

## Arachnophobia

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## Arachnophobia

by [lah\\_mrh](#)

### Summary

Chris and Ash are interrupted in the middle of sex by an unwelcome visitor.

### Notes

Inspired by [A Softer World #1067](#): *It takes two people to make sex good, but only one spider to make it terrible.*

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Chris bites back a moan as Ash thrusts against him, the pleasure between them beginning to build. He loves the times when they can go slowly and make it last, but there's a certain rush to sex like this, quick and urgent and trying to fit as much into their limited time together as possible.

Ash shifts, chasing a better angle, and leans down to nuzzle at Chris's jaw. Chris pulls him closer, letting his head fall back, and is rewarded by Ash kissing down his neck, his beard rubbing against Chris's skin in a way that's just the right side of too much. One of Chris's hands slips down and clutches at the bedcovers, his breath coming in pants as Ash continues to explore his neck.

Something brushes against his hand and he glances down distractedly to see a black spot on the sheets, about the size of his thumbnail. Then the spot moves, revealing eight long spindly legs, and Chris's brain briefly shorts out.

"Gyah!" he yells, yanking his hand away. Adrenaline floods through his system, washing away all sexual desire in an instant, and he shoves Ash off him, his only thoughts revolving around getting as far away from the spider as possible.

"What the hell?!" Ash demands, as Chris scrambles off the bed. "What's wrong?"

The floor is cold against Chris's feet as he takes a breath, then another, trying to slow his racing heart. "Spider," he explains, waving vaguely at the bedcovers.

Ash stares at him as if he has two heads. "Are you kidding me? That's why you nearly threw me off the bed?"

"I don't like spiders," Chris tells him. Then, a little belatedly, "Sorry."

Ash casts his gaze over the bed and reaches out, scooping up the spider. "This thing? It's tiny."

Chris shudders, not understanding how Ash can just touch it like that. "Maybe to you."

Ash studies him for a moment, still holding the spider in his cupped hands. "This really bothers you, doesn't it?"

Chris crosses his arms defensively. "If you're going to tell me it's stupid-"

"No!" Ash cuts in quickly. "I think it's endearing. You're usually so confident and put together, it's a little intimidating. But here you are, scared of a spider." He hesitates, then adds, "If it helps, I'm afraid of thunderstorms."

"Really?"

Ash nods. "I got caught in one once when I was a kid, and since then they've always kind of freaked me out. A friend of mine used to joke

that's why I joined Starfleet." He glances down at his hands and adds, "How about I go get rid of this, and then maybe we can watch a movie or something? Since the mood's pretty much ruined now." He smiles briefly to show he's joking.

"Yeah," Chris replies, managing a smile of his own. "Sounds good."

(He makes sure to inspect the bed thoroughly before getting back into it, but the rest of their night is thankfully spider-free.)

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