

You Never Know What You're Gonna Get

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You Never Know What You're Gonna Get

by [tikli](#)

Summary

Crowley's latest gift to Aziraphale leads to an unexpected* result.

*Unexpected for him. All of you readers already know the endgame for these two.

Notes

Thank you for the beta again, [Epimeliad](#)!

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

There weren't many things in the world capable of inducing as much second-hand happiness as a pleasantly surprised and satisfied angel. Golden retriever puppies with big sticks could try, sure—but if you asked Crowley, doing something that made Aziraphale delighted was his preferred way of feeling elated via osmosis.

Actually, if you did ask Crowley, he would vehemently deny all of this.

Still, he was in the habit of bringing Aziraphale gifts. If those gifts made the angel glow and smile and profusely thank Crowley, well... If pressed, Crowley would have come up with some explanation of how all of this fit into his dastardly demonic plans. Luckily, no one had ever asked.

Crowley was a good listener and made mental notes about what Aziraphale was craving, then hunted it down. This way he always found the stuff that would make Aziraphale smile in a way that made Crowley feel like he was basking under the midday sun in July. He wasn't sure if Aziraphale had realised that this was his *modus operandi*, but since he never got called out for doing it, it was probably fine.

The conversations they had while enjoying a nice bottle or three of red wine were especially opportune moments for Crowley to pick up some ideas. Like now, when they were cozying up in the back of the bookshop after a good dinner, and Aziraphale was taking a stroll down the memory lane of delicacies he hadn't tasted for a while.

"...and then those chocolate truffles we had in Chambéry, they still make my mouth water." Aziraphale's eyes had closed while he was mentally returning to France.

"Yep, those were good," Crowley agreed, trying not to stare at Aziraphale's mouth. He took a fortifying sip of wine.

"Oh, and it's been a while since I last tasted chocolate starfish."

Crowley almost choked on his drink.

"The what now?" he coughed.

"Chocolate starfish?" Aziraphale smiled at him innocently. "You know, those Belgian ones, can't remember the name. Or were they seahorses? At least there were seashells, that I'm sure of..."

Aziraphale rambled on about the different shapes of chocolate pralines while Crowley collected his thoughts. This wasn't the first time Aziraphale had used a double entendre without having any idea of its ambiguity. Crowley had long since abandoned all hope of Aziraphale ever learning these things. After all, out of the two of them, Aziraphale *wasn't* the one who had come up with *Urban Dictionary*.

Crowley tuned back into the conversation, only to realise Aziraphale was still reminiscing about the pralines. They really must have left a lasting impression. Crowley could work with that, Aziraphale had told him enough so that he could find the chocolate that mimics some molluscs.

That night, after returning to his flat, Crowley poured himself a generous glass of Scotch and started searching for the pralines. Just to humour himself, he started with writing *belgian chocolate starfish* into the search. He soon found the ones Aziraphale had been talking about. He also found something else, and couldn't stop grinning when a plan started to take form in his head. Oh yes, he was going to teach Aziraphale a lesson. He was quite sure Aziraphale would learn nothing, but at least Crowley would get a laugh out of it. What's a little mischief between friends anyway.

A couple of days later Crowley returned to the bookshop with a sleek black box. It was topped with a strategically placed pretty bow that was covering almost the whole lid.

"Hey angel, I got you something."

"You really do spoil me, my dear," Aziraphale beamed. "What is it?"

"It's not a surprise if I tell you, is it?"

Crowley walked to the sofa and flopped down, then handed the box to Aziraphale who set it to the coffee table to open it. Crowley was fighting to keep his poker face until he'd see Aziraphale's reaction.

Aziraphale stared at the open box of chocolate in front of him with a slight frown on his face.

"Crowley, what are these?"

Crowley was biting the inside of his cheek. "Chocolate starfish," he stated, like it should have been completely obvious. "Chocolate chocolate starfish, to be precise."

The look on Aziraphale's face was one of utter confusion and Crowley couldn't keep his laughter at bay any longer. Aziraphale glared at him, but that only made Crowley laugh even more. To be in the vicinity of a happy angel was a truly marvellous thing, but every now and then Crowley just needed to rile Aziraphale up a bit.

His laughter died when Aziraphale picked up one of the anus shaped chocolates, brought it up to his mouth and *licked* it. Then he licked it some more. Then he *moaned*.

"Oh my, that is delicious," Aziraphale murmured, and continued to devour the chocolate.

Crowley was starting to have some serious regrets.

Aziraphale picked up another chocolate. He looked Crowley straight in the eye when he gave the wrinkly furrow a broad lick with the flat of his tongue, before popping the chocolate into his mouth.

Crowley swallowed nervously. "Aziraphale, what are you doing?"

"I'm enjoying my gift." Aziraphale was licking chocolate stains from his fingers. "It really has been a while since the last time."

Crowley tried to make sense of what was happening. Surely Aziraphale didn't mean it like that. Then again, it hadn't been even two weeks since the last box of chocolates Crowley had given to him, so that didn't add up with "a while".

"I'm... I'm glad you like them," he managed to croak.

"One of my favourite things, if I'm being honest," Aziraphale chuckled. "Too bad it's such a rare treat."

"Rare... treat..." Crowley parroted. He was staring at Aziraphale, unable to form any words of his own. Aziraphale was practically kissing the confection he was currently eating.

"Well, it takes two to tango, you know," Aziraphale winked. Then he let his tongue explore the surface of the chocolate before wrapping his lips around it.

"You're... you're not talking about eating chocolate, are you?" Crowley squeaked.

"What else would I be talking about?" Aziraphale had the audacity to bat his lashes at Crowley.

Crowley groaned in frustration. "You know full well what you're talking about. I just don't understand *how* you know about it and *why* you're doing this."

"I believe it's called innuendo."

"But why?!"

"You started it."

"I didn't—I just wanted to have a bit of fun..." Crowley trailed off.

"Yes? That's the general idea, isn't it?" Aziraphale frowned.

Crowley was completely lost. His plan had totally backfired and bit him in the arse, so to speak. How the hell was he going to find his way out of this mess? He felt that he should just leave. He was about to stand up when he realised that would be a bad move at the moment. So he slouched on the sofa, hoping that Aziraphale wouldn't notice his predicament.

"Crowley?"

Shit, Aziraphale had asked him a question, hadn't he?

"My dear, are you all right?"

"Just fine," Crowley muttered, avoiding Aziraphale's eyes.

"Did I... did I misread your intent?"

"Huh?"

"You *were* making a move on me, weren't you?"

"Wot?!"

"Oh dear," Aziraphale sighed. "I'm terribly sorry, I've made you uncomfortable, I really didn't mean it like that, I thought we were on the same page, otherwise I would have never—"

"*Making a move on you?!?*" Crowley lifted his head, staring at Aziraphale with wide eyes. "You thought I was—"

"I'm sorry! I shouldn't have, but I just let myself hope, because for once it really seemed like you were—"

"Hold on, *what?!?*"

Aziraphale finally stopped spluttering and stared back at Crowley. He was blushing furiously and that was distracting Crowley from piecing together all this new information. He'd never seen Aziraphale this embarrassed.

"Angel, are you saying that me bringing you a box of arsehole shaped chocolates made you *wish* there was a hidden message with it?"

Aziraphale averted his eyes and his silence was deafening. Crowley felt his pulse quicken. How had he not seen this? All this time, and he hadn't been brave enough to actually look and see his own desires reflected back at him.

"I would have," Crowley said quietly. "If I knew that you felt like this, I would—"

He didn't get to finish his sentence, because Aziraphale silenced him with a passionate kiss, effectively making Crowley forget the whole of English language. The kiss tasted of chocolate, with discreet notes of longing and unsaid words. It finished with a not-so-subtle hint of a promise.

Crowley realised he had closed his eyes at some point during the kiss. For a fleeting second he was worried about opening them again, but his desire to see Aziraphale bested his anxiety.

Aziraphale's face was so very, very close. Crowley had to lean a bit backwards so that he could focus his gaze. Then he realised part of the fuzziness was because of his smudged sunglasses, so he snatched them off.

"Hello," Aziraphale smiled shyly.

"Hi," Crowley whispered.

For a moment they just stared at each other.

Their next attempt at verbal communication was a jumbled mess of short words with no real meaning, spoken simultaneously. It finally turned into a shared, somewhat nervous giggle. That made them lean against each other and soon they were exchanging kisses again.

"Wait, lemme just rewind a bit," Crowley suddenly broke off their snogging. "Were you really suggesting that... you could, you know... That you'd want to..."

"Eat you out? Among other things. If you'd brought me penis-shaped candy canes, I would have had some ideas for those, too." Aziraphale had that familiar smile of mock innocence plastered on his face again.

"It's like I don't know you at all—but I'm very eager to get more familiar with this side of you," Crowley grinned.

"I suggest we move to somewhere more comfortable to get better acquainted, then."

"Lead the way."

Later that night, Crowley discovered several new ways of how to pleasantly surprise and satisfy his angel. He also learned that he was capable of actually feeling pleased instead of just basking in the happiness of others.

End Notes

The idea for this fic came to me after I regrettably had learned about the existence of [these chocolates](#).

Works inspired by this [one](#) [Sneakin' Too Hard On Your Lollipop](#) by [CinnabarMint](#)

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