

Phobia

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Phobia

by [CanonCannon](#)

Summary

Now that he has Daryl's attention, though, Paul hesitates. Daryl notices that the other man is standing funny, backed against the wall.

“There’s... there’s a spider.”

They stare at each other.

“Right there,” Paul adds, pointing.

Notes

Dedicated to my wife, who is more badass than me in every respect but one.

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

- Translation into Español available: [Phobia](#) by [stihal](#)

“Daryl?”

Grunting, Daryl doesn't look up from his book. It's supposedly Paul's favorite, but he's starting to think the bastard was messing with him, because so far it's just a bunch of bullshit about talking pigs.

“Daryl!”

The redneck looks up and sees his boyfriend standing in the back corner of their bathroom. He's just gotten out of the shower, a graying towel wrapped around his slim waist. He'd obviously started to dry himself off, but his hair is now dripping new trails of water down his chest.

Paul says something else but Daryl misses it, staring.

“Fuck's sake... DARYL!”

That gets his attention. His boyfriend doesn't curse often. “S'matter?”

Now that he has Daryl's attention, though, Paul hesitates. Daryl notices that the other man is standing funny, backed against the wall.

“There's... there's a spider.”

They stare at each other.

“Right there,” Paul adds, pointing.

Daryl heaves himself off the bed, wondering what the hell is so special about this spider that Paul wants him to see it.

The answer is... nothing. It's a completely normal spider. Bit bigger than they usually see in these parts, but nothing compared to a Fishing Spider in Georgia.

“What about it?”

“Kill it!” Paul says, voice going slightly shrill.

They stare at each other some more. The spider moves a few inches; Paul goes onto his tip-toes against the beige wall.

Daryl narrows his eyes, a smirk pulling at his mouth. “Yeah, right. Ok.” He turns back to the room.

“*Daryl!*” Paul says sharply.

The hunter pauses, spinning slowly to face his boyfriend. His badass ninja boyfriend who he's watched kill *actual people*.

“Ya seriously ain’t screwin’ with me? Seriously? Fuckin’ spiders?”

Paul blushes. “It’s called a phobia. It’s irrational, a type of anxiety disorder characterized by...”

The younger man continues talking, but Daryl tunes him out easily. Paul does this when he’s flustered, retreats into lecturing like a teacher reading from a dictionary. At first Daryl thought Paul did it to make him feel stupid, but he knows better now.

Instead of listening Daryl thinks about how cute the man looks: blushing, clutching the towel at his waist, terrified over a tiny bug.

“Ain’t poisonous,” Daryl interrupts the monologue, crouching down near the inoffensive creature. “Ya sleep in the woods sometimes, man. How’s that work?”

“They can’t corner you in the woods,” Paul mutters darkly. “Look, I know it’s stupid, but could you just-”

“It ain’t stupid,” Daryl says. Then, because Paul teases him all the fucking time, he adds, “Just ain’t used to savin’ damsels in distress is all.”

“Fuck off. That’s literally all you do, Dixon. You saved Enid from a roamer two days ago,” the scout replies hotly, glaring. “Stop fucking around.”

Daryl grins up at him. “Like it when you swear,” he says. Paul just huffs angrily so Daryl turns his attention back to the spider. “She ain’t hurtin’ nobody. I could pick her up, take her outside-”

“Daryl stop fucking with me and kill that motherfucking spider or I swear to God I’ll- I’ll-”

“Never leave the bathroom?” Daryl suggests, but he stands and stomps on the bug. Paul relaxes instantly, slumping, and the hunter feels a pinch of guilt.

“Heights,” he says, picking up the tiny corpse with his bare hands and carrying it to the waste basket.

“What?”

“Heights. Scares the shit out of me every time ya decide the stairs ain’t good enough for ya.”

Paul smiles. His breathing is almost back to normal. “How were you going to leave me up a tree, then?”

“Wasn’t,” Daryl replies simply, reaching for the towel.

End Notes

Silly piece of crack-ish fluff that just would not get out of my head.

Paul's fav book in this fic is Orwell's Animal Farm, just fyi. Daryl's not sitting there reading Peppa Pig.

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