

Less than perfect

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/15810453) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/15810453>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Phandom/The Fantastic Foursome (YouTube RPF)
Relationship:	Dan Howell/Phil Lester
Characters:	Dan Howell , Phil Lester
Additional Tags:	Anal Sex , Painful Sex , No non-con though
Language:	English
Collections:	Phandom fic Fests: Fic You're Afraid to Write Flash Fest
Stats:	Published: 2018-08-27 Words: 647 Chapters: 1/1

Less than perfect

by [trainsimulator](#)

Summary

Sometimes, having sex doesn't quite work out as imagined.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

It stings.

Or maybe it burns, Dan isn't even sure, but what he's sure about is that he shouldn't be feeling this way anymore, not after what feels like a few minutes already. Very few minutes probably, but still. He's well aware that it always feels strange at first, maybe even a bit *too* full and *too* stretched, but he's also aware that this feeling should have subsided by now, changed into feeling full and stretched in a way that makes him crave more, and not-

"Phil," he says quietly, holding his breath as it stings again. He hates this. Hates that it feels so different with Phil's dick inside him compared to Phil's fingers; hates that he thought he was ready for Phil, that Phil had prepared him thoroughly, and now it turns out he hadn't been ready after all, and there's just no way that he-

It hurts.

"Phil, wait," he says, louder now, and Phil looks at him slightly confused, and stops his movements.

"What's wrong?", he asks, and Dan looks up at him and almost can't bring himself to say what he wants to say, but he knows he has to, and he knows that Phil wouldn't want him to be hurting, so he *has* to tell him.

"I can't... I don't know, I can't relax or something," he says, and Phil's expression changes from confusion to worry.

"Did I hurt you?", he asks, and Dan closes his eyes and nods, before looking at Phil again.

"A bit," he murmurs, turning his head to the side and gazing off into the room, and he's not sure what feels worse, that he's ruining the sex or that he's making Phil feel bad.

"Dan," Phil says, and Dan glances back at him, still above him, still inside him, and he almost wishes he hadn't said anything as he notices the all but panicky expression in Phil's eyes.

"This might hurt again, ok?", he asks, and Dan nods, not even sure what Phil means until he can feel Phil slide out of him, and he lifts his right leg from where it had been resting on Phil's shoulder and lays still for a moment, feeling empty again, feeling himself clench up again almost immediately. He draws a deep breath, feeling both relieved and embarrassed, and looks at Phil who has laid down next to him.

"I'm sorry," he says quietly, "I don't know what's wrong," but Phil just shakes his head, frowning slightly and taking Dan's hand, pressing a kiss to his fingers.

"I can't believe I didn't notice. Did it hurt all the time?"

"It was ok when it was only your fingers," Dan says, his hand still in Phil's, his fingers interlacing with the other's. "I thought I was good... I mean, I wouldn't have said so if I'd thought I wasn't, but..." He pauses for a moment. "Should I give you a handjob or something?"

"What are you on about?", Phil frowns, and Dan shrugs.

"I ruined the sex, and I thought you'd still want to get off."

"Dan. You didn't ruin anything, ok? And I don't want to get off, I want you to feel better."

He looks over at Phil, who still seems so unsettled, and nods.

"I do. Can you hold me for a bit?"

Dan watches as Phil pulls their duvet over them from where it had been lying bunched up at their feet before he settles against the other, resting his forehead against Phil's chest and feeling his fingers combing through his hair.

"I'm so sorry I hurt you," he hears Phil whisper, and he hugs him tighter, reassuringly.

"It's not your fault," he says quietly, trying to relax into Phil's embrace completely, trying to shut out the little voice inside his mind that keeps telling him he ruined the night and failed at sex and disappointed Phil.

End Notes

So I was basically afraid to write this because a) I was really worried it might seem that things are happening against Dan's will, instead of accidentally, and b) because awkward sex is just, well, awkward. But I guess it happens at times that things don't work out quite as planned?

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