

**the only language we speak is love**

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/17843306) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/17843306>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Not Rated</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Phandom/The Fantastic Foursome (YouTube RPF)</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Dan Howell/Phil Lester</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Dan Howell</a> , <a href="#">Phil Lester</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Fluff</a> , <a href="#">Mostly Fluff</a> , <a href="#">each chapter is its own little drabble</a> , <a href="#">Established Relationship</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2019-02-18 Completed: 2019-09-16 Words: 4,297 Chapters: 7/7

# **the only language we speak is love**

by [Lizzyboo](#)

## Summary

a collection of drabbles based on one word prompts, enjoy!

## Pouting

“Stop pouting,” Dan reprimands, and rolls his eyes when Phil only pouts harder in response.

“You promised,” Phil says, and there’s a whine to his voice Dan knows he put there on purpose.

“I did no such thing,” Dan protests. Really, he didn’t.

“Yes you did! You said you’ll come to bed in half an hour. Well, it’s been more than half an hour. In fact, it’s been 45 minutes.”

Phil has been standing by the office door for the last 5 minutes, tapping his foot and letting out displeased sounds, trying to force Dan to pay him some attention.

Dan’s been editing his latest video, a process that always makes him stay up too late and stress too much, and always makes Phil go either into his worried mum mode, or into his needy boyfriend mode. This time, it is the latter.

“I said I’ll try,” Dan says, but he can feel himself starting to lose his resolve. Damn Phil and damn his cute pout.

“Daaan,” Phil complains, finally moving from his place near the door and into the room. “I’m tired, come on,” Phil rubs his eyes to emphasize his words, and Dan has to stop himself from cooing. Damn Phil, Dan thinks again, he knows exactly how to play him.

“Phil, just go to sleep. I’ll be there later, okay?” Dan tries again, but even he can hear the lost battle in his tone.

There’s no doubt Phil can hear it too, and he moves even closer to Dan, sitting down on the floor next to him and resting his cheek on his thigh, blinking up at him with his blue blue eyes. The little snake.

“I can’t sleep without you,” he says with a pitiful voice.

That, is a lie. Dan knows it’s a lie. Phil slept without him plenty of times. Always made sure to say how nice it is to sleep without Dan’s freezing toes poking him in the middle of the night the morning after.

“You’re so manipulative,” Dan says, and curses himself for how soft his tone is and how his fingers move to smooth Phil’s hair back without his actual consent.

Phil rubs his cheek on Dan’s thigh in response, a little smile on his face. “Am not,” he says, grabbing Dan’s hand from his hair and moving it to his lips, kissing his fingers.

Oh. He is. He most certainly is.

“If I get even one tweet tomorrow asking about the new video, you’re going to be the one to give explanations,” Dan says, and Phil lifts his head, a victorious smile on his face.

“Sure,” he says with ease , all the eye rubbing and tired pouting gone all of a sudden. Just like that.

He won’t actually do that, they both know he won’t. But at least Dan would be able to complain about it, which is something that brings Dan a huge amount of comfort, for some reason.

“Come on you spoon, let’s go to bed.”

# Heartbeat

## Chapter Notes

tw anxiety

Sometimes, when Phil feels his heart racing too fast, trying to burst out of his body with nervous energy, he likes to lay his head on Dan's chest, against his slow, steady heartbeat.

It's a habit he picked up when he was a kid, long before he and Dan had met, long before he could even put into words what was actually wrong.

And as most of his indulged habits, it started with his mother.

Started with him not being able to calm himself down when his vision would blur and his breathing would get rough and his little heart would beat too fast in his little chest. Started with his mum always picking him up, pressing him close to her body, ear against her beating heart.

It didn't always help, but something about the action became an automatic response to feelings of distress or anxiety, and even when he grew older, he was still seeking the soothing contact.

Dan didn't get it right away, didn't understand why Phil was pressing close and tight against him at random times (though he accepted it just the same, never saying no to a cuddle), but as many other aspects of their relationship, he figured it out along the way, learning from experience and growing closer with time.

And now, when Phil suddenly scoots closer to him on the back seat of the car, laying his head down on his chest and pressing closely, Dan doesn't even blink.

It's late and they are on their way from the airport to the hotel, Martyn is sitting in the front seat next to the driver and Cornelia is squeezed next to them, pointedly paying them no attention, eyes focused on the window.

Dan knows, if it wasn't bad, if it wasn't too much, Phil wouldn't be acting like that in front of people, especially not a driver they've met not more than 15 minutes ago.

But the car is dark and the day was long and guiltily Dan has to admit to himself he let Phil take on by himself a little too much of what should have been tackled together.

So he takes Phil's hand in his, lacing their fingers and squeezing in acknowledgement and apology, pressing his thumb to the pulse point on his wrist and feeling the way his rapidly beating heart slows down as the time passes in a comforting silence.

When they'll get to the hotel, Dan will let Phil cling as much as he wants. He will let him crawl to him in bed and practically lie on top of him, like he does sometimes when he's really in need of closeness and comfort. And Dan will kiss his head and promise to handle everything that needs to be handled tomorrow together, like it should have been handled today. He will stroke his hair and listen to his breathing quicken and slow down again, depending on what goes through his mind.

But for now, he settles for another squeeze of the hand when Phil's breath hitches suddenly, and his pulse gives a small, unsteady stutter under Dan's thumb, his head pressing closer to Dan's chest.

"It's okay," he murmurs, quiet enough that he knows no one else can hear him, maybe not even Phil. But Phil responds with a small hum, eyes closed shut and face concentrated, like he's trying to memorize the pattern of Dan's heartbeat.

It's okay, he thinks to himself again. He can be a steady heartbeat for Phil, as long as he needs him to be.

## **baby**

“Why don’t we ever use terms of endearment?” Phil asks suddenly, interrupting the quiet atmosphere that settled over the room.

They’re both in bed, Phil lying on his side and scrolling on his phone while Dan is sitting with his back against the headboard, still on his laptop. The question comes out of nowhere, and it takes a moment for Dan to register what Phil said.

“What do you mean?” He asks, his attention is still divided between Phil and his computer, eyes skimming over an interesting article about bees.

“You know, terms of endearment, cute nicknames, gross coupley stuff,” Phil says, putting his phone down and looking up at Dan with a pout.

“We do use nicknames. I call you Philly all the time,” Dan says, still looking at his computer screen.

Phil feels a flash of unreasonable annoyance in his chest, making him cover his face with his hands and groan in frustration. “It’s not what I mean,” he says, rolling a little to his stomach and burying his face in his pillow.

He hears an amused chuckle next to him (which only contributes to his agitation) and the sound of movement, and then there’s a large, warm hand on his back, rubbing circles over the material of his T-shirt.

“Then what do you mean?” Dan asks, and his voice is teasing and smug but also warm and fond, and Phil knows he’s not trying to make fun of him, not really.

“You know what I mean. Like... cute, romantic, coupley words,” Phil mumbles, face still pressed to the pillow.

“Have you been reading fanfiction again Phil? Is that it?” Dan asks, amused, “were we all like, lovey-dovey and gross in it?” he lets his hand tickle Phil’s side a little, making him squirm.

Phil doesn’t answer, but by the way the back of his neck turns a lovely shade of pink, Dan assumes he’s right. He lets out a loud, amused laugh, which makes Phil whine an annoyed “Shut up,” and bury himself deeper in his pillow.

Dan shuffles a little down then, face hovering over the back of Phil’s head. “What did I call you in it then, Mhm?” he asks. “Go on, tell me.”

Phil stays quiet, refusing to answer him.

Dan’s hand moves to Phil’s hair, scratching his scalp with encouragement. “Was it dear?” he asks, waiting patiently until Phil mumbles a small “no.”

“Love?” another no.

“Darling?” he tries again, getting the same response.

“Was it Baby?” he asks, leaning down to kiss the back of Phil’s head, waiting for an answer. But this time, Phil stays silent, the only sign of acknowledgment is the way his neck grows even pinker than before.

Dan smirks, but his stomach flutters a little. Phil is just so damn cute sometimes, it still makes Dan’s heart want to burst out of his chest after all these years. “Is that it? You want me to call you baby?” he’s teasing, and he knows it’s a little mean, but the way Phil groans in embarrassment and practically radiates warmth from every part of his body is absolutely worth it.

Dan pulls him in then, making him lift his pink face from the pillow, shuffling closer until he can take Phil in his arms and let him hide again in his neck.

“My baby,” he says, a little too sweetly, earning himself a weak push from Phil (an action that comes up a little short, because right after that Phil pulls him even closer, fisting the front of his shirt and kissing his lips, effectively shutting him up).



## tea

Dan was still staring at his computer intently when Phil walked in the room, not turning his head to greet him or acknowledge his presence in any way.

It's been like that from the moment they got home, both of them needing some time for themselves, time to unwind and take a little breath before going back on the road.

Phil knew it was important, knew that time alone was necessary to prevent future problems and unnecessary fights. But after taking a long bath and even a longer nap, he started to get a little lonely, missing Dan's usual warmth by his side.

"Hey, i brought you tea," he said, walking towards Dan and putting the streaming mug down on the table next to Dan's elbow, earning himself a hum of appreciation.

"What are you doing?" He asked, kneeling down next to Dan, leaning a little on Dan's leg. That made Dan finally look at him, turning a little in his chair.

"Just thinking of video ideas, nosy, do you need something?" He asked, making Phil feel a little guilty for interrupting his thought process.

He dropped his head down to Dan's thigh, nuzzling his cheek against the soft material of Dan's sweatpants. "Nothing, just wanted to bring you tea, that's all," he said, closing his eyes when he felt Dan's fingers starting to comb his hair between them.

"Nothing else?" Dan asked, hand moving from Phil's head and tracing the side of his face, from his forehead to his nose.

Phil shook his head as best as he could from his position, basking in the sudden attention Dan was giving him.

"Well, thank you then."

"You welcome."

They were silent for a moment, Dan's fingers still tracing his skin before he spoke again.

"How about you let me work for another half an hour, and then we can go out somewhere for dinner, yeah? Would you like that? We haven't been on a date in a while," Dan said, and Phil wasn't even surprised. Dan always knew exactly what he needed, exactly what he wanted without him actually needing to say anything out loud.

"Yeah, sounds perfect," Phil said, lifting his head from Dan's lap and getting up from the floor. "I'll go get dressed."

He leaned down, dropping a kiss to the top of Dan's head, but before he had the chance to pull away he felt Dan's hands taking a hold of his, pulling him down to kiss his lips.

“Wear something pretty, I’m taking you out to a nice place,” Dan said against his lips before letting him go and getting back to his work, sipping his tea and making warmth spread through Phil’s entire body.

# small

## Chapter Notes

tw smut

There was a rush that came with being smaller than Dan.

It was silly, Phil knew it was silly, but it was still there, making him aware of every touch, every movement, senses heightened in the best, most overwhelming way.

There was something absolutely exhilarating about Dan's large, strong hands gripping him by the waist, about his broad body pushing his against the wall and holding him there with almost no effort at all, bending down to kiss his lips, his jaw, his neck.

Rationally, Phil knew he wasn't small at all. He was almost always taller than everyone he interacted with, always felt long and awkward, sticking out above the crowd.

But here, next to Dan, Phil could allow himself to bask in the way he felt smaller, taken care of by this big gentle man who was holding him close and kissing him hard.

And Dan suited being big, like he was always meant to stick out, draw everyone's attention to himself and make Phil feel less exposed by standing tall and big and proud next to him.

And now, Phil was vaguely aware that Dan was pulling down both of their sweatpants unceremoniously, taking their cocks in his large, large hand and starting to stroke.

"Fuck, i love your cock against mine like that," Dan moaned, making Phil's face flush. Dan was always one to dirty talk during sex, laughing at how easily Phil would get flustered at every word.

He wasn't laughing tonight though, too lost in his pleasure to notice Phil's embarrassment.

Phil reached down to intertwine his fingers with Dan's unoccupied hand, squeezing it tightly when Dan moved his fingers just right over his slit.

Dan gripped Phil's hand back just as hard, pulling on it and pinning it up to the wall above Phil's head, making Phil let out a surprised sound.

And just like that, with no warning, Phil was coming, his body spasming against Dan's hold while Dan's skilled hand worked him through it.

In the midst of the pleasure, Phil couldn't help but feel a little disappointed. He had bigger plans for tonight, and they didn't include him coming so quickly.

Still, he wasted no time, putting his hand over Dan's (that was now working only his own hard cock) and helping him get there as well, feeling a rush go through his entire body when Dan came with Phil's name on his lips, slumping against Phil's shoulder.

"Well, that was fun," Dan said when he straightened up, his smile dropping immediately when he noticed the pout on Phil's lips.

"What's wrong?" He asked.

Phil's pout only intensified, and he took a step closer to Dan, burying his face in his neck. "I wanted you to fuck me. I prepared earlier and everything. But I couldn't hold it," Phil said, tone whiny and nose nuzzling Dan's skin.

Dan chuckled in relief, pulling Phil closer to him and kissing the top of his head. "It's okay, give me like half an hour and we can try again."

## tender

Phil has been clinging to his half asleep state for the last 15 minutes before finally deciding to open his eyes.

He has his head on Dan's thigh, his face against his stomach. He can hear the television still making noises behind him, can recognize the great British bake off reruns immediately, even when his mind is still in a haze. Can probably identify the specific episode if he concentrates enough.

He doesn't feel like concentrating though. Not right now. Not when Dan is absentmindedly playing with his hair, pushing it back and then scratching a bit behind his ear in a way that always makes his knees a little weak, even when he's fully awake and functioning (like a dog, Dan always says, but never fails to do it anyways.)

It's an intoxicating experience, Phil decides. Knowing Dan does that- pets him and touches him so gently when he doesn't even know Phil is awake. It makes something deep in Phil's stomach feel warm and fluttery and calm all at the same time.

It's probably out of habit, Phil knows. Dan most likely doesn't even notice he's doing that at this point- his fingers working on autopilot, doing what comes naturally to them.

But somehow, Phil thinks, it makes it even better.

Phil loves routines. He's a creature of habit, always has been, and there's nothing better to him than knowing that one of the habits Dan acquired over the years is loving him like that, so naturally, so effortlessly, like it's the most obvious thing in the world.

A lot of things have been changing for both of them lately. Most are good, some are scary. All are things they both agreed on after long and thoughtful discussions, sometimes leaving one or both of them feeling more stressed or uneasy than they intended to. So it's grounding, reassuring, to know without a doubt that some things will always stay the same.

Like this, Phil thinks. Dan's big, tender fingers, going through his hair, soothing him even though he still thinks Phil is asleep. Even though he has no need to appease him when he's not even conscious to appreciate the gesture.

So it takes Phil 15 minutes to finally let go of his half dreaming state, takes him 15 minutes before the warm, fluttery feeling becomes too much for his stomach to contain and it's seeping into his arms and legs and chest, making it impossible for him to stay still, to not to let it out of his body in some way.

He reaches his arm up blindly then, looking for Dan's hand and feeling it quickly settle into his own, pulling it towards his lips with a satisfied hum.

"Finally," he hears Dan say, "My leg fell asleep."

Phil moves a little towards Dan's knee, Dan's hand still pressed to his lips, and Dan stretches his leg out a little to help the blood-flow, but doesn't push Phil to get up.

"Sorry, you're just too comfy," Phil says, and his body is doing a content wiggle, making Dan let out an amused breath.

"That's all I am to you, aren't I? A human pillow." It's reused banter. Words Dan says almost every time they find themselves in a similar situation. Phil can feel the familiarity of it settle like a warm blanket over his already warm body, making him want to close his eyes again, just for a few more minute. Maybe, Phil thinks, Dan likes the routine of it too, just as much as Phil.

"But what a good one you are," Phil responds, hoping that Dan finds the same odd sense of comfort in hearing Phil say the same thing for the hundredth time as well. Hoping that Dan also feels warm and calm and content, even if just a little.

And Phil think he does, almost certain he does, because when Dan bends over to kiss his forehead, he can feel his lips stretch into a smile against his skin, and really, that's all that needs to be said.

# sexy-cuddles

## Chapter Summary

Dan comes home from his vacation to a sleepy, naked Phil.

## Chapter Notes

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

Through his sleepy haze, Phil can vaguely register the bedroom door quietly opening, footsteps coming closer to the bed without turning on the lights.

A small part of his brain tells him he should probably be alarmed, should probably open his eyes and check that this isn't an intruder, coming to murder him in his sleep. He's been alone, after all, for the last two weeks, and aside from spending some time with his friends and family, the apartment has been quietly accommodating him and him alone (and Norman, of course, he reminds himself).

He's not really that afraid of being by himself, he supposes, not like Dan is sometimes. Not in the way that makes Dan call him in the middle of the night, when it gets too much, voice weak and breath shallow and asking for Phil to stay on the line with him, just for a little. No, it's never been like that for him, but after getting used to another person being next to him for almost a decade, he can't help but feel a bit on edge when the house is suddenly still.

When he doesn't hear the sound of quick fingers clicking on an obnoxiously loud keyboard from the other room, or the blended voices of people on a quietly turned on TV, or on days when they go to sleep at the same time, the sounds of another set of lungs, breathing in the same space as him, slowly and deeply.

He's been forced to deal with this weird, empty atmosphere for the last two weeks, ever since Dan left for a family vacation. And now, after finally starting to get used to it a little, he can't really blame that small part of his brain that makes his heart rate quicken just for a second, before remembering who is supposed to come back tonight from his trip.

His body is sluggish, too slow to properly respond when he feels the mattress dipping behind him, a warm, large hand pushing the hair out of his face to make room for warm, chapped lips, slowly making their way down from his forehead to his cheek, and then to the corner of his lips.

"You're back," he tries to say, but apparently fails miserably because he feels Dan's lips whisper "what?" against his face, his nose bumping into Phil's.

He doesn't try to talk again, instead turning around and weakly grabbing Dan's sleeve, trying to pull him down, to lie beside him. He hears Dan let out a small, amused breath before

complying, sliding his body under the covers.

Phil pushes closer immediately, circling his arms around Dan's middle, feeling Dan do the same.

He smells like their shower gel and the fabric of his shirt is soft, and Phil wonders how long he's been in the apartment before Phil even noticed his presence. Long enough to shower and put on his pajamas, at least, Phil concludes.

"You're naked," Dan observes, his arms moving up and down Phil's back, leaving little goosebumps in their wake.

"Oh," Phil responds, smartly, nuzzling his face into the crook of Dan's neck. He can feel Dan's hands moving lower, pausing at his butt cheeks, thumb rubbing the leftover lube he still has smeared there. Phil remembers, now, that he fell asleep like that, almost immediately after coming with his own fingers inside himself and his own hand wrapped around his cock. He barely managed to wipe himself down a little before feeling exhaustion taking over his body, falling asleep with the uncomfortable feeling of stickiness on his back side.

"You don't usually do that without me," Dan says, neutrally, thumb getting closer to Phil's hole, pressing next to it before retracing back to his cheeks.

It's true, Phil doesn't do that by himself often, almost never. He's a simple guy, and he sticks to simple things when all he's after is relief, instead of mutual intimacy. But still, it felt nice, working himself up like that, by himself, taking his time and exploring with his own hands and fingers, pretending he is young and curious all over again. Made it feel new, somehow, even if it isn't a new feeling at all.

"Did you miss me that much?" Dan teases, when he doesn't get an actual response from Phil.

"So much," Phil manages to say, words slurring but still audible against Dan's skin. He pushes his bare leg up, slotting it between Dan's to press their bodies closer, his lower half wiggling a little in Dan's hold, his cock giving a small twitch of interest when it rubs just right against Dan's thigh in the proses.

It won't lead to anything. He's too tired, and even if he could get it up after the (quite frankly) mind blowing orgasm he had earlier, he doesn't think his other body parts can stay awake long enough to participate in such activity.

Dan doesn't seem to mind though, not by the way he lets out a content sigh and pulls Phil even closer to him, arms moving up to wrap properly around Phil's back, lips pressing kisses to his head.

"I wish I was home to see you. Do that, to yourself, I mean," he says. He sounds a little pouty, and the sudden wave of warmth and affection that washes through Phil's body makes him wake up a bit, just a little, enough to will himself to lift up his head and press his lips to Dan's blindly, softly, a bit off to the left but still just as warm.



“Tomorrow,” Phil says, when he settles back down, his nose rubbing Dan’s chin, eyes closed, “if you want.”

“Tomorrow,” Dan confirms, before closing his eyes as well, letting them both be lulled into sleep by the warmth surrounding them and the steady rhythm of each other’s deep breaths.

## Chapter End Notes

according to honeywreath sexy-cuddles is one word lol so...

anyways! hope you liked it ^.^ felt a bit rusty but really wanted to write, so please tell me what you think! also, come say hello on tumblr- phantasticlizzy

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