

ON *CHRISTMAS ARRANGEMENTS*  
OF A DIFFERENT KIND

a *Good Omens* Fanfic

by **Rodo**

THEY HAD BOTH taken the credit for Christmas, of course.

It had started the year after the Apocalypse That Wasn't. Crowley, bored with the general lack of global tension and impending doom, had devised a new method to terrify his plants: He'd decided to buy a Christmas tree and flatter it with the most lavish and tacky decorations he could find. The plants, of course, would be scared that they looked drab by comparison and would be the next to go, so they did their best to outshine each other. Once the tree lost too many needles, it would be disposed of quietly.

This ritual had the added effect of generally annoying Aziraphale, who had started to spend more time at Crowley's flat for some unfathomable reason. "You do realise that all this glitter and gold is not in the true spirit of Christmas," he remarked, while he sat on the couch with a first edition Mark Twain open on his lap.

"Of course", Crowley replied. "I got a commendation for inventing Santa, after all. The rest of it was all their idea – you just have to admire their efficiency at creating new and creative ways to tempt eternal damnation. I certainly didn't anticipate little golden angel figurines to be involved," he said, holding up the particularly gaudy tinsel angel he had bought to top this year's tree.

Aziraphale sighed. "Still, look at all the good they do at this time of the year. They make an effort to mend fences and to bring happiness to the people they love—"

"—and end up arguing during the Christmas dinner anyway," Crowley interrupted. "Look, are you going to help me put these up or not?"

Aziraphale supposed there were worse ways to spend the afternoon, so he picked up one of the gold

and silver garlands. It seemed to go on forever, so he took up more and more of it, wrapping some around his neck and some in his belt to keep it from falling. Somehow he managed to wrap himself in the thing – it clung to him like a boa constrictor and he couldn't get out of it again; he had lost his grip on the end.

Crowley grinned.

Aziraphale scowled.

“Are you pretending to be a Christmas tree?” Crowley mocked. “Or the angel?”

Aziraphale felt himself blush, and then he noticed that Crowley's face had taken on a hungry and predatory look that reminded him a bit of the snake he had met millennia ago. He gulped nervously. “What?”

“I'm just thinking about the fact that I forgot to buy mistletoe.”

“... What for?” Aziraphale eyed him suspiciously as he stalked towards him. “Would you mind lending me a hand?”

“Not at all,” Crowley said, and suddenly he was standing far too close to Aziraphale, which startled him so much that he tumbled backwards onto the couch, still wrapped in garlands. He felt rather undignified, and Crowley's strange grin didn't really help matters.

It didn't help either when Crowley leaned over him and softly pressed his lips against Aziraphale's. He'd meant to protest, he really had. However, when he opened his mouth he quickly forgot about it because Crowley's talented tongue slipped in and felt really good against his.

Fortunately, neither really needed to breathe. Still, after a few moments Crowley stopped and moved a few inches away to look down on Aziraphale, who had still not quite figured out what was happening between them. He did know that Crowley's hand on his chest, pressing him back against the couch, felt really good. Some part of his mind had a vague idea of what was happening, of course. He *had* paid attention when it came to the human vices, but his knowledge of earthly pleasures of this particular kind was only theoretical and relatively incomplete. Aziraphale found that, surprisingly, he didn't mind changing that one bit.

“Still want a hand?” Crowley asked. He licked his lips with his now snakelike tongue.

Aziraphale nodded.

Crowley didn't hesitate; he bent down again and fumbled with Aziraphale's fly. Aziraphale wriggled a bit and tried to get his own hands free, but in the end he was only hindering Crowley, and so he laid back and stopped fighting.

Crowley grinned at that, and shot an amused glance at Aziraphale before getting back to work. It only took moments then. Aziraphale felt the cool air brush against his half-hard member. He suddenly understood why humans enjoyed this so much and gasped, bending his body to give Crowley better access.

Crowley took the unspoken invitation and closed his hand around Aziraphale's cock, giving it an experimental stroke.

Aziraphale groaned, a new but *fantastic* feeling surging through his entire body. It was a bit like heaven, if he remembered the place correctly, only red-hot and definitely more passionate. It was like flying, or like fighting with his long-lost sword. He remembered that, the satisfying feeling of it in his hand and how right and good it felt to try the movements, it was so intuitive—

Crowley's hand started moving in earnest and pulled him back into reality. They established a rhythm after a few incompetent tries, and Aziraphale forgot all thought of heaven. Instead, he focussed on Crowley's snake tongue, which flickered out of his mouth, tasting the heady scent that hung between them, and the feeling of the hand that still held him back against the couch. The inability to move contrasted with his desire to do just that and exited him more than he would like to admit. Above all there was Crowley's hand and the friction it provided. Aziraphale was lost.

It didn't take long once they'd figured out how it worked. Aziraphale's body tensed with the most delicious feeling he'd ever felt; it was almost as if the grace of God shone upon him. Then it was over. He breathed heavily, content and jittery at the same time, and when he opened his eyes – he hadn't noticed he'd closed them – he saw Crowley, examining his dirty hand.

Feeling Aziraphale's gaze, Crowley looked up and elegantly raised an eyebrow. His once again human tongue licked his lips. "Well, that was fun," he remarked. "Care to repay the favour?"

"Only if you get me out of this," Aziraphale replied, glancing down at the garlands.

Crowley grinned.