

Let your colours burn and brightly burst

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Let your colours burn and brightly burst

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Summary

Of course Crowley knew that shooting stars weren't actually stars. They were just space rocks, going on a very high speed - meteors. But when he let himself get more poetic, he compared shooting stars to falling angels, going down and down while their wings burned.

The first meteor shot down, and Crowley felt a familiar burn in his upper back and all over his face. Not a real one, though. Just a memory.

Notes

This is a song-based request written for my beautiful gf! I hope she likes it, heh.

The song is "Shooting Star" by Owl City and the lyrics she chose are:

Gazing into my eyes, when the fire starts,

And fan the flame so hot, it melts our hearts

All the pouring rain, will try to put it out, but not this time

Let your colors burn, and brightly burst,

Into a million sparks, but all dispersed and illuminate a world,

That'll try to bring you down, but not this time.

All demons were angels once.

While angels do know this, these are only vague memories, or even a simple awareness of the fact. This is due to the memory erasure they faced, but also because of the fact angels themselves wanted to get rid of that memory, as most of them loathed demons and did not want to think that a very long time ago, they belonged to the same side.

Demons, however, didn't have their memory erased. They do remember their time before the fall, and their contribution to the creation of the universe which was now never mentioned, forgotten and disregarded. It seemed like an additional pain to what they experienced when they were set to fall.

There were 6 million angels and 6 million demons. Exactly the same number. Sometimes it made Crowley wonder if falling was even fair - what if they made some angels fall just for, you know, quality. To make the numbers even and the same.

It wasn't like Crowley especially loved being an angel or hated being a demon. Hell didn't have such a strict discipline: be bad, do bad things, bring souls to hell, otherwise, do whatever you want aside from friendship with angels (even though if you are discreet enough, no one will check if you do have such a friendship). However, Crowley did feel that it was unfair for him to fall. He didn't even take part in the revolution; he went there for company and perhaps questioned God's will too much.

It also meant that his part in creating the universe, which was assisting the making of outer space, was completely disregarded. In spite of the fact he was responsible for creating some of the most well-known star systems and constellations.

Of course Crowley knew that shooting stars weren't actually stars. They were just space rocks, going on a very high speed - meteors. But when he let himself get more poetic, he compared shooting stars to falling angels, going down and down while their wings burned.

August. The month when most meteor showers occur. Crowley spent most August nights by the window, looking at the starry sky. On one hand, he was mesmerised by the beauty above the city, and tried to spot some of the constellations of his own make. Take the Pegasus, for instance - there were no time markings back then, but Crowley was sure it took him a few weeks to create it. And the bright star far away, that was actually two stars very close together - Alpha Centauri. It wasn't his work only but he helped to build it.

On the other hand, the stars made him sad. They reminded him of his life and work back in Heaven, which he indeed enjoyed. Wasn't hard work enough to let him stay?

The first meteor shot down, and Crowley felt a familiar burn in his upper back and all over his face. Not a real one, though. Just a memory.

He closed his eyes, letting his thoughts drift.

He thought of the angel whom he often saw back in Heaven. A loyal, hard-working one with white fluffy curls, a soft-looking body and a smile which could make a thousand beings around him happy. Crowley always found that angel to be extremely beautiful and adorable. They talked several times, and the angel seemed very flustered when, between usual discussion of work, Crowley complimented the way he looked or let out a smooth phrase. His cheeks turned red like ripe apples (even though, Crowley's mistake, there were no apples back then), and he giggled in such a way that it made Crowley's heart swell.

And after Crowley fell...

Yes, he did see the angel again. Many times, in fact. His curls, his softness, his smile - all were in place. The only thing that was missing was, well, his memories about Crowley. It was like he never knew him before.

And it hurt.

But Crowley did get used to it, long time ago.

"Are you alright here, my dear?"

Crowley raised his head sharply, his snake-like eyes wide in shock.

"This doesn't look like a very comfortable spot to sleep," Aziraphale continued. "Would you prefer to move to bed?"

"I'm fine, angel," Crowley grumbled, turning to look at the window. It started raining outside, and the sky was dark, with no stars visible, falling or otherwise.

"Something on your mind, Crowley?" Aziraphale asked gently, resting his hand on Crowley's shoulder. The demon's body flinched a little at the touch.

"Just the usual."

Crowley watched a raindrop slide down the window glass.

"Were you watching the stars before it well... started to rain?"

"I was."

"You seem to be fond of them, my dear."

"Perhaps I am. I helped to make them, after all."

Aziraphale said nothing, perhaps searching for a memory that should have been there but wasn't.

"Are you saying that... you took part in creating the universe?!"

"We all did, angel. All demons. It's just... nobody ever remembers it except for us."

There was a silence between them, Aziraphale's hand still on Crowley's shoulder.

"I am sorry," the angel finally said.

"Don't be. It's not your fault."

They sat together on the sofa in Aziraphale's bookshop, their faces illuminated by candle light. There were several candles on the table, all placed securely so there would be no accidental fires. Crowley wouldn't be able to live through another fire in the angel's bookshop.

Crowley turned his head to look at Aziraphale. He looked so warm in this light, and small flames, reflected from the candles, danced in his eyes.

Aziraphale raised his head, searching for something on Crowley's face.

"Your freckles."

The demon raised an eyebrow in confusion.

"Your freckles... are they the same as natural, human freckles?"

The angel reached out and touched one with his thumb.

"I guess they are now," Crowley said.

"Does that mean they were something different before?" Aziraphale asked, moving his thumb from one freckle to another, which felt like he was lightly stroking the demon's cheekbone.

Crowley's skin tingled at the touch.

"Well," Crowley answered, "they were, a long time ago."

"Not meaning to be rude, but what are these sparks on your skin?" the angel asked Crowley as he approached him. The angel was creating clouds at the moment - big, fluffy ones you can even float on - and the material was still in his hands.

"Oh, I just got them today. I received them as a reward. For my contribution to creating star systems."

"Oh, congratulations!" the angel beamed at him, and Crowley's heart skipped a little. "They look gorgeous. May I touch them, if you don't mind?"

"Sure," Crowley couldn't help but smile back.

The angel set the little cloud aside and reached his hand out. His fingers brushed against Crowley's cheek, making the latter close his eyes.

The angel traced the tiny star-like sparks with his soft, gentle finger, making his own small constellations. Crowley let out a small sigh. This actually was better than receiving the aforementioned reward.

"They... they are so beautiful, dear," the angel whispered in awe. Crowley opened his eyes and saw the angel's gaze move slowly across his cheeks and nose, and then to his lips.

There were no sparks on his lips, Crowley knew that.

He gently cupped the angel's face and pressed his own lips to his ones. The angel's lips were soft, ridiculously soft, and so sweet that Crowley wished he could stay like this for eternity. The angel pulled away slowly, a blushing, giggling mess. Crowley's heart was pounding hard against his ribcage.

"That... that was... nice," the angel said giddily. "Could we perhaps do it again?"

"Have I said something wrong, my dear?" Aziraphale spoke with concern.

"No, angel. Sorry, old memories and all that," the demon shook his head.

Aziraphale let out a small sigh.

"They used to be constellations in miniature. A reward for taking part in their creation."

"Ah wait, I think I recognise one... the Pegasus, isn't it?" the angel smiled, connecting the freckles with his thumb. More than six thousand years later, the smile still managed to melt Crowley's heart.

"It is," the demon smiled back.

"And... when you, well... fell, the stars, they..."

"Burned out, yes."

The angel's eyes filled with sadness as he gently stroked the brown dots.

"It's okay, angel, don't worry. That was literal ages ago."

Aziraphale moved closer to Crowley, lowering his hand. Then, suddenly, Crowley felt a gentle touch of lips on his cheek.

"I know that the burns don't hurt anymore," the angel said, his cheeks a little pink. "But I still want to soothe the pain."

Another small kiss. And another. And another. Crowley, who was shocked at first, now let his eyes flutter close. He focused on the gentle presses of lips and marvelled at the feeling, never wanting it to stop.

"There, dear," Aziraphale said, pulling away a little. Crowley opened his eyes and saw a blushing, smiling angel sitting before him. Unable to stop himself, Crowley stroked Aziraphale's soft, rosy cheek. It felt like the softest pillow against his hand.

"Thank you, angel," Crowley whispered softly.

His gaze moved to the angel's lips. They looked as soft and tempting as many thousand years ago.

The demon half expected Aziraphale to flinch or pull away. However, neither of those happened. Instead, the angel blushed harder, moving a little closer to the demon.

"May I?..." Crowley said, barely audible.

"Please, my dear," Aziraphale whispered back.

That's all it took for Crowley to lean in and gently press his lips to Aziraphale's. There it was, the moment he waited for six thousand years and thought would possibly never come.

The angel's lips were soft, soft like the fresh baked pastries from the bakery around the corner, and they felt so nice against the demon's lips. In spite of wanting the kiss to never end, Crowley pulled away, not wanting to scare the angel, only to find said angel following him, wrapping his arms around his neck and kissing him again.

Oh.

It was indeed a miracle that Crowley hadn't disincorporated then and there.

The demon started moving his lips, deepening the kiss a little, and Aziraphale responded eagerly, matching the demon's movements with his own lips. Crowley's head started to spin as he buried his hands in Aziraphale's soft curls.

It felt like the world stopped at that moment. It was just him and Aziraphale, and their kiss full of desperation and longing and love, and the glow of candles on the table was nothing compared to the fire that started in Crowley's chest.

They pulled apart gently at last, and Crowley smiled warmly at the angel before him.

Aziraphale was a beautiful mess, his face flushed a bright pink, his curls tousled and his lips swollen from the kiss. The angel licked them, giggling a little. Crowley's heart was so full of love for his angel that he felt like it could burst at any given second.

"Well," Aziraphale said, looking at the demon with a bright smile on his face. "That... that was nice. Could we perhaps do it again?"

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