

## Just Tell Me

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/30799883) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/30799883>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Explicit</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">M/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Good Omens (TV)</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Aziraphale/Crowley (Good Omens)</a>
Character:	<a href="#">Aziraphale (Good Omens)</a> , <a href="#">Crowley (Good Omens)</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Crowley Has a Penis (Good Omens)</a> , <a href="#">Crowley Has A Vulva (Good Omens)</a> , <a href="#">Aziraphale Has a Penis (Good Omens)</a> , <a href="#">He/Him Pronouns For Crowley (Good Omens)</a> , <a href="#">He/Him Pronouns For Aziraphale (Good Omens)</a> , <a href="#">Top Aziraphale (Good Omens)</a> , <a href="#">Bottom Crowley (Good Omens)</a> , <a href="#">Light Dom/sub</a> , <a href="#">Gentle Dom Aziraphale (Good Omens)</a> , <a href="#">Crowley Loves Aziraphale (Good Omens)</a> , <a href="#">Aziraphale Loves Crowley (Good Omens)</a> , <a href="#">Established Relationship</a> , <a href="#">Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot</a> , <a href="#">Smut</a> , <a href="#">Shameless Smut</a> , <a href="#">Masturbation</a> , <a href="#">Dirty Talk</a> , <a href="#">Vaginal Fingering</a> , <a href="#">Anal Fingering</a> , <a href="#">Sex Toys</a> , <a href="#">Blow Jobs</a> , <a href="#">Face-Fucking</a> , <a href="#">Hair-pulling</a> , <a href="#">Vaginal Sex</a> , <a href="#">Anal Sex</a> , <a href="#">Love Bites</a> , <a href="#">Orgasm Delay/Denial</a> , <a href="#">Sub Crowley (Good Omens)</a> , <a href="#">Come Swallowing</a> , <a href="#">Author is Open to Hearing about Dead Batteries</a>
Language:	English
Collections:	<a href="#">Top Aziraphale Recs</a>
Stats:	Published: 2021-04-20 Words: 4,099 Chapters: 1/1

## Just Tell Me

by [tikli](#)

### Summary

Crowley has trouble voicing his desires. Aziraphale comes up with an incentive.

### Notes

This is for all of you who share the notion that there can never be too much dirty talk.

Beta by [potatowrites](#), thank you so much, once again!

“Whatever you want, angel,” Crowley purred and kissed Aziraphale’s neck.

There it was again—*whatever*.

Aziraphale couldn't deny that he loved the way Crowley was willing to do anything for him, to him, with him.

He knew that Crowley loved pleasing him in bed. He'd have known it even if Crowley *hadn't* told it to him in plain English. He was so eager that Aziraphale couldn't have missed it, even if he had tried.

Everything should have been all right. Better than all right, actually.

Nevertheless, Aziraphale felt that he was somehow neglecting Crowley. That he wasn't giving Crowley what he wanted and needed.

Aziraphale was always the one who called the shots. He expressed his wants and needs, decided on the positions, efforts, toys and so on. Of course he asked for Crowley's input (pun not intended), but it was more of a formality at this point. Crowley never denied him anything.

"Angel? Everything okay?"

Oh, right, they were in the middle of something, and Aziraphale had been lost in thought for a moment.

"Yes, darling. I was just thinking of some things," he answered.

"I'm doing something wrong then, if you're still capable of forming coherent thoughts," Crowley grinned, his hands wandering on Aziraphale's body.

Aziraphale pulled him into a kiss and Crowley made a pleased sound, nuzzling closer.

"So, what's it gonna be tonight?" Crowley gasped when Aziraphale had moved his mouth downwards and was nibbling Crowleys throat.

Aziraphale was starting to form a plan.

"My dearest, you do know that you always make me feel so good?" he asked, carding his fingers through Crowley's long hair gently.

Crowley hummed in response and let his hands roam lower on Aziraphale's back.

"And you're always so enthusiastic to do whatever I suggest," Aziraphale continued.

"Yeah, it's hot when you tell me what to do," Crowley mumbled, his mouth against Aziraphale's bare shoulder.

"So, if I'd suggest something we haven't done before—"

"Whatever it is, I'm sure it's fun, I'm game," came the reply, which didn't surprise Aziraphale at all.

"Very well, then," he smiled and kissed Crowley's brow lightly. "This is what we're going to do. One, you're going to touch yourself, anyway you want. You can do whatever makes you feel good—and I'm going to watch."

"That's hardly new, been there, done that..." Crowley started, but Aziraphale wasn't done.

"Two, you are not to come before I touch you. Play with yourself as much as you like, but you will not finish without me."

Crowley squirmed a bit in Aziraphale's lap, which earned him a stern look.

"Oh, so it's going to be *that* sort of a night," Crowley said, licking his lips.

"Three" —Aziraphale paused for a second— "I am not going to touch you before you tell me exactly how you want to be touched."

Crowley let out a frustrated groan. "Angel, really!"

"Really. You asked me what I want, and this is it. You are of course free to suggest something else, if you have any better ideas," he smirked. "Even One. Single. Better idea."

Crowley glared at him briefly, then hid his flushed face in the crook of Aziraphale's neck.

Aziraphale more felt than heard the muttered "bastard" and stifled a chuckle.

"Don't worry, darling, I know it's hard for you to choose, so I'm going to help you," he cooed and petted Crowley's hair.

Crowley raised his head and looked at him with questioning eyes.

"Help me? But you said..."

"Let's just say I'm going to give you suggestions," Aziraphale smiled.

---

Crowley always felt a bit self-conscious when Aziraphale asked him to masturbate.

It was easy to just start wanking when he was alone and the mood took him. He could get from zero to one hundred in no time. He had thousands of years of experience, after all.

But when someone *expected* him to do it and that someone was *watching*—and most importantly—when that someone was *Aziraphale*, it was totally different. He felt like he was putting on a show. It took him a while to immerse himself in the act, to concentrate on how he was feeling, to forget at least momentarily that he was being observed.

Aziraphale knew not to break his concentration before he'd gotten over the initial awkwardness, and Crowley was thankful for that.

The angel was looking at him attentively, leaning against the headboard, still wearing his boxers. Crowley had arranged himself at the other end of the bed, leaning on a pile of pillows, naked.

He had started easily, teasing his nipples lightly with one hand and grabbing his cock with the other, dragging the foreskin over his rapidly hardening shaft. He wasn't in any hurry, because he could read Aziraphale like an open book. The angel wanted him to take his time.

"Darling, you look absolutely delectable like that," Aziraphale admired.

Crowley felt himself blush. After all this time he still hadn't gotten used to Aziraphale's praises.

"Are you thinking about all the ways I could take you?"

"Kinda... it's all jumbled up," Crowley muttered and tightened his grip, moving his hand a little faster.

"I don't blame you. There are so many ways I could take care of you. Sometimes I'm having hard

time myself when I try to decide what I should do to you.”

Crowley groaned. He started to feel like he needed more stimulation.

”Angel, the lube...” he held out his hand.

Aziraphale reached for the bottle and squeezed a dollop on Crowley’s upturned palm.

Crowley flipped on his side, facing Aziraphale, still holding his cock with one hand. He reached behind himself and brought his slick index finger to his arsehole. He fought the urge to plunge straight in, and instead started to massage the muscle slowly. Every now and then he pushed just the tip of his finger in.

”Crowley, are you teasing yourself?”

”You said I could do whatever I want!” Crowley huffed.

”I did, and I meant it. I love watching you enjoy yourself. Don’t hold back on my account.”

Crowley slid his finger halfway in and moaned, then remembered his other hand and gave his cock a few firm strokes again. He pushed a little deeper and changed the angle of his finger to reach his prostate, making himself whimper.

”Just don’t enjoy too much,” Aziraphale reminded him. ”No coming before I touch you.”

Crowley whined in frustration.

”I’m getting all sorts of ideas, just from watching you,” Aziraphale mused. ”I could put my mouth on your cock, take care of you with my tongue, suck you off. Would you like that?”

”Love your mouth, angel,” Crowley panted, his hand moving faster and faster on his cock, finger still deep in his arse, teasing his prostate.

”Oh, and I love yours. You’ve got such a wicked tongue. Maybe I’d take advantage of it instead, hmm? See those pretty lips spread around my cock. You’d take me deep, let me fuck your mouth, wouldn’t you?”

”Yeah, I would,” Crowley gasped, feeling his orgasm getting closer and closer with every stroke of his hand and push of his finger. He bit his lip and forced himself to slow his movements.

”Or maybe I’d push you on your back and take you with my cunt, ride you until you’ve satisfied me, before letting you come?”

Crowley’s hips jerked and he mumbled something that consisted mostly of consonants.

”What was that, my dear?”

”Nnnothing, it’s just... it’s all a bit much...” Crowley managed, trying to even out his breathing.

”Color, darling?”

”Green,” came the answer, without hesitation.

”You’re doing wonderfully, love. And remember, whenever you’re ready to tell me what you want, I will give it to you,” Aziraphale beamed.

Crowley made another frustrated sound.

"Shall we continue brainstorming? Or at least, I can share my ideas?" Aziraphale's voice had a hint of mischief in it.

Crowley nodded and continued stroking himself. His other hand was in an awkward angle and it was starting to get uncomfortable.

"Umm, angel... maybe gimme the plug?"

Aziraphale knew exactly *which* butt plug Crowley was referring to. They had several, but Crowley had one favourite over all others, the black silicone one with curved, round head. Now, he could have asked Crowley to specify, but the demon looked like words didn't really come easily to him at the moment. Aziraphale decided to show some mercy.

He fetched the plug and coated it generously with lube before handing it to Crowley.

"I'm almost tempted to help you with that," he said casually. "I could have rimmed you, get you relaxed and open. And oh, the feel when your arse succumbs to whatever I push in, be it my fingers or my tongue, some toy or..."

Crowley wailed and almost came on the spot. He hadn't even gotten the plug in yet, he was only nudging his hole with it.

He couldn't keep going on like this. He felt like he was ready to combust, but he still couldn't decide what he wanted Aziraphale to do to him. Everything Aziraphale had suggested sounded like the best thing ever, and he knew from experience they'd also *feel* like that. How could he ever choose? But Aziraphale had laid down the rules of the game, so Crowley had to pick out *something*.

If only he had more time to weigh up the possibilities and try to figure out what he needed the most. But thinking had gotten steadily more difficult, so making a decision of any kind was a challenge. Concentrating on keeping his climax under control at the same time made things twice as arduous.

Crowley briefly considered stopping time, but rejected the idea when he realised Aziraphale wouldn't appreciate it. No, he had to come up with something that wasn't against the rules or spirit of their game.

What was it that Aziraphale had said? "*Anyway you want... Whatever makes you feel good...*" Crowley grinned and closed his eyes in concentration.

It was a "blink and you'll miss it" -moment, and Aziraphale had just blinked. When he opened his eyes again, he did a double take and then chuckled.

"My darling, you are such a clever creature," Aziraphale praised. "I assume it was all getting a tad too much to handle?"

"Mmmnyeaaah, a bit too much pressure..." Crowley murmured, sliding his fingers between his slick folds absentmindedly, backing away from the proverbial edge.

"I was just about to tell you how good it would feel to plunge my cock deep into your tight, hot arse and fuck you until you scream, but a worthwhile competitor has just entered the arena."

Just like that, Crowley felt like he was on fire again. He rubbed his clit, but just enough to relieve

the pressure, to make it more tolerable. His arse felt empty, so he picked up the still-slick plug and eased it inside. He moaned when it hit his prostate. If Crowley could get the best of both worlds, he sure as Hell would.

"Oh, my darling, I can *smell* you, you must be dripping wet at this point," Aziraphale sighed.

He was right, of course. Crowley could feel the wetness spreading to his inner thighs and heard the squelching sounds his fingers made when he slipped them up and down his labia, spreading his slick. He teased his clit with his thumb and then pushed two fingers inside his cunt for a few languid thrusts. The room echoed with the lewd, wet sounds.

"I could eat you out for hours, drown myself in that delicious cunt of yours, make you come so many times you'd lost count," Aziraphale said, holding Crowley's gaze. "And then I'd give you a proper pounding, feel you throb all around my cock when I drive it deep in that silky soft wetness and make you come once more."

"Angel!" Crowley moaned. "You're gonna get me disincorporated!"

"Well, maybe we should do something about it then? What on earth would that be, I wonder..."

"You're insufferable," Crowley glared.

"Darling, you don't have to suffer a second longer, just tell me what you want."

Crowley did a quick mental summary of everything Aziraphale had suggested. It was a lot.

"Can I just... start with something... and we'd go from there?" Crowley pleaded, his head filled with dirty snapshots. He felt like he was standing in front of an all-you-can-eat buffet, starving and still unable to pick anything on his plate.

Aziraphale looked at his lover, who was *so* close to the edge, but was dutifully keeping himself from toppling over, just because Aziraphale had asked him to. He felt so overwhelmingly in love with Crowley and he wanted nothing more than to touch him.

"Yes, my love, we can start with one thing, no need for the whole itinerary right now," he promised. "You're doing so well, I'm so proud of you."

"Will you..." Crowley hesitated, but then made up his mind. "I *want* you to kiss me... then I wanna have your cock in my mouth."

"Wonderful!" Aziraphale exulted, visibly pleased, and shimmied out of his boxers. He closed the distance between them and cupped Crowley's cheek, pulling him into a passionate kiss.

Crowley opened his lips wantonly, moaning into Aziraphale's mouth, welcoming his tongue.

Aziraphale's hand found its way into Crowley's hair. He sucked Crowley's lower lip into his mouth and bit into it lightly, tightening his hold of Crowley's locks at the same time. Crowley whimpered, going lax in Aziraphale's arms.

"Please, angel, your cock, I can't..." he almost sobbed.

"Shhh, darling, I'll take care of you," Aziraphale comforted. "Just tell me how you want it."

Crowley stared at him, pupils blown wide, lips parted and breathing heavily. "Ngk, just... gimme..." he tried to find words and failed spectacularly, flailing his arms in a way that somehow

conveyed the message to Aziraphale.

"Let me make an educated guess. You want to lie there and just take it, let me make you gag on my cock?" the angel smiled sweetly.

Crowley inhaled sharply, hurried to get himself in a proper position on the mound of pillows and opened his mouth wide open.

Aziraphale didn't waste any time. He advanced on Crowley, grabbed his hair with one hand and shoved his thick cock into that eager, wet mouth with one solid push.

Crowley let out a garbled sound of pleasure. He pushed his thighs together to get some stimulation, but his clit demanded more, so he slipped one hand down to press against his cunt. The plug was rubbing him in a maddening way every time he pushed his hips down.

Supporting himself against the pillows with his free hand, Aziraphale started thrusting. He hit the back of Crowley's mouth with each thrust, making Crowley gag ever so slightly.

Crowley whined, saliva dripping from one corner of his mouth.

"Oh, if you could see yourself, my love. You look so beautiful like this, submitting to me, letting me fuck your mouth," Aziraphale purred. "But is this all you wanted? Can you come just from this?"

Crowley could, but that wasn't what he wanted. He shook his head, just the tiniest movement, but Aziraphale noticed it.

"Well, let's hear it then," Aziraphale said and pulled out.

Crowley spent a moment catching his breath and collecting his thoughts. An idea started to take shape and finally the image formed, crystal clear. He felt unusually calm when he opened his mouth to verbalise his plan.

"Need you to fuck me, angel. Thoroughly. Give my cunt the pounding you promised. And after you've made me come the first time, you take the plug out and replace it with that thick cock of yours and fuck me into the mattress."

Crowley took a deep breath.

Aziraphale stared at him with his eyes wide, speechless for once.

"Was that descriptive enough for you, or should I make it more explicit?" Crowley smirked, cocking an eyebrow.

Aziraphale's eyes had gone very dark and hungry. He licked his lips.

"Crowley, *darling*, that was more than I had hoped for," he breathed.

"Good. Now can you *finally* take me?" Crowley huffed.

"How do you—"

"And before you ask, I wanna be on all fours and you're gonna grab my hips so hard there are gonna be bruises tomorrow."

Aziraphale closed his mouth and nodded.

Crowley flipped over and rose onto his hands and knees. Aziraphale moved behind him and caressed his pert buttocks. He nudged the plug gently, drawing an needy moan out of Crowley.

Bending over Crowley, Aziraphale laid soft kisses along his spine, while slipping a finger between Crowley's thighs, sliding it upwards and reaching his dripping cunt. He probed his opening lightly, *too lightly*, making the demon growl.

"*Aziraphale!* Proper pounding! Don't make me beg!"

"Now, there's a thought," he teased and removed his hand.

Crowley pushed himself firmly against Aziraphale, bumping into his hard cock, trying to adjust the angle so that he could just impale himself on Aziraphale's shaft if he only pushed a little more.

"I won't—you're gonna give it to me *now!*"

That commanding tone broke Aziraphale's self-control. He dug his fingers into Crowley's narrow hips and plunged into his waiting cunt, balls deep in one go.

Crowley yelped and arched his back, pushing against Aziraphale. His cunt felt so full, the thick angel cock rubbing against his walls, stretching him open.

Aziraphale didn't give him much time to get adjusted before he started moving his hips—and he wasn't holding back anymore. He fucked Crowley deeply, with quickening pace, gripping his hips to hold the demon steady.

Every thrust was accompanied with a slapping sound, when Aziraphale's plush thighs connected with Crowley's lean ones. Every thrust also nudged the plug inside Crowley's arse in the most delicious way.

"Nnnnh, angel, you feel so fucking good, gonna make me come," Crowley moaned. His hands gave way and he slumped against the bed, face first into a pillow that muffled the frantic sounds he was making. If Aziraphale hadn't been holding him by the hips, he would have collapsed altogether.

Crowley whined when one of Aziraphale's hands released his hip, but then the hand was in his hair, pulling his head backwards, making him see stars.

"Touch yourself, darling," came the command and Crowley obeyed shakily, trying to remember how his limbs were supposed to work. He reached for his clit, too far gone to actually manage any elaborate manoeuvres, so he just pressed the tips of his fingers against it, relishing in the extra stimulation.

"You can let go now, love, I've got you," Aziraphale said, slowing down a bit and keeping his rhythm steady.

Crowley came with a scream that sounded almost agonised. His whole body shuddered ja twitched and Aziraphale thanked his angelic stamina that he didn't follow suit when he felt Crowley's cunt pulsating around his cock.

Aziraphale let go of Crowley's hair and smoothed his hand up and down on his back, murmuring words of endearment as he pulled out. He kissed Crowley's lower back, pressing his lips on the dimples above his arse, licking the sweaty skin and enjoying the saltiness of it. Then he moved his mouth to his buttocks, giving them small bites and sucks.



"Shall I continue as you asked me to?" he ensured.

Crowley was emitting a steady stream of blissed out, humming sounds.

"Crowley?"

"Yeah, fuck away," he mumbled with an approving wave of a hand.

Aziraphale grabbed the plug by the base and slowly pulled it out. He reached for the lube, slicked his fingers and pushed two of them easily inside Crowley's loosened hole. He promptly added a third finger and pushed them as deep as he could.

"M ready, no need for that," Crowley whimpered.

"Yes, I can feel how relaxed you are," Aziraphale agreed. "Turn over for me, will you?"

Crowley did, and Aziraphale grabbed a pillow and put it under his hips. Then he grabbed Crowley's legs and hoisted them up, spreading them. He lubed his cock, aligned it with Crowley's waiting arsehole and carefully pushed in. He started sliding into that hot tightness as slowly as he could.

Crowley was panting and groaning, his face flushed, grabbing his own hair with one hand and tweaking his peaked nipples with the other.

"You look positively debauched, my dear," Aziraphale admired. "Such a greedy, insatiable little demon, needing me to fill you in every possible way."

He placed his hands on the backs of Crowley's thighs, next to his bent knees, pushing them down towards the mattress. Crowley was spread open in front of him and he loved the view.

"Almost there," Aziraphale gasped. "You can take just a little bit more, can't you, darling?"

"Yessss," Crowley hissed and Aziraphale slid the rest of the way in.

"How are you feeling, dear?"

"Green as the fresshly ssprouted ssspring grasssss."

"Well, then. Into the mattress, you said?" Aziraphale asked and started to pull out. He didn't wait for Crowley's answer before he slammed back in. This time he kept his thrusts slower, but all the more intense, burying himself deep into Crowley's arse with every push.

Crowley was sobbing and starting to feel delirious with pleasure.

"Angel, need you..."

"What do you need, love? Need me to claim you, to mark you? Show you that you belong to me?"

Crowley whined and nodded desperately.

Aziraphale released his thighs and bent himself over Crowley. He grabbed his hair with one hand, forcing him to tilt his head and stretch out his neck and expose his throat. Crowley cried out when he bit to the sensitive spot at the juncture of his neck and shoulder. He kept pounding into Crowley while sucking and biting his neck and throat, hard enough to leave marks that would stay there for days.

"My precious little demon," he growled. "So good to me, so gorgeous, *mine*."

"Yours, angel, only ever yours," Crowley gasped.

Being fucked by Aziraphale felt *wonderful*. His prostate was getting the attention it sorely needed and he felt so full, so stretched. Aziraphale's belly was pressing against his cunt and that too felt good, but not good enough.

Crowley concentrated, and it was even more difficult this time, because he was being effectively *distracted*.

"Oh, *hello*," Aziraphale greeted when he felt Crowley's erection poking against his belly.

The change had immediate impact on Crowley, because suddenly there was more friction and pressure. *A lot* more.

"A-ah, angel, *please*," he begged.

Aziraphale lifted himself off of Crowley, making him whimper for the loss of contact. He returned to his previous position, and sped up his pace. He gripped his thighs again, using them for leverage as he ravished Crowley's arse.

"I'm going to fill you up and you're going to take it like the good little demon you are. And if you can hold off until I've come, I'll let you come into my mouth. Would you like that?"

"FUCK!" came the very enthusiastic response.

"I'll take that as a yes," Aziraphale grinned and then all his restraints were gone. He plunged his cock into Crowley's arse, faster and faster, and it didn't take long before he was pulsing inside him, gasping.

Crowley almost came when he felt that hot wetness spreading inside him. But he was very persistent, because he really, *really* wanted his prize.

Aziraphale slipped his cock out of Crowley's arse and watched in fascination when his spend trickled out. He let Crowley's legs down on the mattress and arranged himself between them. Then he bowed down over Crowley and licked away the not so tiny puddle of precum that had leaked on his stomach.

"My love, I can't wait to taste more of you," he whispered and lowered his mouth on Crowley's aching hard cock.

Crowley groaned deeply and bucked his hips—and then he was shouting Aziraphale's name and coming into his mouth, every muscle in his body taut. Aziraphale made sure not a drop was spilled, dutifully swallowing everything Crowley gave him.

Aziraphale waited until he felt Crowley's cock soften before he let it out of his mouth. He crawled up to lie next to Crowley, gathering him into his arms, smoothing the sweaty locks away from his brow.

"I love you so much, Crowley, words don't even begin to describe it," he sighed blissfully.

Crowley nuzzled closer and pressed tiny kisses everywhere he could reach.

"Loving you is the best thing," Crowley murmured. "And I won't stop. Ever."

Aziraphale kissed his brow affectionately and pulled a duvet over them.

The demon soon drifted into sleep, cuddled comfortably next to his angel.

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