

you will be the end of me, angel

Von CruxisLyrica

It had been a few days since the apocalypse-that-didn't-happen-thank-you-very-much and all in all the day ought to have started like any other.

Crowley would wake up at whatever time the demon felt like. His morning routine always consisted of a cup of coffee, despite the fact he wasn't able to taste much of it anyway (it was more a force of habit, really), a walk through his 'garden' and some, um, *encouragement* for his plants and then he would leisurely start the day and do whatever he felt like. You know, some mischievousness here, one or two minor misdeeds there. The good old stuff, basically. The nopocalypse didn't change much of his everyday life, even if he did find himself almost daily in a certain bookshop in Soho now.

Details.

Anyway.

What was bound to be yet another morning as all the rest had been turned out to be, in fact, a rather unique and quite distressing experience for the demon.

It all started, like mornings usually do, when Crowley opened his eyes.

The demon could have sworn he had closed the blinds the night before he went to bed. His eyes just weren't cut out for the dazzling light of the morning sun (or midday sun, or any kind of bright light source, if we were honest). Nothing a quick miracle wasn't able to fix.

And yet *it didn't*.

The demon pondered if hell had finally made its move and cut off his miracles for good, but to his surprise, the answer had been in front of him all along (once his eyes had adjusted to the *still too damn bright* bedroom, thank you very much).

The blinds were never open to begin with.

Okay, no need to panic. Being the demon that he was, all of this could just easily be part of his imagination. Or maybe he was still half asleep? Who said demons weren't

able to dream in blasted vivid and bright colors? Or side effects! Thwarting the apocalypse clearly had to take its toll on him sooner or later.

Coffee. He needed a large cup of strong, black coffee (and possibly alcohol. *Lots* of alcohol, but first things first). Miracled coffee wasn't as rich in aroma as human-made coffee was, but flavor never mattered to the demon in the first place. Not to mention the 'human way' was not cut out for the amount of caffeine he demanded and Sat-, Go-, *urgh* *Someone* knew he needed an *extraordinary* amount right here and now. *That* should be enough to wake up his corporeal form, no doubts about it.

Crowley didn't shriek nor did he squeal and he most certainly did not throw the mug full of coffee across the room in utter horror, startled by the fact that he was suddenly very well able to taste the dark and bitter liquid. None of that happened, no-uh, and neither did the little clean-up miracles, which *did not* follow shortly afterward.

Something was very wrong with him and if Crowley had paid just a little bit of attention, he would have noticed yet another change about himself. Sadly, his single brain cell was only able to process one train of thought at a time and right now Crowley's mind was deep down in *panic mode*.

Two minor miracles later (the idea of driving his Bentley was quickly cast away) and the demon found himself in the familiar bookshop run by a certain angel. The shop itself was still closed; no customers were in sight and he found Aziraphale lounging in the backroom in his reading chair, engrossed in one of his books.

"Oh, my." Aziraphale looked up and the book was quickly cast away without a second thought to spare. Crowley's eyes (he had forgotten to put his glasses on in the rush) were a dead giveaway that something must have been very wrong. "You seem to be rather in distress. Is everything alright my dear?"

Whatever it was, it hit Crowley all at once, right in the face and with full force.

"You---"

He could sense it. He didn't want to believe it – *couldn't* believe it, really – and never mind his bloody imagination, because *this* was certainly something he would never ever come up with in his wildest dreams.

Crowley could sense *Love*.

Yes, that was right, Love with capital L because it was *oh so much* to take in. It paled in comparison to whatever was left of Crowley's hazy memories before the Fall, but he could definitively tell this feeling was *Love*.

Crowley was in trouble.

The backroom – no, the whole bookshop – was filled with Love. *Aziraphale's* Love. Not the regular love of an angel for all of Her creations or the love of a Principality or Guardian of the Eastern Gate but *Aziraphale's Love*. And all of it was directed at

Crowley.

It was overwhelming, almost overbearing, but not enough to completely drown him. Not that he would have minded. He would gladly face discorporation – heck, even a bathtub full of Holy Water – if it meant he could bask in this sensation just one more second.

"You love me." It wasn't a question, oh no, but a statement. *The* statement of the bloody century, if he might add. "You *fucking* love me."

"Why yes, of course, my dear."

"*Of course?! And when, mind you, were you going to fucking tell me?!?*"

"Oh, I thought I was quite obvious, espec-

"*Obvious?!*" Crowley repeated, his voice was almost cracking. "Obvious! Yeah, right, 'course! *'He's not my friend. We've never met before', 'You go too fast for me, Crowley'* and *'I don't even like you'* were dead giveaways, right!"

Aziraphale's lips form a thin line and he was unable to meet the demon's eyes. Crowley felt a shift in the air, something similar to a knife cutting through paper and traces of guilt and regret began to blend in.

Great. *Fucking* great. As if it wasn't enough that he – a *demon* – was able to sense love now, he also had to go and make a mess out of everything.

"That's it. This is too much. *You* are too much. I don't know why I'm even dealing with this." Crowley stretched out his arms in an exaggerated manner, slumped on the sofa and heaved a heavy sigh. Just because someone was overwhelmed doesn't mean he can't be a drama queen, alright.

"Too much?" The angel asked.

"Everything. Bright colors everywhere. And the taste, the freaking taste! Do you have *any* idea just how bitter black coffee actually is? Un-*fucking*-believable!"

Aziraphale chuckled at the last part, but then an idea hit him. A brilliant one, if he might say so.

"Crowley?"

"And---and all of *this*." The demon vaguely waved his hand around, not paying any attention to the angel. The warmth radiating from Aziraphale was once again overflowing and everywhere and *just for him*.

"Crowley!"

"What?!" He didn't mean to snap at the angel, but he was still quite stuck at the 'being

overwhelmed' part and multitasking wasn't exactly part of his job description.

"Now that you have, err, acquired your senses, especially your sense of taste, *if* I understood you correctly----

"Angel, out with it or I *will* trash your wine collection and knock myself out. Might as well sleep for another century or two while I'm at it."

"Oh no, you won't." Aziraphale said, "Anyway, how about we grab something to nibble on? I am most certain you didn't eat anything this morning, as you usually don't, my dear. Let me tempt you to some crêpes, I know just the right place for us."

Of course. *Of freaking course.* Here he was, Demon Crowley (Demon with capital D, suckers), having the *existential crisis of his damned eternal life* right in front of his angel and all said angel seemed to care about was food.

It didn't take a genius to guess what went on in Aziraphale's head. Over the span of 6000 years, Crowley came to know the many faces Aziraphale has to offer, particularly his facial expressions related to food and right now his angel was very well taking a mental list of meals he wishes Crowley to savor. A long as fuck list, which the demon was certain of, possibly long enough for the next 6000 years. And unsurprisingly enough, Crowley didn't find it in himself to mind.

The demon sighed once more in theatrical fashion, make it twice just because he can. It shouldn't be worth mentioning that the smile on his face betrayed all of his dramatic antics.

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