

Phillip Is Actually A Dork

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Phillip Is Actually A Dork

by [TheRealRina](#)

Summary

Two weirdos don't know to talk like normal people.

Notes

I don't know how airports work I've never been in a plane I'm too much of a street urchin for that so just- sorry-

Airports suck.

There's crowds of people everywhere; and for some reason everything echoes in there, amplifying all sound. Ah, great, now some kid's crying. There was a janitor mopping up some mess no doubt left by other kids next to him, and the smell of chlorine now mixed with sloppily made burgers that cost too much.

David rubbed his temples before continuing to look around.

Ah! There was the gate to the flight he was looking for. He didn't know when the plane took off. Maybe he should've actually looked at the board listed with the times, but he wanted to make sure he didn't miss this plane. Teddy told him which number to go to, but David was too excited at the sight of the new artifact in Teddy's hands. He left before Teddy could utter another word.

Well it's not that big of a deal, he could just ask one of the attendants. He started walking towards the one that was conveniently standing by the gate, but then he turned around and David's heart sunk.

Broad shoulders eased back into a confident pose, blonde hair swept back except for an errant lock that he figured was supposed to look stylish; there was no denying it, that man was Phillip Cheney.

David looked around and wondered who else he could ask for help. He could just go back to one of the desks stationed nearby, but then he noticed the prick started walking towards him.

Oh no. David started swishing his head back and forth, looking for a bathroom or something, then decided *fuck it*, and started to make his escape. He turned to leave as quickly as possible, but the deep voice that rumbled behind him made him stop.

How did he get here that fast? What is he some superhuman?

Oh yeah... David groaned at the memory.

"Excuse me sir, but you seem to be a little lost. Are you in need of some assistance?"

Don't make him angry. The brunette laughed nervously and turned around. "Heeyyy Phillip, I was just wondering if you knew what time the plane leaves?" David forgot how tall he was, and had to look up to properly speak to him.

"I'm sorry sir, but have we met? How do you know my name?" Phillip raised a brow, no doubt starting to get thoughts about calling security.

Ah right, they hadn't met yet. That happened later on. David idly wondered if this was going to drastically change things. Well, what was done was done. He prayed he just wouldn't fuck up.

"Uh, it's on your name tag," He poked at said tag as he popped his gum.

Phillip managed to look the slightest sheepish before clearing his throat and checking his (expensive wow, is that designer?) watch. "Right. Well, assuming you mean the flight for this gate, it should only be an hour more."

"An hour?! Ugh," David visibly deflated. He mumbled to himself, "What am I supposed to do in an hour?"

Phillip, however, caught the gist of his grumblings and looked him over. No briefcases in sight, or even any documents. Was this guy really here to board this plane? "Forgive me if I'm being rude, but are you sure you're boarding this flight?"

David's head snapped up. He hadn't foreseen this. Jeez, how stupid could he get? How was he even going to get on the plane now? He didn't even bring enough money with him to buy a ticket, and they were probably booked by now. "Ahhh of course I am! Why do you ask?"

"Well, you don't look like you're traveling, without any luggage. Unless of course you left it with someone," The blonde smiled pleasantly.

"Yeah, that's it! Haha, I left it with my uh.... sister! We're um, going to go visit our parents!"

Throughout David's well thought-out explanation, Phillip had been slowly reaching for his walkie-talkie. David took a breath and finally noticed when Phillip's attention was no longer on him, and he was speaking lowly into the device.

"Wait!" He lunged forward, grabbing onto the flight attendant's wrist. "Listen man, you gotta let me onto that plane. I promise I'm not some terrorist or anything like that!"

Phillip paused to look down at his captured wrist, then peered at him suspiciously. David wracked his mind for ways to convince him, or ways to bribe him. A couple and their kid walked by, glancing over at them with mild interest. Their little boy was rushing ahead with a hot dog sticking out of his mouth, ketchup rushing down his face. David looked on in disgust, but then seemed to light up.

"Hey, what if I treat you to something here? You said we got an hour, right? Do you want some uh-" He paused to think of what rich guys like. "-caviar?"

Phillip pulled his hand free as he leaned back to laugh. "Caviar? I'm afraid that while I do pride myself for working in this fine airport, it isn't at that level yet."

"I don't know! The best thing here is probably ice cream or something," He crossed his arms defensively, muttering grumpily.

"That sounds fine."

David almost gave himself whiplash as he turned to look at him. It was dangerous being around this guy. "What?! Really?!"

"I'll think about it once you've so generously 'treated me'," And somehow he managed to do the sarcastic air quotes in an elegant way.

This guy was really something else.

“Man, who knew you had such a sweet tooth?”

In front of Phillip sat a brand new strawberry sundae, with an empty glass pushed to the side and plates piling up to the other side. David gave the plates a calculating gaze as he tried to figure out how much he'd have to pay.

Mr. Tough Guy had ordered two orders of crêpes, one stack of blueberry pancakes and two slices of apple pie. Not to mention he was already on his second sundae.

As David watched with morbid fascination, he wondered, *does- does all the fat turn into muscle? How is he not a whale by now?*

“Alas, you’ve found my weakness,” Phillip paused in his gorging to dramatically lay a hand over his forehead.

“I’ll keep that in mind,” *Seriously*. This was some good information for the future.

Phillip finished off his last spoonful before grinning at David. He pointed the spoon at him, seemingly trying to convey a dangerous aura. “But if you tell this to anyone...”

The shorter of the two put his hands up in mock-surrender. “I promise I won’t, cross my heart and hope to die,” He then proceeded to make an ‘x’ motion over his chest.

Phillip only rolled his eyes and looked down at his watch. “I should probably get going now. Plane doesn’t leave for another twenty minutes but I have to go make preparations. I thank you for your hospitality,” He stood up to leave, David quickly following his lead.

“Wait!” This had been bugging him for the past five minutes. He reached up to thumb a bright green sprinkle away from the corner of Phillip’s mouth. “You have a little something here,” David leaned back, licking the remnants away from his thumb.

Phillip spluttered. “A-ah, right. Um, th-thanks,” And he turned to run away from his embarrassment. Before he could however, David caught the back of his vest.

“Don’t think you can get away so easy. You promised you would let me on that plane, right?”

Phillip stayed with his back turned. “I said I would consider it.”

“Oh c’mon! I’m totally broke now because of you!”

The blonde turned slowly, cheeky grin in place. And was that... some pink staining his features? “Sure I’ll let you on, if you treat me again once we land.”

David was appalled. “With what money?!” Then he remembered he wouldn’t be seeing him after the flight and while he felt a little guilty saying this, he figured it was worth it. “Y’know what, I don’t usually do this. But for you. Only this once. I have a credit card to use for

emergency situations-“ Phillip’s grin widened. “Ah! But there’s not much on it! So you can’t order ten billion dishes!”

“Deal,” And with that, Phillip stuck his gloved hand out to shake, which David took reluctantly.

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