

What you get for waking up in Vegas

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/20067388) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/20067388>.

Rating:	Explicit
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:	Nevada trip 2019 , Hotel Sex , Exhibitionism
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2019-08-01 Words: 2,083 Chapters: 1/1

What you get for waking up in Vegas

by [trainsimulator](#)

Summary

Dan might not have gotten his desert shower sex, but maybe there are other options.

Notes

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

"But you ARE still wearing something underneath that, right?" Dan hears Phil call from their bedroom, and laughs.

"I am, in fact," he says once he has reached the door, and lifts up his jumper slightly to reveal his chequered shorts. "Not quite brave enough yet." Phil had been rummaging around in his suitcase, but now he makes his way to Dan and pulls him close to whisper in his ear.

"Too bad, actually," he says, and Dan cocks an eyebrow at him.

"Change it if you like," he says in a suggestive voice, not quite believing Phil actually would, but Phil does indeed unbutton his shorts and pulls them down together with his pants, letting both drop to the floor around Dan's ankles. Dan steps out of the fabric, chucking it aside with his foot, and it feels weird to have his jumper touch his dick when he moves. The good kind of weird.

"I thought we were going golfing," he says, smirking at Phil who just looks at him, or his legs, rather, where the hem of his jumper meets his thighs.

"Thought you wanted to make use of the fact Martyn and Corn have left," Phil retorts, stepping closer to Dan again and softly stroking over his thigh.

"God yes," Dan murmurs, pulling Phil even closer and kissing him, his hands already finding their way under his t-shirt. They had agreed ages ago to not have sex when their holiday mates were around, mainly because Dan loved being vocal but didn't fancy the idea of repeatedly having to face people who might have heard him, so sex was limited to when whoever they were travelling with was off sightseeing or shopping. During their stay in the desert, however, it had felt to Dan that Martyn and Cornelia had been around all the bloody time, and while he loved them dearly, he'd honestly felt relieved to hug them good-bye this morning, when they had left after breakfast to continue on their road trip. Relieved, and instantly even needier for Phil than he had been in the first place.

"I wish you could have fucked me in that outdoor shower," he says, kissing Phil beneath his ear. For the past few days he hadn't been able to keep his thoughts from wandering back to their desert bungalow, and to its shower in particular. He had always liked shower sex, and after he had first seen all that nothingness around that shower, he had basically been busy imagining getting fucked in it.

Phil pulls back slightly and looks at him in surprise. "Really? But showering there was horrible! I've never felt that exposed!" He states, but Dan just shrugs.

"Yeah, but that's kind of the point I'm making?" he says. "You know, being outside, one with nature, doing what nature wants you to do... what do I care if some random hikers had noticed us if we'd never see them again, anyway."

"You really wouldn't have minded being seen?" Phil asks, lifting his arms to let Dan tug his shirt over his head.

"Maybe I wouldn't even have noticed, dunno," Dan says, throwing the shirt onto their bed and pulling down Phil's shorts and pants in one motion. Thank god for elastic waistbands, seriously, he thinks. That had come in handy in L.A. already. He doesn't make much of a fuss but takes hold of Phil's dick and strokes it, slowly but steadily.

"And also... the whole world now knows I'm gay," he adds, feeling Phil harden in his hand. "They might as well see it."

"How... how would you have wanted it," Phil asks quietly, eyes closed and head leant against Dan's shoulder, his hips moving to increase the friction of Dan's fingers. "Against the wall?"

"I rather thought propped up against that little privacy wall," Dan says. "Get the dick and the desert view at the same time."

"You're horrible," Phil chuckles, his breath a hot huff against Dan's neck. "You really thought that through, didn't you."

"I'm just in need of the D, that's all," Dan states matter-of-factly, slightly squeezing his hand around Phil to support his words.

"Let's take care of that, then," Phil says. He moves so their bed is right behind Dan and tries to push the other onto it gently, but Dan resists, looking at Phil. He may not have gotten his desert shower fuck, but upon entering the living room of their suite two days ago his mind had already come up with a new plan.

"Would you fuck me against that pillar in the living room," Dan asks. "Please. We're so high up people won't see us anyway, if that worries you," he adds. It's not quite the same as the desert shower, because no matter how many windows there are, this is still indoors, but maybe it'll do the trick and satisfy him.

Phil looks at him for a moment, seeming genuinely surprised.

"I guess I never knew you were into being watched," he says, and Dan blushes.

"I don't know, I just really like the idea recently," Dan replies. "But we're not doing that if you're not comfortable with it, it's fine."

"No, I think it's ok," Phil says. "We are high up, that's true. The problem are the pervs in the other high-rises. Remember that business hotel in Manchester?"

"God, that hotel," Dan laughs. "Those were some shows, oh my."

Phil smirks, and it seems to Dan that he's sitting on the fence, not quite decided between being too surprised to follow up on Dan's idea, and actually intrigued. He pushes his hand past the hem along Dan's thigh and up, until he reaches Dan's cock, where he trails his fingertips along the length, and Dan inhales with a shudder.

"Exactly, and we noticed those people, after all. And now you wanna give them a show of your own?" He asks, and Dan swallows hard, nodding.

"Only if you're ok with it," he says, trying to concentrate on looking Phil in the eye despite what Phil is doing beneath his jumper. "I don't want to pressure you into anything."

"I am ok with it," Phil replies. "It's showtime."

"And it's also Vegas and I'm horny, so I'm gonna let that one slide. Jesus Christ, Phil," Dan rolls his eyes and laughs. "Find the lube, will you?"

#

Dan's hands and forearms are resting against the pillar as Phil pushes up his jumper from behind. He had asked Phil if he could leave the jumper on, liking the idea of still being half dressed while getting fucked. To him, it adds a sense of urgency, just being pressed against a surface, his clothes pushed up and being taken from behind. He can hear Phil opening the cap of the lube bottle, then feels the other's slick fingers between his cheeks, rubbing over his hole.

"Ok?" Phil asks, and Dan nods. He will need longer to be opened up standing up, he always does, as it's harder for him to relax this way, but he knows Phil is well aware of that, and he moans quietly as Phil pushes a finger inside him, moving slowly to allow Dan to get used to the feeling of being filled. It's not long before Dan asks for another finger, and he spreads his legs a little more when Phil scissors his fingers inside of him. He wonders briefly what they would look like from outside their window, him half naked with his ass exposed, Phil fully naked behind him with his cock hard and possibly leaking already, and he closes his eyes and moans as he pushes back onto Phil's fingers.

"Put it in," he pants quietly. "Show them how you fuck me."

He looks outside, over to the other high-rise hotels to his right while he can hear the lube bottle again, then a wet sound when Phil presumably covers his dick with lube. He feels Phil press against him, his knuckles digging into his cheek as Phil aligns himself with Dan.

"Is this what you want them to see?" Phil asks, slowly pushing in. "What you look like with a dick inside you?"

Dan groans, pressing his forehead against his arm, his fingertips trying to dig into the surface of the pillar as if it were bedsheets.

"God, Phil," he moans, trying to relax around the other again. Maybe Phil said some weird stuff every now and then, but then there were also these times, when it felt like what he says went straight to Dan's cock. Phil waits, gently stroking Dan's back where it's exposed, and leans forward to kiss his neck. Dan presses back against Phil, against the touch of his hands and lips. "Move," he pants. "But slowly."

He can feel Phil wipe his hand on his jumper and is this short of mentioning something about 900 Dollars and possible lube stains, but his thoughts are interrupted when Phil holds him by the hips and pulls out carefully before pushing back in, and he finds that he couldn't care less about stains when it allows Phil to properly hold him in place. He moans quietly as Phil

moves inside him, holding his breath whenever it feels uncomfortable, and apparently Phil notices, putting a hand on Dan's chest and pulling him close.

"Do you remember the first time we went here," Phil asks quietly, keeping up slow, shallow thrusts, and Dan smiles. It feels like ages ago but he does indeed, a blur of a week of neon lights and room service cocktails and sex, and he puts his hand on Phil's and squeezes softly.

"I was so tiny back then," he says. "God, we... we've done some shit in this city."

"Vegas makes you needy," Phil murmurs into his hair, and Dan looks outside, to that fake Eiffel tower and the fountains and the tiny cars glistening in the sunlight as they are passing on the Strip, and he knows that for whatever reason Phil is right.

"You make me needy." He takes his hand off Phil's, resting his arm against the pillar again. "It's better now. More. Please," and his next "please" is almost a whimper rather than a word, when Phil has straightened up again and pushes in harder. He still goes slow but much more forceful when thrusting inside, and Dan closes his eyes, braces himself against the pillar and moans loudly. He doesn't care if others in the hotel can hear him or if some weirdos at another hotel are watching them right now, he only cares about Phil inside him and how hard he himself is by now, and he pushes his left hand underneath his jumper to stroke his dick.

"Why don't you let them see?" Phil asks, sounding slightly out of breath, and Dan can feel the fabric of his jumper move across his skin as Phil pulls it up and aside, holding it in place around his waist so now he's fully exposed. "Show them your cock, Danny. Show them how you touch yourself."

"Fuck, Phil," Dan moans, a shudder running down his spine at Phil's words, and he can't help but stroke faster even though he doesn't want this to end soon. "I can't... I need to... Phil," he whimpers, still looking outside but finding it hard to focus on anything, and he can feel Phil's grip tighten on his hips.

"Almost," Phil pants. "Come on, let them watch you cum, Danny."

Dan does. He doesn't have much choice at this point anyway, and he all but cries out Phil's name as he comes over his hand with a few more jerks. He rests against the pillar in exhaustion, his breathing still erratic when he can feel Phil come inside him before leaning against his back heavily, and he lets himself be held until Phil softens and slips out of him.

"That wasn't the worst idea you ever had," Phil states and Dan chuckles, wiping his hand on his jumper.

"I think I soiled the floor, though," he says, crouching down and dabbing at some stains with his sleeve.

"Eww," Phil says, but Dan just shrugs.

"That jumper's ruined, anyway, and I'm not leaving that for the cleaning person," he says. "Shower and then golf?"

"Yep, let's put some other things in some other holes," Phil winks, and Dan wonders, not for the first time, how a single person could switch from dirty good to dirty cringe as often as Phil did.

End Notes

I wanted to finish and post this yesterday in time for National Orgasm Day, but... July was too short, basically

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!