A Quiet Life

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A Quiet Life

by phanniespider

Summary

Dan, a cynical demon performer, and Phil, the soft-hearted son of an angelic duke, meet on a dating app.

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Dan was used to a neutral location.

The app they were using had a very clear 'no name' policy, so for now, he only knew the man he was meeting up with as Bunny, a bottom who wanted a good time in a crappy little hotel on The Ridge. He wasn't asking for a relationship, not even a casual one, just a one night hookup. That led Dan to believe the man was probably an angel.

The Ridge was the definition of neutral. While inter-species relations weren't completely outlawed anywhere, they'd become somewhat frowned upon. Most angels thought of demons as uncouth idiots, with demons seeing angels as pompous twats. The Ridge didn't quite have that problem. As far as cities went, it was an accepting place for whoever.

Well, whatever. If a prickish angel wanted to be dicked down by a demon in secret, who was he to judge? He *had* gone all this way.

"Erm, excuse me," he began softly to the demon receptionist of the hotel they'd agreed to meet at, an older woman who looked very much like she didn't want to be there, "Room 13?"

She checked her notepad, then handed him a key. "Be safe, honey," she murmured lowly, and gestured to the bowl of condoms next to her.

"Thank you," he responded, shoved one in his pocket, then scurried along to the room.

He double-checked the message on his phone — *'don't knock just open the door'* — then put his key in the lock and turned it open.

"Bear?" asked a rather timid voice from the bed.

"Yeah, that's me," Dan responded, taking in the sight of Bunny.

Beneath his silver halo was a head of platinum blond hair, and beneath that were a pair of beautiful ocean blue eyes looking right at Dan. He was the epitome of heavenly in a way Dan never really expected to appreciate, but wow was he.

His eyes wandered down to the man's pale body. He wore a frilly pink shirt and even frillier white pants, with his un-scuffed brown shoes left politely in the doorway. His wings were tucked into himself, almost as if he wasn't sure how Dan would react to them.

"Just to check, um, what did I say my online name was?"

Dan raised an eyebrow. "You don't know?"

"Not that, just… need to make sure you know, you know?"

He chuckled. "Yeah, I know, Bunny."

Bunny sighed with relief. "Good, alright."

That was another thing; people submitted their dating history and pictures of themselves, but neither one of those things was publicly shown. Instead, the people who ran the app played matchmaker and simply picked and chose, then set up a chat. You never saw the person you were talking to, at least not until you were in a hotel room together in the middle of bumfuck nowhere. Quite dystopian, Dan thought at first, but clearly it was working if he was alone in a hotel room with Bunny.

"If, at any point, you need me to stop, just give me the say-so," Dan disclaimed, as he usually did when faced with an unassuming bottom. "You said you want to try something a bit rougher than what you're used to?"

"Yes," Bunny squeaked out, eyes fixed on anything and everything else in the room.

"You sure? We don't have to do this."

Bunny shook his head, letting out a nervous chuckle. "I did come all the way to the Ridge."

"We could order shitty pizza and play Mario Kart," Dan suggested. "I keep my Switch on me at all times."

The angel let out a genuine, heartfelt laugh. "No, no, c'mere. Sorry, just… nervous. I'm not exactly the type for casual hookups."

"Not part of the circuit, then?"

"The circuit?"

Dan carefully unlaced his boots, set them down next to Bunny's blue Vans, and climbed to sit right next to Bunny on the bed. The mattress wasn't bad at all, though it probably wasn't anything compared to what Bunny had in the Heavenly Kingdom. He pulled off the decorative cushions (lord knows what they'd gone through) and placed them on the floor.

"Yeah, the gay circuit. Y'know, where a bunch of party twinks dance around in clubs in the Ridge?"

"Oh. I didn't know that was called the circuit." Bunny scooted closer. "But no, definitely not. I hate clubs."

Dan shrugged. "I don't mind them, but I do prefer a night in." He paused, letting his eyes meet Bunny's, and let a smile come to his face. Bunny's body almost instantly softened. "You know, if you keep looking at me with those ocean blues, I might not be able to behave myself for much longer."

"Who says I want you to behave?"

Normally, this would be the point where Dan made a bold move, but he got the idea that wasn't Bunny's normal thing. Instead, he leaned in for a tender kiss, licking his way into the angel's gasping mouth and slowly positioning himself on top. Something about the angel beneath him was special in a way he couldn't quite grasp.

"Tell me a bit about your previous experiences," Dan murmured as he carefully pulled at the silver buttons on Bunny's frilly shirt. "What is *rough* to you, exactly?"

"Well…" Bunny paused, turning his eyes away from Dan's gaze. "I guess I just want someone who isn't treating me like I'm going to break. That's been just about all of my past experiences. Brightly lit rooms with people who think I'm made of glass."

"Yeah?" he pressed a kiss to Bunny's neck. "Can I leave marks?"

"Not anywhere visible. I normally wear shirts like this, so anywhere below the hem is fine."

"What about touching? Anywhere off-limit?"

"Probably just my feet."

Dan felt a grin come across his sharp teeth before he could even contain himself. It was a fantasy he'd had a few times before, if he was being honest. "Can I touch your wings, then?"

Bunny chuckled, licking his lips as he looked Dan over. "You look quite pretty, do you know that?"

Dan was just about speechless at that. No one in their right mind, especially not an angel, would call Daniel Howell the *demon* pretty. Not with the two spiked, black horns coming out of his curly brunette hair, not with the black tail sharp enough to stab, and most certainly not with the red that came out of his deep brown eyes when he was feeling anything strongly.

His main appeal with men like Bunny was that he was *rugged* and *alternative*, even if he didn't have many muscular bones in his body and he stopped straightening his hair years ago. It was never *pretty*. The creatures that bled black weren't *pretty*.

"Well, damn," he murmured, "you stole my line."

At this angle, one could almost mistake Dan as the submissive here, with Bunny now sitting up and Dan's head at his chest. He would make sure to rectify that soon, but he almost enjoyed this shift in dynamic.

"Yes, Bear, you can touch my wings."

The feathers of Bunny's wings were soft as Dan reached around to touch them, and as soon as he did so, the angel shuddered.

"Sensitive area?" Dan asked, knowing it was.

"Mm," Bunny responded, eyes closed now. His erection was painfully obvious in his tight pants, and Dan felt pride course through him.

He pulled at the tight sleeve of Bunny's shirt. "Want to take all this off, then?"

The angel nodded, sitting up to pull off his clothes. It was a rather tedious process, and Dan appreciated the fact that he knew his way around these types of things and wore decently baggy pants and an easy-to-remove jacket/shirt combo, none of which he cared for too much. Bunny was quite careful with his clothes, as well, folding them and placing them on his bedside table.

"Next time you do something like this, you should wear something a bit easier," Dan commented as he slipped off his trousers, now only left in his pants. He slipped those off too. "Not everyone is as patient as me."

"Well, maybe I like weeding out the impatient ones." Bunny chuckled, finally done with his clothes as well. "Or maybe I just want to make you wait."

The demon gasped dramatically at that, smiling nonetheless. "Bunny! That is *rather* forward."

He took a moment to appreciate the angel's form. Slender, and rather pale all over, with an ass Dan could admire for days.

"You sound so damn posh," Bunny laughed out as their eyes met again. Dan took two steps toward the angel, who was now giggling and smiling.

"*I'll* show *you* posh," Dan muttered, which really didn't make any sense, but neither of them cared as their lips reconnected.

He easily positioned Bunny back under him on the bed, one hand at the base of his wings and the other on his ass. He rubbed the feathers he felt, breathing in and thoroughly enjoying the sighs and whimpers that fell from the angel's mouth. Meanwhile, the angel's arms were wrapped firmly around his waist.

As Dan pulled back, he felt the intense and primal need to leave his mark on this man. Even if he never saw Bunny again after tonight, and even though a hickey would go away in a matter of a week, he just needed to.

And he knew exactly where he would.

"Flip over," Dan instructed. Bunny hesitated, looking at him a few moments, then flipped.

Dan leaned down to the point at the angel's back right by his wings and planted a kiss there. "What're you gonna do with me?"

"Well," began Dan slowly, running his hands along the lower part of Bunny's back, nearing his back, "First, I'm going to mark you up. I'll take my time with your pretty back, and when I'm ready, I'll spread your legs. Did you prep yourself before coming here?"

Bunny shook his head. Dan grinned.

"Then I'll do it myself. I'll spread you open nice and good, then I'll fuck you. Rough, just like you need it. And, just like I said before, if you need me to stop at *any point*, just give me the say-so. Got that?"

Bunny nodded. Dan tisked.

"I need a verbal response, Bunny."

"Yeah, alright."

Dan leaned down and sucked his first mark into the angel's smooth skin, right below his right wing. He continued this in a pattern, each one near the wings, each one accompanied with the same stroking of Bunny's feathers until he was rutting into the mattress. If they had a more established dynamic, Dan would smack his ass and tell him to stop, but they didn't, so he settled for appreciating the effect he had on the other man.

Eventually, he could hear the quickening of the angel's whimpers, so he pulled back and steadied his hips. That action was met with a desperate whine. He looked over his work — dark marks contrasted the angel's white wings perfectly, artistically.

"Relax, Bunny. I'm gonna open you up now. Need me to stop?"

"*Please* don't stop, Bear."

He pressed one lubed finger against Bunny's hole, then slowly pushed it in. He slowly, methodically pushed in and out until he believed the angel was ready for two fingers. Then, he pushed a second one in, curling it methodically.

"Ah, fuck!" cried out the angel, whose hips had apparently rutted against the mattress too many times, because he was fully rocketing into orgasm. "Bear, Bear!"

Dan fingered him through it, pressing little kisses to the back of his neck. Finally, when whines and moans turned into small whimpers, he pulled his fingers out and turned Bunny over. There were tears running down his reddened face, his hair mussed and his entire body shaking.

"You okay?" the demon asked, pressing a tender kiss to Bunny's forehead.

"Uh-huh," he mumbled. "Just need a minute to get my thoughts together."

"Want me to put something on the TV?"

"Yeah, thanks."

After a couple of minutes, Dan had his Netflix pulled up on the TV and playing some random romcom he'd seen a million times before. Bunny, though, seemed to not recognize it.

He grabbed a towel from the bathroom and began to wipe up the angel's front, letting him bathe in the afterglow and enjoy the film. He prided himself on having good bedside

manners, even if the men he slept with didn't appreciate them much. He covered Bunny with a blanket and sat beside him, careful not to touch in case he was one of *those.*

"'m sorry," Bunny murmured.

"Don't be. The point was to unravel you." He kissed the angel on his cheek. "I just didn't realize I was doing such a good job." He paused, looking at the still-shaking man. "Do you want a cuddle?"

"Don't feel obligated. Please."

"That's not what I asked, silly billy. Trust me, I don't do anything I don't want to."

While that wasn't exactly true, Bunny didn't need to know that.

Bunny looked at him, then smiled warmly. "You are something else. I would like a cuddle."

Dan didn't hesitate in wrapping his arms around the angel, careful not to press into any of the sensitive bruises on his back. He stroked Bunny's neck and kissed his cheek until the shakes were gone from his body.

"There we go… you feeling better now?"

"Uh-huh… I do still feel a little bad though. You didn't even get to…"

"What, come?" He almost giggled at the angels polite hesitation to say the word. Dan had lost most of his erection during the aftercare portion, because while he did genuinely enjoy caring for his partners, it wasn't exactly arousing to methodically wipe come off of someone's stomach. "I'm alright."

"Can I suck you off? Please? For my own mental well-being?"

Well, Dan wasn't going to say no to that.

"Don't feel obligated."

"I don't do anything I don't want to, Bear," the angel said with a mischievous grin as he made his way down Dan's body. Somehow, he didn't quite believe that.

"If it gets to be too much, pull back, alright? Don't choke yourself."

"You're not *that* big," Bunny teased. He pressed a kiss to Dan's tip, then slowly took him into his wet mouth.

And holy fuck, was Bunny good.

He assumed that because the man in front of him was an angel, that he was sexually inexperienced, but that clearly wasn't the case right now. His stamina may have been shit, but his mouth most certainly was not.

"Fuck," he groaned. "Bunny, shit, you're so good at that."

He gripped the angel's halo hard. He'd never thought he'd have an *angel* sucking *him* off. That just wasn't how these things normally went — not that he was complaining, of course.

"F-fuck, close, Bunny, *close*. 'm close."

The angel pulled off and finished Dan with his hand, allowing him to come all over his face. Dan couldn't help the smile that came to his face at the sight. His halo had begun glowing at this point, illuminating them both in a silver glow. He truly was a pretty man.

He grabbed another towel and wiped down Bunny's face, then pulled on some pajamas he'd brought in his bag. He noticed Bunny doing the exact same and grinned. It felt somewhat domestic in a way that sparked a fire in his heart.

He took a deep breath and desperately attempted to grab onto reality. Bunny was a hookup. He was an angel, and Dan was a demon. They didn't even know each other's names. Sure, the man was cute, but this was a casual thing. They'd sleep in the same bed, check out at different times, and likely never speak again.

"Is this as far as tonight is going?" Dan asked, knowing.

Bunny averted his eyes. "I'm sorry. This was really great, I just don't think I'm ready for anything more than this. I'm not used to, um, casual hookups or anything like that."

Dan pulled him closer. "Don't feel bad. I came. I'm content. What do you want to do now?"

"You said something about having your Switch?"

Dan grinned. He could remember casual tomorrow.

Chapter End Notes

im going to take this opportunity to complain about the phandom (lovingly) because WHAT THE FUCK ARE THESE ACRONYMS?? you actually cant make every video title into an acronym. i stare at tumblr daily scrolling through different tags trying my hardest to figure it out. i genuinely give myself a cookie if i can get it without any help.

i don't actually think there are any phannies on dot lol, but if you are reading here, hi! leave a comment so i know you exist :3 im always looking for more phannie friends.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!