

the way you look tonight

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/15590526) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/15590526>.

Rating:	General Audiences
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:	Dancing , Established Relationship , dnp being dorks honestly , Reality , Fluff , i guess? , Jazz Music , Commentary , if you couldn't tell , POV Third Person
Language:	English
Series:	Part 4 of quick fics
Stats:	Published: 2018-08-06 Words: 1,208 Chapters: 1/1

the way you look tonight

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Summary

dan has a vid to edit. phil has other ideas.

you have to listen to the way you look tonight by frank sinatra ([youtube](#), [spotify](#)) whilst listening to this okay

Notes

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

“Phil, can you *not*?” Dan shifts on the sofa, glancing over to where Phil’s stood by the counter, his overly-stickered laptop now spouting some jazzy tune that makes it nearly impossible to focus on editing. Of course, Phil would pick the *one time* Dan’s actually getting work done to find something immensely distracting to do.

But Phil doesn’t answer, nor does he stop the song; instead, he steps away, almost sashaying across the lounge toward the sofa with his eyes fixed on Dan. Dan doesn’t move, just lifts a brow and purses his lips into a line. Because Phil does *not* look adorable whilst sort of trying to dance, and Dan absolutely will *not* indulge him by smiling. Or even acknowledging the silly swaying.

And he *definitely* will not take the hand Phil offers him. Because he has editing to do.

“If we don’t post this tomorrow, everyone will be pissed,” he reminds Phil, attempting a glare that he knows comes off as more of an exaggerated squint. Phil only wiggles his fingers, then his hips a bit to match. Dan tilts his head and does his best to keep his expression neutral bordering on disapproving. The jazz in the background switches to some other song, one with lyrics this time, not that Dan’s paying any attention. Because he’s editing.

“We have all day tomorrow, I’ll even help!” Phil offers with a grin. He *won’t* help, Dan knows this from experience - either he’ll peek over Dan’s shoulder and talk about this one dog gif he saw the other day and *Dan you have to see it, hold on*, or he’ll take over the editing entirely; it’s Dan’s turn, so he refuses to let that happen either.

“Phil,” Dan says, trying once again to press his lips into a solid *not gonna happen* sort of frown. He even goes as far as to look back down to his laptop, stare intensely at the clip he’d been looking at - or was it the other bit he was working on? Now he can’t quite recall.

“*Dan*,” Phil says it in a pleading tone above him, and Dan doesn’t miss the disappointed exhale in spite of the saxophone ringing in his ears. Nor does he miss the dropping of the hand at the edge of his vision. Except he’s not focusing on that. He’s editing.

And then he *isn’t*, because his computer’s being pulled from his lap and he’s being pulled from the sofa and up on his feet.

“Come on, we can edit later,” Phil’s just grinning like an idiot, swaying to the melody and tugging Dan into the small open space in the lounge. The song shifts again, something upbeat with more lyrics, but Dan’s far too busy being annoyed to listen to them. They have a *video* that needs to be *posted* by this time *tomorrow*, why can’t Phil *focus* on just one *thing*-

It’s about this point that Dan realizes the swing beat of the damn jazz has wormed its way into his head, giving his thoughts a melodic rhythm that has *no business being there* because Dan needs to *edit*.

He’s half a second from pulling out of Phil’s grip when Phil tugs him closer, wraps an arm around his back and crushes their chests together. He lifts their joint hands and forces Dan to start swaying a bit to the swanky jazz - and he *is* being forced. There is absolutely nothing in

Dan that actually *wants* to be dancing right now. Not even the feeling he gets from seeing the light behind Phil's eyes, the grin curling his lips, the soft thump of his heartbeat against Dan's chest. That's not affecting his resolve at all. He has a *video to edit*.

"*Phil*, we don't have time-"

Phil, ever the expert at distracting Dan, leans in and presses a kiss to his lips, brief and chaste what with trying to keep them moving. For his part, Dan only allows himself a moment of indulgence in the warm familiarity of Phil's mouth against his. Then he stares hard over Phil's shoulder, focusing on the fridge in the corner of the kitchen whilst attempting to keep his features very much unamused. He is absolutely *not* letting Phil win this. And he is *not* about to have any fun with this. Not when they have work to do. Not when *he* has work to do.

"Sure we do," Phil says, laughter under his tone, and Dan presses his lips into a not-at-all-smiling sort of line. But then Phil's dipping their shoulders with a bit more emphasis, stepping side to side, dragging Dan along for the ride. Dan does his best to keep up, in spite of his brain steadfastly protesting that they most certainly do *not* have time-

"*Cause I love you, just the way you look tonight*," Phil sings off-key along with the lyrics, and Dan barely manages an eye roll along with an exasperated but begrudgingly fond breath before Phil's spinning them both around, losing the beat entirely and sending Dan into a proper fit of laughter. Phil's grin echoes his own.

"You *spork*, you can't just- we have to-" Dan stops hard, hand lifting to rest on Phil's shoulder; he takes smaller steps and Phil's quick to follow, keeping their joint hands raised in the air. The rhythm feels a bit fast, but with him attempting to lead, they at least get closer to the proper beat than they had been with Phil's borderline-frantic bouncing around.

But Phil takes his control back almost immediately, resuming the haphazard spinning and sort of swinging Dan around in a circle, giggling in the way that Dan can't help but properly smile at. Of course, Phil's having a blast just flinging them around the lounge with swanky music playing in the background; Dan wants to shake his head and pretend he's above it all, like he's humoring Phil's moment of childishness, humoring whatever silly whim had made him decide to drag Dan from his work and insist they pretend to have even an ounce of coordination between the two of them.

But he doesn't, because - though he has no intent of admitting it - his heart feels light and full at the same time, the kind of weightless happiness he so rarely experiences, the kind only Phil being Phil can pull from him. So Dan lets Phil swing him around the space, drag them treacherously close to the coffee table that they narrowly avoid with a chorus of *oohs* and nervous giggles. He lets Phil whisper some of the overly sappy, saccharine-sweet lyrics in his ear when the songs lose their rapid tempo, when they slow their wildly unsuccessful attempts at dancing to sway gently in place, a much more manageable move for them both.

He lets Phil grin into the crook of his neck, blow soft breaths on his skin, press gentle kisses there. He lets himself forget, just for a while, about the video he's meant to be editing. He lets Phil remind him they have time for things like dancing around the lounge to some song full of swing beats and brass horns and swanky piano melodies. He lets Phil remind him they have time just for themselves.

End Notes

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