

Fingers

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Fingers

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Summary

In 6000 years they've known each other, Aziraphale never really paid that much attention to Crowley's hands. Until that one time they went to a small cafe.

Notes

Blame David Tennant and his fingers for the creation of this.

I am planning to continue writing this but it can be read as a complete work, too :)

There was a nice small cafe at the street corner, the type you don't normally notice, quiet and only spotted if you know it exists here or are very hungry. Inside it was truly a lovely place, with light beige walls and shelves with beautiful green plants, round wooden tables and cozy soft chairs.

They made the best coffee Aziraphale has ever tasted - and he didn't particularly have a thing for coffee, mind you, - and god, they sold amazing cream puffs.

While Crowley didn't really agree with Aziraphale on the topic of coffee (he said it was too light for him there, too much milk, even though Aziraphale was certain that this exactly made the coffee so delicious), he definitely loved the cream puffs. Aziraphale smiled to himself, sipping at his hot latte as he watched Crowley munch one of the puffs. Unlike the angel, who liked to slowly savour everything, be it food, drink or moment, Crowley was quick and eager. In less than a minute, the cream puff was gone, leaving the demon's fingers covered in white fluffy cream.

"Now, my dear, there is no reason to hurry that much," Aziraphale said, like he often did.

"And please, do wipe your hands."

"Wipe my hands?" the demon raised an eyebrow. "Why would I do that?"

"They are covered in cream, Crowley."

"And so what? What if I don't want to wipe them?"

"But that's what you are supposed to do! And you will make a mess if you don't."

"Oh, I don't need to use a napkin for that, angel," Crowley made a face and, probably as an act of rebellion, just started licking the cream off his long fingers.

Aziraphale's face flushed at the demon's behaviour. He wanted to tell him to stop, he already opened his mouth, but... something stopped him.

It came upon him that, while knowing Crowley for 6000 years, he never really paid attention to his hands. And now... for some reason, he couldn't stop looking at the long, slender fingers, at the way Crowley practically pleased them with his smooth pink tongue. His fingers seemed so flexible, with tiny veins slightly visible through the skin. Aziraphale did not know why, but the image made his heartbeat faster, and it made something warm coil sweetly in his lower belly. He longed to touch these beautiful fingers himself- wait, no. No, what the he- what on Earth was he thinking about?!

Cheeks a deep shade of pink, the angel forced his gaze off the demon's tempting fingers to his half-finished cup.

"Is something wrong, angel?" Crowley asked, his voice a little quieter than usual in a way that made already flustered Aziraphale shiver a little.

"N-no, just-" the angel tried to come up with something, "got lost in thought."

"Oh. Alright," Crowley drawled, slowly sucking one of his fingers into his mouth.

Aziraphale dared to look at Crowley, and it felt like his blood rushed to his face at the sight. Yes, the demon was just licking off the cream, but there was something so dirty and sinful about his actions that Aziraphale felt that pleasant sensation in his belly again. What was it? Was the demon tempting him to some new kind of hunger? Aziraphale did not know.

He closed his eyes and took a sip of his latte, trying to get his mind away from sudden strange, not-very-angelic thoughts.

He did not see the smirk that appeared on the demon's freckled face.

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