daring with your research, I don't mind," Crowley promised before his brain caught up on what he was saying. *Shit!* "I mean... 'S not like you could scare me off with anything, me being a demon and all, 's nothing new... And hey, what are friends for..." he rambled, trying to salvage the situation.

Aziraphale gave him a curious look and sipped his wine, smiling.

"What are you offering, exactly?"

"My help? With the research? But you don't have to be so damn proper about it anymore."

"I thought it would be best to approach it as discreetly as possible. It might get awkward otherwise," Aziraphale explained.

"Awkward," Crowley snorted. "If you haven't noticed, it's *been* bloody awkward!"

"It has?"

"At least for me! Being in all those sexy positions while at the same time pretending like nothing remotely sexy is happening. Let's just call it what it is!"

"And that would be...?" Aziraphale prodded.

Tread carefully now! Crowley's brain warned him. He inhaled deeply and considered his next words.

"We both know what sort of stuff you write. Helping you would be a lot easier and less awkward if

you didn't keep me in the dark. You can describe the scene to me without censoring yourself. We don't have to avoid physical contact like the plague. Come on, can't we be *adults* about this?"

"I guess that would be okay, if you're amenable. And you're right, some things are easier if we don't have to keep our distance," Aziraphale mused.

Crowley reached for a second bottle and fought it open.

"So, what sort of a scene were you having trouble with?" he asked conversationally, while filling their glasses again. He congratulated himself for keeping it together and not turning into a flustered mess of a demon. Not that there was any reason for him to be flustered. *Nothing wrong with a bit of pretend sex between friends.*

"Ah, yes, the reason I woke you up. The eye contact thing."

"I'm sure there's more to it than just eye contact," Crowley smirked.

"I need to check how eye contact works when... giving a blowjob to a person who is lying down on their back," Aziraphale disclosed.

"And seeing as I was already lying on the sofa, you thought you'd go down on me?" Crowley laughed. "So, I'd just lay here and you'd be... mimicking the scene?"

Aziraphale nodded.

"Wanna do it now?"

"Yes, please. I can get on with my writing after that. It's been really bugging me, not knowing if it works the way I imagine it or not," Aziraphale fussed.

Crowley stretched himself on the sofa. "Is this okay?"

Aziraphale hummed approvingly, got up and approached the sofa.

"Do you think it's better if I kneel between your legs, or should you put them together so I could straddle them?" he asked politely.

"Maybe kneel between them?" Crowley suggested and drooped one leg over the edge of the sofa, placing his foot against the floor. "See, more space that way."

Aziraphale knelt on the sofa, bracketed by Crowley's legs.

Okay, corporation, no funny business this time! Let's just keep everything smooth and non-pokey, all right?

"So, if I'd be taking you in my mouth" —Aziraphale bowed his head above Crowley's crotch, but instead of looking down he looked at Crowley's face— "could we still hold eye contact?"

"Looks like it," Crowley mumbled, raising on his elbows to see better.

Aziraphale laid his palms on Crowley's thighs for support.

"And if I lower my mouth?" he asked, while his chin brushed Crowley's jeans.

Crowley struggled to keep his eyes open and fixed at Aziraphale's.

”Yep...”

”And if I bob my head up and down...” Aziraphale let his mouth hang open while he kept moving his head, still staring at Crowley’s eyes.

That pink lower lip caught Crowley’s attention, making him break eye contact.

”Crowley?”

He realised his mistake and whipped his gaze back up at Aziraphale’s eyes.

”Yeah, still possible, although I think people usually close their eyes at some point.”

”That’s true,” Aziraphale chuckled. He gave Crowley’s thigh a friendly pat and rose up from the sofa. ”Thank you again,” he smiled, picked up his wine glass and sat in front of his typewriter.

”Can I go back to sleep now, or do you need me for anything else?”

”You can sleep, dear. I’ll let you know if I need your help again.”

Chapter End Notes

Does Aziraphale know what he's doing or is he totally oblivious? There's [a new poll on Twitter](#).

I Could Just Thrust My Hips Up Like This

Chapter Summary

Time for some acrobatics!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

When Crowley woke up, Aziraphale was still totally immersed in his writing. He didn't want to bother the angel, so he decided to play with his phone. After a while he ended up trolling people on Twitter and then moved on to cause some havoc on Reddit—the usual pastime for a retired demon.

He could have done these things at his own apartment, but spending the whole spring cooped up with nothing but his plants to keep him company had been exceedingly dull, hence the long nap. Now that he had finally tasted the sweet freedom that was the bookshop and the closeness of another intelligent lifeform, he didn't want to let it go.

Aziraphale hadn't kicked him out, either. Also, if he needed to do more research for his book, Crowley could only help him if he was present. It was only rational to stay put, he reasoned.

He was just about to open Twitter again when he realised that the background noise of the typewriter was gone. He looked up from his phone. Aziraphale had gotten up and was standing in front of the nearest bookcase, giving it gentle shoves. The books were wobbling on the shelves.

"No, that won't do..." Aziraphale muttered to himself.

Crowley rose from the sofa and sauntered to stand behind him.

"What's this then?" he asked, making Aziraphale jump.

"Crowley, really!" he yelped. "Sneaking up on me like that isn't nice."

"I know," Crowley smirked, moving next to Aziraphale. "Gotta keep up the reputation."

"I was just testing the stability of the bookcase."

"Looks stable to me."

"It is, unless you give it a firm shove."

"And you'd be doing that because..."

"I just wanted to see if the bookcase would be sturdy enough to have sex against," Aziraphale stated matter-of-factly. "But it isn't, the books would certainly fall off."

Crowley turned to stare at Aziraphale. *Sex against a bookcase. Sure, should've seen that coming.* Then he got an idea, put his hands gently on Aziraphale's shoulders and started walking him backwards, guiding him to the nearest wall.

"Does it have to be a bookcase?" he asked and pushed Aziraphale's back against the wall.

"No, I think a wall would also work *nicely*."

Aziraphale was looking straight into his eyes and a dormant memory was stirring inside Crowley's head. *Shit, let's not reconstruct that incident.* He dropped his hands and took a step back.

"What sort of acrobatics did you have in mind this time?" he asked, aiming for nonchalance.

"Maybe it's easier if I just show you?" Aziraphale suggested, tilting his head.

"Fine by me," Crowley shrugged.

He didn't even have time to register what was happening before their places were switched and Aziraphale was lifting him up, shoving his back flush against the wall. Crowley instinctively wrapped his legs around Aziraphale's waist—or at least tried to. He let out a frustrated hiss.

"Crowley? Is something wrong?"

"These blasted trousers won't let me—"

"Take them off, then?"

"Wot?"

"If they are hindering your movements and making you uncomfortable, wouldn't it be better to get rid of them?" Aziraphale smiled.

Upon hearing the suggestion, the reptilian part of Crowley's brain started hissing excitedly. The higher functions were taking count. One demonic miracle later his obscenely tight trousers were gone. Well, not exactly *gone* in the strictest sense of the word. He'd just turned them into the black boxer briefs he hadn't been wearing a second ago. (The thought of turning his trousers into a pair of comfortable sweatpants or something similarly unstylish hadn't even entered his mind.)

It was only after his legs were tightly wound around Aziraphale that Crowley realised exactly how compromising their position was. He sternly reminded his corporation that this was not the time nor place to start poking around.

Aziraphale's hands were grabbing the backs of his thighs. Crowley had put his arms on Aziraphale's shoulders, but he didn't need to hold on, because it seemed that Aziraphale had no trouble holding him up.

"So, umm..." Crowley broke the silence. "What did you have in mind?"

"Just needed to check the exact position of my hands, and also your legs."

"Hands, check. Legs, check. Anything else?"

"Hold on, let me just..." Aziraphale jolted him up a little and moved his hands just under Crowley's buttocks. Then he leaned in, bringing his face closer to Crowley's neck.

Crowley had not been prepared for that. The firm press of fingers on his naked thighs combined with the warm puff of breath against his skin were too much. He couldn't stop the smallest of moans escaping his lips. *Shit! Did Aziraphale notice?*

The angel seemed to be unperturbed, pushing his face closer still, his soft curly hair tickling Crowley's ear. Crowley was sure he could feel Aziraphale's lips brushing against his neck. It was a gentle, barely-there touch, but it was enough to make Crowley whine, and then immediately tense

when he realised the situation was getting out of hand.

"Crowley? Are you all right?" Aziraphale withdrew himself and gave Crowley a worried look.

"Yeah, I jusst didn't expect the necking, caught me by ssurprisse."

"Oh dear, I got a bit carried away, my apologies," Aziraphale fussed.

"Nah, 's okay," Crowley shrugged. "It's for research, right?"

"Right you are, research, yes," Aziraphale confirmed.

"So, sex against a vertical surface? How does it work? The movements, I mean?"

The way Aziraphale held him against the wall got him thinking that this might not be the first time the angel was in this position, and it piqued Crowley's curiosity. He could ignore the pull of gravity while taking a nap, but having sex like this was something he didn't have first hand experience with.

"Let me just align you a bit better," Aziraphale said, tilting Crowley's hips and pulling him snugly against himself.

Crowley didn't really have much willpower left at this point, but he still tried his best to make his weak flesh behave.

"Now, with this angle I could just thrust my hips up like this" —Aziraphale demonstrated— "and there should be no trouble with the, um, penetration."

"Nnnh," Crowley managed.

"It works just fine, see?" Aziraphale enthused, repeating the motion a few times, shoving Crowley against the wall with every push.

"M not sure 'bout the wall, 's not that comfy," Crowley grumbled. He had decided that complaining would distract him from the intense feeling of an angelic crotch against his own and banish the thought of those strong hands that had moved to grab his arse. "Keep banging my head."

"Now, that won't do," Aziraphale chuckled. He took a step away from the wall, still holding Crowley up with ease, not actually needing the support of the hard surface. "Better?"

Crowley, arms and legs still draped around Aziraphale, nodded.

"It's a bit more difficult for me to move in this position, though. But it could also work the other way around."

Crowley gave him a puzzled look.

"You could lift yourself up with your legs, and then push back down," Aziraphale explained.

"Like this?" Crowley tried to make his legs obey him.

"Yes, that's wonderful! If you could just keep doing that for a bit so that I can pay attention to where our bodies are touching and how your limbs are moving."

Crowley did as Aziraphale had asked. After a few up-and-downs he felt a slight shift in his corporation. It wasn't the one he had dreaded, though—and that's why he dismissed it at first.

There were far more pressing things he had to keep tabs on. Breathing, blushing, heart rate, vocal cords... It wasn't until he felt the telling dampness between his legs when he realised that his stupid corporation had found a loophole. Crowley had only ordered it to not manifest a cock. All that pent up sexual energy had to find an outlet sooner or later.

If Crowley had been clever, he'd have vanished the offending effort the second he noticed it. Usually he was clever—but usually he wasn't on Aziraphale's lap, grinding his wetter-by-the-second cunt against him.

A small voice inside his head was trying to speak sense to him. How there was only one layer of fabric covering his cunt. How Aziraphale was sure to smell his arousal. How he was going to make a mess on Aziraphale's trousers.

But it felt *so damn good*. Every time he dropped down and pushed himself against Aziraphale's groin, he ached for more. His clit was screaming for attention, but he kept pumping himself up and down, just as Aziraphale had asked him to.

"Dear, I think that's enough of that for now," Aziraphale finally stopped him.

Crowley's thighs trembled slightly when he slumped back down. Doing so he came in full contact with Aziraphale's lap.

Then he noticed it.

Aziraphale had made an effort.

More importantly, the said effort was noticeably hard.

"Umm..." Crowley hummed, glancing to where their hips were joined and then up to Aziraphale's face, raising a questioning eyebrow.

Aziraphale was blushing.

"So sorry, really got carried away this time," he giggled.

"Well, these human corporations get hot and bothered so easily," Crowley drawled.

"They do, don't they," Aziraphale agreed with a grin.

"It's just basic biology, really," Crowley continued.

"Yes, pheromones and such."

"Pheromones?"

"The chemicals the body secretes. They impact the behaviour of the receiving individuals," Aziraphale explained.

Fuck, so he did smell it. Crowley felt himself blushing.

"Oh, no need to be embarrassed," Aziraphale smiled at him reassuringly.

"M not," Crowley mumbled, blushing even more.

"Of course, my dear."

”You can put me down now.”

Aziraphale let go of Crowley’s arse and he quickly got back on his feet. He snapped his fingers, cleaning himself up and changing back into his tight trousers.

Aziraphale had also tidied himself up, looking all prim and proper now. Not that he’d looked that much dishevelled to begin with.

”I have to take notes now, before I forget. Would you be a dear and fetch us some wine while I’m at it?”

”Sure thing, angel.”

Crowley was relieved to have a good reason to leave the room for a moment. He felt like he needed a cool shower, but the wine cellar wasn't a bad option either. Aziraphale wouldn't even notice if he took his time before returning to the shop. *Don't panic. It was a close call, but you didn't botch it. You can do this.*

Chapter End Notes

I'm curious to see how many of you are Team "Aziraphale totally knows what he's doing, the bastard!" and how many are Team "Aziraphale is a totally oblivious cinnamon roll and too pure for this world", so there's [a new poll on Twitter](#).

We Should Perform

Chapter Summary

Aziraphale thinks his writing would be better if he focused more on the tactile sensations instead of logistics.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

They were on their fifth bottle of red, slowly but surely getting delightfully tipsy. Aziraphale was taking a break from writing and Crowley was pleased to get his undivided attention. It was fun to actually have a conversation, even if they weren't talking about anything important.

The previous topic had been Shakespeare's film adaptations and how they compared to the original productions. Crowley still preferred the funny ones.

A natural lull took over while both of them emptied their glasses.

"We should perform," Aziraphale muttered, mostly to himself.

"Perform what? A play?" Crowley didn't quite follow.

"No, *the act*. It would be good for the research."

"Wot?"

"Like they do in those adult films," Aziraphale clarified.

"*Adult films*, says the angel who's writing porn," Crowley teased.

"It's not—"

"It is! But call it whatever you want, if it makes you happy. And I thought you were on a roll?"

"I was, but now it's all just so... shallow and devoid of feelings," Aziraphale pouted. He then shuffled through some of the pages and handed a couple of them to Crowley. "Look!"

Crowley skimmed through the paragraphs.

"It's like an IKEA manual but with more words," he deadpanned.

"Awful, I know. But I'm sure I can fix it!" Aziraphale insisted while refilling their glasses. "I just need to focus more on the tactile sensations."

"And you intend to do that by actually engaging in sexual acts?"

"Yes? How else am I supposed to know what I'm writing about?"

"Angel, what do you think is the body count of the famous serial killer Dame Agatha Christie, hmm?"

"If you don't want to help me, you can just say so," Aziraphale grumbled.

"I didn't say that I wouldn't."

"Oh?"

"Yeah, I mean, it's just flesh, right?" Crowley shrugged.

"Right. Corporations doing what they were designed to do."

"S not like they weren't already almost doing it anyway."

Aziraphale chuckled. "You're quite right, my dear."

Crowley emptied his glass.

"So, what do you wanna do?" he asked, surprising himself with his own boldness. *Must be the wine.*

"I was thinking... a blowjob?"

Crowley reached for the bottle.

"Which way around?" he asked and took a gulp, not even bothering with the glass anymore.

"Can I suck you?" Aziraphale asked, like he was inquiring whether Crowley would like some sugar in his coffee.

Crowley, his mouth still full of wine, spluttered. It wasn't a pretty sight. It was actually quite messy.

"Shit," he mumbled. "Ssorry."

Aziraphale tutted and miracled the spilled wine away. His expectant gaze was fixed on Crowley.

"Well?" he tilted his head.

"Ngk."

"Be a good boy and use your words."

If Crowley's brain hadn't turned into mush before this point, now it certainly had. Also, those words went straight to his cock, which was stirring with excitement.

"You wanna... Now?" he croaked.

"No time like the present."

"Sure, yeah, right," Crowley agreed, aiming for nonchalance and missing it by a mile or so. "I'll get rid of these then?" he waved at his trousers.

"That would make things easier, yes."

Crowley didn't even think of removing his trousers the human way. That would have been too awkward and slow. The thought of letting Aziraphale do the honours was also out of the question. Far too intimate, that. Better just snap the damn garment out of existence and be done with it.

Being suddenly freed from the confines of his trousers and exposed to the cool air made Crowley moan involuntarily. He glanced at his half hard cock, then at Aziraphale who had gotten out of his chair and was now kneeling in front of the sofa. Crowley spread his legs, letting Aziraphale settle between his knees.

"May I?" Aziraphale asked.

"That was kinda the point," Crowley quipped.

Aziraphale placed his palms on Crowley's thighs and promptly leaned forward, nuzzling his nose against the base of the rapidly hardening cock. He brushed his lips against the shaft, moving upwards, until he reached the tip. First he gave it a tentative kiss, then slid his lips around it, taking the cockhead into his mouth.

When Crowley agreed to this, he thought it would be easy to just sit there and take whatever Aziraphale was willing to give him. *It's just flesh*, he kept repeating in his head. *Just body parts touching. Basically just like shaking hands. Except, it's his mouth. And my cock.* He was sure he'd be able to keep his urges in check. He'd even closed his eyes, just to be on the safe side.

The one thing he didn't take into account was Aziraphale's standard reaction to having delicious things in his mouth.

Hearing the first moan made his cock instantly swell even more. It was aching hard now.

He *felt* the second moan, because Aziraphale had taken him deeper into his mouth and the sounds he was making were more muffled now.

Crowley *had* to look. He knew it was a short-sighted move, but he couldn't help himself.

The scene in front of him took his breath away. Those pretty lips stretched around his cock, one hand gripping it at the base. Aziraphale's eyes were closed, and he looked like he was thoroughly concentrating on what he was doing, slowly swallowing more and more of Crowley's cock, then moving back up, dragging his tongue against the underside. He sucked the glans, twirled his tongue around it and sank back down.

It felt too good. That wet heat, the exploring tongue, the pressure. Crowley was drowning in sensations and it didn't take long before he could no longer pinpoint what it was that Aziraphale was actually doing with his mouth. He only knew pleasure. He threw his head back against the sofa with a soft groan. His body felt like a bowstring, tense and ready to snap at any given moment. The urge to move was growing too strong. He tried to keep it under control, but then his cock hit the back of Aziraphale's throat. His hips jerked up, making Aziraphale gag.

"Shit! Sorry!" Crowley yelped and tried to scramble away from Aziraphale.

Strong hands pushed his thighs against the sofa, effectively immobilising him.

"No need to apologise. That was very inventive of you, making it more genuine. Please, do it again."

Crowley stared at Aziraphale, who was watching him with dark eyes and a smile that Crowley couldn't quite place. There was something almost predatory hiding behind the angel's usual polite expression.

"O-okay," he complied, relaxing himself back into Aziraphale's care.

Aziraphale swallowed him all the way in one go, making Crowley shout in surprise. He gave an experimental thrust and felt only a tiny bit of resistance from Aziraphale. He repeated the motion and felt his cock slide deeper into Aziraphale's throat, making the angel moan. He could barely restrain himself—and then he remembered that he didn't have to. If this was what Aziraphale needed for his research, Crowley could deliver.

He started fucking Aziraphale's mouth slowly, trying to be as gentle as possible. Aziraphale seemed to be having no problem deep-throating him, though. He was letting out tiny enthusiastic noises, muffled moans and encouraging hums. Crowley had to squint his eyes shut again. His head was swimming and he bit his lip to keep himself quiet. *It's not real, it's just an act, don't get too lost in it!*

The feel of fingers closing around Crowley's wrist startled him to open his eyes. Aziraphale was looking up at him encouragingly, tugging at his hand, placing it on top of his head. Crowley sunk his fingers into those white-blond fluffy curls, scraping the scalp lightly. Aziraphale leaned into his touch with a sigh, closing his eyes.

Crowley felt so conflicted. His instincts told him to grab a handful of Aziraphale's hair and keep shoving his cock into that indulgent mouth repeatedly, with force, as long as it would take for him to come (which certainly wouldn't be long). But that was just *wrong*. He was helping a friend, he wasn't doing this to get off, and he most certainly would not use Aziraphale like that. Even the thought of him spilling into Aziraphale's throat was—well, it actually almost made him do exactly that on the spot.

He would have pushed Aziraphale off him, but to his surprise the angel had already lifted his head and grabbed the notepad. He was scribbling again. Crowley could only stare at him, dumbfounded, his cock still painfully hard and leaking.

"Right, time to switch, I think," Aziraphale announced when he was done with his notes. He sounded a bit hoarse.

"Switch?"

"I need both perspectives, but only if you—"

"Okay."

"Splendid."

Aziraphale got on his feet and Crowley dropped himself to the floor. The rug scraped his bare knees, but he didn't care. He turned to face the sofa, waiting for Aziraphale to get seated. Then he inched closer, between Aziraphale's spread legs.

"Trousers?"

"Since I didn't get the chance to explore this part earlier, I'd like you to take my cock out—the human way." Aziraphale fixed a stern gaze at Crowley.

"Sure."

Crowley's hands got to work, trembling only a little as he dealt with the fastenings of Aziraphale's fly. Underneath he wore simple cotton boxers that were tenting promisingly. Crowley grabbed the waistband and pulled the pants down as best as he could, freeing the cock.

Aziraphale wasn't fully hard yet, but Crowley could already see that his cock wasn't by any

standards small or even medium-sized. Especially the thickness made his mouth water.

”Any requests?” he asked, because it was Aziraphale’s research, after all.

”I trust your expertise. Surprise me.”

Crowley braced himself against Aziraphale’s thighs and lowered his head. He gave the underside of the cock one long lick, from the base to the tip. Then he opened his mouth and sank all the way down, engulfing the whole cock.

”Surprise accomplished,” Aziraphale gasped.

Crowley smiled when he felt the cock in his mouth grow stiffer. His lips were stretched and the cockhead nudged at his throat. He felt so deliciously full, but the way he was salivating forced him to move. He didn’t want to drool all over Aziraphale.

Bobbing his head, Crowley built up a rhythm. He sucked the glans, rubbed it against his palate, feeling the weight on his tongue. He alternated between teasing the tip and swallowing the cock to the hilt. He didn’t have any coherent strategy, he was just doing what felt good, what felt right.

And it *did* feel right. He felt like he could keep on sucking Aziraphale for hours. He loved the silky feeling, the intense taste of the angel, the *intimacy* of it all. He couldn’t get enough.

He also wanted to keep hearing all those sinful sounds Aziraphale was making. It started with moans, the kind Crowley had already gotten used to. Then the moans deepened, turned into grunts, whines, sobs. Crowley could pull all kinds of wonderful sounds out of Aziraphale, depending on what he did with his clever tongue. It was intoxicating to think that he held this kind of power over the angel.

Crowley was so focused on swallowing Aziraphale’s cock that he’d almost forgotten his own. There were reminders from time to time, when it jutted against his stomach, smearing him with drops of precum. He sneaked one hand down to give himself a couple of tugs. Then a couple of more. Stopping became impossible and he started wanking while sucking Aziraphale off in earnest.

His newly found enthusiasm must have been relayed to Aziraphale who was shaking under Crowley’s ministrations.

”Ah, can I... Just let me...” he panted and then he was gripping Crowley’s head with both hands, fingers tangling in his hair.

Crowley barely had time to adjust before Aziraphale’s hips shot up and he started fucking Crowley’s mouth. He let his jaw relax, tongue lolling out, curling his lips over his teeth. He surrendered, letting Aziraphale use him. Every thrust hit the back of his throat almost painfully, but knowing that this was something Aziraphale apparently enjoyed, that he could give this to his angel—that was doing things to Crowley.

A tiny voice somewhere deep inside his lust-addled brain tried to get his attention. It probably had something stupid to say, so Crowley didn’t care. His whole world was filled with Aziraphale, the way he felt, tasted, smelled, sounded. Crowley realised he’d closed his eyes at some point, but this time he didn’t dare to open them. It would be too much.

Aziraphale came without a warning, shouting Crowley’s name. He pulsed deep into Crowley’s throat, and that was enough to tip him over. With a muffled moan he came into his own fist, swallowing everything Aziraphale was giving to him. Then he collapsed against Aziraphale’s thigh, trying to catch his breath, cock slipping halfway out of his mouth. There was drool on his

chin and he felt sweaty all over.

Gentle hands were petting his hair. It felt nice, and Crowley didn't want to move. He wanted to bask in the afterglow, to nuzzle against his angel, to plant kisses all over his plush body... Wait. *What the Hell had just happened?*

He tilted his head to look at Aziraphale. He looked blissed out, leaning against the sofa with eyes closed. His fingers were still entwined with Crowley's hair, but their movement was slowing down.

Crowley released the softening cock from his mouth and cracked his neck.

"So, gonna write some of that down or what?" he asked, because the silence was getting to him. *Better remind us both of what we're doing and maybe this won't get any more awkward.*

Aziraphale opened his eyes, slowly focusing his gaze at Crowley.

"Umm, yes, I suppose I should..." he mumbled and withdrew his hands.

While Aziraphale was making himself presentable again, Crowley cleaned and dressed himself up with a miracle (also vanishing the puddle of come that had dripped on the floor—Aziraphale didn't need to know about that). Then he looked at the state of Aziraphale's trousers. Of course there was drool on them, but that was nothing a quick miracle couldn't handle. He snapped his fingers again.

"There, good as new."

"Thank you."

Crowley had no idea how to move away from this. Neither of them seemed to have anything more to say, and for some reason they were just staring at each other. The moment was stretching far too thin to Crowley's liking. *What. The. Hell. Is. Going. On.*

Aziraphale blinked first and cleared his throat.

"Well, I better get to it, then," he stated, getting up from the sofa. Then he looked down at Crowley, who was still kneeling at his feet. "My dear, you should get up, that can't be good for your knees," he tutted, holding his hand out to Crowley.

Crowley took the offered hand and let Aziraphale help him up. Did he just imagine it, or did their hands remain clasped longer than strictly necessary? Before he could start analysing it further, Aziraphale had moved away from him and was settling down at his desk.

Is there some sort of protocol to this? What do you do when you've just come after swallowing your best friend's spunk for research? Well, the thing you most definitely don't do is make it weird by talking about it! Just act normal!

He moved to check if any of the bottles on the coffee table still had some wine in them. They didn't. He was just about to turn around when he noticed Aziraphale's notepad on the edge of the table. He grabbed it, strode to the desk and dropped it next to the typewriter.

"Crowley!" Aziraphale yelped, startled out of his deep thought.

"Having your notes at hand might help," Crowley reminded. He felt slightly bitter. *Was it just a while ago when you shouted my name with a totally different tone?*

"Ah, yes, you're absolutely right."

"Gonna go get some more wine. Red still good for you?"

"Yes, thank you. And could you be a dear and get us something to eat? I suddenly find myself positively ravenous!"

"Sure."

Aziraphale smiled at him, then turned back to his writing.

Crowley grabbed his phone and started searching for dinner. *That went well, all things considered, he mused while ordering them some Chinese takeout. Nothing changed, we're the same we've always been. I was helping him, he's not weirded out. I can control myself, he doesn't need to know how much I want him. This is fine.*

Chapter End Notes

I'm still interested in knowing what you all think is going on with Aziraphale. Is he a cunning bastard with a plan, or just very motivated to write the best erotic literature there is? There's [a new poll](#) on Twitter.

There Is Nothing Implausible With That Scene

Chapter Summary

Crowley is very willing to help Aziraphale with more research, but it looks like it's not needed anymore.

Luckily he's a resourceful demon and comes up with a plan.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

It was not fine.

Crowley wanted to strangle his past self for getting into this mess with Aziraphale.

Well, not *with* Aziraphale as such. That was the problem. There hadn't been any "with Aziraphale" in nearly four weeks.

Crowley had spent most of those 26 days 15 hours and 32 minutes (not that he was counting) at the bookshop. He'd checked on his plants every now and then, but it was actually just an excuse to get some privacy. Being so close to Aziraphale without being able to touch him—now that he *knew* what it was like—was driving him up the walls. He kept hoping that there would be another tryst in the name of literature, but for once Aziraphale seemed to know what to write without Crowley's help. Whenever the pressure grew too high for Crowley to keep ignoring it, he had retreated to his flat.

This was one of those days. He'd left the bookshop swiftly after their shared lunch, because he now permanently associated Aziraphale's happy moans around each forkful to the sounds he had made while having his mouth full of Crowley's cock.

After closing the door of his apartment he didn't waste any time, snapping his trousers into the ether while striding to the bedroom. He threw himself on the bed and grabbed his already-achingly-hard cock, hissing at the touch.

The first wank after he had been introduced to Aziraphale's mouth and cock had been a frenzied thing. He had tried to push it off for as long as he could, so when he finally wasn't able to resist anymore, he barely made it home. Trousers off, a couple of quick pulls accompanied with mental images of Aziraphale's lips stretched around his cock and Crowley was done for.

After that, he had learned to excuse himself from Aziraphale's company sooner.

Crowley had perfected his methods of masturbation over the millennia. He owned several toys and a lot of imagination. A whole afternoon could easily fly by when he was enjoying his own company, prolonging his release and revelling in every moment.

These wanks were nothing like that. They were pragmatic, with the aim of getting his rocks off as fast as possible. He didn't want to waste any time being away from the bookshop, away from Aziraphale. It was still possible that he would need Crowley's help with his writing process and he didn't want to miss the window.

Lube, check. Cock in hand, check. Lewd thoughts of his best friend doing obscene things to him, check.

Two minutes later Crowley had already vanished all the evidence and summoned his trousers back. He went to greet his plants and berated them half-heartedly before heading back to the bookshop.

Crowley managed to pry Aziraphale away from his writing with the help of some pastries he picked up on his way back. He'd visited Aziraphale's favourite patisserie, because he definitely wasn't feeling guilty about anything and didn't need to make amends for anyone.

Sipping his coffee, Crowley eyed the lucky éclair that was being devoured by Aziraphale. There was no point in being jealous of a piece of confection, but it seemed that lately he had been doing a lot of things that didn't make that much sense. Like giving that damn éclair to Aziraphale in the first place. At this rate, his plants would be in a dire need of attention within the next day.

"You know, I think I'm close to finishing," Aziraphale said after licking his fingers clean.

"Huh?"

"The book. I think it might be done."

"Oh. That was... quick, I guess?" Crowley hoped the disappointment he felt didn't seep into his voice.

"It's only the first draft, of course. I'll have to go through it and probably make some edits."

"Sounds boring."

"Well, it certainly isn't as inspiring as the writing itself," Aziraphale shrugged. "Actually, I could use your help."

Crowley perked up. *Maybe the game isn't over yet.*

"Sure, whatever you need."

"Wonderful!"

Aziraphale got up, grabbed a stack of papers from his desk and handed it to Crowley.

"I'm not asking you to actually read all of it, but if you could just browse through it? Give your overall opinion?"

"Right, yeah... sure..." Crowley mumbled, his initial enthusiasm deflating. "Do I have to be sober while doing it?"

Aziraphale gave him a disapproving look, but Crowley could see through the prim facade and knew Aziraphale would go and fetch the Scotch—and two tumblers—anyway.

Eventually they had shared the stack. Crowley had gotten the first half and was leafing through it absentmindedly. He skimmed the words, but not so fast that he would lose the plot. Some bits were more interesting and he read them properly. The bits where their joint research had been used were *really* interesting. Crowley wondered if he could take some photos of those pages without Aziraphale noticing. He'd very much like to read them again, with some privacy.

Aziraphale had taken the rest of the pages and was going through them with a red pen. He was seemingly engrossed with his work, but Crowley noticed that he radiated nervous energy. He was also stealing glances at Crowley every few moments. No chance of taking photos under such scrutiny. He'd just have to memorise the scenes.

Moving on, Crowley finally found a scene that he definitely had not helped Aziraphale with. He would have remembered. He read through it while taking some mental notes. Then he read it again and a plan started to take shape. He could at least try. No harm done with trying, right?

He snorted, just loud enough to draw Aziraphale's attention.

"Oh no, what is it?" Aziraphale asked, sounding slightly worried.

Crowley didn't lift his gaze from the pages, seemingly still reading on. "That would never work," he muttered to himself, but made sure Aziraphale had no trouble hearing him.

"Which part are you at?" Aziraphale put down his own pages and gave Crowley his full attention, leaning slightly forward. Crowley looked at him and felt slightly ashamed for making him so flustered.

Crowley turned the page around and showed it to Aziraphale. "This bit. Doesn't work like that."

"I'm quite certain that—"

"Nope, it won't, for several reasons."

"Really, Crowley, there is nothing implausible with that scene," Aziraphale protested.

"Nothing?!" Crowley laughed. "Have you ever heard of the laws of physics, angel?"

"Of course I have, and that scene is well within them."

"I beg to differ."

"Beg all you want," Aziraphale snapped. "It won't make any difference. I know I'm right—and I can prove it."

Bingo, thought Crowley, and suppressed a smug smile.

Aziraphale had insisted they fill up the bathtub from the taps. He didn't trust either of them performing any miracles on the water. Crowley thought Aziraphale was being unnecessarily cautious, but kept it to himself. While they waited for the tub to fill, they had time to discuss the specifics.

"How do you propose we do this, then?" Crowley asked.

"I was thinking you could get into the tub, to play the part of the countess, and I could be the stable boy."

"I still don't understand why the stable boy is there, inside the manor," Crowley challenged. He had to do something to distract Aziraphale so that he wouldn't notice how eager Crowley was for all of this to be happening. If Aziraphale was under the impression that they were having an argument, he'd probably think Crowley was so keen because he wanted to prove *he* was right.

"He was running an errand for the cook, it all makes sense if you read the whole thing,"

Aziraphale explained.

”Well, at least *something* makes sense...”

”I will make you eat those words, you fiend,” Aziraphale warned.

”We’ll see,” Crowley smirked. He was starting to enjoy this whole charade, since he *knew* Aziraphale wouldn’t be able to prove a thing.

”Do you want bubbles?” Aziraphale asked, lifting a bottle from the nearby shelf.

”Sure,” Crowley shrugged.

Aziraphale poured the fragrant liquid into the tub while Crowley got rid of his clothes. He wasn’t making an effort yet, but he’d have plenty of time for that once he got into the tub.

”Do you have any towels at hand?”

”Oh, I’ll fetch some,” Aziraphale fussed and left the bathroom.

Crowley stepped into the tub and sat down. The water rose up to his waist. He leaned back against the tub and straightened his legs to submerge himself better, waiting for the tub to fill up. It was pleasant; the water was warm and the bubbly soap didn’t smell too offensive to him. He closed his eyes and let out a relaxed sigh. He could get used to this.

”It’s nice, isn’t it?”

Aziraphale’s question startled Crowley back into reality. He wasn’t here to enjoy a bubble bath, he had a mission.

”I guess,” he mumbled and reached for the taps to turn them off. Then he leaned back down. The water was up to his neck now, the bubbles concealing most of his body.

”So, are we ready to start?” Aziraphale asked.

”The countess was in the tub, her *”ample bosom covered with the scented bubbles”*, was it?”

Aziraphale glanced at the pages he was holding and nodded.

”Should I make a pair?”

”Umm... I’m quite sure I can prove my point without you having breasts.”

”Fine, suit yourself.”

Aziraphale tried to figure out the best place to lay the pages so that he could reach them from the tub, if they needed to revisit the scene. He ended up putting them down on the floor next to the tub and started to undress.

”So, the stable boy will get into the tub and sit behind the countess,” he recapped the scene while removing his bow tie and cufflinks.

”Are you gonna remove everything so slowly? I’m gonna freeze my arse off in here before you’re naked.”

”The water knows better than to get cold.”

"You said no miracles!"

"It doesn't really count as one."

"Still, the countess wouldn't have that luxury. If you want to prove this scene works in the actual mortal world, you can't go bending the rules."

Crowley didn't actually mind watching Aziraphale getting rid of his layers of clothing the human way, but he was anxious to get on with the whole endeavour.

"If you insist," Aziraphale sighed and snapped the rest of his clothes off.

Crowley tried not to stare. He was not surprised, because of course Aziraphale was going to get naked eventually. Still, Crowley's imaginary version of a completely naked Aziraphale hadn't been enough to prepare him for the real thing. He looked so *inviting* with all that plumpness and soft curves. Crowley was itching to take a bite, to sink his teeth into a plush buttock. There was also the cock, hanging heavy between Aziraphale's thick thighs, and the memory of how it felt on his tongue made Crowley salivate.

"Crowley?"

Shit, had Aziraphale asked him something?

"Huh?"

"Are you ready?"

"Sure, hop on in." Crowley sat up and scooted forward to make space for Aziraphale behind him. He could hardly wait.

As Aziraphale lowered himself into the tub, his legs bracketing Crowley, the water sloshed over the edge, flooding the bathroom floor and making a proper mess. The pages were ruined, scattered all over the wet floor.

Aziraphale's muttered "darn" was drowned under Crowley's victorious "eureka!"

"What's that supposed to mean?" Aziraphale sounded puzzled.

"Tell me, angel, did you ever meet Archimedes?"

"Archimedes? No, doesn't ring a bell. How is that relevant?"

"No reason," Crowley snickered. "And my point stands: your scene is flawed."

"Well, if you want to nitpick it like this," Aziraphale huffed. "I'm still certain I'm right where it actually counts."

"Certain, you say?"

"Yes, so shall we get on with it?" Aziraphale's arms snaked around Crowley, making him lean against his broad chest, his head resting on Aziraphale's shoulder. Crowley's breath hitched when he felt Aziraphale's half-hard cock pressing against the small of his back.

"Yep, lemme just..." Crowley concentrated and willed a scene-appropriate effort into existence between his legs. "All set."

”Right. So, after the stable boy had been kissing the countess’ neck and caressing her breasts for a while, he started pleasuring her with his fingers. Then she wanted more and the stable boy lifted her up so that she could sit on his cock.”

Crowley tried to concentrate on Aziraphale’s retelling of the scene. At the same time, he could feel Aziraphale’s cock getting more erect, and that was severely distracting.

”I assume this is the bit you found implausible, so if I just lift you up, straighten my legs and then you’ll sit back down—”

”Are you serious right now?” Crowley huffed.

”How else am I going to prove my point?”

”No, I mean, are you just going to skip all those things you just described?”

”Well there’s hardly a need for—”

Crowley turned his head so that he could look at Aziraphale. ”Then why did you write it? If there’s no need for it?”

”Of course there is a need for it in the book! It sets the mood and the countess obviously needs some foreplay to... Oh.” Aziraphale looked mortified. ”Yes, I see your point.”

”I mean, I could just miracle myself ready, but—”

”Yes, that would defeat the whole purpose of this. I’m gonna do it properly then,” Aziraphale said with determination. He moved his hands, settling one of them over Crowley’s chest, fingers splayed, brushing his nipple. He used the other hand to gently grasp Crowley’s jaw, turning his head so that his neck was stretched. Then he lowered his lips on Crowley’s neck, almost chastely, and Crowley once again lost all higher brain functions.

Crowley wasn’t even surprised by how little it actually took to get him all hot and bothered. As soon as he felt Aziraphale’s warm breath on his neck, his cunt definitely took an interest in the proceedings. Then there were fingers teasing his nipple, while his neck was being nibbled and licked and kissed with enthusiasm. Crowley melted against Aziraphale’s chest, closed his eyes and tried to breathe normally. He succeeded for five whole seconds, until Aziraphale kissed a sensitive spot under his ear. When Aziraphale moved his other hand to capture the nipple that had so far been left without attention, Crowley was breathing noticeably heavier.

”Is this working?” Aziraphale asked and traced the shell of Crowley’s ear with his lips.

”Whaddya think?” Crowley gasped. Every touch was going straight to his clit, and he wondered if he had messed up with his neural pathways somehow. Were his ears supposed to be directly connected to his cunt? It was aching to be touched. He was pressing his thighs together, but it wasn’t enough.

”Well, I remember a certain someone claiming that this scene wasn’t working, so I—”

”Not this part.” He let out a frustrated whine, pushing himself against Aziraphale, desperate for whatever contact he could get. He was especially hungry for the fully erect cock that was nudging against his lower back. He was about to verbalise his need to speed things up, when Aziraphale’s hands left his chest and landed on his thighs, gently coaxing them open.

”Was it this part then?” Aziraphale asked, cupping Crowley’s cunt with one hand. Crowley bucked

against the pressure he had been longing, moaning from relief.

”Nnnh, we’re... we’re getting there.”

Aziraphale spread Crowley’s folds, one finger dipping between them, gliding over his clit. Another splash of water hit the floor when Crowley started rocking his hips. Aziraphale was rubbing him with a maddeningly slow pace and Crowley needed more. He needed Aziraphale to fuck him. With his fingers, his cock, anything. His cunt was clenching around nothing and he felt so empty he could scream.

”Okay, the countess wants more now,” he panted.

”Splendid.”

Aziraphale withdrew his hand, and Crowley missed the teasing touches already. A soft whine escaped from his lips when he felt strong hands grab him by the hips and lift him up. Crowley doubted a mere stable boy would be able to repeat the motions as smoothly, to make the countess feel like she weighed nothing, but he was not going to mention it. Not now, when he was hovering mere inches away from getting stuffed with he cock he’d been thirsting after for Lord knows how long.

Once Aziraphale had repositioned himself so that he was sitting in the tub with his legs together, he lowered Crowley to straddle his lap. Crowley squeezed his knees into the narrow spaces between Aziraphale’s legs and the sides of the bathtub. It was a tight fit and not entirely comfortable.

”Lean forward a bit, there’s a dear.”

Crowley did as he was told. He felt Aziraphale’s cockhead nudge at the opening of his cunt, slowly pressing inside, spreading him open. It was just the tip, but the thought of this actually happening was amplifying the sensations for him.

”Are you ready?” Aziraphale asked. He sounded like he was short of breath and his hands around Crowley’s waist weren’t exactly steady. *Just bodies being bodies*, Crowley reminded himself.

”Ssssure.”

Aziraphale pulled Crowley down on his cock. He was being quite gentle about it, but given the girth of the effort he’d chosen, there was no way Crowley could ignore the stretch. Aziraphale was filling him up, rubbing the walls of his cunt in a maddening way.

”There we are,” Aziraphale murmured when he bottomed out. ”And from where I’m sitting, I’d say this is working marvellously.”

Crowley agreed, it felt marvellous to be so close to Aziraphale, to feel him so intimately, to... Wait, Aziraphale wasn’t talking about *that*.

”Pffft, we’re not actually doing anything yet. I’m just warming your cock.”

”Well, let’s remedy that, shall we?”

Aziraphale gripped Crowley’s waist tighter and moved him so that his cock slid halfway out of his cunt. Then he pulled Crowley back down while thrusting his own hips up.

”Oof! Yesss, put your back into it!”

It wouldn't take long before Aziraphale would realise the error he'd made, Crowley mused. He could just sit back and enjoy the ride. Two birds with one stone and all that, getting bounced on Aziraphale's cock while proving a point.

Aziraphale had found a steady rhythm, and the water in the tub was sloshing to and fro, making merry little waves, gaining momentum until it once again rolled over the edge of the tub. There was probably more water on the bathroom floor than in the tub now.

Crowley was starting to feel it. Each time Aziraphale shoved his cock into his cunt, there was more friction. The drag that had felt enjoyable just a moment ago was rapidly turning unpleasant, then close to painful. Crowley winced.

"Crowley, are you quite alright?"

Aziraphale's worry was so sincere that Crowley almost felt bad for putting him in this situation. Almost. He had a point to prove.

"Am I hurting you?"

Aziraphale had stopped moving, but it didn't matter anymore, even the static stretch was too much. Crowley lifted himself off Aziraphale's cock and hissed from the discomfort.

"Crowley, please, tell me what's wrong!"

"This scene."

Crowley sat on the edge of the tub so that he could face Aziraphale. The angel looked miserable and confused.

"I still don't understand why you keep insisting it doesn't work," Aziraphale pouted.

"Because I just proved it doesn't."

"Enlighten me then, please."

Crowley let out an exasperated groan.

"Okay, I will. Water, as you know, has several remarkable qualities. It enables synchronised swimming, puts out fires, can be turned into wine, fish live in it... Truly a multipurpose substance."

Aziraphale was nodding along, but Crowley could see he was still missing the point.

"It's quite commonly used for cleaning and washing," Crowley stressed.

"Oh. So you mean..."

Crowley spread his legs, exposing his cunt.

"Check for yourself. Squeaky clean. Dry as the Sahara."

"I... I'll take your word for it," Aziraphale mumbled and averted his eyes.

"Also, we've completely wrecked the bathroom floor. I hope your duchess is prepared for some water damage."

Aziraphale let out a deep sigh and got off the tub. He snapped his fingers to reset the bathroom and to wrap them both into fluffy bathrobes; tartan for himself and black for Crowley, who appreciated the gesture.

”The whole scene does seem a tad unconvincing and romanticised when you put it like that,” Aziraphale admitted.

”Hey now, angel, it’s just one scene! You’ve written plenty of good ones,” Crowley encouraged. He didn’t want Aziraphale to get all mopey because of this. ”And if you need to come up with a new scene, I’m still at your disposal.”

Aziraphale gave him a watery smile.

”Thank you, Crowley, you truly are a good friend.”

Crowley felt a stab of guilt, then quickly reminded himself that demons didn’t do guilt.

”Any time, angel.”

”Now, what would you say to a mug of hot cocoa?”

”Can I have mine with a double shot of Scotch?”

Aziraphale chuckled. ”I think that can be arranged.”

”And no cocoa?”

This made Aziraphale laugh properly, and Crowley felt better already.

”Fine, you fiend. Let’s get back to the shop.”

Chapter End Notes

Five times: check

One time: update coming on Friday

I’m still curious about what you all think is going on inside Aziraphale’s head. Has he been scheming, or is he taking his craft very seriously and just being thorough? [Cast your vote on Twitter!](#)

I Thought We Could Brainstorm

Chapter Summary

Crowley's frustration is growing. He keeps scheming and accidentally stumbles upon something he didn't plan on.

Chapter Notes

Based on the 5+1 premise, you all know what's going to happen here.

Also, all the communication that should have happened before is crammed in this chapter.

Thank you so much for all your lovely comments ♥ It's been wonderful to see your reactions. When I was writing this, I was thinking of how certain thing would resonate with the readers, and seeing it actually happen has been incredible

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

"Have you done anal? Written! *Written* any anal yet?"

Good save, Crowley congratulated himself. Surely that had sounded like he was showing interest in the contents of Aziraphale's story and not at all like he was trying to tick off yet another sex act from the list of things he wanted to experience with Aziraphale.

The bathtub incident had been yesterday. Crowley had conflicting feelings about the whole ordeal. It was always fun to win an argument, but this win had come at the price of spoiling the mood. Turns out the satisfaction you get from proving your point doesn't beat the satisfaction you would get from being fucked into oblivion.

He was frustrated. He needed to figure out *something* Aziraphale hadn't yet included, and couldn't write about without doing some research. They had swapped their stacks of pages and Aziraphale was proofreading the rest of the book while Crowley leafed through his half. He was fairly certain Aziraphale had overlooked the allure of butt sex.

"You mean buggering?" Aziraphale replied, without lifting his gaze from the page he was reviewing. "Why would there be buggering?"

Crowley racked his brains to find something to back up his idea.

"Well, isn't the butler itching to get the young master" —he quickly skimmed through the pages to check up the name— "Wyldabode bent over the nearest flat surface?"

Aziraphale put down the pages he was holding, took off his reading glasses and set them on top of the pile.

"Is that how you read those two?" he asked, curiosity clear in his voice.

"Are you saying you *didn't* mean to put all that sexual tension in there?"

"I think the butler would be more likely to put the young master over his knee."

"He's in his twenties!"

"And he's acting like a brat."

"Maybe you need to write a spanking scene then," Crowley retorted, and only then did his brain catch up on what he just suggested. Suddenly the room felt a lot warmer.

Aziraphale got up from his chair and looked down at him with such intensity that there were probably some invisible extra eyes involved.

"Maybe I will."

He moved to sit down on the sofa next to Crowley, took off a cufflink and started to roll up his sleeve.

"Umm, angel?"

"It's customary to roll up your sleeves first. Even I know that."

Aziraphale repeated the process with the other sleeve. Crowley found it weirdly hypnotic, the forearm being exposed inch by inch. He couldn't help but stare.

"There, all done." Aziraphale turned to look at Crowley. "Why are you still wearing your trousers?"

"My trousers? Wait, are we just going to—"

"Unless you don't want to help me out with this one. Which is perfectly fine, of course."

"Nah, just didn't expect you to jump right into it. You tend to explain your ideas first."

Aziraphale blushed. "Right, yes, sorry."

Crowley looked at him expectantly. Aziraphale's blush deepened.

"I... I didn't actually... That is to say..." he stammered. "I thought we could brainstorm."

"Brainstorm?"

"Yes, to help me figure out what I should write."

"And that requires me to take off my trousers?"

"I was thinking of a more hands-on approach to the subject."

"You think spanking my bare bottom will inspire you to write a new scene?" Crowley chortled.

"It doesn't have to be bare."

"But you just said—"

"You can keep wearing your drawers."

"Boxer briefs. And I'm not wearing any."

Aziraphale gave him a scandalised look.

"Come on, look at these jeans, do you think anything fits under them?"

"Ah, quite right."

Crowley changed into boxer briefs with a quick snap of fingers. "Better?"

"Much better," Aziraphale beamed.

"So, the butler thinks that the young master needs some discipline?"

"Yes, Wyldabode has behaved badly, he made the cook cry! The butler, Vejes, has had enough of his cockiness."

To Crowley's surprise, they did get some actual brainstorming done. Aziraphale's enthusiasm was contagious, and even when the story still didn't make much sense to Crowley, it was easy to catch what Aziraphale was pitching and build upon that. They kept circling around the main act of the scene, spiralling closer and closer to the centre, until Crowley was laid over Aziraphale's lap, his face pressed into the sofa.

Aziraphale ran his hand over Crowley's bottom. The boxer briefs had stayed on, because there was really no reason to take them off. Aziraphale could figure out the motions and angles and whatever it was he needed to figure out without Crowley getting naked. What a shame.

"I'm going to experiment a bit," Aziraphale explained. "I don't intend to actually hurt you, so you have to tell me if I'm going too hard."

Where's the fun in that, Crowley thought.

"Did you hear me, Crowley?"

"Yes, angel," he sighed.

"Good boy."

Crowley didn't have time to start unpacking how those two words made him feel when the first slap landed on his arse. Well, calling it a slap would be an exaggeration. It felt more like a friendly pat.

"M not gonna break."

Aziraphale slapped him again. Crowley couldn't tell if there was any difference.

"Come on!"

After the third slap Crowley lifted his head so that he could glare at Aziraphale.

"Are you going to play Pat-a-Cake or are you going to spank me?"

"Keep being a brat and find out," Aziraphale chided.

Oh, it's on.

"It's actually quite relaxing. Mind if I take a nap?"

The next slap was harder, but still nowhere near what Crowley had been expecting when he had agreed to this.

"Wake me up when you're done, okay?" he yawned.

"You are absolutely incorrigible," Aziraphale huffed.

"You aren't even trying to correct me," Crowley goaded. "Figures, since you angels aren't the ones who—OH!"

Aziraphale was finally putting his back into it.

"You were saying?"

"Pfft, I've met cats that slap harder than that."

Aziraphale rested his palm on Crowley's arse, kneading the muscle.

"Do you really want me to spank you?"

It took Crowley a moment to reply, because he had to discard his initial reaction (*Why do you think I'm lying on your lap, arse up?*) and come up with something less revealing.

"If it helps your creative process, sure."

Aziraphale grabbed the waistband of Crowley's pants. "So, it would be all right if I take these off, then?"

Crowley's breath hitched. He lifted his hips up. Nothing happened. He wriggled his bum. Still nothing.

Right, Aziraphale was big on verbal communication.

"Yeah, 's fine."

Aziraphale pulled his pants down, but just enough to bare his arse. He continued to knead and rub it, and Crowley realised that his cock was still trapped by the front of his boxer briefs, followed by the realisation that he had manifested a cock at some point. He was half-hard, but it's not like Aziraphale hadn't already gotten acquainted with his cock, so there was nothing to worry.

The first slap was loud; partly because there was no fabric to muffle the sound, partly because Crowley hadn't expected Aziraphale to change gears so suddenly. He yelped like he had been stung by a bee.

"None of that," Aziraphale snapped.

Another slap followed and this time Crowley was able to stay quiet. His skin started to feel warm and tingly.

"I will assume that you can take it, unless you tell me to stop."

Crowley grinned into the sofa cushion. "Do your worst."

Five minutes later Crowley was very much regretting that he had agreed to any of this. His arse felt

like it was on fire. His aching cock was straining against his pants and probably leaking through them. He had crawled forward so that he could arch his back and tilt his hips, granting Aziraphale the best possible access, like putting his arse on a silver platter for the angel to enjoy. Aziraphale kept slapping him with an open palm, alternating between his buttocks and upper thighs. It was agony. It was bliss.

"Your poor behind is starting to look quite red," Aziraphale remarked. He grabbed Crowley's arse with both hands and started to knead it, fingers digging into the muscle. "Does it hurt?"

Crowley whined. Yes, it did hurt, but the way Aziraphale was groping him right now felt *good*. His traitorous brain was already making suggestions of other things that would also feel good. Aziraphale's fingers were *so close*, it wouldn't take much for him to slip one inside Crowley's hole, to stretch him open properly instead of spreading just his cheeks, like he was doing now.

"Crowley?"

"Nnngh?"

"Enough research for now, wouldn't you say?"

Enough? What? Was Aziraphale going to stop?

"Angel, please..." Crowley whimpered.

"What is it, dear?"

"Need you to touch me."

"Touch you?"

"Keep touching me..."

"But we've done enough for—"

"I need you!" Crowley was sobbing now. The thought that Aziraphale would just get up and leave him like this, needy and wanting and empty, was too much.

"You... *need* me?" Aziraphale sounded strained.

The mortification hit Crowley like a ton of bricks. Here he was, crossing the boundaries they had set. *Oh fuck, no, stupid mouth, shut up!* He pressed his face harder against the sofa. Maybe he could suffocate himself like this and escape the situation with the help of a convenient disincorporation.

"That's marvellous news!"

Wait, what?

"Oh, I'm so relieved! I've felt so bad about the whole thing for a while now, even tried to stop it, but eventually I just couldn't resist, and well, I thought that since we had an agreement and I wasn't really forcing you to do anything..."

Aziraphale kept talking and Crowley missed half of it, because he was having trouble arranging his thoughts. What the Heaven was going on? Surely Aziraphale didn't mean...

"...taking advantage of your helpfulness for my own selfish reasons, but if you had no idea that I

found it enjoyable, would it really be a bad thing?"

"Aziraphale."

"Yes, dear?" Aziraphale squeaked.

"Did you need me to help you write your book?"

"Well..."

Crowley turned his head to look at Aziraphale. The angel was blushing furiously and refused to make eye contact.

"Let me rephrase that. Have we been doing some of this "research" because you want to fuck me?"

Aziraphale's nervous giggle and the silence that followed told Crowley everything he needed to hear.

"You should be the one who gets spanked, you *absolute* bastard," he grumbled.

"Later, dear. I believe we had some more urgent matters to take care of."

Crowley was about to keep arguing, but Aziraphale grabbed his arse again. This time it felt more assertive, and when he spread Crowley's cheeks, his fingertips were clearly inching closer to his hole.

"I'm guessing you needed me to touch you *here*," Aziraphale murmured, brushing a finger against Crowley's rim.

"Yes."

"Good, because I've been wanting to do this for a long time."

Crowley was anticipating a finger in his arse. Therefore he was taken by surprise when Aziraphale manoeuvred him off his lap. The sofa creaked when he settled behind Crowley.

"Angel?"

Aziraphale's hands were on his arse again, and all this kneading and spreading was making Crowley impatient, but also a bit worried. *Is he having second thoughts? Clearly he's being hesitant. Fuck, I should just—*

Whatever it was Crowley thought he should do, it escaped him the moment he felt Aziraphale's tongue lapping his hole.

"Oh fuck," he wheezed.

Very soon it became apparent that Aziraphale knew what he was doing. Crowley tried to keep up with all the different sensations while he was being taken apart with a frightening efficiency. Aziraphale's mouth seemed to be *everywhere*. Slow licks with a flat tongue, right across his hole. Tip of the tongue, pushed inside. Lips against his rim, kissing and sucking. Crowley was reduced to a sobbing wreck in mere minutes and the sofa cushion muffled his steady stream of curses and pleas.

When Aziraphale added a finger into the mix, Crowley couldn't take it anymore.

”Angel, please!”

”What’s that, dear? You need something?”

Aziraphale added another finger and Crowley bucked against his hand. His hole felt so sloppy, which made him realise that he had most likely missed Aziraphale performing a minor miracle—something that can be easily overlooked while getting your ass eaten by an eager angel.

”Your cock, in my arse, now.”

”But I quite enjoy seeing you like this,” Aziraphale purred, adding a third finger.

”*Fuck!* Please, angel, I need it, I need you, *please!*”

Aziraphale withdrew his fingers and Crowley whined at the loss of contact. His impatience was skyrocketing, and when he heard the telltale rustle of clothing, he finally snapped—both figuratively and literally. Aziraphale’s trousers vanished and he let out a surprised squeak.

”Really, Crowley? You couldn’t wait for five seconds?”

”Nah, waited long enough.”

Crowley pulled his knees under himself so that he could lift his arse up. He’d gotten rid of his own pants with the same miracle, so he was finally able to spread his legs freely. His cock was still achingly hard, but at least it wasn’t chafing anymore.

Aziraphale grabbed his arse with one hand, spreading him open again. Crowley felt the tip of Aziraphale’s cock pressing against his waiting hole, and he instinctively pushed back. The stretch felt incredible, and when Aziraphale sank an inch or two deeper, it got even better. Crowley was panting and wriggling, trying to get Aziraphale to move faster.

”Stop squirming,” Aziraphale gasped, gripping Crowley’s hips with both hands. ”You’re so tight… I don’t want to hurt you.”

”You’re not gonna.”

”It’s not going to fit, maybe if I adjust a bit—”

”Don’t you dare.”

”But Crowley—”

”I want all of you. Don’t hold back.”

Crowley did his best to relax and stay still, letting Aziraphale slide deeper, and it felt like he was being split in two and maybe Aziraphale’s cock was in fact ridiculously thick, but the angel was known to overindulge in other things, so why would this be an exception. Crowley was certainly not going to complain.

”Just a few more inches,” Aziraphale encouraged. ”You’re taking it beautifully.”

A few more inches?! Crowley subtly rearranged his insides a bit. He felt so full already, maybe the fullest he’d ever been. Aziraphale was going to wreck him.

Aziraphale fucked into him gently, easing his way deeper with every push. When he bottomed out, they were both panting loudly.

"Oh, you feel exquisite," Aziraphale sighed.

"You feel... enormous," Crowley grunted. This felt nothing like the fiasco in the bathtub. "Have you always been this huge?"

Aziraphale let out a nervous little laugh. "Well, yes, but I've been restraining myself during our previous... encounters."

"Restraining?"

"I didn't want to intimidate you too much, so I wasn't really giving you my full effort."

"Thanks... I guess."

"But I'm sure you can handle it."

Before Crowley had the chance to reply, Aziraphale started moving. He was careful at first, fucking Crowley with slow thrusts and letting him adjust to the feeling. It was maddening. Crowley *could* handle it, and it took him no time to start rocking himself back and forth on Aziraphale's cock, trying to slam himself down to the hilt with every push. Aziraphale held his hips with steady hands, limiting his range of movement and controlling how much of his cock Crowley could get.

"Come on," Crowley whinged. "Fuck me like you mean it."

"Now now, patience is a virtue."

"As is chastity, but it seems like you're not faring that well with—"

The rest of his sentence turned into a garbled mess when Aziraphale slammed his cock deep into Crowley's arse.

"You greedy thing, so eager to get your needy hole ploughed."

Crowley's brain short-circuited. *Who the fuck are you and what have you done to Aziraphale?* There had been some new revelations recently, sure, but never in his wildest dreams had he expected to hear those words from Aziraphale's mouth. Then again, he hadn't expected to see Aziraphale like this, either. Hadn't expected to find himself arse up and face pressed into the bookshop sofa, getting his brains fucked out by Aziraphale. Truly an unexpected day.

Aziraphale was thrusting into him with a near-punishing pace, his fingers digging into Crowley's hips, keeping him in place. All he could do was succumb, take what he was given. It felt amazing to be claimed like this.

"You minx, you have no idea... I've wanted so long... always tempting... wiggling your hips... those obscenely tight trousers..." Aziraphale clearly had some frustrations of his own.

"You could have, any time, angel, any time," Crowley panted in response. "Didn't know you wanted..."

"I didn't know *you* wanted, I never thought..." Aziraphale's pace slowed down. "Oh, we've been such idiots."

Aziraphale pulled out.

"Angel?" Crowley turned to look at him, worried that he'd somehow botched the whole thing. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing! I just... I just want to see you. Your face." Aziraphale leaned against the back of the sofa and gestured at his lap. "Won't you come up here?"

Despite feeling like a rag doll, Crowley managed to collect his limbs and straddle Aziraphale's thighs. He realised they were both still completely dressed from waist up, and wasn't that a shame. Luckily it was nothing another quick miracle couldn't take care of. This time Aziraphale didn't even scold him. Instead, he guided Crowley to sit on his cock, and when he slowly sank down, they both groaned from satisfaction.

"Fuck, you feel good," Crowley sighed as he leaned against Aziraphale's chest, pressing his face into his neck and breathing him in. Aziraphale's hands were around him, palms rubbing his back before they slid lower to cup his arse.

"As do you," Aziraphale whispered.

Crowley remembered the previous time they had been like this. Well, not *exactly* like this. There had been more clothing and less penetration, and a hard wall behind his back, but they had been *close*, pressed against each other... It was the first time he'd noticed that Aziraphale was truly affected by their whole charade.

He sat up and studied Aziraphale's face.

"Earlier, when you held me against the wall..." he started.

Aziraphale was palming his arse, urging him to move, to ride his cock. Crowley obliged.

"Did you... I mean, I assume you did, because you were hard, but..."

"Did I want to take you then?"

Crowley nodded.

"I wanted nothing more," Aziraphale sighed. "And I was almost certain you wanted it too, but then you started explaining how it's just biology and..."

"...and you bought my desperate attempt to save face." Crowley could still feel the humiliation, and it made him angry at himself. *Stupid. So stupid.* He bounced on Aziraphale's cock with renewed fervour, like trying to make up for lost time.

Aziraphale adjusted their position so that he could get his mouth on Crowley's neck. When he started kissing and sucking it, Crowley's rhythm faltered a bit, because it was *distracting*.

"The memory of your mouth around my cock haunts me," Crowley confessed.

"I want to suck you off and swallow you down," Aziraphale murmured against Crowley's neck.

"You need to fuck my throat again."

"I will, and your lovely cunny, too."

"But not in the tub."

"No, in the bed."

"You have a bed?"

"Of course I have a bed."

Crowley stopped moving and leaned away from Aziraphale so that he could look at him.

"You have a bed, and we're fucking on this ratty sofa? I thought you had standards," he guffawed.

"Well, *someone* was being quite eager to get a cock in his ass. Change of venue was not in the cards."

Aziraphale put his arms around Crowley so that he was holding him tight, then flipped them over so that Crowley landed on his back on the sofa, his legs splayed out and Aziraphale lying between them, cock still buried deep in his arse. His lips were teasing Crowley's earlobe.

"Now, I'm going to pound the said ass for as long as I need. I very much want to blow you after that, if you can hold on until then?"

The sudden switch of position, combined with Aziraphale's suggestion, was making Crowley's head spin.

"Yessss."

Aziraphale got on his knees and lifted Crowley's legs up. Crowley folded like a cheap deck chair, thighs framing his slim torso, bent knees almost in his armpits.

"Oh my, you really are quite bendy," Aziraphale admired.

He grabbed hold on Crowley's thighs and pulled his cock almost all the way out before pushing back in. His gaze was fixed on the spot where they were joined, where he was breaching Crowley's body. He kept his thrusts shallow, and didn't seem to be in any hurry. Then he changed the angle a bit and Crowley's cock jumped, smearing some precum on his stomach.

"Marvellous."

Aziraphale repeated the motion, with similar results. Crowley moaned.

"How does it feel?" Aziraphale asked, while his cock kept nudging Crowley in a way that made it impossible for him to keep quiet.

"Like I'm not gonna get a blowjob if you keep doing that," Crowley sobbed.

"I'll make you come on my cock some other time, then."

Crowley could't suppress the shiver that ran through his whole body just from the thought of it.

"Nnngh, stop talking, or you won't get dessert."

"So, you don't want to hear how I can hardly wait for the next time I can spread you open like this, see the taut rim of your hole around my cock as you take it in this tight—"

"Angel! *Please!*" Crowley gripped the base of his own cock with desperation and barely managed to avoid coming his brains out.

"You poor thing, so desperate to get my mouth on your cock?"

"Not. Helping."

Crowley bucked his hips up, taking Aziraphale by surprise and making him slide deeper.

"Oh, that's..." Aziraphale sounded dazed.

"Come on, gimme that pounding."

Aziraphale's thrusts deepened, and the drag of his cock still felt amazing, but Crowley wasn't teetering on the edge of the precipice anymore.

It turned out that Aziraphale didn't actually need that much time when he finally put his back into it. A few strong shoves was all it took to make him lose his composure.

"Can I... Crowley, inside, can I..." he gasped.

"Yesss, fuck, I want you to," Crowley keened.

Aziraphale lost his rhythm and came undone, his cock pulsing deep inside Crowley.

"Fuck," Aziraphale whimpered. "That was incredible."

Crowley stared at him like he'd just grown another head.

"What? It was!" Aziraphale insisted.

"Yeah, I'm not disagreeing with you," Crowley chuckled. "You're just full of surprises."

"The next part shouldn't surprise you, though," Aziraphale smirked. He pulled out of Crowley, moved so that he could bend forward and took Crowley's cock in his mouth without further ado.

Crowley screwed his eyes shut and tried to remember how to breathe.

Aziraphale licked his way up Crowley's cock before releasing it. "Everything all right? Crowley, look at me."

"I can't," Crowley whispered, shaking his head.

"Don't be silly. We tested eye contact, you can do it." He kissed the tip of Crowley's cock, then continued downwards with kitten licks.

"You don't get it. I sort of... conditioned myself," Crowley admitted.

Aziraphale was sucking his cockhead and Crowley tried to anchor himself with this stupid conversation so that he could stave off his climax. *Not yet, not yet, not yet.*

"Crowley, what did you do?"

"I wanked to you sucking me off."

Great, now he had the mental image in his head, and even without seeing what Aziraphale was doing, he could *picture it*. He felt a flat tongue massaging the underside of his cock, just below the glans. It would look *obscene*.

"I want you to look at me."

"Angel..."

"Open your eyes or I will stop."

Crowley forced his eyes open.

Aziraphale's mouth was right over his cock, and his eyes were fixed on Crowley's. When he was sure that Crowley was looking at him, he swallowed him down to the root in one go.

Crowley came with a shout, thrusting his cock deep into Aziraphale's throat, shuddering through what was probably the best and most embarrassing orgasm of his life.

He might have had a short out-of-body experience, or maybe he just blacked out a bit. Either way, when he had calmed down, it felt like he was returning to his corporation and he gave it a quick scan. Aziraphale's come was dribbling out of his hole. It was probably making a mess on the sofa. His softening cock felt cold and sticky against his stomach. All his limbs were still there, albeit they felt like cooked noodles. Everything was dark. Right, he should open his eyes again.

Aziraphale was kneeling between his legs, and he looked worried.

"Ngl?"

Okay, vowels had apparently fucked off somewhere.

"Ssrrry," he tried.

"Whatever for?"

"Didn't warn."

Aziraphale patted his thigh in a calming manner. "Don't worry about it."

Crowley grimaced as more come leaked out of him. "I'm making a mess."

Aziraphale looked down. A blush rose on his cheeks and he used a quick miracle to clean up.

"There, that's better."

"Thanks, angel."

"It was my mess to begin with," he chuckled.

Crowley yawned.

"Oh, how rude of me, you must be exhausted!"

"Nah, 'm fine."

"Nonsense, dear. And you must be cold, too!"

Crowley felt the tingle of a miracle and found himself wrapped in the familiar fluffy bathrobe.

"What next? Gonna carry me to the bed I heard rumours about?" he asked sleepily.

"Would you like that?"

Aziraphale was twiddling with the belt of his own bathrobe. He looked bashful, which was a bit rich, given all that had transpired between them recently.

"Only if you join me."

The smile that spread on Aziraphale's face was blinding.

"But you don't need to carry me, I can walk," Crowley added hastily, but it was too late. Aziraphale had scooped him in his arms and stood up.

"I'm sure you can, but I find myself unable to stop touching you."

Crowley hooked his hands around Aziraphale's neck, rubbing his nose against the soft skin under his ear.

"The feeling is mutual, angel."

Aziraphale took them upstairs, and there was in fact a whole bedroom with a very large, comfortable bed. They burrowed under the duvet, and soon figured out some new ways to slot parts of their bodies together.

Chapter End Notes

After chapter 2 I started running Twitter polls regarding what's going on with Aziraphale. Is he a bastard who knows exactly what he's doing or is he an oblivious angel? The opinion has fluctuated a bit and it's been hilarious to follow 😊

Chapter 2: 36.0% for oblivious angel (n=50)

Chapter 3: 10.3% for oblivious angel (n=29)

Chapter 4: 15.2% for oblivious angel (n=33)

Chapter 5: 18.9% for oblivious angel (n=37)

Chapter 6: 34.8% for oblivious angel (n=23)

End Notes

I'm writing a 5+1, but there are 7 chapters? Yes, because the first chapter doesn't count even as Not-Really-Sex, because Aziraphale just needs Crowley to do a few poses.

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