

## Hay Fever

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# Hay Fever

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## Summary

*"Do you remember that time when humans used to sleep on straw mattresses? Not so comfortable, I must admit, but it does make me feel a little nostalgic." Aziraphale stopped by one of the hay stacks as they passed it, stroking it briefly and burying his fingers into the slightly prickly stalks. "Do you want to sleep on one of these tonight?" Crowley asked.*

One cool September night, an angel and a demon decided to have some fun at the hay barn.

The world is a quiet place at 3 AM. The cozy darkness sets over Tadfield, guarding the sleep of its inhabitants. The stars remind of glitter that a careless artist has spilled on the bluish-black canvas, and are a wonderful sight for anyone who decides to stay up at such a time. Just by the village there is a field where hay is collected every autumn. It is now empty, consumed by the cool darkness of the night, apart from a few stacks of hay and two celestial beings who decided to take a stroll at such a seemingly unsuitable time.

Aziraphale and Crowley were staying at Tadfield for a little while, as the angel wanted to take a small break from living in a busy city and Crowley didn't mind as long as his angel was happy. He even quite liked the change, as there was plenty of sunshine, many places to take a walk with his angel and have a picnic which Aziraphale so much loved, and at night, the sky was much clearer than that in the city, giving Crowley a clear view of the stars he so much liked.

Newt and Anathema had moved out a while ago, so the two stayed in Jasmine cottage. The angel adjusted it a bit to his liking, adding a few bookshelves and setting his favorite books on them (Aziraphale insisted on bringing at least 30 books along and Crowley eventually had no choice but to agree) and making the bed more cozy and comfortable (Crowley was grateful for that; he hated cheap beds as much as Aziraphale did). The two of them eventually fell into a pleasant relaxing routine which they both wholeheartedly enjoyed.

It has been several years since they prevented the apocalypse. It has been several years also since Aziraphale and Crowley had finally confessed their love for each other. Aziraphale spoke his feelings first, shy and smiling, and then worriedly rushed to comfort Crowley who started tearing up. The demon hugged Aziraphale and told him, voice slightly broken, that he had been in love with him for six thousand years.

Many words were whispered and kisses were shared, the first, careful, gentle one, then the second, full of longing and desire they've had for each other for so long, and then many, many more kisses of many kind, and dinners and dates spent together, and staying the night at each other's place, for sleeping of one or other kind.

And here they were now, taking a stroll through the hay field and breathing in the cool, pleasant night air.

"Isn't it just lovely here, my dear," Aziraphale smiled brightly, admiring the scenery before him.

"Who says otherwise, angel?" the demon grinned, giving Aziraphale a small peck on the cheek. The angel giggled at the sudden affection.

"And look at all the hay! Do you remember that time when humans used to sleep on straw mattresses? Not so comfortable, I must admit, but it does make me feel a little nostalgic."

Aziraphale stopped by one of the hay stacks as they passed it, stroking it briefly and burying his fingers into the slightly prickly stalks.

"Do you want to sleep on one of these tonight?" Crowley asked.

"I do have such a thought in mind," the angel admitted. "But the humans will be quite surprised to find us here when the sun rises, and the air is rather cool for sleeping."

Crowley gave this a little thought until he finally remembered something.

"There is a hay barn nearby," he said. "Lots of hay, no wind."

"But my dear, won't anyone think we are trying to rob it?"

"Angel, why would anyone in their right mind steal more than a small pile of hay?" Crowley snorted.

"And the humans. Won't they still come in the morning and see us?" the angel said, stroking

his own hands as he was a little nervous.

"I will make sure they won't," Crowley smiled and took Aziraphale's hand. The angel nodded and smiled back, little lovely crinkles appearing at the corners of his eyes. He squeezed Crowley's hand a little, following him to the barn.

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"Now, my dear, I know that no one can see us now but let's have some manners," the angel said gently as Crowley plopped down onto the hay back first.

Aziraphale took his time to take off his coat and put it on the hay, and then carefully lay down on it next to Crowley.

"How does it feel?" Crowley asked, watching the angel wiggle a little to make himself comfortable.

"I would say not quite what I am used to, my dear," the angel replied, wincing a little. "The scent is indeed lovely but the hay itself is rather too pickly for my liking."

"That's manageable," Crowley said, snapping his fingers.

"Oh!" the angel exclaimed as Crowley felt the hay soften around them.

"Better?" Crowley grinned, scooting closer to the angel.

"Definitely better, thank you, my love," Aziraphale replied gently, making Crowley's heart skip a bit at the endearment. "Come closer."

The angel patted the space next to him and Crowley didn't need to be asked twice. He moved even closer to Aziraphale, wrapping one arm around his soft body.

During the last several years, with Heaven no longer posing a fear to him, the angel eventually stopped being afraid of several things that brought him pleasure. His love for Crowley, for one. His passion for food, for another. The slightly but noticeably increased softness was the evidence of the latter, and though it made the angel feel self-conscious at first, Crowley liked it so much that Aziraphale's worries on that matter went out of the window.

Crowley let his mind wonder as he stroked the angel's body, from his chest to his squishy tummy, letting his hand rest there for a moment. He heard Aziraphale sigh as he snuggled closer to the demon, his hand gently playing with Crowley's ginger hair.

The angel's full cheek was so close to Crowley's lips and he couldn't help but pepper it with kisses, making Aziraphale blush. The angel turned to his side to kiss along the line of Crowley's freckles, the soft lips making the demons sigh.

As Aziraphale pulled away a little and smiled, seemingly admiring the demon, Crowley wrapped his arms around his neck, pulling him in for a kiss. The kiss was slow but passionate and full of love, making Crowley's head spin as his heart started beating faster.

Aziraphale deepened the kiss a little, licking his way into Crowley's mouth. Crowley couldn't hold back a moan as his hands left the angel's neck and started to unbutton his waistcoat.

It suddenly got quite hot in the barn as the two of them undressed each other, the kisses filled with increased lust, until they were both completely naked. Crowley was on top of Aziraphale, covering his soft, chubby body with kisses and letting his hands wonder all over it, drawing soft sighs and moans out of his angel. The demon rolled one of Aziraphale's nipples between his fingers, then working it up with his forked tongue as the angel quietly whimpered in pleasure.

He paused a little as he reached the slightly pudgy tummy, kissing all over it and rubbing his cheek against it. Crowley could feel the angel smiling as a chubby hand moved to stroke Crowley's hair.

Crowley felt Aziraphale's breath hitch a little as he pressed his lips to the soft curls just above the angel's cock. Intentionally avoiding the place which needed his attention most, Crowley

instead moved down to kiss and nip at the angel's plump thighs, drawing a needy whine from Aziraphale.

Crowley raised his head and looked at the angel's cock, chubby and thick like the rest of him, already hard and beautifully flushed from arousal with a small drop of pre-come already forming at the tip. Crowley felt thick arousal wash over him at the sight.

"Sssuch an impatient angel," Crowley drawled in a low voice, smirking a little.

"Well, it's not exactly my fault you are so good at tem... oh," Aziraphale's speech was cut as Crowley wrapped his lips around the smooth head, running his forked tongue through the slit. He lowered his head, slowly taking the angel into his mouth and listening to his little whimpers of pleasure.

Crowley moved his head up and down, setting a steady rhythm and hollowing out his cheeks, trying to please his angel as much as possible.

"C-Crowley... please, my dear, I-I am..."

Crowley pulled off his mouth with an obscene pop, the angel's cock wet and slick and so impossibly hard.

"Not done with you yet, my angel," Crowley said quietly, his voice a little raspy. Aziraphale moaned.

"But you are quite right, my dear. While do I find your... lips extremely pleasing," the angel blushed as he spoke, "they cannot compare to feeling you inside me."

Arousal coiled tight in Crowley's lower belly. He went down to smash his and Aziraphale's mouths together, wet and messy, tongues slipping into each other's mouths as Crowley desperately tried to miracle some lube.

He succeeded on the third try, the small tube appearing in his hand. The demon pulled away from the angel's swollen lips and poured a generous amount onto his fingers, spreading it evenly and gently pressing one slender digit to Aziraphale's entrance.

The angel's breath hitched as Crowley pushed in slowly. The finger went in without meeting much resistance, and the demon closed his eyes at the hot tightness. He took time to stretch his angel, pushing the finger in and out, crooking it a little, moving it in circles and then adding the second, until Aziraphale turned into a whimpering, moaning mess. The angel moved his hips desperately, seeking more pleasure. Crowley teased the delicious spot inside him, making Aziraphale arch his back and let out such a sound that it made the demon's cock ache with want.

Finally feeling that the angel was prepared enough, Crowley pulled out his fingers.

Aziraphale whined a little at the sudden emptiness.

"Shhh, my angel, just a sssecond," Crowley said in a low, soothing voice as he slicked himself before pressing his head to Aziraphale's stretched, wanting entrance.

"Ready?" Crowley whispered, and Aziraphale nodded eagerly.

Having got the reassurance he needed, Crowley slowly pushed in, biting his lip. His angel felt so slick, so hot, so tight. Aziraphale winced a little and the demon stopped, stroking the angel's cheek gently.

"No, no- it's all good, my dear, keep going," Aziraphale smiled, rolling his hips slightly.

The demon nodded and kept going in gently until he was fully inside of his angel. He paused, breathing heavily and letting Aziraphale get used to the feeling.

"I am ready now, please move, my love," Aziraphale whispered, spreading his legs a little wider.

Crowley nodded, letting out a sharp breath, and started moving, slowly at first but speeding up.

"C-crowley... my love, you are doing so... well..." Aziraphale moaned, his soft arms wrapping

around the demon's neck as he pulled him close.

Their lips moved hungrily against each other's, moans and sighs and groans going back and forth as Crowley's thrusts grew faster and sloppier with the overwhelming pleasure.

The angel let out a particularly loud moan, "AH, there, my dear, right there, harder, please...", and Crowley wrapped his hand around Aziraphale's plump, hot, leaking cock, matching the fast, hard rhythm of his hips with his pumps, hitting the angel's sensitive spot with every thrust and barely, barely holding his release.

He felt his angel arch beneath him, clutching him close and helplessly whimpering his name against his lips as he came. That's all it took for Crowley, an impossibly hot wave of pleasure crushing over him as he spilled inside his angel.

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The scent of hay was strong and heady in the hot air of the barn. The angel and the demon lay in each other's arms, fast asleep and beyond content and happy, as the pink stripe of dawn finally started appearing on the horizon.

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