

Astraphobia

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Astraphobia

by [lah_mrh](#)

Summary

Chris wakes up in the middle of a thunderstorm to find Ash isn't in bed.

Notes

Written for the wildcard prompt at [Fandom Empire](#).

Astraphobia is the fear of thunderstorms. This is kind of a companion fic to [Arachnophobia](#) but you don't have to have read that one to read this.

Chris wakes to the sound of rain pounding on the roof. Ash's side of the bed is empty, and Chris pushes the covers back and rises, heading over to the window. He swipes his hand over the sensor and the window changes from opaque to transparent, showing the extent of the storm outside.

The rain is coming down in sheets, hard enough that he can see it bouncing off the ground as it lands. A flash of lightning lights up the sky, followed shortly afterwards by a crash of thunder, and Chris pulls a t-shirt on over his boxers and goes to find Ash.

He doesn't have to look far. Ash is standing by the window in the living room, staring out at the storm. He's wearing the pyjama pants he went to sleep in, a blanket wrapped around his shoulders, and something warm settles in Chris's chest at the sight.

He treads heavily as he approaches, not wanting to risk startling Ash with his presence. Ash glances back and gives him a brief smile, before going back to staring out of the window.

"Couldn't sleep?" Chris asks as he slips his arms around Ash's waist. Ash leans back into the touch, and Chris presses a kiss to his blanket-covered shoulder.

"Mmm," Ash replies. "Sorry if I woke you."

"The storm woke me," Chris tells him. "It's really coming down out there."

Lightning flashes again, a bright bolt across the sky. Ash tenses in his arms, and Chris can hear him mumbling something under his breath. "What are you doing?"

"Counting," Ash replies, tensing again as thunder crashes over their heads. "It's a trick my mom taught me. The longer the time between the lightning and the thunder, the further away the storm is." He shrugs and adds, "It's only a rough estimate, but it gives me something to focus on. Besides the chances of being struck by lightning."

"And how far away is it?" Chris asks, running a hand over Ash's hip.

"Around two kilometres? I think it's moving away, but I can't be sure."

A couple more rounds of lightning and thunder go by before Ash starts to relax in his arms. "It's definitely moving away."

"That's good," Chris says, nuzzling against Ash's neck. "You feel like coming back to bed?"

Ash shakes his head. "I think I'm still too wound up to sleep."

"Who said anything about sleep?" Chris asks, and Ash gives a startled laugh.

"You're insatiable."

"Only with you," Chris tells him. He means it as a joke, but the words must come out more honest than he intends as Ash's expression softens.

"Thank you," he says, turning in Chris's arms. "For being here."

"You'd do the same for me," Chris tells him, and Ash leans in to kiss him, barely tensing at the next crash of thunder.

"Come on," he says as they break apart. "Let's go to bed."

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